

GROWING LOVE

I don't know where we're going
Or even where we are,
Except, we're raising children
While living here so far.

The Lord has kept us busy
With new ones on the way,
And I still feel so thankful
When kissing you each day.

Some get tired of loving
When fascination goes,
But I'm still thrilled to have you—
Our loving bond just grows. . . .

The years are flying quickly,
And youth is passing on.
Soon teens will fill our household,
Then, toddlers will be gone.

But if God grants us favor
To live earth's sojourn long,
I know that our endearment
Will grow more deep and strong.

Our marriage has a lesson:
The faithfulness we've known
Makes our familiar oneness
The common joy we own.

The whimsy flits of fancy
That steer the world astray
Or jealousy's resentment
Can't break our bond away.

With Jesus in the center
Our growing love will be
A witness, for God's glory,
To wedded loyalty.

— David L. Hatton, 4/26/1985