

HEALING THE FATHER WOUND

What do you feel when you hear, “Mother Earth”—
Pride in the womb and the bosom of birth?
What’s your response to the words, “God the Father”?
Is there a struggle, resistance, a bother?

Hey! We’re not feminine matter alone,
Made just from what Mother Nature has grown.
We have a spirit, breathed into our sod,
Bearing the image of our Father, God.

Female and male from His image took form,
Drawing from Him both their balance and norm.
Fleeing from Father to creature, they’re bent.
That’s why His Son for their healing was sent.

Women with men have a drama to dance,
Acting their parts in a play of romance:
God with creation, the Son with His Bride,
Furnish the scenes that the stage curtains hide.

Many were hurt by the fathers they had,
Men who were toxic, or never a “dad.”
This doesn’t cancel the script they abused.
God wrote the fatherly lines they refused.

Whose was the seed that decided your sex?
Whose was to be the strong arm that protects?
Whose was the task to defy apron strings,
Cutting youth free to allow them their wings?

Fathers that fumble what Father-God planned
Multiply wounds in our paralyzed land.
Fathers pursuing Christ’s portrait of love
Channel God’s blessings from Heaven above.

Are you in tune with reality’s theme,
Or do you waltz on a wound in a dream?
Jesus is waiting with power that’s real,
If you are ready to sexually heal.

Sin is defined as a target that’s missed.
Holy’s the arrow the bull’s-eye has kissed.
Both of the sexes are centered and mend
Under the touch of the Father, my friend.

— *David L. Hatton, 7/13/2000*