

## MY MATE

Brief encounters, brief affections, are in vogue today—  
Brief relationships ensue where love has lost its way.  
Then, when noisy thrills have parted, lonely thoughts arise,  
Kindling dreams of ceaseless loving known among the wise:  
Living, lasting, love-commitments, old, yet up-to-date.  
That's the kind I have with you, my precious, loyal mate.

Even close acquaintances, like seasons, come and go.  
Friendships sweet with those we meet can start and deeply grow.  
Then, with circumstantial change, or tables turned or gone,  
Faces dear can disappear, or arms we leaned upon.  
Soul-friends need not fear this loss, as neither of us do:  
Changes cannot thin the tie between myself and you.

“You could make me happy,” is the claim that offers room  
For divorce to sever any hopeful bride and groom.  
“How can my love nurture you, and give your life delight?”  
That's the question helping couples through the stormy night.  
That's the warmth that lights the flame of lasting wedded bliss.  
That's the depth of life I feel behind the lips I kiss.

Many fail to heed God's Word and guidance from above,  
Landing in the homelessness of lust misjudged as love,  
Fleeing from the long-term task of making marriage work,  
Wandering in deserts where dark bitternesses lurk.  
We have made His Word our way: this grace I celebrate!  
Your embrace is all the home I need, my loving mate.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/25/1998*