

MY SISTER, MY SPOUSE

It's sweet to touch your lovely face
And hold your hand in mine.
I gather strength from your embrace
Or when our lips combine.

With every kiss, endearment grows
To lift and thrill my soul,
And married grace the stronger flows
As aging takes it toll.

It matters not how much the house
Decays through passing years,
Or what we gain or lose, my Spouse,
Amid our joys and tears.

But what's important is the love
That wed our hearts as one
To seek and worship God above
Through Jesus Christ, His Son.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/14/2014*