

PAINFUL BONDS

Broken bodies bleed with pain,
Illness hurts, diseases drain. . . .
But the sorer wound by far
Plows the ground of who we are.

There are furrows in the soul
Cut by temper's lost control:
Stormy love-bonds war and tug
Till a painful ditch is dug.

Have you tripped and fallen in
Where the plowing hoe of sin
Runs a rift to break the strand
Binding friendship hand-in-hand?

Jesus came with healing art
For the body and the heart.
He sows seed in faults of friends
To accomplish holy ends.

Love imperfect walks awhile,
Even works to feign its smile,
Then, in stumbling failure falls. . . .
Jesus passes by and calls:

“Let your bond with bondage go,
From which disappointments flow!
Peace, relationships, be still!
Follow Me: the Father's will!”

— *David L. Hatton, 8/16/1996*