

PRODIGAL FATHER

Expectations unfulfilled,
Wasted efforts, meant to bless,
Treasures stored to share, but spilled,
Hope deferred and heart depressed:

Where I lost, where I went wrong,
Hides within a tearful blur,
And a brokenhearted song
Drifts from visions now obscure.

Into whirling worlds unknown,
Living life I never knew,
Off he went when barely grown,
Fascinations to pursue.

Nightmare memories of wrath
In my words and in my voice,
Vain attempts to point God's path:
Did these failures force his choice?

Other children need my time,
Need my guidance, need my care.
Though they give me joy sublime,
Far horizons hold my stare. . . .

God, I yield these thoughts to you.
Heal the past wherein I lack.
Let me see before I'm through
That my son is coming back.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/29/1991*