

THE KING'S LOVE

There was once a Great Physician who was King of all the land,
And He held a healing scepter in His strong but gentle hand,
And He had a tender care
For His subjects living there.

Now the people were so busy giving honor to that King
That they missed the very lesson that the Ruler tried to bring:
Which was kindness to one's neighbor
Both in friendliness and labor.

For, you see, one day a member in that kingdom filled with light
Had a guest that came to visit who caught sickness in the night;
But nobody living there
Helped their neighbor's burden bear.

So, a bitterness developed, where that guest and member live,
And the member's soul, quite wounded, found no reason to forgive.
So, the joy soon left his heart
Which had been there at the start.

Now the King was very saddened with the faults his subjects had,
But His mercy spared His judgment, though this disregard was bad,
For His patient love's concern
Was for them to grown and learn.

Yet, the one, so hurt by others, just like them, had been untrue:
For in what he judged his neighbors, he was likewise guilty, too—
He no longer had respect
To the King, for their neglect.

But the King, the Great Physician, filled with mercy, love and grace,
Healed the guest who came to visit, as He kissed its tiny face.
And His scepter's still extended
That the other wounds be mended.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/18/1977*