

Who is man?

Who is man, that thou art mindful of him?
His feeble cares? His meager woes?
Your unimaginable billions of universes
Complete with stars, with planets,
Galaxies and untold celestial majesties?

Amongst all of this glory,
Perhaps all is perfect,
Except for us,
Man and woman.

Rather than removes us from your otherwise perfect harmony,
What is your response to our unbelief? Our Greed?
Our rebellion? Our terrible mortal imperfection?

You clasp us close unto your breast,
As a parent holds an ailing child.
And shisper love poems to our hearts,
Hoping that we may hear You.

Always hoping,
You came even in person to rescue us,
And gave your all,
That we may remain in your creation.

What kind of love can this be?
How can our hearts abide
This love without being consumed?

How can our hearts remain callous and aloof
And hard and closed?
With such total love surrounding us?

This is a mystery.
And for this reson God remains yet among us.
In tears.
In sorrow.
In suffering.
In hope.

IN reach. In touch. Please come home. Please call and talk
To me. I truly love you more than your heart can stand.
I am forever as also is my love for you.