



The Love of Christ

My Lord,
when I read
the words in
the New Testament,
Your Face emerges
through some of the passages,
like the Sun
behind the clouds.

But often
You disappear
behind the clouds
of distortions
that they put on
the pages of
Your Message.

I do not believe,
O Lord,
that You spoke

about hell;

I never,
never believed it
because You said,
“The Father is Love;
forgive each other;
love your enemies.”

Why, O Lord,
do the preachers
speak day and night
about revenge,
about wrath,
about the hell
of the Father
in which
His children
will be burned
day and night,
forever,
forever,
forever?
Then what will happen
to them?

Lord,
I know this is not true,
but, O Lord,
if this is true,
I do not need

Your paradise,
nor Your heaven.
I want to reject
all that You promised.

But I know,
O Lord,
this is not true
because You loved;
You forgave.
You said,
“My Father,
forgive them
because they do not know
what they do.”

O Lord,
I love You.
You are Beauty,
and only Your Forgiveness
will give us
courage
to seek beyond
our transgressions
and see
Your Splendor
and renew our pledge
to come
to You.

Fear never will
help us.
We are built
in a way
that we often
cannot do
what we want
to do.

But we learn,
and we know
Your Love
will inspire us
to rise up
and walk.