

My Personal Hell

By Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

"Why must my father be so mean?"
the child in anger cried.
"Just once I wish he'd tell me 'yes'
but I'm always denied."
I won't stay here and just hear 'no';
I'll end his cruel abuse!
I'll leave this house of misery.
From him I will run loose!"
So out into the snow he ran,
with free will severed chains
that bound him to his father's clutch;
full liberty he gains.
"Now I can make the rules I want!
I'll forge my destiny.
I'll be the master of my fate,
and I'll be fine, you'll see!"

But once the novelty of space
far from his father waned,
He felt the winter cold set in
and loss was all he gained.
He spied again his home,
its windows lit with fireplace glow.
Within, his family warm, secure,
while he froze in the snow.
He knew if he apologized
his father's warmth he'd feel.
But still his pride caused his demise;
the thought made his head reel.
"I won't submit to tyranny!"
he howled in silent scream.
"To go back now would mean defeat,
and end my heartfelt dream."



Then from the house he saw emerge
a figure he knew well.
His older brother pleaded hard
to free him from his hell.
"Dad is not mean," he heard him say.
"His 'no' is love's demand.
Please understand and come back home
to his forgiving hand.
You've placed yourself in this cruel cold
by fleeing from his love.
He will not force you home again
with mighty, powerful shove.
You only need apologize
to end your bitter hell.
The choice is yours: to freeze and starve
or safe at home to dwell."

Just like this lad are you and I
when far from God we stray.
We stubbornly place ourselves in hell
And throw his peace away.
And Jesus, as our loving Brother
left his heavenly place.
Christ came to us to call us home
to our Father's safe embrace.
Follow all that God demands,
though not what you have craved,
and in his arms you'll find a peace
you'll wish you'd always saved.
His commands flow from a wisdom
that the world has never known.
Cast away your stubborn pride!
Heed God's call and come home.

