

True Love

By Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

With angry thrust he slammed the door
against his mother's scold.
"I hate you, mom!" spewed his retort
in manner vile and cold.
Demonic rage rang through his room
as drawers were overturned.
A scream, a kick against the wall,
Oh, how his fury burned!
"Why must my mother be so mean?"
he bawled without regret.
And then, flung prostrate on his bed
he cried his pillow wet.
His anger blinded his young eyes
to why she told him "no."
As long as he clenched selfish wants
her love he'd never know.
Hour after hour he cried away
till tears could flow no more.
Then finally, as his anger waned
he cracked the bedroom door.
"Mom," he sobbed, "I'm sorry!"
in a manner quite sincere.
Then, nervously, he raised his eyes
when finally she drew near.
He felt quite certain he'd receive
a blow across his face.
But no, instead, he gazed upon
her arms in wide embrace.
"Come," she softly called to him
and clutched him to her heart.
A kiss upon his tear-soaked cheek
made all his anger part.
"My son," said she, "I love you"
as she gently stroked his arm.
"But you must trust that I know best;
I'd never cause you harm."
And finally, as his heart grew warm,
he saw her a new way.
His affection for her tripled
for he'd learned true love that day.

And now, dear soul, just like that boy
we sometimes burn with ire.
We vent our anger at God
if He won't grant our desire.
We often brand Him evil,
and we think He does not care.
We think we're acting rightly
but it just leads to despair.
God's greatest gift is not a grant
to every minute plea.
Instead, it was to purge our sins
by dying on a tree.
For sin is that which kills our soul
and robs our hearts of peace.
Yet still we hug sin dearly
and win not our soul's release.
Until compunction helps us know
the pain we're caused by sin,
We'll never understand His love
and healing can't begin.
When at last we feel true sorrow,
and beg God our sins erase,
We'll see how His forgiveness
is the sweetest love we'll face.
So look into the manger
at the Child on Mary's knee,
And ponder how He came to die
to set our chained souls free.
God did not take on human form
to scold us for our sin.
Instead, he came to call us back,
a new life to begin.
And even though His love we scorn
revenge He does not seek,
Instead, He calls us gently
with a voice most mild and meek.
And with His hands pierced through
with nails
He tears us not apart,
But draws us in to fill the hole
within His wounded Heart.

