



I made the following poem after two brothers in our church finally, after several years, made peace just before the celebration of the Holy Supper.

WOUNDS HEALED

Beautiful promises broken
Angry words spoken.
Harsh words unchecked
No more respect.

How could he be so mean
And make such a scene?
Too late he realised
The hurt he had trivialized

Now no more communication
Instead only unbearable frustration.
Relatives urge him to confess
For only then the Lord will bless.

Young elder, a beginner,
Speaks to the stubborn sinner.
Urges him to confess his guilt.
Then your life can be rebuilt.

I'll show you where to start.
Pray before you depart.
They came together at Calvary's cross
And saw the Lord of the Cosmos.

They marveled at God's wonderful grace.
Tears of joy streamed down their face.
Old wounds were finally healed
When God's love to them was revealed.

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