

Childhood Memories

When childhood trust is damaged,
pain sheds a bitter tear;
too often we search darkly through
our memories, unclear.

Recalling with hostile vengeance,
childhood pain or abuse,
we're tempted to reject – despise,
God's gift: the healing truce.

Will we give Satan what he craves –
who savors sick revenge?
Despising God's forgiving ways,
the Devil would condemn!

For those of us who would refrain –
no vengeful anger found,
cold indifference speak an even harsher,
unforgiving sound.

Truth be told: our mortal childhood
can't by man be reclaimed;
it's in the past where God alone
can heal the bruised and maimed.

When Jesus touches memories,
He heals the deepest wound,
'til visits home can blossom sweet
as roses kindly pruned.