

THE CRIMSON STAIN

When I was younger, I was alone.
Or I believed myself to be.
I had a family, but it was broken.
So all I cared about was me.

This selfishness, at the time,
Was my shelter from all the pain.
I worshipped idols and lived in dreams,
The first drops of a crimson stain.

My parents parted when I was thirteen,
And our dog, Maggie, had died.
It was during this time I hated my life.
I had nothing but bitterness inside.

It seemed that love had passed our house,
And anger found its' dwelling.
Amidst the fights I'd silently pray,
But all I could hear was yelling.

I couldn't hear my heavenly Father
Quietly drawing me near.
Instead I turned to substances,
And alcohol to hide my fear.

The crimson stain was darker now,
For I depended on what I could do.
I didn't know God, and He didn't know me,
Then Russ died, and it broadened my view.



In his journal, he mentioned the Lord,
And it never occurred to me,
That there actually might be someone
greater above,
And my life, something better, could be.

I still enjoyed the parties and friends,
But I could feel Him tugging at my heart.
And then I was alone, in Germany this time,
My new life was about to start.

As I looked out the slanted window,
Aiming straight up toward the stars,
I prayed to God to change my life
And to heal my wounds and scars.

Within weeks my life was changing.
I knew He had heard my prayer.
I would never have thought in a million
years,
I would meet my husband there.

Within a year we married,
Full of joy, but something wasn't right.
Then I learned of what Christ did for me.
The crimson stain was turned to white.

Even now, after many years,
I still stumble every now and then.
But the crimson stain that shamed me so,
Will never condemn me again.

God is my refuge, He is my strength.
You may doubt it if you knew me before.
But He saved me from me, and now I'm
alive!
And my sins, He remembers no more.

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