

The Prisoner

When I think about you, My Love, I mourn two great losses, perhaps the second even greater than the first.

First, I mourn the lose of my Wife, whose very specialness and goodness I was blind and oblivious to until, like Esau, the blessing that I despised was lost, and NO AMOUNT of weeping would bring it back again.

Second, I mourn the loss of that Exceedingly Special Child of God -- My Love !! She left home one day, many years ago, like the Prodigal in search of the riches and excitement of the Wide World. She has not been seen or heard from since. Perhaps, one day, like the Prodigal, she too will want to return home again to her Father in Heaven.

I know that I played a great part in driving her away from home. The Kind, Simple, Innocent, Child-like heart that she possessed-- I despised as a childish, immature, foolish, simple mindedness. Her Gentle, Sensitive, Easily wounded Spirit -- I treated with disdain, trampling upon it with my hob-nail boots, and crushing again and again the gentle petals of her blossoming heart.

Her Faithfulness, her Devotion, her constant acts of Love and Kindness and Wifely Service and Submission -- I took for granted, as something that was somehow MY DUE. I disdained her softness, compassion, and gentleness (which I construed to be weakness), and used them to control and to take advantage of her.

Finally, when she expressed her need to be Loved, Held, Cherished, Esteemed, and made to feel Special and Secure by the one that God had given to nourish and protect her -- I turned a deaf ear and a hard heart, and in the perverseness and wickedness of my stoney heart I said, "Now YOU can suffer as I have had to suffer".

So, one-by-one, her petals began to droop and fall (when did they begin, who noticed - NOT I) !! Day by day (ever so slowly, at first) the rosy, joyful, exuberance of her countenance began to dull and turn gray. Little-by-little (does one actually SEE such things happening) the Small, Trusting, Innocent Child within drew back, and ventured out of her Heart-House less and less, and when she did, it was ONLY to build the wall around her home higher and thicker, to keep the Enemy away (but alas, she soon became her OWN Prisoner).

As she dwelt there, alone and imprisoned in her Heart-House, she would gaze into the mirror that I had given to her -- a mirror formed out of my lack of love and esteem, my judgments of her, my criticisms, my harsh and angry words, my taunts, insults, and ridicule, and the multitude of negative things that I expressed by the harsh, cruel words that I DID say, and the kind, loving, supportive words that I DID NOT say.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, as she gazed into the glass, a NEW Being began to be formed in this mirror, molded by what had been built into it. As this alter-Being became stronger and brighter, the former Being grew weaker and ever more faint. One day, once again, there was but ONE image - ONE Being - seemingly much stronger perhaps, built of the substance of THIS world, but certainly NOT the SAME -- NOT MY Love !!