

This poem was written at Christmas time after a long talk with a grandson who had fallen into drug usage and rebellion after the loss of his father as a teenager. Praise God he is clean today and has just graduated from college. (By Louise Hall)

“The Package”

With my eyes I looked once, then I looked twice,
On the outside the package didn't look too nice.
But with my heart, I looked under the wrap,
I had judged by looks and fallen into that trap,
Of judging others by what I saw on the outside,
To love without judging, I needed the Lord to guide.
I looked and looked and my heart did yearn,
For the good that lay within my hopes did burn.
Lying deep within was this broken heart,
My yearning soul wanted to know each part,
His thoughts, his dreams, that God had planted there,
So I listened and listened as his soul lay bare.
Then there I saw before my eyes,
The veil was dropped, there was no disguise,
A tender heart was there that had suffered much hurt,
As I opened the package that was all covered with dirt.
Together we brushed it off and emptied it out,
Much good we found there without a doubt.
The parts that were broken and damaged we took,
And for the pieces that were still good, we did look.
I asked God to put him back together again,
For this heart and soul he had a great plan.
As this man child struggled with his demons of drink and drugs,
I knew the cure, I would fix it with my hugs.
I would squeeze and squeeze until my eyes filled with tears,
I was going to love this package as long as I had years.
As years go by, this one thing I know,
Our love for him is strong and pure as snow.
So we'll pray for him and try to share,
What we've learned in life is to always care.
So when that young man on the street you see,
He may be the grandson that belongs to me.
So take that precious package and handle with care,
But for the grace of God, we could all be there.
So care more about others than for yourself,
In making others happy you will find your wealth.
So when you see a package out on the street,
Remember to look for what lies beneath,
All you may see is the ring in the ear and tattooed skin,
But look for that child's heart that lies within,
The outside package may be tattered and out in the cold,
But the warmth that is there is that heart of pure gold.