

The Prodigal

A week and a day ago hopes and dreams were alive

Friends, trips, excitement, freedom

A week and a day ago I heard my mother's voice

A week ago my life was interrupted

A week ago my mother wept and cried

My father stumbled and could not breathe

My brother stood stock still and my sister tried to understand

A week and a day ago life was before me

A week ago life will never be the same

Cannot be returned swapped or exchanged

A week ago despair made itself known

Sorrow found a nesting place

That used to be my home

A week ago, friends gathered, held fast and wept

Held up, cried with and offered strength

Friends of mine, friends of theirs, friends of ours

Held fast to the promise of faith

A week and a day ago i left home loving my father loving my mother

A week ago I finally got home...it looks so grand

Why is it I never remembered like this before

My dad came running.....I heard His voice...He was so far away

But He came to meet me...I just never thought

I tried to speak, I love you dad.....He waved His Hand

He held me up...showed me off

Ruffled my hair and walked me home...

*The Prodigal was what the Lord placed on my heart when i heard the news
and again when i was compelled to write it for you*

In Him, Jerry Pizza 4/18/10