

WHY DO YOU LOVE ME?

By Pernell R. Rodocker

Why do you love me? Oh, great is the err of my ways... Yet, you stay beside me and lift me when I fall. You saw me from afar and you sought me. When I defy you, you look at me with compassion. When I trample your love, you wait patiently for me to return. I look at you sometimes and dare you to stop me. I shouldn't treat you that way. When you reach out to me, I sometimes slap your hand away... So much I have longed to be with you, and you call out to me... your words fall on deaf ears... So many times you place yourself in front of me and offer a direction for success, but mine eyes are dim to truth. I hear you call to me, and I turn not aside. Oh, tell me why, why must you love me so unconditionally? When I say I am not worth your time, you seek me out even more. When I dream my existence to naught, you give me reason to hope. I hang my head with such shame... My heart sinks deep into the oppression I call myself. The darkness that captivates my soul drowns my vision. Yet, in the midst of the storm raging with in me, your peace still seeks my pain, calling to me, and this is what you say...

I love you. So great are these words, written by many a poet? But these words came by me. My love was formed into the world. My love created the day and night. My love created the sun, moon, stars, animals and you. It is my love that reaches to the depths of your soul and my love that will never let you go. It was my love that found you where you were and my love that will go where e'er you go. My love for you is greater than the mighty oak that lives so many years, my love for you flows stronger than the rivers that have cut

the earth so low. My love for you flies higher than the greatest bird and my love for you comes with in a single word... Jesus. I have chosen you to walk with me. I have chosen you great things to be. All that I am, I place in you, and so I call and wait, so come. I hope and listen. Someday my hopes for you will grow within and make you true. I love you are the words I chose. I hung them up for all to see. I hung them up to grasp and hold unto the hope that ne'er grows old. Oh, come and see that I am here and that I'll hold you e'er so near. Let your grasp upon the lies be released, fall into my tenderness. I will warm you from the chill and your heart with my love I will fill.

So, I called out from my pain, seeking that tenderness I hoped to gain. I reached to you and my ears they heard, that wonderful sound of that single word... Jesus. Oh my God I asked again... Why do you love me so? This time I heard your voice and saw your hand... I felt your love and asked again... Why do you love me so? Your warmth surrounded me, and your presence ##### my soul. Your peace touched me and my heart was made whole. So I asked again... Why do you love me so? And you spoke and this is what you said...

A poet puts his heart deep into his work. An artist paints his soul on each canvas. A carpenter carves his very being into every groove. I have made you and placed myself within. I created love, nurtured love, and guided love since the beginning of all creation... because you are a part of all that I am, I love you...

So I said not this time, why do you love me so... but I said ...
Lord, I love you...

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