Love for all - and can it be?

Xavier Schnyder

Horton



Love for all-and can it be? Can I hope it is for me-I, who strayed so long ago, Strayed so far, and fell so low?

I, the disobedient child, Wayward, pasionate, and wild-I, who left my Father's home, In forbidden ways to roam.

I, who spurned His loving hold; I, who would not be controlled-I, who would not hear His call; I, the willful prodigal. To my Father can I go? At His feet myself I'll throw; In His house there yet may be Place- a servant's place for me.

See! my Father waiting stands; See! He reaches out His hands: God in love, I know, I see, Love for me - yes, even me.

S. Longfellow

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