

THE PRODIGAL

By Ronald Petersen*

*I lift my head unto the Lord and cry,
"My son has strayed from Thee!"
My thoughts resound,
"I teach and love and pray,
Yet he will not respond.
Leave me not to fight alone.
I love him so."*

*I cry at his and my infirmity.
I search Thy word for help to guide,
And with the Holy Spirit's aid,
Reach out to find my prodigal.
And, lo, in voice to touch my soul,
I hear God's word.*

*"He's your son! He's My son!
His will must be his own.
My love's not less than thine.
I tenderly entrust him to your care.
Love him, lead him, and endure.
If he will come at length,
'Twill be through thee and Me.*

*"He's your son! He's My son!
Together find our victory."*

* The author passed away just before publication of this article.