

Whose children are they anyway?

It's not about **us** being loving
It's not really about **us** expressing
It's not about us at all
It's about God and God's knowing

In fact if we know nothing
And don't presume to judge
Love's picture will be revealed to us
Without fanfare or fuss.

It's always about the children,
Whose are they anyway?
Love will never leave them
No matter what we say.

We can cover up the truth
We can say they just don't get it
We can push and prod, reward and punish
But we can't add one jot.

The work has already been done
What a relief it is to know
That all we are doing as we help, support and guide
Is revealing the grandeur of Love's design.

When Love has completed her work
What is left for us to do,
But to be there and to witness
Love's glory that **we** see anew.

Sholto Bowen