

I wrote the poem below back in January of 2017. My dear neighbor and I had a conversation about how the world has become so unkind in the way we speak to each other, and how we talk about other people. She and I both attended a beautiful Good Friday event hosted by Chris Tomlin last week. Afterward, I felt well prepared to enter into why we celebrate Easter. We had church that night, and it was wonderful.

At one point during the service, Mr. Tomlin had them bring all the houselights down, then had the entire audience turn on the flashlights on our phones. That arena was completely illuminated, and it was a glorious sight. My neighbor said that all she could think about was if we as Christians would just let our lights shine, imagine what the world could be like? Can you imagine?

In fighting the good fight, and as one who is brokenhearted over our world IN CRISIS, I hope you will find this poem relevant, and I pray we will all try to put more thought into what we say and how we say it.

The Untamed Tongue

Bless my soul, it's all about me.
The book of James, in Chapter 3.

Our God devoted so many thoughts,
On how the tongue ties us in knots.

In my arrogance, I strut along,
Like a massive ship, or a horse so strong.

Though they are guided by a rudder and bit,
I follow my tongue, in spite of it.

Instead of thinking, the words spill out,
Causing friction, or instilling doubt.

Not pausing to consider the message's fate,
I blurt it out, when I should just wait.

Knowing that words can hurt me too,
You'd think compassion would be my cue.

Scriptures say the tongue can't be tamed,
I know firsthand, and I'm so ashamed.

"I am a Christian!" I piously declare,
Then speak so cruelly, causing others despair.

I cause pain, then I praise my Lord.
Blessing and cursing, a double-edged sword.

This ought not be, I know too well.
My words should send me straight to Hell.

But in my faults, He forgives me still.
Please forgive my stubborn will.

Help me remember from when I was small,
"If it isn't nice, don't say it at all."

May I bless You Lord, in word and deed,
That my speech be fruitful, like a planted seed.

With the tongue we praise our Lord and Father, and with it we curse human beings, who have been made in God's likeness. Out of the same mouth come praise and cursing. My brothers and sisters, this should not be.

James 3:9-10 NIV

