

Poetry by
Lucy Wall



Come Home

By Lucy Wall

This poem is written especially for the Christian who has wandered away from God. It's a gentle call for them to come home and return to their loving Father. I'd like to clarify however, it's directed towards the genuine but back-slidden believer.

There are many people in life who claim to have "been a Christian" in the past but in truth, they never were. Christianity isn't a club you can come and go from as you please. It's not something you can have a membership in one year but not the next.

When a person truly accepts Jesus as their Saviour then they're born-again in spirit and made alive to Christ. As John 14:23 tells us,

"Jesus answered and said to him, "If anyone loves Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our home with him.""

Regardless of denomination, there's only one kind of Christian and that's the born-again Christian. The person who has accepted that they were born a sinner, dead in trespasses and sins and in need of their Saviour. A Christian is someone who has accepted God's gift of grace through Christ's sacrifice on the Cross and given their heart and life to Him in return.

When true repentance takes place, God has "put a stamp" on their heart so-to-speak and according to Scripture, a believer's name is written into eternity! As my Pastor always says, "You don't get eternal life temporarily!"

Neither does Jesus make mistakes so if a person claims they "used to be a Christian," the reality is they never were. Perhaps they were born into a family who went to Church every Sunday so therefore called themselves "a Christian family." Maybe they spent some time being a part of Church events and enjoyed the social aspect of it all. Many believe they're a Christian based on the fact that they were Christened as a baby but none of these things are what make a person a Christian.

As well meaning as Christenings may be, the Bible makes it very clear that we can only become a Christian through our own personal choice, no one can make this decision for us. It's only by the blood of Christ that any of us are saved and it's when we personally choose to accept this fact into our heart that a relationship with Jesus can then take place.

I say all this to make the point that this poem isn't addressed to those who have dabbled in "Church-ianity" and naturally found it wanting. The sentiment would be lost and the words too easily dismissed by one who has never known the sweet fellowship of Jesus in their heart. For someone in this position, I've written many poems which seek to lovingly share the Gospel with them and call them into a relationship with their Saviour.

My poem "Come Home" however, is written especially for those who have already known a personal relationship with Jesus but for whatever reason have chosen to wander away from Him. Life can be really tough and any number of reasons can cause us to close up our heart and drift away from God. Sometimes anger or bitter disappointment can cause a person to turn their back on God or perhaps if life hasn't gone the way we thought it would.

Whatever the reason may be, I pray these words can speak directly into the heart of the child of God who has drifted away from Jesus. I've written these words in a very gentle tone, intending that it may convey the heart of a loving Father calling His wayward son or daughter home.

Time is running out on this troubled Earth and there are no answers outside of Jesus. It's time to get real with God and redeem the time as we await His return. If we've been trying to run from God's plan for our life then like the story of the Prodigal Son in Luke 15, it's time to come home.



Dearest, you're weary, burdened and troubled.
So many worries you carry alone.
How My heart sorrows to witness you struggle.
Heed Me, My dearest, it's time to come home.

Bring Me your anger and deep disappointments.
Bring Me your heartache and let the tears flow.
Bring Me your grief and all that concerns you;
Nothing will shock Me, I already know.

I see how you suffer the pain of confusion
And wrestle with things that you don't understand
But trust in My wisdom, I see the full picture.
I'll lead the way, just come take My hand.

I know how you long for relief and compassion,
I know how you've battled and faced every strife
But listen My dearest, it's time to stop running.
Come home again to the Lord of your life.

Think of the roads that we've travelled together,
Of how I upheld you time and again.
Remember our days in joyful communion;
Come home My dearest. I miss you, My friend.

It's time to stop fighting and let down defences.
Take the first step to return from afar.
You need not prepare or feel trepidation,
I love you, My dearest. Just come as you are.

All that you're facing we'll see through together.
I promise I'm with you, you're not on your own.
Belovéd, I'm calling. It's time to stop hiding.
Come home My dearest, it's time to come home.

Matthew 11:28-30

*"Come to Me, all you who labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and
learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and
you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy
and My burden is light."*

Romans 8:35

*"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall
tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or
nakedness, or peril, or sword?"*

John 6:37

*"All that the Father gives Me will come to Me, and the
one who comes to Me I will by no means cast out."*