

# Bitterness

It's hard to know where the seed of bitterness began  
Perhaps before the dawn of man  
When an angel of light- Heaven's delight  
wasn't satisfied with reflecting someone else's might.  
And in bitterness, he shook his fist at his Creator  
Satan born. Now the author of scorn  
and in bitterness he roams the face of the earth killing,  
lying, hating, defying...

Bitterness snaked its way into the soul of nations  
defiling God's most precious creations.  
Bitterness- born out of shame for justifiable reasons or so it  
seems

"She left me without a word."  
"He broke my spirit."  
"My father never loved me."  
"No one listened to my side of the story."  
"Someone stepped in and took my glory."  
"The decision was made and I didn't get a choice."

You were deflected, neglected, corrected  
And the resentment brewed in a putrid still  
Intoxicating your life with anger, backbiting, sorrow,  
Tainting every hopeless tomorrow  
With bitter nights, you drink your own poisonous nectar  
You fantasize your moment of sweet revenge  
Flames of rebellion begin to singe every moment of the day.  
Resentment spoils every part of the road.  
Instead of running to the healer, we find a place with a  
killer.

Bitterness toils. It spoils. It recoils.  
It paralyzes fathers and mothers  
Incites wars between sisters and brothers.  
Instead of a church as an agent of grace  
We choose nails and thorns and spit on Christ's face  
That's what we do when we huddle in anger

The devil's our father and Christ is a stranger  
And it runs through the church crushing every beautiful thing  
God blesses  
Turning holy moments into public messes  
Bitterness doesn't care  
Resentment grows like insatiable feasts  
Killing the bride, and feeding the beasts  
of gossip, evil declaration  
an unmerciful generation  
It settles in our homes. It crushes our bones  
It leads wives into despair. It kills children unaware  
of the toxic venom  
that settles within them  
Bitterness breeds shame  
It says, I'll never trust again  
It exiles pure joy to the wilderness  
Making pain out of a marriage of bliss  
You see, it was bitterness and pride that sent Jesus to the  
cross  
And yet we listen willingly to it, no matter the cost.  
And there is bitterness in this room.  
You might not see it right now.  
It's like a dormant disease  
waiting for the command of demons.  
It can bring a church to its knees  
and families stand before the gallows of opened wounds,  
what once was alive nested in the tombs-  
all because of bitterness.  
It took root.  
Malice and rage are its scornful fruit.  
While well-meaning Christians stand and salute  
the furious, unfettered rise of scorn,  
born from the seeds of bitterness.  
Still there's another path God has given us:  
It's a journey toward the bread and the cup  
It's offer of freedom and blessing and peace  
It's an offer to turn. An offer of release

from the bitterness that's stealing every part of your life  
from the sin you're concealing – your anger and strife  
The table has been set. The offer is here  
to let go of regret. And in peace draw near.  
That's the meaning of this wine, this bread and this time.  
Banish your rage inside of you.  
Return to the one who makes all things new.