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.