The Hurt God Must Feel

Guy Lindsey

He planted Eden with His own hands,
each flower a whispered hope,
each tree a promise of communion—
two souls to walk with Him in evening's cool,
to know His voice, to share His joy.

But love, when offered freely, risks refusal.
The fruit was eaten. The gate closed.
Not in anger—though anger came—
but in a grief too vast for words:
children sent from home, bearing
the weight of their own choosing,
and He, watching them go.

How His heart must have broken then.
He chose a people, called them His own,
carved covenant into stone,
led them through waters split by love,
fed them with bread from Heaven's store.
Yet they turned. And turned again.

Golden calves in place of glory,
foreign gods on sacred hills,
the faithless bride in harlot's clothing—
each betrayal a fresh wound,
each repentance a hesitant return,
each return followed by another turning away.

The prophets cried His anguish:
"How can I give you up, Ephraim?
My heart recoils within me!"
This is the cost of creating souls with choice,

of loving without coercion,
of hoping without guarantee.

To be God is to know this hurt:
perfect love poured out on imperfect vessels,
grace extended to clenched fists,
mercy offered to those who run.
On again, off again—
the rhythm of the beloved's betrayal,
the pattern of the Father's pain.
And still He waits.
And still He calls.
And still, impossibly, He loves.

What kind of God is this,
who gives His heart away
knowing it will break?

A God whose nature is love.
A God who cannot be otherwise.
A God who hurts because He loves,
and loves because He is.
And in that hurt, perhaps,
we glimpse the deepest mystery:
that perfect love and perfect pain
can dwell together in one divine heart,
that to love completely
is to risk being completely broken,
and He risks it still.

Crafted by rgl