Wedding Gown

The lace is torn and tattered,
Upon her* wedding gown.
She talks of things unmattered,
And on her "face" a frown.

With doctrine she takes issues,
Condemning other parts.
Her faith is thin as tissue,
And at the Spirit "starts."

Awake, now Bride of Jesus!
God waits before His throne.
His message hasn't reached us,
If we're religious clones.

His glory is to clothe us,
His holiness within.
Our faith should now renew us,
His blood has cleansed from sin.

We are all children, precious,
And must protect the fold.
Should any difference split us?
No, may His grace enfold!

Tarpon Springs, Florida
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