

This is a poem I composed at the end of a
retreat on mercy where the parable of
the prodigal son was preached in March
2006

Parable of the lost son (Lk 15:11-42)

As I traveled in hunger
Homeward bound in dishonour,
I rehearsed repeatedly
A formal apology
To re-enter the safety
Of childhood's roof and pantry.

REF: "Father, I have sinned
And fallen in disgrace;
I'm no longer your kin,
Please treat me a your slave!"

With dismay considering
All I had lost to squander:
Fame, fortune and high-living
Had vanished in a summer,
How the divided estate
I was soon to dissipate!

REF: "Father, I have sinned
And fallen in disgrace;
I'm no longer your kin,
Please treat me a your slave!"

I prepared to face the storm:
Father's glare and brother's scorn
And shuffled into our home-town
With heavy heart and eyes cast down
When I heard the running feet
Of Dad rushing, indiscreet!

REF: "Father, I have sinned
And fallen in disgrace;
I'm no longer your kin,
Please treat me a your slave!"

Father hugged me with such force
That he cut short my discourse!
Then he ordered with loud voice:
"Hurry, hurry, let's rejoice!
Get him sandals, robe and ring,
Quick, a feast and music bring!
For my son whom I thought dead
Has returned to me instead!"

Last Refrain:
Father, I have sinned
And fallen in disgrace
But reborn as your kin
I cry in your embrace!