

Love in the Shape of a Cross

A man will leave his family
A woman leave her home
And they shall be no longer two but one.

How can we know when we're so very young?
How can we see what the future may bring,
When we promise our hearts,
When we promise the rest of our lives?
How can we know when we're just starting out
What it means to be one,
What it means to be husband and wife,
For the rest of our lives?
Where do we turn when we need much more
Than all the things we were so sure of?
All that we need is all that we have
In the promises of love.

For better, for worse,
For richer, for poorer,
In sickness and health,
Till death do us part,
To have and to hold,
To love and to cherish,
With all that we are,
With all of our hearts.
This is the promise
This is the vow
We will keep no matter the cost.
For this is the love
The love in the shape of a cross.

Love is a life beyond mere romance.
Love is choice to give all you can
And to lay down your life
To lift up the one that you love
Love is patient and kind, does not envy or boast,
Is not proud and not rude, not seeking itself
Is not easily angered, and keeps no record of wrongs.
Love never takes delight in what's bad
But rejoices in the truth
It always protects, trust and hopes
And will never fail you.

Just as Christ loved the church
And gave Himself up for her
To present her as radiant and blameless and pure
So the shape of true love's not a heart or a diamond
But a cross that will ever endure.

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