

Weary Traveler

# Weary Traveler

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An allegory of how we were rescued from sin and death by the love of Jesus Christ, with Matthew 11:28-29 as a reference.



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An empty desert wilderness,  
Filled with hills of rocks and sand.  
A formidable and deadly terrain,  
Bearing only desolate tracts of land.

Scorching sun and vast nothingness,  
With heat pulsating from the skies.  
Nothing can come here to live.  
Everything here only dies.

Here I wandered a lost and hopeless soul,  
Under a bleak sky where the hot sun hung.  
It scalded my red scalp and cracked skin,  
And tortured my thirst with a parched tongue.

My face was unshaven and my eyes were red,  
As I crawled over jagged desert crags.  
My undernourished body was thin and sickly,  
And protected by only tattered old rags.

My stomach roared with intense hunger  
And my mouth thirsted with a burning fire,  
So that a single drop of water  
Or stale crust of bread would calm my desire.

I was utterly alone in that wilderness,  
The eternal wilderness with no end.  
I was utterly alone with my thoughts,  
Without ally, companion, or friend.

I staggered on to nowhere.  
Every moment felt like a hundred years.  
The desert bore not one drop of water,  
Except the constant flow of my tears.

The thought of dying alone,  
Alone in my misery, made me languish.  
Torment ripped at my broken heart  
And suffering pierced my soul with anguish.

But just when all seemed hopeless,  
When I felt defeated at the hands of strife,  
From within the terrible darkness of death,  
Emerged a sudden flicker of new life.

I saw before me a tall Man in an oasis,  
Smiling and standing beside a watered well.

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"Come and drink from my eternal spring,"  
He said. "I will save you from the desert's hell."

His voice was strong, yet full of peace.  
The light of life glowed from His eyes.  
They captivated me with their untold depth,  
And illuminated the glory of the skies.

Silky hair was draped around His shoulders  
And His gentle face was covered by a beard.  
All it took was one glance at Him  
To feel an end to all I had once feared.

He drew water from the well  
And offered it to me to satisfy.  
He said, "This will fill you eternally,  
Not like some contentment that passes by."

I drank deeply and my soul was refreshed.  
The water was cool, refreshing and sweet.  
It fulfilled my every possible want or desire,  
And my need to sleep or to eat.

I needed nothing else but this cleansing drink.  
It quenched the flame of my every sorrow.  
Life overflowed into my broken spirit,  
And gave me a hope for tomorrow.

The Man smiled with the joy of all heaven  
And hugged me close to His strong chest.  
"Come to me, weary traveler," He said,  
"And I will give you rest."

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