

# AN ODE TO CAROL

By Steve Wessels  
to my wife, at our wedding reception

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This Ode to Carol is sure to be  
a wedding gift for eternity,  
some words to guide, my love to tell,  
the vows to recall, to on them dwell.

The years of loneliness in my past,  
the yearning for a soul mate to last,  
the final death of hope for a mate,  
before the Lord, accepting my fate,

That long dark time of desperate nights,  
of month after month without insight,  
of long summer eves, so dark and so cold,  
without e'en my pets to cuddle and hold.

Then when at last the Lord had me stripped,  
when all my selfish tears were dripped,  
with death of hope for fellowship sweet,  
to rest in His arms, with Him only weep,

the wounds inside sufficiently healed,  
the deepest of scars, fully annealed,  
the search for a mate over at last,  
the walk of faith with Him steadfast,

I went for a walk one day in May,  
The Human Race Fundraiser came into play.  
Friends came along to walk the course,  
'cause I couldn't run the race with force.

Someone named Carol stepped alongside,  
we talked those miles, stride after stride.  
I offered to work on your car that day,  
mechanical skills came into play.

You plainly asked me to ask you out,  
that wasn't something you had to shout.  
A week passed by before I dared call,  
hope against hope, risking my all.

A dinner, a movie called The First Knight,  
of chance, romance and kisses delight,  
of hands so tenderly intertwined,  
the fire of a touch, a look divine.

Then when I took you home that eve  
and stood at your door, ready to leave,  
you gave a kiss so passion riled,  
I instantly sensed the harmony wild.

Father's Day came, nineteen ninety seven,  
a Napa picnic was planned with heaven.  
A ring was tucked in a cloth in a glass,  
your breath flew away, a question was asked

A few minutes later you came back to earth,  
and plainly said "Yes!", this wedding was birthed  
We've now come to this day and place,  
our vows, we've said, a future we face.

You never thought you'd find a mate  
who'd want you with three children's plates.  
You'd given up dreaming of dreams fulfilled,  
now all your future fears are stilled.

Our friends need to know that love is a choice,  
that in God we're one to blend our voice  
in worship and praise to Him evermore,  
no matter what troubles cross our door.

Your servant in life I'll surely be,  
your needs to be met eternally,  
your hand to hold by day and by night,  
'til death o'er takes one from sight.

Then when that river we both do cross,  
Forever we'll wonder at The Boss.  
We'll praise in awe as scenes unfold,  
of how He arranged circumstances manifold.

Remember this moment forever I pray,  
remember this time, day after day,  
our first kiss, please always recall,  
this night we'll be praise and thank God for all.

The time has come to leave our friends,  
to start our lives all over again,  
for love fulfilled is God's true gift,  
our hearts and souls to Him we lift.