

## THEODICY

LOVE in the Deity stretches conceptions of men:  
Love seems not love which permits our full measure of hate.  
Promise of justice in ages beyond seems too late.  
Where is God's love when the wretched are wretched again?  
Holiness absolute stands far removed from our ken:  
Either its brightness so alien it seems to frustrate,  
Blindingly brilliant; or else its rich glories abate,  
Fading in mist as the distance is too much to mend.

One place remains where this love and this holiness meet,  
Mingling in poetic measures with no verbal dross:  
Symbol of holiness pure, justice without defeat,  
Coupled with unbounded love – is the stark, ugly cross.  
Lord God of hosts! In the worship surrounding your throne  
Questions once clam'ring give place to hushed homage alone.

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