

**Parson to Person**  
**HOSEA BY PASTOR KENT GEARNER**

I wish I could believe her. I wish I could believe her alibis, her stories, her lies. At least then I wouldn't know I was lying to our kids when they ask, "where's mommy tonight?" Each morning when she finally comes home wearing the same clothes, my heart shatters over and over again. I can see the shame behind her eyes, even if she won't admit where she's been or who she's been with. I know...I've known all along.

I remember when we were first married, how in love we were. We were so close! When she was scared, or sad, or excited, I was always the first she turned to. She knew I'd always be there for her, no matter what. What fault did she find in me?! Was I not a good husband to her? What did my love not provide that she would think to look elsewhere?

After we had tucked the kids in, we both went to bed, both in silence just staring at the ceiling. A while later I felt the bed begin to move and heard her start to slip on a dress she had set out. She was tiptoeing out of the room, but I couldn't hold it in this time. With tears I wisped, "please...don't." She paused for a moment, her silhouette standing still in the darkness near the doorway, and then she just left. I laid there for the next few hours, numb to the world. She had torn me away from myself; I think she knew it.

The sun came up the next morning, but she wasn't home. I disguised my worry behind a happy face to not alarm the kids as I got them up and ready for school. "Maybe she's gone forever", I said to myself. Some part of me felt if she was in trouble, she deserved it. Maybe it would be justice for how she's treated me all these years. Yes, I thought, that would be...fair! But still, mercy triumphs over fairness, and love covers many sins.

So...I've decided to go after her. What if I never find her? Will I be able to forgive her if I do?

Pastor Kent Gearner