

## **STEP FOUR: LIVING OUT BOUNDARIES**

Worksheet: Trusting God in times of trouble

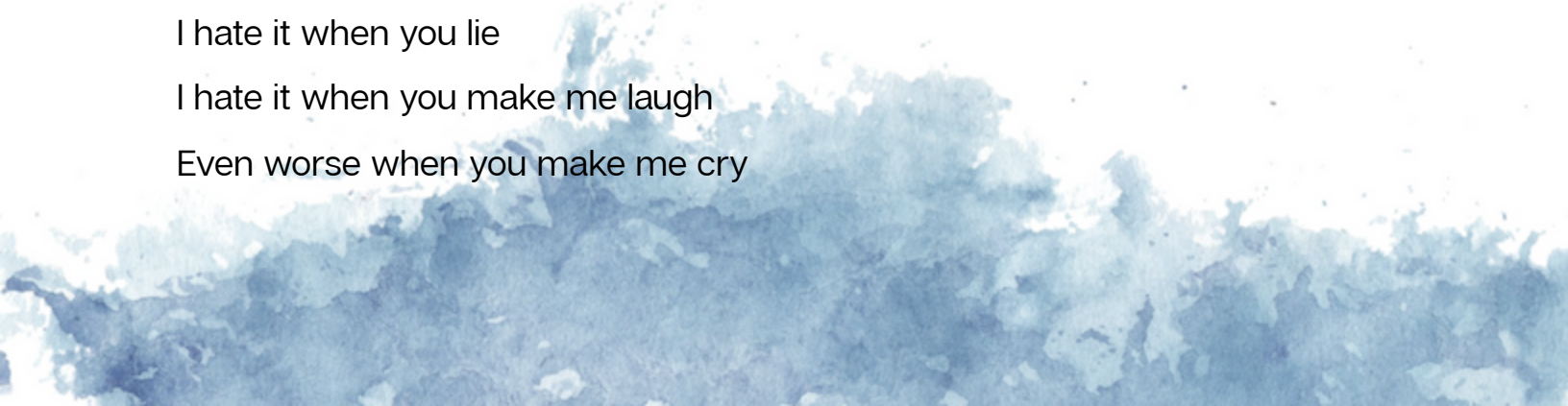
**Have you read, “The Taming of the Shrew”?** Not likely unless you’re super into Shakespeare like I am (did you know that in Romeo and Juliet almost every single line has 10 syllables?! Amazing!). Anyway- If not, have you seen the movie, “10 Things I Hate About You”? Ah, yes. That’s more likely. In it, Kat, the brooding shrew, is being pursued by a bad boy named Patrick. Don’t ask me why I remember their names, I just do.

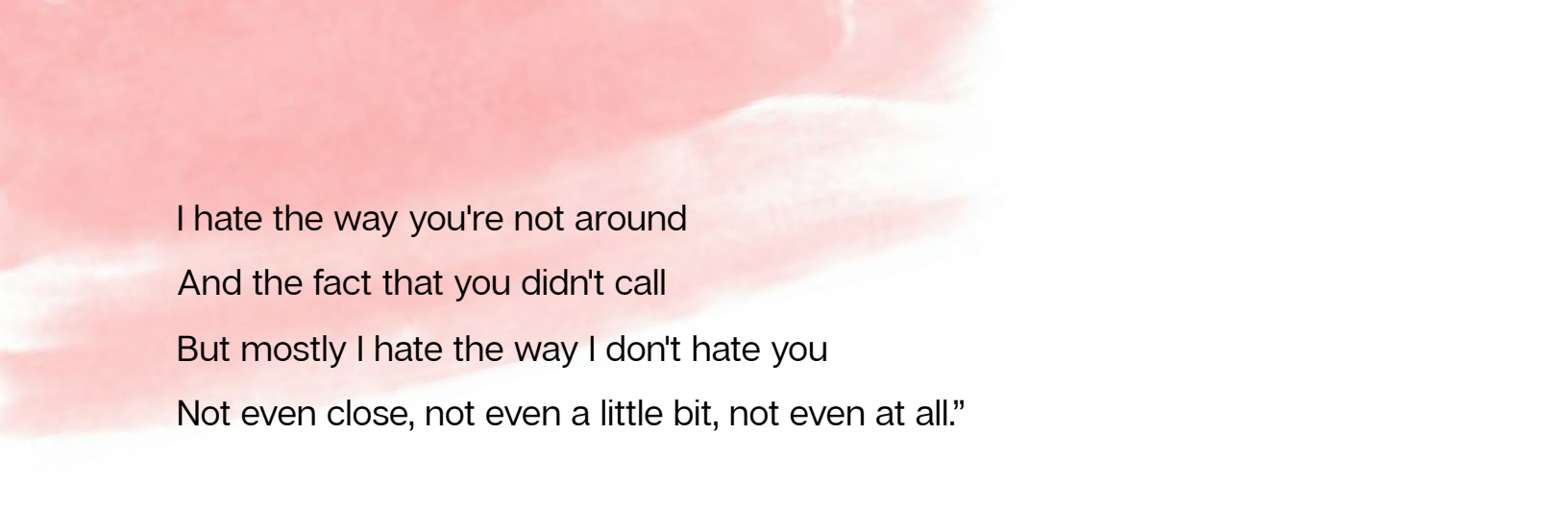
Of course, he woos her (I mean, he’s Australian or something and has a mop of curly hair- how could he not?!). She writes him a poem, since she’s been brooding through the whole movie and says,

“I hate the way you talk to me  
And the way you cut your hair  
I hate the way you drive my car  
I hate it when you stare

I hate your big dumb combat boots  
And the way you read my mind  
I hate you so much that it makes me sick  
It even makes me rhyme

I hate the way you're always right  
I hate it when you lie  
I hate it when you make me laugh  
Even worse when you make me cry





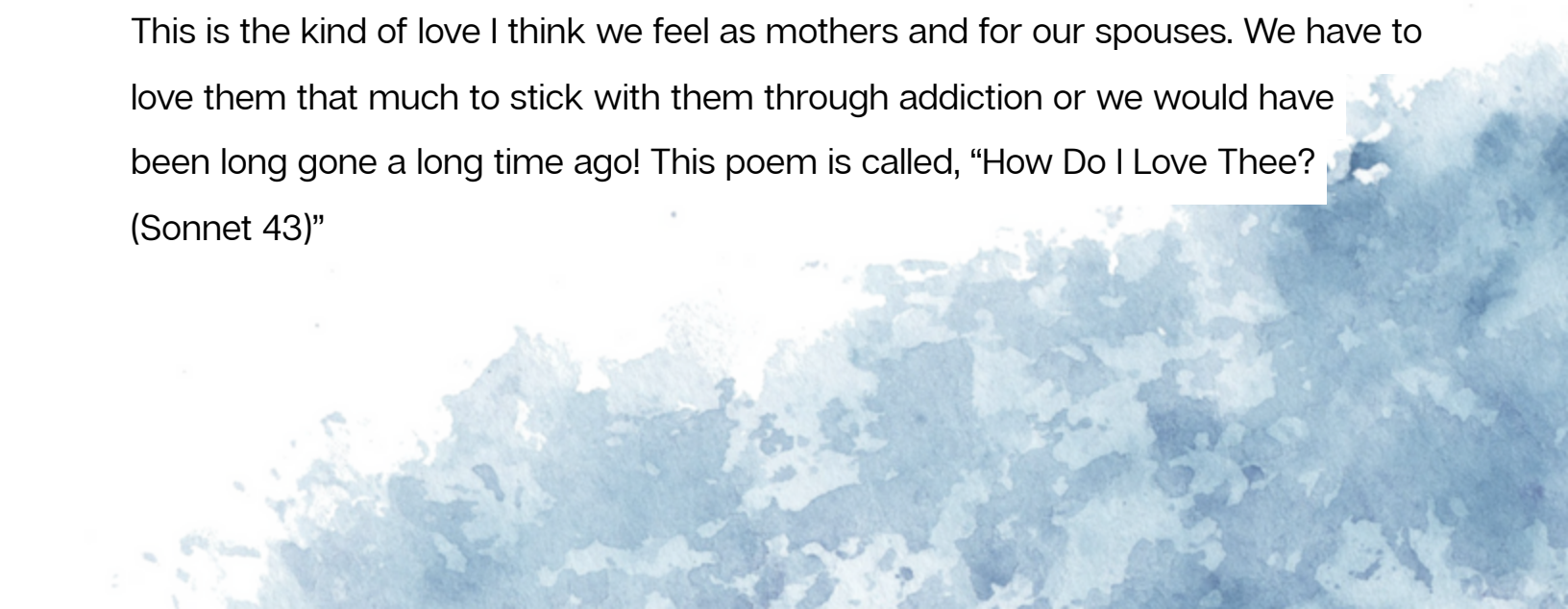
I hate the way you're not around  
And the fact that you didn't call  
But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you  
Not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all."


-Kat, "10 Things I Hate About You"

You may not be a poet but there is something lovely about a poem. I used this one as an example because maybe this all you're able to say about your loved one is "10 Things I Hate About You" but somewhere inside of you, there is a love for someone that hurt. I find poetry very freeing to write. Maybe because it doesn't have to make perfect sense or because I feel like the most intense feelings go into poetry but either way, it helps (Even if the poetry sucks!).

**So today, I'm going to leave you with a poem and challenge you to write one yourself.**

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a poet who lived from 1806 to 1861, well before our time! But if you read her poetry to her husband, she loved him with intensity. This is the kind of love I think we feel as mothers and for our spouses. We have to love them that much to stick with them through addiction or we would have been long gone a long time ago! This poem is called, "How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)"





“How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day’s  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood’s faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.”

- Elizabeth Barrett Browning

**So, take a moment and write down your own poem to your loved one.**

Maybe it’s ten things you hate, maybe it’s a poem declaring your love (you can totally write a Haiku even!), just write out your feelings, tuck it away and leave it with God.

