

The choice is ours: “fairy tales and lies” or “faith and truth”?

“Fairy tale” love is not loving; it's more like a living hell. The real Prince rescues us from it, keeping us safe and well. With hands back in His, we each have a “true love story” to live and to tell. Here's how, by fairy tales, I often fell ...

*Mesmerized by Disney
at the tender age of 7,
I was tranquilized and dizzy
in my own little “fairy-tale heaven.”*

*Reading the books repeatedly,
entranced by narrative rhyme,
obeying the record to “Turn the page!”
each time I heard a chime.*

Child hypnosis is a crime.

*My favorite was Cinderella.
The royal ball was like bliss.
I wanted so badly to be so loved.
But “upon a star” should I wish?*

*Except for the “happy ending” –
“happily ever after” forever –
much of the book was frightening.
It didn't stop me, however.*

“Addicting” us. How clever.

*Bothered too by “Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo”
(also known as “The Magic Song”)
sung by a fairy “godmother.” Who?
It all seemed very wrong.*

*I found the music spooky
more often than finding it cheery.
It was often downright eerie,
making me somewhat weary,*

but not entirely leery.

*Then the pictures “moved”
with on-screen animation,
moving the soul (in more ways than one),
corrupting imagination.*

*I was compelled to keep listening,
reading and then re-reading,
watching and then re-watching
despite the uncomfortable feeling.*

Much time and energy it was stealing.

*Tales I was told; lies I was fed
for hours, days, and youthful years,
playing with my emotions and my head,
causing fears or “happy tears.”*

*Longing to be a princess,
(or at least loved like one),
advances, practically effortless,
made my heart easily won.*

To “catch a prince,” rarely did I run.

*Later, decidedly happily single,
I swore off marriage for life.
No longer with men did I mingle,
not wishing to be a wife.*

*As a content, single woman,
a few men gave me hints, that
we were a “match made in Heaven”
each trying hard to “convince” –*

pretending to be a “prince.”

*Disney's demons undaunted,
“patiently” dormant awhile,
“re-animated,” they haunted
during my testing trial.*

*Though life couldn't get much “straighter,”
evil had a hold on my soul.
At 7 x 7 (over four decades later),
dizzying deception still its goal,*

I would play the “Cinderella” role.

*When a former “prince” returned,
for his flattery, I again fell,
forgetting good morals I'd learned,
again, “under a spell.”*

*With the mere mention of Cinderella,
my mind was mush, like at 7.
Thinking that this long-lost fella
was sent to me from Heaven,*

I let lures and lies spread like leaven.

*Listening to our old “love song,”
seeds of rebellion were sown,
protective walls decreasingly strong;
thoughts were not my own.*

*Formerly prince and princess at prom,
we clung to the Cinderella theme.
Car? (pumpkin-color) Home? (near mom)
“Perfect!” (Or so it would seem.)*

Each just a part of the wicked scheme.

*Formerly film-and-TV-free,
I compromised and did watch (and watch),
watching what he liked so he'd like me.
Amazingly, he loved Disney (perhaps too much).*

*Subliminal messages were silently yelling
to “resist the rules, but follow your heart.”
With each bad choice, further rebelling,
evil spirits lingered, refusing to depart.*

The total “take over” would start.

*The heart that I'd dedicated to the Lord
was traded for temporal “love,”
setting my affection on “earthly things”
rather than “things above.”*

*Deceived that my dream I was getting,
though the prince was not found at a ball,
we began planning a wedding,
buying glass slippers and all.*

But no “happily ever after” after all.

*We can be rescued from every snare
and covered with Christ's forgiveness.
The best wedding garment we can wear?
His robe of righteousness.*

*Each soul is faced with this decision
(whether 7, 16, 49, or 97):
Do I want hell's “Magic Kingdom”
or the majestic “Kingdom of Heaven”?*

*(Hopefully, to you, that's just a
silly, “rhetorical” question.)*