

Mite to Mighty

"My precious"
and I grab for myself
time
money
power
relationships,
generous is my terms
my way.

"My precious,"
speaks God
opening His hand
giving from His heart,
and from heaven appears
His Son
perfect,
A celebration entry
and immediately,
evil fights to kill,
fights to possess,
wants to own.

"My precious,"
says God
as Jesus
stands ready in the river
Spirit empowered.

My precious
smiles the widow
preyed on by religious
traditions and rules,
church leaders
greedy hungry for more,
tattered by events
yet with a heart full
of grace,
overflowing from
an uncontrollable joy,
she empties herself
giving her last coins,
does she know
watching her
is the Precious One,
Saviour?

"My precious
my first,"
cries God
as heaven shutters
on three crosses
and hell celebrates.

"My precious,"
thunders God
as in the quiet
dawn of light,

a body
powers to life,
a stone grinds aside
and the first gift sacrifice
triumphs
over death.

"My precious,"
inner soul speaks
can only be
the promised one
the first born Christ,
the resurrected King.

And so the test...
of God and I.

To give myself
first and best,
Give my precious
to God,
give first fruits,
give life,
and step trusting with
my faithful
God.