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Untitled

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UNTITLED

By Your hands and feet and blood I also have become holy.

You called me and made me so—but How could You, knowing who I was and seeing what I was?

How could You have reached through This thick, bitter armor to whisper Your Name in the darkest and Most secret rooms of my heart?

As though we had always been friends.

You are my Hiding Place; teach me to be Yours.

Lord of Lords, You haunt me. You walk so close. How can You do that? How can You be so close and I still live?

When I think that the God of Moses and Gideon and of Ruth and Esther chooses to walk beside me, I want to tear my hair and shout, "Too near!"

I confess to mindlessly repeating ancient, holy hymns of Your people--

To transforming the spirit of those mighty songs Into wind and their words into dry, aimless, and praise-less echoes.

I confess—and this must have hurt You the most—to Wondering how close You can come without actually changing me.

Again--and again--forgive me.

I have nothing to offer up but emptiness—So I give it to You.

I give You empty hands, an empty heart, empty dreams, empty works, empty words.

Inspire my hands to offer up true praise. Inspire my heart to accept brokenness (as I accept Your broken body, please accept my broken heart). Inspire me to be a dreamer of Your dreams.

In the chasm of my guilt you, Y'shua! called my name.

The walls of my prison miles thick, impossibly tall, --enclosed nothing but a flickering remnant.

But You were familiar with remnants.