

Poor in Spirit

by Cammie Corlas Quinn

I have nothing to offer, dear Lord,
Nothing fit for the King of Kings,
Poor in spirit, common am I,
Peddler of menial things.

“A colt you have, do you not?
Set him loose when they bid him come.
His role I planned ere Earth was formed
And chose His master, you’re the one.”

I have nothing to offer, dear Lord,
No mark upon this world I’ve made;
No book I’ve written, no honors gained,
My hands are empty, my dreams all frayed.

“A room you have, do you not?
Above the street, all furnished and clean,
A place for washing dust from feet is priceless to me,
A towel, a basin emptied is all you need.”

Haven’t you heard, dear children,
Of things to come, of plans unsung,
Of a triumphant march into Jerusalem,
Of a passover meal for gathered friends?

Of hosannas, of palm branches,
Of a simple dish for unleavened bread,
Of a borrowed cup held by martyred hands,
Of a Lord’s Supper preserved by artists evermore?

Your yielded heart is all I ask,
Your garment on my donkey sore;
A cup of water at the well,
Your shoulder for my wooden cross.
Do such offerings go untold?

Hearts poured out one by one,
Become like crowns, set at my feet,
By those who feared they bore no fruit,
By those whose faith I measured sweet.

Give your simple best, dear children,
To the Master you cannot see,
For He will take your humble offerings
And fashion treasures for your King.