

The Meadow

Standing in a meadow carpeted with flowers.
Listening to the birds' sweet song, I whiled away the hours.
It was so idyllic, so peaceful and serene,
I knew it couldn't be real; it must be a dream.

The field was bordered by a distant stand of trees,
And a stream tumbled gently as far as I could see.
Then I heard a voice, so deep and pure and sweet,
the birds stopped singing, knowing they couldn't compete.

He led me to the stream edge and asked what I could see.
"Why, Lord," I answered, "the purest water ever flowed through a field."
Then He asked if I could see its beginning or its end.
I looked, and squinted, even stood on tiptoe, but saw no destination.

I looked the other way, back from where the creek had come.
No matter how hard I tried, I could not find its home.
I hung my head, embarrassed that I could not say.
But He just smiled and walked on, ever leading the way.

Then we stopped and He asked if I could see the trees.
"Why, yes, Lord", I answered, ever eager to please.
"Can you count them and tell me just how many there are?"
I mumbled, "There's one, two, three", but they were just too far.

I shook my head, unable to give my count aloud.
But He just turned and walked away; meekly, I followed.
"Beyond the trees," He said, "there's a great roaring sea.
This stream is a rushing river nearer it's destiny."

"You can only see what is just in front of your eyes.
Yet I can see all, and I know where your future lies."
He let go of my hand; I gasped as it slipped away.
I felt the rough-seamed edges of a scar that would never fade.

And I knew this was my Savior; He who died for me.
Instead of leaning on Him, I trusted in what I could see.
I trembled with fear at the weight of what I had done,
Trusting in the world around me, instead of God's own Son.

I pleaded, "Lord, forgive me, I have so much to learn.
I'm trying so very hard for Your Love to earn."
He smiled gently and the power of His love shone through
Into the very depths of all I am and do.

"My love is a gift", He said, "that you can never earn.
Simply accept it and give your love in return."
Then, suddenly, He was gone, but I was not alone.
I know my Lord is always there to lead me safely home.

= Susan Mouw
from The Road to the Cross

*"26 Lift up your eyes on high, and see who has created these things,
Who brings out their host by number; He calls them all by name,
By the greatness of His might and the strength of His power;
Not one is missing." Psalm 40:26*