

Untitled

Lilly Funk

O how can a slave be so willfully free?
My Master was pressed as He went before me.
Why should I take up and put down as I please
The burden my Master continually sees?

O how can a slave still be so unconcerned?
The love of my Master I often have learned,
Which I still feel free to shrug off and ignore.
“I am my own master” would match my case more.

O how can a true slave have more than one home?
If I had not Jesus, would I have to roam?
Or have I been secretly storing below
In earthly bank vaults none but my Master know?

O merciful Master may I come to share
Your yielding, Your feeling, Your pureness of care.
Remind me that Your thoughtful work is not done
Till Master and slave become perfectly one.

This poem was inspired by another poem that begins: “From prayer that asks that I may be Sheltered from winds that beat on Thee...” This line talks about wanting to avoid hardship that the Lord bears. A few months ago, I similarly wished that I could avoid having a certain weight placed on me, a weight that is only a small portion of the responsibility that the Lord continually bears in order for His Church to be built. I realize that I often pray earnestly about situations, but then forget about them again the next hour. Yet, the Lord never stops bearing them. While I can't force myself to carry the same burden as the Lord just by dropping all of the things I do in my free time, the last verse of my poem is a prayer that I would come to share the same care as Him.

-Lilly Funk