

The Man Who Pleases God

Who is the man who pleases God
Upon the earth below?
Whom does He rest His eyes upon
When He searches to and fro?

It is not the man who reads each day
From the Holy Word—
Not the one who quotes and studies long;
But he who lives each verse he's heard.

Not the rich who has mercy on the poor
And sends his money away,
But the man who gives his life complete
To follow the harder Way.

Indeed, it is not the one who owns
A tongue that is bridled and good,
But he who wrestles and closes his mouth
When none other ever could.

It is not the soul who has no obsession
To hide from the human race;
But he who owns a thousand-and-two,
And still battles with charging pace.

It is not the strong, who bears his load
With extraordinary bravery,
But the one who kneels each day to be free
From the chains of slavery.

It is not the man who never falls,
Nor he who travels light,
But the soul who trips and stumbles each day,
But rises again to fight.

It is not the one who does not sin
Who pleases Abba most,
But the one who fails, and stands to say:
"In my flesh I cannot boast."

It is not the man who comes to declare
God's blessings on his way,
But the one who must search and painfully strive
And sacrifice to praise.

It is not the woman who has been given
Twelve children in her trust,
But the barren, who stands beside her,
And thanks God just as much.

It is not the soul who's been given grace,
But the one who has grace to give—
It is not the one who knows God's love,

But he who by love does live.

The holy, strong, happy and pure,
The straight, unscarred and tall—
The pastor, leader, star and hero;
Yes, God loves them all—

But the one who pleases the Father most
Doesn't shield his heart from pain:
But when he feels Love's sting and falls,
He rises, and counts it gain.

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