

All Are Precious In His Sight

The lonely, forgotten, the wealthy, the poor;
Teeming masses abroad, the man at your door,
The angry, the ugly, the frightened, confused;
The drunkard, the addict, the abuser, the abused –
All these are precious in our Savior's sight
They all need His cleansing; they all need His light.

The toddler, the baby, the elderly too,
The young man or young woman showing off a tattoo;
The gangster, the rapper, the actress, the dude,
The guy with a Mohawk or a bad attitude;
All these Jesus died for, that they might be free.
They are all people, like you and like me.

The woman who's cussing and slapping her child,
The boy who is tough, the girl who is wild;
The single young mother, the deadbeat dad,
The loser, the user, the old man who's sad –
They all are our neighbors, they all are "somebody."
They are brothers and sisters, they are FAMILY.

Those struggling with cancer, the widows who cry,
The druggie who stares with a sad, vacant eye;
The filthy, the neat freak, the hoarder next door,
The one who has ten cats, or fifty dogs, or more;
They just need "someone" – someone who cares,
Someone to teach them that God hears their prayers.

The soldier, the veteran, the suicidal, depressed;
The homeless, the prostitute, the sick and distressed;
The gay man, the biker in leather and steel,
The lesbian, the hippie just "tryin' to be real,"
Beneath the rough surface, and past the façade,
A soul is just starving and thirsting for God.

The superreligious, the perfect, the proud,
The self-sufficient know-it-all, the snobby church crowd;
The preacher, the pastor, his family and wife,
The missionary who gives up his home and his life;
Although these may not seem to need much care,
They also need Jesus; they need time, love, and prayer.

We can help someone; we can show how we care.
We can smile, hug, or visit, or hold hands in prayer.
We can give them an hour, a meal, or a lift,
A toy, or a promise of some special gift.
It doesn't take much to shine God's light where it's dim,
When we remember that ALL these are precious to Him.

Some precious lessons that the Lord has taught me this year, 2012. – Angela Gellenbeck