

Morning Worship

By Marcus Lander (February 2022)

*I rose up early like the Lord on the first day of the week,
Took up my picker like a sword, and prepared my quest to meet,
My clothing worn, I did not scorn: they were garments for the meek,
I wore my pack upon my back, like a soldier, so to speak,
And in my hand, I held a sack, as I stepped into the street.*

*The roads were all deserted: no stranger to intrude
On this quiet hour of solace, on this blessed solitude.
'Midst the frenzy of the rat race, comes this tranquil interlude
For meditation and reflection to elevate my mood.
A sanctum in the everyday, a space for gratitude.*

*As I wander through the streets, and woodland near my home
I may not see another soul, yet I do not feel alone,
As I gather cans and bottles, and bits of Styrofoam,
I feel a sense of purpose, from the flotsam that I comb
Out from underneath the bushes, wherever it was thrown.*

*Some ask me what I stand to gain, as I go about my work;
It seems to them a thankless task, as I scabble in the dirt.
There is no glory, or reward, it's a task without a perk,
For though I tidy up the streets, they rapidly revert,
So surely it is fatuous, ones efforts to exert.*

*Yet others are just grateful and greet me with a smile,
And bright'ning up another's day will always be worthwhile,
And those who say, life's just this way, are living in denial,
For one good deed, may one day lead, to a radical lifestyle
And others tread where your footsteps led as they go that extra mile.*

*And I tread in the footsteps of one who came before,
A king who left his kingdom to dwell among the poor,
Who sacrificed his own life, our fortunes to restore,
And who cared about the problems that others just ignore
A light for men to follow, he calls us to do more.*

*So cheerfully, I give myself to serve my fellow man.
This is my sacred calling: I surrender to his plan.
Though I am small and can't do all, I will do what I can,
Though life is short, I feel I ought to share my brief lifespan
To show I care, this world should be fair as it was when it began.*

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*When God placed man in Eden, he was left to tend and groom,
To care for, and to nurture, and to help God's garden bloom;
But selfish men left nature dead, their actions spelt her doom.
Yet like those Jewish women, who made a visit to Christ's tomb,
I'll beautify her last remains, and on her body pour perfume.*

*Each item that I gather, is like an insult to Christ's face
By those who are blind to his glory, who shame the human race,
But for his name, I will reclaim, what was subject to disgrace,
As I heal the world, my soul is curled in the warmth of his embrace
And men may see what he means to me, and glimpse his love and grace.*

