

The enemy has grown from our very own hand, as fewer consecrated are able to stand.
So many imposters, so very much need, all feigning victory as their intended deed.
How cunning the wicked preying on our head, pushing signs and wonders as the true daily bread.
From our plight we seek absolution from these prisons darkened by disgusting self-illusion.
“More offerings! More Work! More Sacrifice!” As though we commanded the Substitute for our life.
Does anyone remember or try to recall the Author of Rescue for any and all?

If a miracle you seek, consider God’s Grace; Fresh daily from the Creator; simply seek His Face.
Your body is warm; 100 trillion cells, each self-replicating to keep you well.
A mind that chooses, calculates, and emotes; a spectrum of joys and disappointments it evokes.
But most miraculous of all is our empty Spirit, craving the Creator Himself, come and fill it.
Selah.....