

Kenosis

They call on me to empty myself Lord,
After all, you did.

You left the splendour of heaven
For humiliation on earth
And bowed to a servant role;
A felon's death.

But I am nothing. Already empty,
I have nothing to give, but my own broken self,
Conscious of pride, selfishness and sin,
I want to do good but I don't,
I don't want to do evil, but I do.
I cannot follow your path;
It is too steep, I have no power,
I lack the faith that I can
Walk your way.

I have tried so many times,
And failed just as often.
Can you still accept me, a failure?

Will you out of your power
Give me strength, give me hope, give me faith?

Will you so fill me with your transforming love
That I too may have the courage
To follow on that journey of surrender and sacrifice?

May my eyes be open to your power and healing,
May I lift my view from my self to you.
May I lift my eyes from myself in my weakness,
And see the needs of others around me
And help to heal them, out of my brokenness, restored by you.

May I see the rich possibilities that your love can create,
In me, and in all I meet,
In this needy world I'm in.

May I then see how I can create the space of love for the other,
Just as you created this world,
And you created space for me.
May I live, giving them the freedom to develop
To be what they choose to be,
Without manipulation or coercion,
But with grace.

May I become an agent of hope and peace
Of love and faith and joy
For your glory's sake.

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