

MY BROTHER

If it hadn't been for them,
You would not be glorified
And I would not be here,
Captive, free,
When they,
They are the chosen ones,
The ones that men despise.

You promised them long ago,
A Saviour who would lead them.
A hero?
No, a king to victory.

But when You came,
Riding on a donkey,
They didn't believe You,
Wanted glory, pomp and majesty.

For they had been promised a king,
Not a carpenter's boy
Bearing a burden.
But sing.

If it hadn't been for them,
Bearing the burden of guilt and shame,
I would not be able
To wear Your name
On my brow.
You ask me 'How?'

They rejected Christ,
The King of glory,
Come that they might be set free
From their sin and slavery,
Made a spectacle for the world to see,
Someone whom God judges
As a prisoner, set free.

Yet if it hadn't been for them,
The chosen few, the Jew,
I would not be here today,

Able to enjoy Your every word,
Which I heard,
Because of them rejecting You,
Who came to me,
Salvation at my knee,
Teaching me
Of men, who I know it's true,
Rejected You,
Because of me.

And so I shall love them in a special way,
For I know they wait for that glorious day,
Because God judged them,
To reject Him,
For me.

For if I had been seen at the empty tomb,
As naked as my mother's womb,
They would have said
'Here, take this,
My Saviour's head
And wear it as a crown.'

For 'Here is my redemption' they say,
'I'll wait, you go on in.
Like Christ I'll suffer,
If for a few, a chosen few,
I can proffer
My life for yours.'

Ruth Griffiths
(Circa 1976)