

Room for the Savior?

No room for the Savior in Bethlehem's inn,
His crib was a manger where cattle had been.
He came down to earth, God's expression of love,
So poor they redeemed Him to God with a dove.

No room in Judea for God's only Son,
No room though His mission had scarcely begun.
They killed all the children His age with the sword
To keep Israel's kingdom from being restored.

No room in the town where the prophet was raised,
Though Nazareth's crowd was completely amazed;
Their jealously poisoned their souls with ill will,
And they tried to throw Him headlong down the hill.

No room for the homeless to lay down His head,
Though foxes had holes where they scooped out a bed,
And birds had their nests where they rested their wings,
But He couldn't care less about worldly things.

No room in the temple, His Father's abode;
They had no respect for the zeal that He showed.
They'd made it a den of commercial misuse,
And challenged His right to correct the abuse.

No room in the palace that touted the throne,
Though He could have claimed Pilate's seat as His own,
But they took advantage of infinite grace,
And plucked out His beard and spit in His face.

No room in the world He came to redeem,
Despised and rejected, devoid of esteem;
Though He was God's gift of incredible worth,
They crucified Him between heaven and earth.

No room in the churches ordained to His praise
That claim to be "Christian" in modern days,
While taking their stand with the treacherous throng
That calls evil good and righteousness wrong.

But there is still room in the depths of your heart--
He promised us that He would never depart,
If repentant sinners would let Him come in,
And trust in His grace for forgiveness from sin.

Bud Morris
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