

Who's your Jesus

Abide in me,
He made clear,
As I abide in him,
For He is near.

Yet who is He,
We are to abide,
What thoughts or heart,
To build inside?

What kind of actions,
From what mental behavior,
What inward choices,
Would align with our savior?

Shall it be sarcasm,
Or ways insincere,
Shall it be envy,
Production of fear?

Shall we choose hurry,
Racing to nowhere,
Just to be first,
Living without care?

Who is this God,
We ought to abide,
How are we doing it,
How's it feel inside?

Are we content,
And with all things?
Are we at peace,
Whatever's life brings?

Or do we worry,
feeling unsatisfied,
Chasing things for which,

Christ did not die?

Haven't all the teachers,
Explained how to be,
Of which we've forsaken,
Never feeling free.

Where do we set,
Our mind and heart,
Is it coming together,
Or falling apart?

Why not more action,
Ways Jesus described,
Correcting foolishness,
Existing inside?

Are we confessing,
Our inner selves,
Are we repenting,
Our inner hell?

Will we abide more
Correctly in spirit,
Or like stubborn children,
Avoid being near it?

How much will we seek,
How honest will we be,
What would you give,
For your soul to be free?

Jesus was honest,
Inside and out,
Always sincere,
Faith, no doubt.

Abiding daily,
Doing God's will,
Caring and helping,

Not selfish thrills.

Humble, forgiving,
Merciful, and contrite,
Teaching Love and peace,
With whoever in sight.

This is the will
We're instructed to do,
Everyone is invited,
So what say you?