

"Who do you say I am?"

"But what about you?" he asked. "Who do you say I am?" Matthew 16: 15

Who is this man that we call "Jesus"?  
What difference does he make?  
We claim he from death's power frees us  
And can cruel sin's chains break.

When I am driving down the street  
Does this man ride along?  
Is Jesus there in those I meet?  
A member of life's throng?

The homeless man that I avoid?  
The woman pierced, tattooed?  
The noisy child who has annoyed?  
The bearded man so crude?

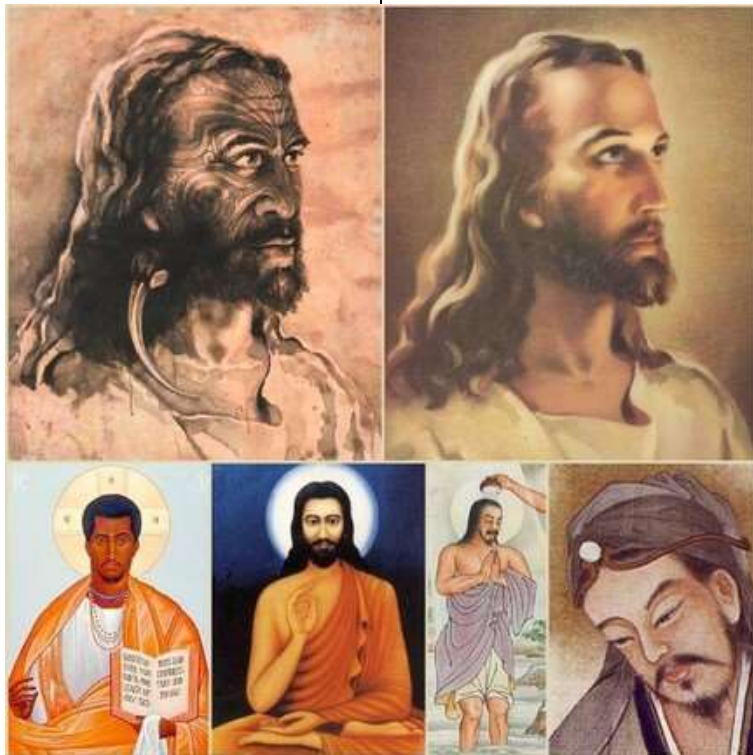
We seem to view Christ as a painting  
Blue-eyed with honeyed hair;  
We worship, patiently awaiting  
The Lord's return so fair.

But what if Christ is present now,  
Among us walking, living?  
The one whom we deny a smile,  
Withhold our tithes and giving?

"Who do you say I am?" Christ asks  
To Peter and to us.  
Not just in church, but daily tasks -  
Our answer is a must.

The Son of God, Messiah true,  
Our Savior and our Guide,  
Whose presence steers all that we do,  
In whom our hearts confide,

In serving others, we serve Christ,  
God's sacrificial Lamb.  
Just one answer will suffice:  
"Who do you say I am?"



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