

Last in Line

Whoever wants to be great must become a servant. Whoever wants to be first among you must be your slave. Mark 10: 43-44

The children formed a line for lunch;
The morning had seemed long.
They formed a noisy, pushing bunch,
Determined and headstrong.

One little boy stood at his desk
And only shook his head
In disapproval of the rest,
Watched quietly instead.

Although he was but only eight,
He'd learned the lesson well
That Jesus wanted him to wait
And not to push or yell.

We know that James and John did seek
A special place with Christ;
They failed to be humble or meek,
Or weigh the sacrifice.

We, too, often want to be first,
The best, the one preferred;
For status we do yearn and thirst,
By selfishness we're spurred.

We need our Savior's voice to hear,
To understand our place,
To keep our vision ever clear
And only see God's grace.

We're asked to serve, to care for others,
To meet the needs of all;
All people are our sisters, brothers -
This is our dear Lord's call.

Yes, Christ our Lord put himself last,
Gave up his place divine,
And we aside must our pride cast,
And be the last in line.

