

The Weary Feet

As He traveled each day, on roads dusty, hot and long,
Often weary and tired from teaching the throng.
Looking for a moment of rest, to pray,
Obeying His father's commands never to sway.
Laying on the grass watching the splendor of the night,
How the countless stars were places to the left and right.

The glow of the reflecting light of the midnight moon,
Knowing His divine destiny, His death was coming soon.
Another dawn, and town, will these believe, will they hear?
He's the Messiah, they have waited year after year.

Coming as a babe to Bethlehem a little-known town,
He had laid aside His throne and heavenly crown.
Angels' song filled the heavens to shepherds in a field,
They witnessed this babe the promise of God revealed.
Kings came from afar following a bright star.
Presenting a box of gold, and costly spices in decorated jars.

Traveling through the regions, healing the sick, raising the dead,
To some His miracles are hope, others a threat as the news spread.
His disciples talk with Him on another road they traverse,
To announcing redemption and freedom from the curse.

His feet calloused, weary, dirty and so often sore,
Yet His heart of passion, for the lost, the message to restore.
The miles he journeyed on those roads, we do not know,
In parables, He speaks of lost coins and farmers who sow.

The cross comes closer as each day passes,
Is the message heard by anyone among the masses?
The know release from burdens, temptation and sin,
To tell of the grace, mercy, love and joy within.

I now understand the woman one night as she knelt so low,
Seeing the feet of her Savior, he freed her of her debt and sorrow.

Her tears fell on his feet, kissing them drying with her hair,
The costly oil from her alabaster box she did not spare.
Her life transformed by forgiveness, mercy and grace
By His word all her sins were gone without a trace.

The beautiful feet of the Savior, still want to bring good news,
Do you hear him calling, it is your decision, it's your time to choose?

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How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him who brings good news, who
proclaims peace, who brings glad tidings of good *things*, who proclaims salvation,
who says to Zion, "Your God reigns!"

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