



LENT

THROUGH THE LENS OF ASH WEDNESDAY

Has the Balm Run Dry?

By Rev. Bruce Whyte, M.Div., BCC

Has the Balm of Gilead run dry?

Like the tree that produces the elixir has run dry

So has the people been cut

Down by the iniquities of the Law

The Lord has called His people,
But the answer falls on deaf ears
Separation and brokenness toils the mind
And the heart and body suffers its consequences

Relief comes when the chariot swings a bit lo'er
And the rivers replenish in the mercy and grace of the Lord.
The hope is there
The will is exhausted

Where shall I find me in the shaded fig tree?
Like a wasp sacrificed for the fruit of the fig,
There I...me...chosen...predestined for the slaughter
Like swine in the farm

Jealous, envious

My color, my skin yearns for the light to be equal

Where the rays bathe the melanin,

Where my eyes do not shift looking for safety

Affixed to the Son

Pain does not compare

Hurt does not allow for relief

Chained by the past

Restrained from moving forward

No, but the Lord has modeled

Nothing alone in secret
Kingdom Community shall move with me
Carrying burdens and sins equally
To trust what is not steadfast
The unthinkable to my enemies
To become sheep in wolf's clothing

The mask has broken me
My heart cries generation's past.
I come incomplete
For the Lord makes me complete in them
My heart heavy, Lord's steadfast love enduring
Help me. Help us.
Replenish the balm so that wounds may heal