



"God, what is it You want to do through me?"

What I Forgot

Sometimes I wish I was the fig tree.
No fruit here, just soaking up the sun,
growing roots, turning green,
stretching out my branches until
I can hug the horizon.
Sometimes I wish I was the fig tree,
because she doesn't produce,
and she's not exhausted,
and she probably gets eight hours
of sleep at night.
And her branches,
unlike my shoulders,
are not heavy with work---
pulled toward the ground,
threatening to break.
And her trunk,
unlike my spine,
is not fighting to stand tall
while holding it all together.
Sometimes I wish I was the fig tree
because she knows
what I forgot
many years ago.

You are still worthy

even if
you don't produce.

Poem by Rev. Sarah (Are) Speed of the Sanctified Art Creative Team



*Please join the inspiration of our Daily Devotionals for Lent, Holy Week, and Easter on the theme **Full to the Brim**. Please email your reflection, prayer, or other contribution to MCCDC Senior Pastor Rev. Elder Dwayne Johnson at RevDwayne@mccdc.com.*

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