



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

Grace Doesn't Play by the Rules

I come into the room
calculating
what I've done,
as if hurt could be measured,
as if there was a score system,
as if we could say what I owe in return.

I come into the room
ready to apologize,
ready to make amends,
ready to tell you all the things I'll do to make it better,
but you put your arms around me.

Grace is the ocean
that softens the edges.
Grace is rain in the desert---
you're not sure whether to
laugh, cry, or dance.
Grace is a miracle,
all by itself.
In a scorekeeping world,
grace doesn't play by the rules.

I come into the room
calculating what I've done.
You say there's grace here.

If feels like a miracle.
I don't know whether to
laugh, cry, or dance.

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.*

Donate to MCCDC

FOLLOW MCCDC

