

A LEGEND

His zeal could not be questioned;
His quest, the holy grail.
Sir Lancelot's earthly mission
Was destined but to fail.

Spurned on by tales and visions
So mythicly profound,
He spent his life in searching
For what could not be found.

Anon this empty legend
Soon spun his whole life's tale,
Nor was he even worthy
To find the holy grail.

There was a different legend
That once consumed my life;
A "Humble" arrogation
Embroided in pride and strife.

I found myself believing
We were the only place
Where Christ could lend His presence
In unrestricted grace.

Complacently divided
From Christians of my day,
I "Did my God a service"
By turning them away.

Some strained interpretations
Of old Judaic rites
Applied in private contexts
Had warped my spirits sights.

But sleepless nights harassed me,
With fallacies laid bare;
And myths were finally realized
As tears gave way to prayer.

Traditions are traditions
No matter where they're taught;
A member is a member,
Admitted to or not.

The Scriptures need no history
Their meanings to expound;
The assembly is Christ's body
Wherever it is found.

The church is separated
By failures far and wide,
Nor is it represented
By claims from any side.

But "Two or three" may gather
In Jesus' precious name
And richly find Him present,
Who always is the same.