

## A PSALM WHEN SPENT FROM PREACHING

by Pastor Bert

Lord, I remember  
a boyhood promise  
made with a token stick  
tossed on a bonfire  
giving myself to you.

Now that fire is crackling hot  
consuming for real  
energy  
emotions  
youth  
relationships  
treasures  
life itself.

But for this you chose me  
cut me to size  
aged me  
removing the sap of self  
hardening the grain  
all to now feed  
this glorious blaze:  
the proclamation of your Word.

So when embers cool  
stoke again, Lord  
push me closer still  
to you, consuming Fire  
make what's left of me  
burn brighter  
hotter  
till there's only ashes –  
holy ashes –  
from which I'll rise with joy  
to proclaim again  
purely at last  
your worthiness!