

A Donkey and A Lamb

As I stand here on this hill
And overlook the city
I gaze across the valley 'til
I must look down in pity.

Three crosses stand against the sky.
Crowds gather to watch the show--
Three men condemned to hang and die
Upon that forsaken plateau.

I recall the day I met
The middle man up there.
I will never, ever, ever forget
His kindness and his care.

A Sunday morn five days ago
A day unlike any other
Why I was chosen I do not know
I was standing near my mother.

Two men came by and simply said,
"The Teacher needs them now."
Untying us both, we were led
Toward a waiting, cheering crowd.

Just outside the gates he came.
He seemed so mild and meek.
He called me softly by my name
And gently stroked my cheek.

I carried a king that day!
He sat there oh so humble.
Palm branches lined the entire way
I did not dare to stumble.

All were singing praise to God,
Shouting as loud as they could.
Through all that noise I was awed
As we traveled each neighborhood.

I wondered how the Son of God
Could have entered the town that way--
Up on the back of this old clod.
A creature that just eats hay.

And now I see him on that tree!
The man dying in the middle!
He gave his life for you and me.
It's truly a wondrous riddle!

As donkeys go, I'm not much.
But the gift that I was given
Was to hear his voice and feel his touch.
And carry the Lamb from Heaven.