

A Poem For Jonah

A lad called to be a son,
for the Father had set His heart on him to become one.

For Jonah, a wearisome and loathsome hail
that followed him into even the sea's high gale.

"I don't want the footman or the horsemen too,
I don't want to be that near to You.

Your presence pursues with depths that fear me,
I'll lose my life if I let You that near me.

A life without crisis, without pain without cost,
I'll live for You, but not with such loss."

But son, loss is gain, for Nineveh calls,
And I need to send my prepared vessel before she falls.

You will see that Israel's rising and falling was set
in a wee child who had not met Calvary yet.

But who will go to Nineveh for Us,
In whom is this Lamb revealed enough?

Can you flee a calling so high?
For My ways in the sea answer the heaven's sigh.
To bring forth sons in the image of the First Born,
To allow the Spirit of the Lamb within them to be formed.

My compassion is kindled by Nineveh's cry
But whom shall we send, who will see with Our eyes?
To pour out mercy and give Life freely
The mind of the Lamb alone will be willing

Lord, it's not fair, my pain for their pleasure.
Their gift from what pressed me beyond my measure?
Are You cruel and unfair, is the joke on me?
Or was there a greater purpose in the depths of the sea?

Dear Jonah my dealings extended way beyond you
They were deeper than the sea and far beyond the skies blue.
I have called you into fellowship with the Son,
In His death and burial and resurrection.

Mystery of mysteries that heaven's praise
Is a little lamb sitting as though He was slain.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain.
He fled not the Cross, but endured the shame.

Had He not embraced His time outside the camp,
Had He rejected the depths and fled from the pressure,
Then how could we ever have received from His measure?

Because God loves Nineveh, He deals with you
A choosing that in oneness He might pour through you
To reach the multitudes that need life,
The dying of the Lord Jesus is borne through his wife.

Let us go forth, therefore, unto Him outside the camp,
Let us embrace the depths and bear their stamp.
A Lamb within, still given for others...
A continuing city causes Nineveh to recover.

But you don't understand and you're angry with God?
It's not fair, and the path is too hard?
Have you seen the Lamb, have you known His heart?
Fill your eyes with His face and find a new start.

“Turn your eyes upon Jesus
Look full in His wonderful face
And the things on earth will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.”