

...But God...

by Antonio Rullo

This is the story
Of many going astray
But God interfered
And set them on their Way

Of all the words in the Bible
That deserve a second look
The words: "But God"
Are the best in the Book

We all have done
Stupid things no one should
But in His endless Mercy
God turned them for *good*

Don't feel bad,
We're in good company
The line stretches for miles
From Jerusalem to Bethany

How many of us, when saved,
Were of noble birth?
But God called us out
To be the salt of the Earth!

All of us dying
In our sin and its wages
But because of *God's* gift of Life
We will rule through the ages

How often have men
Died for the just?
But God proved his Love
When *He* died for *us!*

All of us sinners,
Unworthy of Grace
But God showed us Mercy
And died in our place

The Word of God is filled
With people and places
That were changed for the better
Through His Good Graces

The list is long
So I'll be concise
The names are redacted
But the stories are precise

The location was Perfect
All was at peace
In one act of disobedience
We forfeited our lease

But God in His Mercy
Had a plan to restore
What the locust ate
And to give us even more

At eighty years old
God called him out
To give him an inheritance
No one would ever doubt

His brothers despised him
Their actions were sinister
But God used it for good
And made him Prime Minister

The chariots behind them
The sea up ahead
But in *His* perfect timing
He drowned them all dead

Outnumbered and outgunned
Not enough spears to go around
But the walls came down
Just by making a sound

The king threw him in the den
Condemned him to die
But God gave him rest
And made the lion his ally

Three men in a furnace
For not bending the knee
So God met them in the fire
For everyone to see

On his way to Damascus
To persecute the Way
God stopped him in his tracks
Showed him who was *truly* astray

Thousands of mouths
Only the boy was prepared
So He took it and blessed it
It became enough to be shared

His friend had passed
In the Bosom three days
He was recalled to duty
While whispering a simple phrase

A pagan and a gentile
A soldier of Rome
But his prayer was answered
When he approached the Throne

A life of sin and rebellion
All of his years
While dying on the cross
God caught all his tears

The Spirit had left Him
The body just a shell
But in those three days
He went and conquered hell

Rising triumphant
From his borrowed tomb
The grave could not hold Him
So it became a womb

You see, if things are so easy
You can do them on your own
There's no Glory in it
And they'll not reach the Throne

But God so loved the world
That He gave us His Son
That by confessing and accepting
Your soul may be won!