

Asleep in the Light

When I think about the gospel in the world, it can't be right,
That we bask in our seeing, while some live without sight,
We relish gospel riches while indifferent to the plight
Of people living in the dark, while we sleep in the light.

You might think after years of mission everybody knows,
About the gospel - good news - but that's not what the statistic shows,
There are obstacles, for instance countries shut to workers, closed,
Small chance there yet that Jesus' mighty grace and goodness flows.

A holy huddle, Jesus cuddle, buildings, churches, steeples,
But do we spare a prayer for a world out there of unreached peoples?
In our cities, on committees, what could start if we beseeched
Our papa father up in heaven to help us reach the unreached?

It's said in church, of every pound of money that we spend,
The bulk of it stays in the 'reached' world - it's true that, it's a trend,
But what is kind of hard to argue for or to defend,
Is giving just a penny to mission – to pray, to go, to send.

Not saying reaching unreached people can be done with ease,
The obstacles and barriers mean we must get on our knees,
Some physical, like jungles, deserts, mountains, rivers, seas,
Some places uncomfortably hot, in others you might freeze.

You might think, well if I was young and fancy-free I could,
If called to far-flung places, then sure, go there? Yes I would,
But stop a moment, recognise, that where you're sat or stood,
Are people from the nations, yes they're in your neighbourhood.

As you open up your Bible at the day's end or the start,
Soak soul in all its wisdom, stories, teaching and its art,
Remember those who don't yet have the scriptures, whole or part
In form that's meaningful to them, in language of the heart.

Think the internet's everywhere? Half the world's not yet online,
In some parts just believing Jesus or sharing him's a crime,
But ask yourself like Esther, were you called for such a time,
In some small way unhide your bushel, let it burn and shine?

If you're willing, God will find for you in harvest field a place,
To live your mission calling out, with gusto run your race,
No greater task on this green earth than sharing Jesus' grace,
Allowing folk who don't know Christ, at last to see his face.

Bruce Gulland