

Take! Break! Make!

Psalm 51:6-17

An unknown author has penned the following: “**Lord, TAKE me!** Me, with all my selfishness, with all my pride and jealousy, all my wilful disobedience, all my lack of love to Thee, me, with all my faults and frailties, all my secret, hidden sins. **And BREAK me!** Break my stiff and stubborn will, Lord. Break myself with all its pride, all its dearest dreams, ambitions. Break my heart, its idols smash—Till in splintered, shattered fragments I lie helpless at Thy feet. **And MAKE me!** With Thy tender, skillful hands, Lord, make me like Thyself to be molded in Thy glorious image, sweet and loving, humble, kind, faithful, gentle, finding pleasure only in my Father’s will.”

An oak tree in the yard, so stately in form, **stood strong and straight** until it crashed amidst a storm. Nearby a willow tree **bowed low** to every wind until the storm passed by, then straightened up again. Like people I have known, oaks crash in fiercest wind while bowing willows live. Things break when they don’t bend.

Oh for the foolish, the weak, the base, the lowly, the despised, the poor (1 Corinthians 1:25-31)! Oh to be foolish enough to depend upon Him for His wisdom; to be weak enough to be empowered with His strength; to be base and low enough to have no honor but God’s honor; to be despised enough to be kept in the dust of His feet—an earthen vessel that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of me; to be nothing enough for God to be everything; to be poor enough to have His riches abound; to be sick enough to run to His health.

Lord, bend that proud and stiffnecked “I” and help me to bow the neck and die, beholding Him on Calvary, who bowed His Head for me.

~George Zeller: www.middletonbiblechurch.org



Take! Break! Make!

Psalm 51:6-17

An unknown author has penned the following: “**Lord, TAKE me!** Me, with all my selfishness, with all my pride and jealousy, all my wilful disobedience, all my lack of love to Thee, me, with all my faults and frailties, all my secret, hidden sins. **And BREAK me!** Break my stiff and stubborn will, Lord. Break myself with all its pride, all its dearest dreams, ambitions. Break my heart, its idols smash—Till in splintered, shattered fragments I lie helpless at Thy feet. **And MAKE me!** With Thy tender, skillful hands, Lord, make me like Thyself to be molded in Thy glorious image, sweet and loving, humble, kind, faithful, gentle, finding pleasure only in my Father’s will.”

An oak tree in the yard, so stately in form, **stood strong and straight** until it crashed amidst a storm. Nearby a willow tree **bowed low** to every wind until the storm passed by, then straightened up again. Like people I have known, oaks crash in fiercest wind while bowing willows live. Things break when they don’t bend.

Oh for the foolish, the weak, the base, the lowly, the despised, the poor (1 Corinthians 1:25-31)! Oh to be foolish enough to depend upon Him for His wisdom; to be weak enough to be empowered with His strength; to be base and low enough to have no honor but God’s honor; to be despised enough to be kept in the dust of His feet—an earthen vessel that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of me; to be nothing enough for God to be everything; to be poor enough to have His riches abound; to be sick enough to run to His health.

Lord, bend that proud and stiffnecked “I” and help me to bow the neck and die, beholding Him on Calvary, who bowed His Head for me.

~George Zeller: www.middletonbiblechurch.org

