

We Call them “Goods.” We Call them “Ours.”

We call them "goods." We call them "ours."
Goods meet some needs; they do.
But, Lord, Creator of the World,
what's not first giv'n by you?
Our body strength, our days or years,
unique ways we excel,
ideas, guidance, gentle care...,
from you are giv'n as well.

This planet's wealth, like water, flows.
As rain, it first falls down.
We see it then in creeks and rivers,
moving, ocean-bound.
And wealth, like water, can collect.
A pond or stream seems mine.
But it is merely mine to choose
its purpose next in line.

Don't let us place our highest faith
in earthly things we'd store,
or build new barns for wealth on wealth,
ignoring plans of yours.
The manna you fed Israel
came daily, not for keeps.
"Give us today our daily bread,"
and let our trust increase.

Lord Christ, you said the Kingdom's like
one pearl so fabulous,
a merchant traded all he had.
Your life bought this—for us!
To you, we bring our hands and hearts.
In each, you put so much.
Receiving, giving..., keep us always
open, generous.

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