

Enough

By Hannah Blanton

I don't pray enough.
I don't say enough
about God to my friends,
and sometimes I'll spend a whole day
and forget about God 'til the very end.
I might read His Word, but my heart's not always in it.
I might praise Him in church, but my soul's got to sing it.
I'm not gracious enough
or patient enough.
After all's said and done, I am dust from dust.
So I said to God, "Maybe I'm just not enough."
And He said, "And maybe you just don't understand love.

"You see, love is not blind to your faults or your mind.
Love looks you in the eyes and does not despise the flaws that it finds—
No, love is not blind.
Love is all-seeing, all-knowing, almighty, yet kind.
And Love will look you dead in the eyes
and in His gaze, you come alive.

"And love is more than being liked and accepted.
In fact, Love himself was despised and rejected.
And love does not fade when you fall short or fail.
It has no conditions, no ceiling, no veil.
Nor does Love change as you grow older and wiser,
for true love is found in the Beholder's eyes,

"or did you forget that love's not just romantic?
Love subjected himself to the Roman's cruel tricks,
to beaten with sticks, beaten and stripped
'til the blood and sweat dripped
from his crown to the ground,
beaten til sick, showered in spit,
forced to hang on a cross where rusted nails fixed
his arms out wide,
'til the Father ripped away his eyes,
'til Love in the depths of his pain cried,
'My God, oh why...?
Have you forsaken me?'

"But...

in that crown that was laced with thorns,
designed to mock and placed with scorn,
I see your rock and the break of new dawn.
And in those blood stains on that vicious tree,
I see the good King claiming victory.
And where the powers that be saw humiliation,
I see a heavenly coronation
to which Love has earned your invitation.

“So Love was not blind or liked or romantic,
but still in the end He declared you were worth it.

“And so in that mirror, where you see lack and shame,
I see the glory of Jesus's face.
And so though you are but dust from dust,
don't you dare say that you're not enough,
for you are my great and precious love,
And for Me, you are always enough.”