

We Are All Black Sheep

We each have one within our family,
We know them all by name.
We question what possesses them,
To bring the family shame.

But then I think about the church,
God's family joined as one.
Would we not be the blackest sheep,
For all that we have done?

I could not point to him or her,
For the guilt of sin is mine.
Who am I to judge their choices,
When all I do is whine?

So long ago, a lamb was needed,
Without one blemish or a spot.
To offer as a sacrifice,
To cover what we could not.

Would Christ be able to find in us
A sheep that's white and pure?
The answer is a resounding "No!"
For He's the only cure.

There is not one above the other.
Like sheep, we have gone astray.
If it had not been for the blood,
We all would lose our way.

Yes, I am guilty, a black sheep,
As you are one as well.
If not for the love of Jesus Christ,
We'd all be bound for Hell.

Within my family, there may be one,
Who challenges me to love,
But by God's grace they too can be,
Redeemed by the Lamb above.