

VOLUNTEERED TO CROSS THE FRONTIER

Day 1 (or was it a millennium?)

Have you not heard? Didn't you read it in The Books?
The rebel went into the Garden and sabotaged God's Image;
By fraud he secured the right to have them become crooks;
They dread the Father's presence; they now specialise in camouflage.

Who could perceive such a tragedy?
Man has been defrauded of his domain;
Worse still, there is no known remedy;
Servants of the rebel they will remain.

Day 2 (or was it a century?)

Have you read in The Books?
Man is desperate for his true identity;
He thinks his image is about external looks;
In vain he puts emphasis on quantity.

Poor man, he struggles, trying every kind of religion;
Although he tries his best, it is only like a filthy rag;
Will he realise that religion is no cure for rebellion;
He longs for his lost identity but all he bears is diabolic tag.

Cajoled to want more than he got, he lost heritage at the sanctuary;
He was warned of death if he disobeyed, but he chose to snub;
Hence, he has reputation of life, yet his name is in the eternal obituary;
On his eternal tombstone awaits epitaph: "Joined the diabolic club".

Day 3 (or was it a decade?)

There is strange tittle-tattle, you'd wish to hear,
The most unlikely rumour, very irreconcilable!
There have never been busybodies around here;
But what does it mean—that man is redeemable?

Day 4 (or was it a year?)

It's no longer a rumour; it's the talk in all spheres;
A plan is underway to secure man's deliverance;
A matchless subterfuge; everyone waits to see how it coheres;
It is said that the operation requires infinite perseverance.

A meeting is due to hatch the operation: "Save the Deity's Image";
Attendees will include: the Deity Himself and all the heavenly hosts;
Can't wait to see the antidote of what hitherto is a conclusive damage;
It emerged that all along, the Deity has been reconciling the costs.

Day 5 (or was it a month?)

The meeting is on; the angelic hosts ensure the Deity's homage is paid;
The Most High sits on the throne with a Book in His right hand.

“This Book has the secrets wherewith “My Image” will be redeemed,” He said.
The Book is infinitely sealed, a true sign that it is of a divine confidential brand.

Nobody in all existence, except the Deity, is worthy to handle the Book.
The condition for redemption is announced: Man must break the seal;
The Most High asks, “Who will break the seal inside the Book to look?”
Why should the Most High tempt mankind with an unattainable deal?

Look! The Lion of the tribe of Judah is stepping out!
Wait a minute! You don’t mean...! No! It’s impossible!
But He is not a man! How can this be? What’s all this about?
The Deity is bound by divine integrity not to do anything implausible.

“I volunteer! I’ll break the seal and look inside,” He says.
For a moment, spontaneous party ensues; cheers render the air;
But the puzzle shortens the party: the Volunteer is the Ancient of Days.
He has to be a man, but how will He become one? That won’t be fair.

The Lion of the tribe of Judah reads their mind;
He takes the platform and begins to clarify;
He explains that He will become their kind;
His offer is a mystery no reasoning can justify.

Day 6 (or was it a fortnight?)

The Lion crosses the frontier of Divinity into the realm of humanity;
Instead of applauding His gesture, mankind mistakes His meekness;
He’s indeed a man; they reject Him when He declares His true identity;
His humility brought Him repugnant humiliation but it wasn’t a weakness.

They go overboard with contempt and farce, but He renews His resolve;
To prove it, He washes their feet; heals their sick and cries at their funerals;
He faces the fury of their ridicules and spittings, but still prompt to absolve;
He’s frail; struggles to bear the Cross; this amuses the Roman Generals.

They finally kill Him but He still loves them unto death;
Mankind is sold into diabolic hypnotism, doing the unthinkable;
That’s why He came; He understands their problem—knowledge dearth;
But the paradox is unfolding; by the same act of cruelty man is redeemable.

The strength He refuses to expend in physical confrontation;
Is reserved to be converted into power-packed spiritual strength;
A prerequisite to roll the stone from the tomb, paving way for resurrection;
A patented feat only achievable by the Saviour’s resolve to go the full length.

Day 7 (or was it a week?)

Can you see them approaching—the multitude upon multitude?
The most precious thing, the beauty of which there exist no descriptions;
Behold! The radiation and procession of the redeemed, singing their gratitude;
Their contagious joy and spontaneous ebullience are matchless exhibitions.

Join me in praising the Volunteer, He secured the eternal pardon;
The Holy One took upon Himself the filth of sin, paying the final price;
Determined, He defied all odds, “His own Image” not to abandon;
And that wasn’t enough, He has prepared for them magnificent prize.

Sing everyone, sing! Open your mouths and shout for joy;
The redeemed are entering the eternal Sabbath Rest;
The Volunteer successfully destroyed the enemy's ploy;
The redeemed have adopted their new sir name—Blest.

This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes.

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