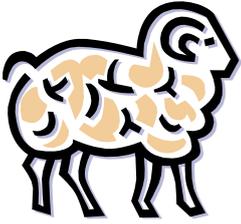


MOSES, DEAR MOSES



‘The desert is hot, the sheep make no sound
As heat shimmers up from the stony ground.
I search the horizon for food to share
To look after the flock left in my care.
I think about God as I cross the land,
And I feel the strength of His outstretched hand.

And deep in my heart this question does grow:
“If God calls me, am I willing to go?”

A bush in the distance catches my gaze,
It’s somehow caught fire in the heat haze.
The flames are fierce, but the bush does not burn!
Is there something here that I have to learn?
I turn aside to get near this strange sight.
It seems lit with Love, untouched, shining bright!
I can’t believe the vision I’m seeing:
A lurking fear runs through my whole being.



From the midst of the bush, and not from the sky,
My name is called twice. I respond: “Here am I”.
The voice of my God echoes all around:
“The place you are standing is Holy ground”
I must shed my shoes from off both my feet
And stand in humility, God to greet.
I hide my face as I feel awe and fear,
For His speaking to me is close and clear.

He unveils the task that I must accept,
But it is too great and I feel inept.
“Just who am I that should do such a thing, -
To the children of Israel freedom bring?”
Then comes His promise of God at my side,
A token of good: that God will not hide.
I hear His reply “**I AM THAT I AM.**”
I feel the assurance: with God I can!



Given my orders, I must now obey,
But who will believe what I have to say?



I have in my hand my strong shepherd's rod.
I cast it, as bidden, onto the sod.
Aghast I see it turn into a snake!
I flee from before it, - no dream, - I'm awake!!
God tells me to take it back by its tail:
So I tackle my fears, and all is well.

*The serpent that frightened me is no more.
For it never was. Of that I'm now sure.*

But will they believe? There is one more test.
God tells me "Place your hand inside your breast!"
I pull it out and it's leprous as snow,
But this dread disease has no place to go!
I return my hand once more to my side, -
And pluck it out cleansed. *Illusion defied.*
God speaks yet again, what more do I need?
And still my doubts show, once more do I plead.



I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue
I'm sure to be laughed at by everyone!
His calm assurance once more wins the day:
God will be with me each step of the way.
But still I have doubts at the size of task -
Once more of God a request do I ask!
Please please send another rather than me:
So God supplied Aaron, supportively.



*And now the years have greatly flown,
As I look back at wisdom grown.
The burning bush that burned so bright
Began the proof of God's all might.
You gave us laws on which to act:
I know them all as Holy fact.
God was my strength, He still is now.
In simple terms "**He is the how!**"
His love for all, our liberty:
Reflected Love; - reality!*

"And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Deuteronomy 34:7

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." Deuteronomy 6:4,5