

My name is Zacchæus. I'm small
When I'm with others they're all tall.
But I'm *chief* publican so there!
I've made *my* way with lies and flare!
Making money my simple itch,
It surely works. I'm very rich.
False figures are my easy deal:
I don't care if people squeal.
It's left a lot in penury
So I can live in luxury.

I AM
VERY
RICH

I am well loaded, at the top,
I wonder if my ways will stop.
There's this man Jesus, makes me squirm,
I may from him have lots to learn.
He's getting better known than me,
I feel resentment! How dare he!
I need to know what makes him tick
And may well learn some useful trick.
I see ahead a sycamore tree
Where safely hidden I will see.

"And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."

He knows my name! With me will stay!
How did he know? I must obey!
The love he shows just shook me through:
Its purity was all I knew.
In that one glance I saw new dawn, -
All men are from the one God born!
Transformed with joy, forgetting pride,
His love for me a new-found guide!
For in his love a substance pure,
I glimpse this truth: there's nothing more!

ZACCHAEUS,
YOU
ARE LOVED!

I AM
GOD'S
TREASURE!

My life thus changed immediately
Because he *knew* the God-made me.
Christ Jesus made me see as true
The altogether *spiritual* view.
Half my riches go to the poor:
I find in God my treasure store.
My ill-got wealth four-times return,
It is God's blessing I will earn.
I am God's treasure! Love does fill
A life now changed to do God's will.

"This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."