

Useless Candles.

Four candles sat upon a shelf,
With darkness all around,
A storm was sweeping across the land,
Inside there was no sound.
The lady slowly picked one up,
Desiring to have light,
She thought she heard the candle say,
“this surely isn’t right.”

She lit a match, a little light,
Began to pierce the dark,
She hoped that these four candles
Real soon would make their mark.
But as she stepped toward them,
She thought she heard them say,
“We’d really rather not be lit,
Not ready, not today.”

“I need more preparation,”
Was the number one excuse,
Ignoring the deep darkness
And the way he could be used.
“I need research and study time,
And surely a degree,
Before I light the darkness
I need to light up me.”

The second candle couldn’t work,
He had to meditate,
On how important was the light,
That shone outside the gate.
Then #3 had no desire,
To leave his sturdy shelf,
He needed lots of time, he said,
That he might find himself.

And so the lady moved along,
To candle # 4
She felt that this, the last in line,
Would light her room for sure.
But as her hand reached through the dark,
To grasp the candle ring,
He said aloud, “Leave me alone,
I’m need here to sing,”

And so they sat in darkness all,
Potential laid aside,
While people stumbled, tripped and fell,
Because of light denied.
Our Lord is calling us today,
To be what we can be,
So light your space, a sin sick world,
Depends on you and me.

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