

The Face of Jesus

by Phil Carver

I saw the face of Jesus one January day.
His knotted beard and worn-out clothes
made me almost turn away.
He asked for money. He was hungry.
But something made me say,
we can go inside and have some lunch, if that'd be okay.

It was the face of Jesus that I didn't recognize.
It was the face of Jesus beneath a thin disguise.
God's spirit moved within me and took me by surprise.
It was the face of Jesus that opened up my eyes.

We stood in line and ordered as others frowned and stared.
As we sat, I fumbled with the food,
and thought, should I be scared?
Without a word, as if he'd heard me,
he stood and left his chair
to pick up a straw, a gesture for which I was unprepared.

He was the face of Jesus that I didn't recognize.
He was the face of Jesus beneath a thin disguise.
God's spirit moved within him and took me by surprise.
He was the face of Jesus that opened up my eyes

to be the light shining out of darkness;
to share God's love, no matter where or when;
to be the hope that offers others wholeness;
to share God's glory again and again and again;

to be the face of Jesus that others recognize,
to be the face of Jesus, no longer in disguise.
May my life reflect the abundance of all that God supplies,
to be the face of Jesus that opens others' eyes.