

I Sought You, Lord

I sought You, Lord, within the walls of stained-glass edifice so tall
Where gilded arches touch the sky and stately statuary rise.
But had you looked, the Lord replied around the corner there beside
the tenements where homeless roam, a cardboard dwelling was my home.

I sought You, Lord, in noble dress where men all brightly robed process
And chant the melodies of old with singing choir and organ bold.
But had you looked, replied the Lord, where night club dancers take the floor
You would have found me at the bar, deciding who should drive my car.

I sought You, Lord, in holy books all filled with wisdom so admired
where saintly men had taken pen and wrote the words You so inspired.
But had You looked, the Master said, above a caption few had read
you would have seen my Holy Word where acts of kindness had occurred.

I sought You, Lord, where men proclaim the laws established in your name
and great tribunals so declare the truths that we are meant to share.
But had you known, the Master said, beyond official statements read
That nothing sanctioned from above could ever trump the law of love.

I sought You, Lord, to find your face in every customary place
Where men of God your might proclaim and glorify your Holy Name.
The Name you raise up to my throne is no more worthy than your own.
You need not search the heavens far for where I am is who you are.