

Let's Raise a Glass to Lazarus

Luke 16:19-31

There's lettuce on my cheeseburger, my glass is filled with wine.
There's produce in my kitchen when it's time for me to dine.
So raise a glass to Lazarus who labored without rest
with other migrate workers that I should be so blessed.

And hanging in my closet is finery so clean,
produced in far off places that I have never seen.
So raise a glass to Lazarus where children can be found
working in the sweat shops to keep our prices down.

And in my family photo album is a record of my life.
And certainly along the way I've had my share of strife.
But at least it's filled with photographs that speak of times of love,
that brought me to a life of ease I can be certain of.

So raise a glass to Lazarus whose path was not like mine,
who grew up in a world where right and wrong are less defined,
to dodge incarceration in the culture of the streets,
or simply did what work he could to try and make ends meet.

He's standing at an intersection with a cardboard sign.
He's at the proper agency still waiting in a line,
He's hidden 'neath the glitter of our stadiums and malls,
And in our gated cities, he's just outside the walls.

Perhaps someday we'll meet him when we face eternity
as the "least of us" that Jesus Christ once claimed Himself to be.