

The land is calling.
The cold winters and blazing summers cry out for relief.
The trees bow their heads.
But the people,
Those blessed people,
Lift their heads high.
Undeterred and unrelenting.
Africa.
Where the rich are empty and the empty are rich.
The world.
A polite bystander.
Inhumane in its humanity to self-preserve.
A young man.
Grown in body, not yet grown in faith.
Steps, quietly, into another world.
Excited and curious.
How does the world work?
The glorious are cursed with belongings,
And the righteous are blessed with an austere life.
The young man found a second home in Africa.
She welcomed him with love,
And taught him how to live.
The young man found a second family in Africa.
They became bound,
A fellowship born of love.
Together they planted a seed.
And it grew.
And as it grew, they grew along with it.
The young man gave them service,
And they gave him rest.
He taught them how to learn new things,
And they taught him how to live and love.
He showed them a way out of poverty,
And they showed him a way to into faith.
And he was happy.

The young man gave one month to Africa,

And Africa gave him his life.

The boy took from the tree,

And the tree gave happily.

Only those in the throes in poverty,

Look at what they have and say:

I am loved.

Despite their weary homes and tired roads,

Despite their hardened hands and weathered hearts,

Despite their needy families and wanting pantries,

Despite their grief and despite their pain,

They were faithful,

And they were happy.

This gave the young man hope.

He came to change Africa and do his deed,

But Africa sent him home changed,

A flowering seed.

As he returned,

He soon did find,

That he was new in soul,

And heart and mind.

Revitalized to live to love,

A life for Jesus,

More than enough.