

Jabin's Poem

by Grace Dvorachek

I came here today to prove Him a fraud.
He's not the Messiah—He's no Son of God.
I'll show them He's acting and conning them all.
He has them bewitched... He has them enthralled.

Some say He can preach, some say He can heal,
But I know His miracles aren't even real.
How can a mere man claim He's divine?
I will not trust rumors... I seek for a sign.

And then, though I ask Him, He answers me not.
He turns from me mutely, and I have Him caught.
He has no reaction, He has no reply.
Now I have Him cornered... I've laid bare His lie.

Then what does He do, but turn to the throng.
It seems He is bent on proving me wrong.
But nothing He says; no performance He gives
Can change my convictions about who He is.

Still, He says nothing, just stretches His hand.
Without hesitation, as though He had planned,
He moves through the crowd, while they shout His name.
They beg Him to heal them, as He has claimed.
Then, to my amazement—my utter surprise—
A blind man receives the sight to his eyes.
The lame begin walking, the lepers revive,
The deaf begin hearing, the dead come alive.

At last, all is quiet, as He turns to me.
I stand here, quite speechless, for how can this be?
“Go,” He commands me, “Go tell what you've seen.”
I frown in confusion... what can He mean?

“All that you've witnessed, go tell it,” He says,
“How the dead are alive, the lepers are cleansed,
“How the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind men see.
“Blessed is he who's not offended in Me.”

Then all becomes clear... I know what I saw.
I know why His power has left me in awe.
I know I can trust Him; I know He forgives
Because, at long last, I know who He is.

Messiah and Promised One, Savior of men—

That is who speaks to me; calls me His friend.
Christ, the Redeemer, the King who was crowned...
That's who I sought for, and that's who I've found.