

Who Do You See?

by KAY CARTER

Who do you see, Lord
When you look at me?
What do others see?
Will I be changed? Will I be free?
What will become of me?

You saw Mary
A frightened teenage girl... with a secret
No one could believe her
She surrendered all to you... in trust
And held the Savior of the world in her arms.

You saw the bleeding woman
Suffering in physical pain... 12 long years
No one could heal her.
All she needed was to touch you... and she did.
Your power flowed and her body was healed.

You saw the Caananite woman
She was nothing... an outcast
No one would give her the time of day.
She begged you... in humility
And you were amazed at her faith.

You saw the mother of James and John
She was very bold... maybe even proud.
She wanted what she felt was right for her sons
She wasn't afraid to ask... even demand
You kindly, but firmly, told her she didn't know what she was asking.

You saw the five wise virgins
They were prepared... waiting for the bridegroom.
Soon they would be called to action
You arrived... and they were ready
You took them with you into the wedding banquet.

You saw the five foolish virgins
They were unprepared... but waiting for the bridegroom
Soon they, too, would be called to action.
You arrived... and they were not ready.
You left them outside the locked door in tears.

You saw the woman who anointed your feet
Her reputation preceded her... a sinful woman
Everyone looked down on her
She showed her love extravagantly... unashamed
You said that what she did for you was beautiful and would be remembered.

You saw the widow
Crying over the loss of her only son... so much grief.
Everyone pitied her but could not console her
She had no words to express her need... but you knew it anyway.
You raised her son to life and gave him back to his mother.

You saw Martha, opening her home
She was concerned about everything being just right... a proper hostess
Everyone depended on her to take care of things
She was distracted by all she needed to do... and missed what was important
You gently reminded her not to worry, but to be with you instead.

You saw Mary, at your feet
Quietly eager... listening, learning.
She was criticized for being of no help to Mary
But she saw past the distractions to the one thing she needed... you.
You made it clear that she had made the right choice.

You saw the persistent widow
She had been wronged... it wasn't fair.
But no one seemed to care.
She refused to give up her plea for justice... the squeaky wheel.
You listened and gave her the justice she was seeking.

You saw the poor widow
She had nothing to live on... except her faith.
Others secretly scoffed at her meager offering
She gave everything she had... and you noticed
You praised her above everyone else for her trust in you.

You saw the Samaritan Woman
She had gotten very good at hiding her shame... avoiding the truth... keeping up appearances
Others whispered and talked behind her back
If only she could believe what you were telling her... life-giving water!
You exposed her secrets and showed her that you loved her just the same.

You saw Mary Magdalene at the tomb
She was heartbroken and desperate... mourning her loss
All the disciples had gone back to their homes
She just needed to be with you... but you were gone!
You spoke her name, "Mary," and she recognized her Lord.

You saw the woman caught in adultery
She had no dignity left... completely terrified.
Those around stood in self-righteous judgment, ready to stone her
She couldn't even look at you... didn't dare to ask for anything
Your probing question dispersed the crowd and you sent her on her way, redeemed and forgiven.

Go and sin no more.

Who do you see when you look at me?
Each woman here... I am all of these.
You look at me
I am full of sorrow... so much pain and regret.
Does anyone know my guilt, my grief? You do.
If only I can rest in the comfort of your love... feel your touch.
You promise to be with me always, to the very end of the age.

Now look at me again, Father
Who do you see?
I am clothed with Christ... it's Jesus you see!
What do others see?
A sister, a friend... very much in need.
Will I be changed? Will I be free?
What will become of me?
Let my heart be yours alone, Lord... to YOU be the glory!