Paint on the Wall

There once was a church upon a hill
where everything was fine until
the paint inside was getting old
and peeling in some spots, I’m told.
The pastor called a business meeting.
And after the preliminary meeting,
The deacons cried, “Come one! Come all!
What color should we paint each wall?”
They gathered in the sanctuary,
each determined and contrary.
Sister Gail said, “What do you think
about a very chartreuse pink?”
Brother Dave said to the crowd,
“Isn’t that a bit too loud?
I prefer a subtle blue.
It makes the walls look clean and new.”
Six women rebuked, “We wanted gold!”
It seems much warmer. Blue’s too cold!”
The pastor said, “I’m here more than all of you.
I agree with Dave. The walls should be blue.”
From that point on their voices grew stronger.
Each emotional plea became longer and longer.
Then a voice of strong and stern love
silenced the church as it spoke from above.
“You wonder why you can’t hear My call
when your greatest struggle is paint on the wall.
Paint your church the pale color of skin,
for you let no other races come in.
Paint your church a wealthy green,
for you ignore starvation that you’ve seen.
Paint it white and clean as uncalloused feet,
for you refuse to share My joy in the street.
I agree that your walls could be painted in blue,
for your hearts so cold are given to few.

You give many renditions of church as a game,
but you fail to give water in My Holy Name.
You pray using eloquent thees and thous,
and yet you forget about the heres and nows.
You struggle to be an earthly saint,
but My love must not be covered in paint.