

More Heart Than Talent II

by Rev. Antonio T Smith, Jr.

My name is Simon, I have a brother named Andrew, but a carpenter once named me Peter/ You and I were both saved by this regular guy, who was not so regular, and you did not deserve it. Me either.

The Holy Spirit within me burns as if it was bathed in a tub of ether/ God is so good that when my tiny cup runneth over, I can't even contain the blessings with a two-liter.

I am as lucky... as any man could ever dream to be/ because according to scripture Jesus spoke to me directly and his first words were "Come, follow me."

He told me in so many words that this fishing thing was cool, but now it's time to fish for some people/ he said he was ready to die for us all to release us from the grasp of the ruler of evil.

"We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal,"/ so this amazing carpenter man made me fish for Jews and Gentiles, and other identifications of God's people.

When he came into my life I was transformed into a new person/ every one of my imperfections had been wiped clean yet I was still very far from being perfect.

You may wonder what he saw, to name me the "rock," a sturdy foundation/ and you may only remember my denial of the King, but I began to step into my greatness the moment you begin to turn the Bible's pages.

You see, my denial was just the first half of my story, you have a first half as well/ but by the grace of God and his carpenter son who was stretched across some wood, your first half did not send you to hell.

Most of us in this life are simply a page turn away from greatness/ we all have the potential not to live up to the negative denotations that are inked on our pages.

The spirit of God can change anyone from a pimp into a priest, and a nobody into a nun/ all because the devil's grave was too weak to contain God's only begotten son.