

Do I Own Your Heart?

I own the stars. I own the moon.
I own the darkness and the noon.
I own your life, your very breath
- But do I own your heart?

I made the worlds, the galaxies,
the soaring mountains, foaming seas,
animal, and flower and tree.
But none mean half so much to me
as **You**, Child of my Heart.

For all these just reveal my power,
reflecting Me from hour to hour.
But **You** - I made you as my prize,
of far more value, in My eyes,
than any other thing I made,
from burning star to Everglade,
from protozoan to Cherubim.
I did not make you as a whim.

No. ... You I made to be my prize
- not to be owned, but to be won,
In proof of which I give my Son.

I could not - would not - own one soul
that had not given itself to me.

But - Ah - such pain when those you love,
when those you cherish, turn aside
- believing lies, puffed up with pride -
and use their freedom to make chains;
to sell their souls for worthless gains.

But now, my child, you can go free.
I've paid the price for liberty
- your penalty, on Calvary.
The choice is yours: I stand aside
and ask, 'Will you choose love or pride?
Will you turn away, and wasted be,
when you know how much you mean to Me?'

But if I own you, at what price?
Will I demand great sacrifice?
There'll be no loss without more gain
- and joy will follow all your pain.
For you yourself mean more to Me
than earth, or heaven, than sky or sea.

And my conditions? There are just two.
First, to know my love for you;
and then, to walk this wide world through
and show them, Dearest, show them, do
- that, as I love **You**, I love **Them** too.

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