

**Articles and Sermons :: Hand full of crumbs (poem) - Carter Conlon****Hand full of crumbs (poem) - Carter Conlon - posted by saved_matt (), on: 2006/2/12 7:53**

What shall become of the hand full of crumbs?
Gathered from the Masters table,
A strong hand has embraced them,
Alas some have fallen on the floor,
with the lowly, their calling,
Yet what shall become of the these crumbs?

Unworthy, unlovely, fallen, despised,
Says one filled with hate, feigning surprise,
Their pitiful condition is just plain to see,
These crumbs everyone are for me.
The dogs start to gather,
lips smacking with glee,
When a woman of faith says, 'These crumbs are for me'.

With Tender compassion the Lord says 'You may'.
The devourer once more slinks away in dismay,
Yet what shall become of these crumbs?
Though feeble and faltered they all start to see,
Through them healing flows meeting deepest of need,
A mother, a daughter, a family set free,
Through things once discarded like you, and like me.

Though often we've wandered from where we should be,
The mercy of God continues to lead,
Forever the blind, the maimed and the dumb,
Find new life in Christ,
Through a hand full of crumbs.