

Christ the King Rhyme, Year A

by Fr. Nick Smith

Imagine please, there at your ease,
A king like none before,
Whose reign transcends and never ends,
Who rules from shore to shore.

One who won't sleep while yet the sheep
Are hungry and confused,
Have not at hand good pasture land
And oft are sore abused

A king from whom all dread and doom
Must flee without reprieve
Yet whom the just, who earn his trust,
Are anxious to receive.

I will, I say to those astray,
Take you up to the heights
From where you'll see new destiny
So full of blessed sights.

Imagine that! A strange format
For potentates on Earth;
Who most are coarse with no remorse,
When measured for their worth.

I do these things while other kings
Would never take the time,
But God am I, to clarify
For purpose of this rhyme."

But here's the thing: this unique king,
Whom I to thee promote,
Has touched me so, that I also
This rhyme to him devote.

Now, when we look in Matthew's book,
As we have done today,
We wonder too, could it be true
That we helped in some way?

Ezekiel, whom God did fill
With visions strange and bold,
To speak forsooth God's holy truth
In ancient days of old,

Just when did we our savior see
in such an awful plight?
Unclothed, unfed, and in such dread
Despite his awesome might?

Said God would seek the lost and meek
And take them for his sheep.
God will them feed and always lead
And evermore shall keep.

"But hear", says he, "it is for me
That ye have done these deeds;
For truth to tell, I always dwell
in those with greatest needs.

"I will," says God, "find where they've trod,
And bring them back to me.
Where'er they went, 'tis my intent
A shepherd King to be.

So hear this plea I make to thee
And mark its meaning well;
If ye intend to be my friend,
In this thing first excel:

Once and for all to hear the call
To visit, clothe, and feed
Those who are bound to woe profound,
That ye might fill their need.

'Tis not a task for which all ask,
Nor do reliably,
But should ye choose, and not refuse,
That choice could set you free

From such dark thought and such distraught
Which isolation earns.
From verdict closed and self-imposed
which loneliness returns.”

For, once in Christ, such sacrifice
Brings nothing less than joy;
To turn about, and then reach out,
Can misery destroy

For Christ the King, empowering,
His graciousness to bear
Dwells with the lost at his own cost
And rules the world from there.

No lofty seat, like the elite,
Nor throne of ornaments,
Suffices him who without whim
The broken represents.

And though we may on *any* day
Fail him to recognize
For lack of fine or royal sign,
As if in a disguise,

I bid you hear what Matthew here
Reveals to us *this* day,
That Jesus joys when each employs
God's grace in his own way;

That empathy for family,
Means knowing first and best
That in God's plan we're all one clan
And ought be truly blessed.

And so to all Apostle Paul
In letter by him writ,
Doth recommend, to us commend,
Him who by God doth sit.

Who yesterday, and yet today,
And in the age to come,
Dominion knows o'er all that grows,
It all is Christendom.

Paul wrote to those he knew had chose
To hear what he had preached,
His words ring true for us yet, too,
Who this new day have reached.

For what he said, in what we've read,
Is clearly now our call:
His Body be, for all to see,
He who fills all in all.

So join me please, there at your ease,
To faithfully proclaim
And shout and sing that Christ the King
Is his majestic Name!