
Poem

I See Jesus

by Summer Waters, aged 11, of New Zealand

I saw Jesus last week.
He was wearing blue jeans and an old shirt.
He was up at the church building;
He was alone and working hard.
For just a minute, He looked like one of our members.
But it was Jesus. I could tell by His smile.

I saw Jesus last Sunday.
He was teaching a Bible Class.
He didn't talk real loud or use long words.
For just a minute, He looked like my Bible teacher.
But it was Jesus. I could tell by His loving voice.

I saw Jesus yesterday.
He was at the hospital visiting a friend who was sick.
They prayed together quietly.
For just a minute, He looked like Brother Jones.
But it was Jesus. I could tell by the tears in His eyes.

I saw Jesus this morning.
He was in my kitchen making breakfast
And mixing me a special lunch.
For just a minute, He looked like my Mum.
But it was Jesus. I could feel the love from His heart.

I see Jesus everywhere.
Taking food to the sick.
Being friendly to the newcomer.
And just for a minute, I think He is someone I know.
But it's always Jesus. I can tell by the way He serves.