
O God, You Own a Thousand Hills

BY TERRY W. YORK

O God, you own a thousand hills,
and all their cattle grazing.
Would we, then, grasp for one hill more,
our selfish greed full blazing?
Our bigger barns are full of grain,
none left behind for gleaning.
We gather to ourselves so much,
our giving has no meaning.

Should someone ask of us our coat,
you call on us to give it.
You ask us give our shirt, as well,
if he who asks will take it.
You call on us to share our wealth,
not hoard and call it profit;
consuming all within our reach
and thinking we deserve it.

The empty hands of want and need
we cannot see for grasping.
How deeply baptized is our greed,
how shallow is our giving.
You gave to us your only son.
You give to us salvation.
Yet, we would claim these as our own,
and claim as ours, creation.

Help us to give as you have giv'n,
just daily bread consuming.
Your rain brings water to our thirst;
brings grain and fruit to blooming.
Forgive all love and grace misspent,
forgive our resource wasting.
Give to our worldly appetites,
your simple meal for tasting.

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G. DAVID BOLIN

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