

You've had a choice

You've had a choice, great multitude of people,
You could have picked and loved somebody else.
But You've picked me, so insignificant and little
Oh, God, you have selected me out of the rest.
I could have been ran over, eaten or forgotten,
Possessed and drunk, on drugs or sexually abused
Thrown down to survive and treated as some garbage,
Be beaten, bitten, broken, and turned into absurd.
Torn into small peaces, frequent, endless jails
Thrown off a plane, locked up and left to die,
Or maybe lived in Fiji as "Do Little"
As part of some uncivilized, man-eating tribe.
I could have lived being the greatest sportsman,
Or win Olympics, or even be the Papas son
Could be the president, but with a life so empty
So vain, so boring and soon so gone.
But you've picked me and gave me God-planned life,
Even before I was considered by my parents.
You gave me ministry, gifted with an amazing wife,
Amazing future, carefully planned by Your own standards.
You showed Yourself to me when I was little
Gave me the privilege to breathe, enjoy my health.
To love, You Lord, with all that I am able
Have peace, have love and have eternal, Godly, wealth.
You did all that absolutely not because I'm better,
But for some reason that only You can understand
I don't deserve it, all I am is dust, meaningless matter
So I wont question what You did. I only thank You God.

*Богдан Пшиченко
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