

## STEWARDSHIP

The hour was late, the coffee gone,  
And piles of files I'd worked upon  
Were higher than when I began  
To search my failed financial plan.  
The figures on the pages grew  
To monstrous numbers old and new  
That fought to win the final right  
To bury me in fiscal plight.  
And yet amid the debts and bills  
From purchases for needs and frills  
I found the file I'd tried to shirk  
Of gift-requests for Jesus' work.  
Amazed, I thought these letters burned,  
But what was gone was what I'd earned.  
I felt so shameful deep inside. . .  
My ledger left no place to hide.  
I closed my weary eyes to pray  
And saw a boy, to my dismay,  
Who held up in a basket-dish  
Five tiny loaves and two small fish.  
The Lord received these gifts with care  
And with them fed five thousand there,  
Then turned to me, as in a dream,  
And said, "No matter how you scheme,  
Your books will never show enough.  
You have yourself alone to bluff,  
When you buy more than you can spend  
Then have so little left to lend."  
When I awoke with morning light  
From sleeping at my desk that night,  
A thrilling chill ran down my back:  
My books were balanced in the black!  
Although the funds were rather slim  
I knew they all belonged to Him.  
So, little gifts went out that day  
To servants near and far away.  
And now I hope I won't forget  
To spend not what I have not yet,  
Nor fret my monetary lot,  
But give the little that I've got.

— David L. Hatton, 12/13/1992