

## **My Name in His To Be**

**C.T. Elander**

What is in a name?

That which we call a rose,

by any other name would smell as sweet...

But at the name of Jesus every knee should bend.

What is in a name?

A name is just a place -

to be chosen here or maybe over there;

A campsite where we can hide our face -

And tell ourselves that, yes, THIS must be where...

Where we are not, and where we are.

Where we haven't gone.

And where we have been, so far.

Where even still, our rest burns onward toward the dawn.

Where we fight ourselves,

Often as just a pawn.

And rarely, oh so rarely,

No. Yes.

Well just barely,

Where we can start the journey up again.

But really, now be sure to listen dearly,  
From above comes the truth, and Aye, he is that where.

There is one name,  
And place,  
And space,  
That is true.  
Not only for me,  
but for them and you too.

Jesus.

In his name rests my own  
So much truer than true  
Truer than anything that comes from just me or from you  
Because in his name, he calls me his own.

His own beloved son.  
His own child who, yes has been wounded.  
His own, redeemed -victory -gift - already won.  
Love that is anything but mild,  
Given each day in the bread.

In that mass is where I recollect all that is of my past.  
Se agapó, Se agapó, Se agapó,  
He begs for me not just to hear, but to know,  
That in unending chorus he'll remind me, first and last.

Before, finally in his embrace of me,  
From his gentle whispers, my name I see.  
And surrender, surrender in response as we,  
Allow my name in his to BE.

What is in a name?

Here, so often it seems like nothing.  
But as above, so below,  
And lo,  
Wrong is the very question that we spring.

Jesus, Jesus...

Everything.

What isn't in a name?