

Sacrifice & Salvation

Robert J. Lammert rob.lammert@gmail.com

11/03/2024

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The table is being set,
Through the pews we pass the plate.
The needs of the church are now met,
But does my soul share the same fate?

A family brings the gifts up front,
The basket, the wine, and the bread.
I still have worries and shortcomings to confront,
Before my heart and soul can be fed.

Onto the altar I place my needs,
Some are small, but others are great.
From the missal, the liturgy the priest reads,
As before the altar, my soul lays prostrate.

During the transfiguration, the bread and wine come to life,
The body and blood of Jesus cleanse my soul,
Vanishing my needs, my worry, and my strife,
Giving me peace, your sacrifice does console.

Before I knelt before you I was not prepared,
My heart was troubled and full of despair.
Because of your sacrifice I have been spared,
For salvation, all I must do is ask in prayer.

To you, Lord Jesus, I give my heart.
You have saved me even though my haven't been born.
I never want to stray or be apart,
To you, my God, my will is sworn.

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