

Identity

Identity. You and I strive
To establish who we are. But
Maybe—and I could be talking crazy—
But maybe identity is not
Yours or mine to define.

You see, maybe we are the source
Of our meaning and purpose
And those dead dudes with
Bushy beards were dead wrong, or
Maybe we've bought the lie that
A product of chance could possibly
Make such a presumptuous leap.

But let's think this through.
Finite beings trying to tran-
scend into the infinite
Something simply doesn't add up.
What if those dead dudes were
Right and we don't have a right,
Neither you nor I?

Then, we were meant for more
Than selling our bodies for selfish hobbies
Then, we see our hope is set on
Nothing more than sinking sand.
Sand that falls and fails and disappoints and
Points to a hope that will prove
Itself worth the worry and pain and
Joy beyond wealth or power or
Your favorite football team winning
A silly game. So game on, right?

See, Paul proclaims and points to
This powerful point: Our hope and
Joy are bound up in one
Beautiful phrase: "In Christ."
In Christ our strength is sure
In Christ we're called a child of
The living God. In Christ we reign
Forever in heaven. In Christ love
Has been lavished on the rebel who,
Apart from grace, would never have it.

So, identity. We're struggling to fight
But it might simply be that
In Adam, it's harder to see that
In Christ we're already free.

—Andrew Pinkerton