

Branded (a testimony in poem)

Branded as “Cool” when young an’ at School.
In wi’ the in-crowd an’ out wi’ the rules.
Ma talents would make me big money some day!
Ma Teachers they all said I’d be locked away!

Branded “Success”, an’ now on a wage.
Doin’ alright on the Pitch and the Stage.
Gettin’ on well wi’ ma new mates at work,
that was until a visit to Church.

Branded “a Christian” by raisin’ ma hand
an’ pledgin’ ma life to The One Perfect Man.
Nothin’ more to it, He’d do the rest
an’ surely ma mates would wish me the best.

Branded a “Laughin’-stock”, “Boring”, “Uncool”?
Considered “an Outcast”, “a Joke” an’ a “Fool”?
“Hypocrite”, “Holy-Joe”, this can’t be right?
I’m askin’ ma mates if I’ve changed overnight?

Branded “a Failure” once I’d let God down,
by ‘Brothers’ and ‘Sisters’ wi’ lopsided crowns.
Perhaps they forgot that we all make mistakes
an’ works canny save us but only God’s Grace!

So whatever I’m branded, I count it but loss,
‘coz I’m branded for life wi’ the Blood of the Cross!
Not Prada or Gucci or Yves Saint Laurent,
but branded by Christ and refined in his name!

See, no brand name or logo could cover ma sin.
No label could change what I’m wearin’ within.
New man in the suit, not new suit on the man.
Just watch Jesus change me - as only He can!!