

RIGHTEOUS BY FAITH

by: Teresita Pérez

Man was created by God.
His flesh formed from earth's clay.
Thus he's dust, bound to be carnal;
and passions would rule his way.

But the seed of faith declares war
against the flesh, and seeks God,
just like seeds, when they are planted,
struggle against the sod.

Faith is a gift from God,
a seed buried for a while
that stubbornly fights the ground.
The battles of faith are trials.

Each tree grows after its kind.
Likewise, through his talents, man
patiently works in God's ministry
when faith abides in the heart.

The leaves are for nature's medicine,
remedies to be used in healing,
just like kindly deeds and mercy
give the heart a happy feeling.

Then the tree gives forth its flowers,
and faith bouquets of obedience,
for nature follows the pattern
of heaven's science with patience.

The flower suffers a change
and, voilà, a fruit is formed;
and so it is that obedience
likewise into fruits transforms.

The fruit represents God's holiness
which eternal life encloses.
(Romans 6:22)
And the perfect cycle closes.

It continually repeats
into more fruits and more seeds,
yielding thus a greater faith
that's never-ending indeed.

Living faith looks up to heaven
like a tree out in the forest
with its branches reaching upwards
giving God eternal glory.

It's the trials that make it stronger.
Through mercy it yields more leaves
that cool the weary and tearful,
and offers him shade and peace.

When the man of faith obeys,
then beautiful flowers bloom.
Roses are multiplied
that all may breath their perfume.

Then, at last, the man is righteous.
The fruits can now be seen.
They're worthy of admiration.
From sin he has been redeemed.

Those fruits of faith that are holy,
for our communion were formed.
God's character is in them.
By faith we may be transformed.

But not by faith that is dead
like a seed that doesn't sprout.
But obedient, kind, like Jesus.
That's what faith is all about.

Like oil that is used to soften,
in the early spring rain falls
softening the ground, and helping
the little seed to grow tall.

The harvest will yield much fruit,
gathered at the season's end,
if upon the grown up plant
then showers the latter rain.

Likewise, I wish to bear fruit
and meet all of human needs,
that mankind delight in finding
there's plenty of food to eat.

That is why I pray to God
that in me His early rain,
my character soften, sweeten,
that trials may not be in vain.

I am that tender, young plant
that needs to conquer the sod
through showers, the Oil of grace,
the Holy Spirit of God.

And then, at the end of the work
that He bids to do so fine,
transforming me unto Himself,
to a character divine,

I pray for the latter rain,
cascades of water receiving,
for it's His Spirit in me
even as in the beginning.

Then it is that I shall be
shelter, food, and all that's graceful;
and it would have been worth the while
all the trials, for which I'm grateful.

It's from seed to many fruits,
from faith onto righteousness,
each step under grace, with power.
By God's Spirit's how I'm blessed.

Like a tree I seek the heavens,
and shall reach up all my days,
even after the Lord's verdict:
"I find you righteous by faith."