

Who Am I?
Easter 2020 Riddle
By Eric Sapp

I was formed from earth the same as you,
My birth a fusion, as yours from two,
My life was spent from year to year,
In giving and getting, bringing joy and tear.

Lying in the heat of earthen womb,
The price to pay to be the church's groom
But till life flows through a judge's hands
I spend my days as shifting sands.

Until the week that the whole world changed;
A Passover Lamb was beaten and hanged.
I held a spot of questionable space,
My potential: a help or a disgrace.

My soul was hardened, yet not hard enough
To nail the Lamb on Cross so rough,
But yet my part in similar vein,
My arrival and departure caused his pain,

My face was seen by every player,
But was last seen by His betrayer,
Today I am held by all in scorn,
Yet cherished by all in other form.

I seem to you to be so pure,
But my maker truly knows for sure,
That inside corruption lies unseen
It lies within the surface sheen.

I was present at Jesus' final table,
Yet to see or touch Him I was not able,
Still other table I sit even now
My place above the one in crown.

So count me in our Savior's age,
When days were blessed by Heaven's Sage,
And the world first heard with deafened ear,
Repent, for the Kingdom of God is near.