The Things I Know

By Erica Oldroyd

In a world so unimaginably large,
I wonder how God managed to find space for me.
Not just the kind of space my body fills,
Not only the space given me to live in,
But the space inside His heart.
I wonder if He finds it difficult,
To love unconditionally every creature,
From the moment it takes its first breath.
I suppose He doesn't.
But what do I know of God?
What do I know,
Besides that He is wonderful?
What do I know,
Besides that He is loving,
And gentle,
And kind?
What do I know?

I,
A quite ordinary girl.
No different than any other 14-year-old.
What do I know of God?
I suppose I might say,
That every time I have needed Him,
He was there.
And from that I know He is always watching.
I suppose I might say,
That when I felt lonely,
He assured me that I would never truly be alone.
And from that I know that He cares.
I suppose I might say,
That when I cried,
I felt Him crying with me.
And from that I know that He feels my pain.
I suppose I might say,
That He knows all of my faults,
And still loves me.
And from that I know that He is forgiving.
And then after all that,
I suppose I might say,
That God gave me you.
And from that I know He is very generous.
But that isn't all!
I know,
That God wanted me to look at something beautiful,
Every time I woke up in the morning,
So He made a sunrise.
I know,
That God wanted to amaze me,
So He put the moon in the sky.
I know,
God wanted my heart to quicken when I saw His creation,
So He put the waves in the ocean.
As if that is not enough,
I know that God wanted to give us something.
Wanted to give us something glorious,
Something that we never could have received otherwise.
He wanted to give us life.
Here is where I really wonder.
I wonder,
Was it easy?
Was it easy to give His only Son?
That I do not know.
I simply know that He did,
And for that I am eternally grateful.
These things I know,
So you judge,
What do I,
A quite ordinary girl,
Know of God?
I say,
Just enough.