

## Not My Will

Couldn't you watch and wait one hour?  
Jesus said to his men.  
Embarrassed and ashamed, they hung their heads,  
As he left them to pray again.

His heart was heavy, they all could tell,  
So determined, they sat up to wait.  
But their flesh was weak, and they slept again,  
While Jesus wrestled his fate.

Father, my Father, let this cup pass from me.  
Not mine, but Your will be done.  
His anguish and dread of what was to come,  
Was too much for the flesh of God's son.

The sweat from his brow fell like drops of blood,  
And landed on the ground like rain.  
Jesus, the Divine, knew it would be okay,  
Jesus, the man, was afraid of the pain.

He stood and wiped the sweat from his face.  
The Father's strength and his purpose restored.  
"It is time to do what I was sent here to do,"  
So continued the fate of our Lord.

He returned to those sleeping, but they awoke  
When they saw Judas and the soldiers appear.  
With the seal of a kiss, Jesus was bound and taken,  
And the sleepy ones scattered in fear.

The rest of the story can be read in the pages,  
Of God's Word, if you choose to seek.  
But the moral of this story is all too simple;  
The heart is willing, but the flesh is weak.