

When You've Done It To The Least Of These

I was hungry and you formed a humanities club to discuss my hunger. Thank you.

I was imprisoned and you crept off quietly to your chapel to pray for my release.
Nice.

I was naked and in your mind you debated the morality of my appearance. What good did that do?

I was sick and you knelt and thanked God for your health. But I need you.

I was homeless and you preached to me of the shelter of the love of God. I wish you'd taken me home.

I was lonely and you left me alone to pray for me. Why didn't you stay?

You seem so holy, so close to God; But I'm still very hungry, lonely, cold and still in pain.

Does it matter?

Matt 25:40

'I assure you, when you did it to one of the least of these my brothers and sisters, you were doing it to me!'

NLT