

A NEW WINESKIN

There is a Wineskin that was fashioned
To serve a purpose once before.
But now it's faded, it has shriveled;
It's not effective anymore.

The old one is collapsing,
It has withered, and is worn.
It had a function for a season,
But now it's breaking, it is torn.

The New Wine isn't processed
To be poured into the old.
It has its very own container,
You cannot make it from a mold.

The religious have been comfortable,
In their structure of tradition.
But now it's obsolete, outdated;
It is a time now of transition.

I tread upon the ripened grapes,
So that the wine produced is sweet.
I am pressing out the fragrance
From the weight under My feet.

The New Wine I am pouring out
Is not the same as what you've seen.
If it were poured into the older skin
It would burst and rip the seams.

Be prepared for all the stretching,
For the New Wine surely comes.
And it shall fill My new creation,
And the old will come undone.

That which I am forming
Will look so different from the other.
The transformation will surprise you
In your sister and your brother.

The Wineskin I design for you
Will be enlarged and even greater.
Taking shape, it comes together,
Holding the glory of its Maker.

All your pre-conceived ideas
Cannot imagine what I do.
A “pouring out” is coming:
I have been speaking this to you.

Cast aside your expectations,
And do not limit Me.
My convincing splendor comes,
And every eye shall see.

Disregard your present notions,
And the thinking from your past.
The Master has been saving
The very Best Wine for the last!

Terri Hill