

PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING

By Shelia Benskin

You say you don't know your purpose
Look at my Word
In the beginning I gave you dominion
Over every living creature of My Creation
I called you to lead not to be led
I even gave you dominion over Satan

You, my son of this earth, chose not to lead
You chose to follow
You chose to hand your dominion over
To the enemy of your Heart
And for what—a piece of fruit?
A chance to be wise beyond your capacity
A chance to be something you could never be—Me!
A chance to rule not only the earth but My Heaven!

Of all that I gave you—
Every tree that is pleasing to the sight
Every tree that is good for food
Even the tree of eternal life itself
You chose the one thing I withheld from you
The tree of the knowledge of good and evil

Withheld because I knew that You were not ready
You had yet to name the woman
You had yet to take dominion over her
Yet you chose silence while she conversed with the enemy
You chose to let her pick forbidden fruit
You chose to eat of that fruit from her very hands

I knew it would bring you certain death
I knew it would separate us forever
I knew that you were not ready for the knowledge of good and evil
But you, my son of this earth, chose death over life
When you chose to follow and not lead

You know not your purpose?
My call to you from the beginning of Creation has never changed
I call you to be a leader
I give you a wife and children

I give you a home
I, Jehovah Jireh, provide for you
All that you will ever need or desire

I call to you to be the Prophet, Priest, and King
First and foremost, over the dominion of your home