

**Bezalel Ben-Uri Ben-Hur** Ex 31:1–6

Called by name into My shadow,  
Son of Uri, Son of Hur,  
From the royal tribe of Judah,  
You will undertake the work.

Flowing with My Spirit's wisdom,  
Knowing tricks from every trade,  
Understanding things unfathomed,  
Shadow Me, My protégé.

There is nothing you can't tackle,  
Son of Fire, my brightest spark:  
You will build My Tabernacle,  
You will make My Holy Ark.

Son of White, uncharted canvas,  
Craftsman of the Tribe of Praise,  
In your hands My Spirit dances,  
Virtuosity ablaze.

As you prise My pure Menorah  
From a solid, gleaming block,  
I'll delight in your bravura,  
Scent the worship in your work.

Cherubim and almond blossom,  
Might and beauty wrought in gold;  
Universe in microcosm,  
Body of My Word foretold.

With you I've equipped another,  
Made to serve the Father's Tent,  
Son of a Supportive Brother,  
Lo, Oholiab I've sent –

You're the gaffer, he's the gopher,  
You're his mentor, he's your man;  
You're conductor, I'm composer,  
He's the leader of the band.

Not for pedigree I picked him,  
From the doubtful Tribe of Dan:  
All whose hearts I've given wisdom  
Lend their talents to My plan.

Wisdom laid the Earth's foundations,  
Understanding raised the skies,  
Knowledge loosed the hidden oceans,  
Coaxed the evening dew to rise.

Wisdom oversees the building,  
Understanding girds the roof,  
Knowledge furnishes it, gilding  
All its treasure-store with truth.

Children of My inspiration,  
Made as makers, take your part,  
Spell the letters of creation,  
Test your tools and make a start.

Carpenters and curtain-weavers,  
Artists, seamstresses and smiths,  
Joiners, jewellers and engravers,  
Come and harmonise your gifts.

Hallow Me in your profession,  
Saw and dovetail, Spirit-led,  
Carve the furniture of Heaven,  
Hammer gold to shining thread.

Weave the pattern I have chosen,  
As you strain with every strand,  
You will find your lives are woven,  
Twined together by My hand.

I am making you My People,  
Wield My colours, let them sing;  
White and scarlet, blue and purple,  
Wholeness flows from Heaven's King.

You will build My holy dwelling,  
Not in Egypt, slaves oppressed,  
But as workers, wise and willing,  
Rising from your Sabbath rest.

You will pitch My Tent of Meeting,  
Not in Canaan, honey-fed,  
But as desert drifters seeking,  
Daily humbled, Heaven's bread.

Year by year, I'll teach you freedom,  
Hone your hearts with patient care,  
I the artist, you the medium,  
For the Promised Land prepared.

Not for forging senseless idols  
Did I fashion you from clay;  
You're My images designed to  
Riff, proliferate and play!

Masterpieces of My Glory,  
Shadows of the One to come,  
Tell the world another story,  
Something new beneath the sun.