

Buy Now, Pray Later

It goes like this:

Introduce yourself, shut up and listen,
find their pain, sell the cure,
get them to nod—just a little—
then drop the close,
smooth as a benediction.

The gospel of the sales pitch.
Grace bundled with fine print,
a deal too good to refuse—
just sign here,
we'll handle the rest.

What must I do to be saved?
The answer varied—
three steps, five steps,
say the prayer,
don't forget baptism.

We built whole systems
to sell what was already given,
told people how to get clean,
how to balance the books,
never mentioning the feast,
the Father waiting on the porch,
fatted calf prepared.

We counted conversions,
tracked spiritual growth like sales numbers,
set quotas for the kingdom,
prayed for revival,
as long as it fit the budget.

When did salvation start sounding
like a timeshare in heaven?
When did we become salesmen,
hawking grace like discount goods,
buy now,
pray later?

Jesus overturned tables,
coins scattering like hail,
but we brought them back,
stacked them neat beside the altar,
built empires on temple taxes,
sold sacrifices by the pound.

What if the gospel was just good news—
no bait and switch,
no numbers to hit,
no quotas to fill?

What if grace really was free,
no fine print, no sales pitch,
just an open door,
and a table set
for the prodigals
coming home empty-handed?