



What's My Occupation?

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What's my occupation?

I wanted to be an astronaut

You see I wanted to ascend to the heavens maybe go to the moon...

Then I wanted to be a doctor

I wanted to have a title before and behind my name

Something that would make me sound real important you know like,
Dr. Patton, MD...

Then I wanted to be forensic psychologist

See if I could get inside the minds of people,

I guess then I could justify the trouble of my own...

Was there anything else? Perhaps. How many people have told me I should be a teacher...

But you see I wanted to be an actress too!

And I was already the main character in my cartoon, my puppet show

I was dangling by the strings of all these things and I was miserable

Until I found it exactly what I am...

Nothing!

If I would become nothing then I could become all things to all men and perhaps I could win some

If I would lose my life then I would find one

And He found me

I heard him say, "Come..."

"You that labor and I will give you rest..."

Take my yolk upon you and learn of me."

"Come buy and eat you who have no money!"

What's my occupation?

I am a teacher of His word, a student of his heart, a priest, a queen, a conqueror if I must declare

A wise man once said he had nothing to declare but his genius

And I say I have nothing to declare but His name, Jesus!

What's my occupation? I say Hallelujah! I will make a joyful noise and sound this battle cry!

With tears in my eyes you will see me outwardly broken but being renewed within

This is my occupation. How beautiful are the feet that bring good news!

These feet cannot fit in another man's shoes.



So I will not toil in your fields and be burned by the sun
I was many things but with Him I am one
There will never be another. I am an original brand of Him. He has sealed me
Because when He said "Who will go?" I said, "Here I am send me"
I was crazy enough to believe that He could use me

This brokenness and frailty
I went from a shepherd to a king, a pauper to a princess, as soon as I stopped trying to be someone else's

He has anointed and appointed me for such a time as this
I am nothing. I am everything. I am His!

They say, "But how do you get paid?"
The sower reaps, the reaper sows. What He shuts no man can open, open no man can close
I know this "Hallelujah" might sound absurd but I must answer with the word.

What's my occupation?
He said ask and I will give you the nations as your inheritance
So how will you get a car, a house, a mortgage, a loan, and a pension?

They say by the sweat of your brow you shall labor like Adam
What happened to the freedom bought by the second one that saved me from the curse?
For the seed did crush the head and I am seated in heavenly places with him instead
A coheir to a kingdom, I will not submit my freedom to your false ideas of Eden

My will to do the will of Him who sent me and to finish His work
He has washed my hands of that dirt

Peter was a fisherman and he became a fisher of men
He taught my hands to war my fingers to fight
I am a soldier, more than a conqueror
I do not go left and right...

At your command. My life in his hands
He is the commander in chief and I will not stealth or camouflage my praise with your performance.

I am not afraid of men in their faces. In the end I stand before one.
I will see him in righteousness, with unveiled face I behold
And I hold a sword that's sharper than any two edged
Piercing through dividing soul and spirit.

Some call me insane, they say don't waste your life
Well, I died. I no longer live but He lives in me and I in Him

So when you see me you see Him. When you judge me you judge Him
I will not store on earth where moth and dust corrupt and thieves break in and steal
My heart where my treasure is, to Him my heart is sealed



Adam brought death but the second Adam bought rest
I will not be like them who He swore will never enter in because I am a part of another generation
We are the ones that seek His face, that seek your face oh God of Jacob!

See you probably think I'm lazy. You may just be right ideally
I have no passion for the things of this world because zeal for his house has consumed me!

My ambition is to be the ruler over ten cities in his kingdom
A ruler and not like the rich young one. I sold all I had because all I had was dung.
I counted the cost, and counted it all lost, for the surpassing glory of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord!

What's my occupation?
I've rehearsed this over and over again and I'm right back to the beginning,
I wanted to stop at the moon but He took me higher
And from this job I will never retire
A doctor? Listen, here says The Great Physician, "Only speak the word and they shall be healed"
And that's only for those who want something real

The grass withers and flower falls but this word remains forever
I'm the lead actress in this love story, all for His Glory
May never see my name on a door
But if I could be raw

I'd rather be a doorkeeper in my father's house than shackin up with the world
Ask for me and you'll find me about my father's business

This is my resume
When I pray these words are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.
This is full time not just nine to five.
I am dancer.
No I haven't been to Julliard
But I dance to the rhythm of his heart

I am a bond slave
I've been sold and bought with a price
Sealed with promise to be the bride of Christ

It's about the fruit that I produce from this intimacy
What am I still striving to do when I know what I am to be
I am in this world as He, the flesh, the bone, the heart, the body

Without Him nothing was made that ever has been
So I couldn't make ends meet when I had no beginning
He is the beginning and the end

If any be in Christ, He is a new creation!



There is no life beside him
So seek ye first all you who thirst
We worry about bills when we owe a debt we can't pay

Pay attention to the words of his mouth
For the bread you buy will not satisfy
But every word that comes from Him

So what is your occupation?

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