




CHURCH THOUGHTS 003

POVERTY AND GOD

MAKENA BRANDON





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Church Thoughts · 003

By Makena Brandon

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Poverty and God

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I was still in church.

By then, the night had grown deeper. The cold had settled into my skin. My blanket was wrapped around my shoulders, my Bible was still open in front of me, and soft worship music was still flowing through the keyboard speakers.

Somewhere along the way, I think I drifted off for a little while.

Maybe thirty minutes.

Maybe an hour.

Honestly, I do not know.

But I remember waking up, reaching for my phone, and checking the time.

1:15 AM.

I just sat there for a few seconds. Silent. Trying to fully come back.

Then I stood up slowly and made another cup of coffee. By that point, coffee honestly felt like my prayer partner that night.

As the water heated, I changed the song that had been playing.

Earlier, I had been listening to Who Am I by Casting Crowns.

But something about the atmosphere had changed.

So I switched it.

God on the Mountain by Lynda Randle.

I cannot fully explain why. It just fit. It fit the silence. It fit the stillness. It fit whatever was happening inside me.

I sat back down with my coffee.

And then a thought crossed my mind. A real thought. One of those thoughts believers carry quietly but rarely say out loud.

The words came clearly:

Poverty... and God.

And I just sat there. Thinking.

I started asking myself questions.

Why do some people who genuinely love God seem to have so little?

Why do some of the most faithful people struggle financially?

Why do some pray, fast, serve, sacrifice, tithe, and still seem to lack?

Why do some of the people who appear closest to God often own the least?

I thought about pastors. I thought about intercessors. I thought about mothers in church who pray with fire but go home carrying heavy burdens. I thought about men who have served God for years and still walk long distances on foot. I thought about believers who live simply, dress simply, and somehow remain deeply faithful.

And if I am being honest...

I got scared.

Because a question rose inside me that I had never said out loud before.

God... if I follow You deeply... will I also end up with nothing?

It was not rebellion. It was not doubt. It was honesty.

I kept thinking.

Are some people poor because they lack opportunities?

Because life has been unfair to them?

Because the world overlooked them?

Or...

Have some of them reached a place where material things no longer control them?

That thought stayed with me.

And then something deeper came.

Maybe some of these people are not poor the way the world defines poverty.

Maybe they have simply outgrown certain desires.

Maybe they no longer feel the need to impress people.

No need to chase status.

No need to chase expensive clothes.

No need to chase cars.

No need to constantly prove anything.

Maybe God showed them something deeper.

Something money can never produce.

Peace.

Contentment.

Strength.

Faith.

Presence.

I sat there quietly, listening to God on the Mountain playing softly in the background, and I kept thinking...

Maybe sometimes God gives people something better than money.

Because money can buy comfort...

but it cannot buy peace.

Money can buy a bed...

but it cannot give sleep.

Money can surround you with people...

but it cannot create real love.

Money can build a house...

but it cannot make it a home.

And maybe... just maybe... Some of God's strongest people are wealthy in places money will never reach.

But even after all those thoughts... I will be honest.

Part of me was still afraid.

Because I still have dreams. I still want to build something meaningful. I still want to succeed. I still want to help my family. I still want to live well. I still want to wear good clothes, drive well, and create a better future.

And sitting there that night, one thought landed heavily in my spirit:

Maybe the real question is not whether God wants His people poor.

Maybe the real question is —

Can God trust you with both His presence... and wealth?

I wrote it down immediately.

Because I knew...

This was another Church Thought.

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