

Sunday Morning

Here we sit in church today,
All dressed in Sunday best.
But in our hearts, the inmost parts,
Are all our sins confessed?
Are we clinging to a vice,
A sin that doth beset?
Have we presented Christ our body,
Our heart, our all, our best...
Holy, acceptable unto God,
Available for His quest?

Or have we told Him "Me first" Lord,
I've things I want to do.
I love this vise, this weight, this sin,
I won't give it up for you.

Do our hearts turn on every word,
Power from the Lord!
Or do we sit and squirm and state,
"I am so very bored".
Do our hearts yearn for Heaven's dew,
To quench our thirsty souls,
Or does it bounce off hearts of stone,
Indifferent and so cold?

Lord, I need to hear from You,
That's why I came today.
A touch from God is what I need
To help me, now, today.

Comfort and encouragement,
Or scolding some wrong deed,
Whatever You give me Lord,
Will be exactly what I need.

May we leave prepared to live
A holy life for Thee,
And heed Your call, Take up thy cross,
Come, and follow Me.

Johnny Jones
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