

TELL THEM OF MY WAY

I had a dream the other night that judgment day was here,
It came in the twinkling of an eye, I had no time to fear.
I found myself in one great line, with men from every land,
Men from every race and age stood like grains of sand.
Christ held the book within his hands and God was on the throne,
He set about to judge each man, by the things which each had sewn.

Then Christ took the book of life and read the names, therein,
There were many that once were there, but were blotted out by sin.
And I wondered if I'd find mine still, for it had once been there,
Would my name be covered with stain, or would my name be bare?

I stood in fear before the throne and thought back on all my life,
How I fought to keep God's word and flee from sin and strife.

I never failed to read God's word, my love, it never died,
I taught my children right from wrong, I told them not to lie.

I never failed to worship God on Sunday and Wednesday night,
I often traveled many miles, to hear a word of light.
I gave my goods to feed the poor and never ceased to pray,
I'd always kept my tongue in check until this very day.
So surely the Lord will know me and tell me to walk on in,
But Lord, please have mercy, on all those lost in sin.

And as I thought, the crowd moved up, and I was fifth in line,
The men that stood before me were ready to pay their fine.
The first man stepped to meet the Lord, and fell upon the floor,
Then I saw just who it was. It was the man next door.
And then the man before me I suddenly recognized,
And as he stepped before the throne he looked into my eyes.
He was my roommate from college day - he had been my greatest friend.
For we were young and had plenty of time to talk of God and sin.

And finally upon the judgment day, I met with him once more,

But now there's nothing I can say to open him the door.

And now I stood before the Lord, my soul was filled with freight,

"Why hadn't I taken the time to teach them what was right!"

Again the Lord, he took the book and looked there for my name,

Where once had been a pure white page my brothers' blood now stained.

And then the Lord, he said to me:

"I've found here one dark blot, You hid my name from all these men, Depart, I know you not."

"You met them every day in life and knew they were astray, But you never even cared enough to tell them of my way."

Darrell Hymel