

Sweet Forgiveness

I dreamed I stood upon the sands of time,
Watching there, an hour glass sublime.
As the sand of life sifts there,
I could see its length as a breath of air;
A vapor that appears but for a while;
Yet, must I crawl for its whole while?

For God has put me on my knee,
From here it's best that Him I see!
For when I walk, I walk my way,
And when I talk I say my say.
To do His will is all He asks.
Instead, I choose to wear sin's mask.

Like Adam, I hide as He looks for me,
My pride has kept me from humility!
I long to walk with Him again,
To walk in His Light so bright, not dim.
He says, "Come unto Me, My burden's light!"
Yet, I choose to bear my own and fight!

What foolishness is in my heart,
I cannot quench its fiery dart.
I must to Him so humbly go,
On my face, so glad, yet low,
To ask Him to forgive once more.
But He says to me, "What . . . once more?"
To forgive is to forget, and not again,
Remember you as sinner, or that you've sinned!

So when I go to God next time,
I'll go with only present sins of mine;
Sin as filthy as sodden crud,
Yet cleansed pure white by Christ's shed blood.
I'll walk beside my God today,
And get a Son tan from His Light's ray.

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