

A Simple Preacher

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around on his front porch,
Telling stories of the past.

Of how it was when he was younger
And the deeds that had been done,
How others preached the gospel,
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors
His tales were sort of stale,
All quietly listened and respectfully
For they knew he was getting frail.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For the old brother has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer
A Soldier of the cross died today.

He won't be mourned by many,
A few friends, his children and wife.
For he was just an "ordinary" preacher,
Who lived a quiet sort of life.

There was no fanfare that followed him,
He didn't make the papers for what he did
He was just a simple preacher,
Most of his good deeds were hid.

He worked hard and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing,
'Tho a Soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories
From the time that they were young
But the passing of the simple preacher

Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Someone who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow
Who in times of heartache and strife,
Gives his all to relieve the suffering,
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate,
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary preacher,
Who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a simple eulogy
Or perhaps nothing at all.

It's so easy to forget them,
For them there's no great show,
That our Bible preaching brothers
Went to battle, but we know,

It is not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,
With your arch-enemies at hand,
Would you really want some politician,
With his ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a preacher true--
His home, his country, his kin,
Just a common Bible Preacher,
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Bible preacher,
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us

We may need his like again.

For when this old world's in conflict,
We find the preacher's part
Is to clean up all the troubles
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simply headline
In the paper that might say:

"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A GOSPEL PREACHER DIED TODAY."

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