

THE PATH OF HIS FEET

By Milton A Lites

Lord, let me work in my own world,
Don't ask me to go overseas,
For the sound of their music is strange Lord,
He said "there they searched for life's keys."

But I have a ministry here Lord,
I teach them your praises to sing.
"My child there are many to finish that work,
Go be an ambassador for your King."

But Lord, what honors are there?
What chance for advancement and fame?
"I send you with my song of love
to teach men to honor my name."

Lord, my talents are few and small,
I feel so unequal to the task.
"Am I not creator of all?
I will give more than you ask."

Lord I see clouds that are dark,
There are dangers and rumors of war.
He wept as he showed me his hands and his side.
"Fear not I have been there before."

I took one long look at my world,
And turned my face, overseas.
Home, friends, and comfort behind
I found I could do without these.

Christ supplied all my needs,
My life is now full and complete.
I've discovered the meaning and purpose of life,
For I walk in the path of his feet.