

CHRISTIAN DON QUIXOTE

If Jesus didn't pay our price upon the cross of wood
Or rise again from death to life the way He said He could,
Then we who took the name of Christ, who placed in Him our trust,
Would lie in endless graves with bones and hopes both turned to dust.
Yet, if the Gospel isn't true, if all our faith's a myth,
There's something I would want to do and know I perished with:
Though atheists might laugh and scoff at such a Christian fool,
I'd like to live the noble dream of Jesus' Golden Rule.
I'd like to say there's such a thing as sacred law within,
That people's consciences are real, that evil deeds are sin,
That love is laying down your life, that humans have a soul,
That selfishness is wrong and serving others is our goal,
That hatred, anger, bitterness destroy and never cease
Until forgiving others brings relationships to peace.
I'd like to think the contents of our hearts are not a prank
Cold evolution played on us with only "chance" to thank.
Oh no, I'd hope for Heaven—I would not be Satan's toy:
Such vain illusions make more sense than skeptics can enjoy!
Such frivolous imagination couldn't run away
Much farther than realities that greet us every day.
My Jesus claimed to teach us how to live a life that's blest.
It matches what the deepest human logic says is best.
To model Jesus, then, is good for everyone concerned,
But, why are all His words about Himself so often spurned?
Is it because, if He's alive, if He is Who He said,
Then He is King and Judge of both the living and the dead,
Or if He is the Lord to Whom obedience is due,
We can't ignore His will and choose just what we please to do?
If He is not the Lord, then mine is Don Quixote's quest,
And never will my dreaming stop till in the dust I rest.
If He is Lord, then doubters make a devilish mistake
With one unending nightmare when their souls in death awake.

— *David L. Hatton 7/10/1992*