

## PREACHER

There once was quite a preacher,  
A polished pulpiter,  
Who proved to be a teacher  
More eloquent than clear,  
For he would sit and study  
Each commentator's views.  
So many minds were muddy  
When sermons reached the pews.

The Greek and Hebrew flourished.  
He quoted famous men.  
He felt his flock was nourished  
And saved from error's sin.  
He tried to build their knowledge  
Of doctrines firmly laid  
That came from Bible college  
Where he had learned his trade.

But then there came that one day  
God stripped him of his pride.  
His sermon on that Sunday  
Had left him satisfied.  
Yet from the silent staring  
Among the sheepish crowd,  
A sincere lamb with daring,  
Stood up to ask aloud:

"What was the preacher saying?  
Why can't I understand?  
I've spent the service praying  
To see God's Promised Land.  
I came to meet the Master.  
Where has He been this hour?  
My world is a disaster . . .  
I need God's touch and power!"

A graying saint nearby her  
Arose and dried her tears,  
Then others stood beside her  
To pray away her fears.  
The elder's name was Herman,  
And in a word or two  
He summed the pastor's sermon  
For all who warmed the pew.

That pastor was so humbled,  
He prayed a solid week.  
He fumbled and he mumbled,  
Next time he tried to speak.  
He couldn't help but falter,  
And yet, to his surprise,  
His flock knelt at the altar,  
And tears were in their eyes.

So preachers, start confessing  
Your pride upon your knees,  
And seek to find the blessing  
That blows from Spirit breeze.  
Give Jesus to your people  
And let them pray and praise,  
Then underneath your steeple  
Revival fire will blaze!

— *David L. Hatton, 5/11/1993*