

TWO PATHS

There are in life two paths to tread:
The way of light, and that of dread.
The first is bordered by God's rules,
The second is the way of fools.

The fools' highway is wide and worn
By proud feet plodding out their scorn
For limits that the Lord designed,
For wisdom from the Maker's mind.
Each self as "king," the prey they stalk
For greed and gain confirms their walk.
With rage and haste they all descend
Until in hell their journeys end.

The narrow road of heaven's light
Leads through the darkness of the night
Where pilgrims, out of fear and love,
Pursue God's glory up above.
To them, commandments aren't austere:
They only make the pathway clear.
God's Word lights up the pilgrim's race
To see their Master face to face.

Two paths before each human heart:
Two destinations, far apart.
Choose, with God's pilgrims, to ascend;
Don't march along with fools, my friend.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/11/1988*