

WEAKLINGS

Weaklings, I say, in ways of the world. . .
Too weak to reach out for the lust of the eyes,
Too slow to be ruffled when slanders are hurled,
So fearful of sins we've confessed and despise
That we're weak in ways of the world.

Weaklings, what's more, in the power of pride. . .
So weak in our hold when were losing control
On people whose actions we try to decide,
Or programs and policies dear to our soul,
That we're weak in the grip of our pride!

Weaklings, moreover, in darkness and lies. . .
Too weakly allured by the crafty occult,
Afraid to applaud what the Scriptures despise,
Aloof while the world watches wizards consult,
That we flee this world's darkness and lies.

Weaklings, we feel, in our self-confidence. . .
So slow, never bold, in decisions we face,
Still trembling with spiritual incompetence,
In total dependence on guidance by grace,
That we doubt any self-confidence.

Weaklings, we pray, for we sometimes grow strong
In ways of the wicked, the world, or the flesh,
Or pathways of sin, where we do not belong. . .
We often pray God to restore us afresh,
That our weakness stay powerfully strong!

— *David L. Hatton, 10/6/2003*