



## **A Servant of**

I know, Dear Lord, You are The Way;  
You are The Truth, this much I know.  
You are The Life . . . these offered me  
As to The Father I go.

Erring humans wish quick rewards;  
Humankind wishes easy way.  
Reward without work a cop-out,  
That thought seems to rule the day.

To live a good life not enough;  
One must walk the way of the cross.  
One must honor Your Sacrifice  
And feel the pain of Your Loss.

I wish to be a servant of  
He Who leads on the narrow way.  
To be like You, serve and suffer,  
Honor The Father each day.

Give me breath and strength to do this;  
Awaiting me Your Promise of  
Salvation's gift to be granted.  
Urge me, prod me; You I love.

**Henry W. Gurley**