



BECAUSE WE'D CHOSEN TO BELIEVE

By Timothy S. Klugh

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A spoken word is very strong.
Nothing I recall can do more harm.
Yet, we never think that way
In anger with the words we say.

I make a plea from the heart and mind
To the ones that I have left behind.
We need to practice our goodness--
Make ourselves clean and be our best.

We must not worry of our past--
(It takes too long for such a task--)
Our times in life that's came and went--
A time long gone, a season spent.

If compassion was abundant now,
Joy would be in every crowd.
But, it's rare and hard to do
Until someone loves you for you.

If we fulfilled another's dream,
Our life would be more than it seemed.
And, all our own goals to achieve
Would seem much less than we believed.

A seed we'd plant in other's hearts,
A growing longing from the start
To do for others all we can
(Fulfilling God's eternal plan.)

Soon everyone would be involved
And all our problems would resolve.
Things would seem just not as dim
Due to the light that burns within.

Then we'll look back from where we stand
And see what good we'd done for man.
And, we will marvel what we see
At what our goodness brought to be.

Death itself we would not fear,
For we'd done what we needed here.
Just rewards would we receive
Because we'd chosen to believe.