

Why?

A Poem For Discouraged Christians

Why is the road so narrow?
Why is the way so rough?
Why is this new life so lonely?
Why is it often so tough?
Why am I so outnumbered?
Why must I be on my guard?
Being a faithful good witness
is something I find very hard.

Why are the "saints" so worldly?
Why are the godly so few?
Why is the world so wicked?
And so many Christians seem lost too.

Why aren't more Christians thirsty
for God's unwavering truth?
Why do they seem to fall back into
the besetting sins of their youth?

Why do they think it so strange, so peculiar
that I care so much for the lost?
Why don't they act like their Master
who pursued sheep no matter the cost?

The "lost" glory in everything evil.
They continually boast of their sin.
Aren't I an unthankful ungrateful wretch
if I keep silent or just try to blend in?

I MUST boast of my loving Savior
for He bled and died for MY sin.
I MUST fight the good fight always,
I surely owe nothing less to Him.

I MUST not look at the others,
who waver and slumber and roam.
I MUST travel the hard and steep pathway.
for the blood on that road leads me home.

-RMK

**"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap,
if we faint not." (Galatians 6:9)**