

Prayer

BY JOE FRANCISCO, COMMUNITY CONSUMER MEMBER

EARLY, EARLY, EARLY IN THE MORN SHE COMES LORD
REALITY SAYING:

“RISE, RISE, TAKE YOUR PLACE AMONG THE BATTERED.
FACE THE CONCRETE JUNGLE THOUGH YOUR DREAMS BE
SHATTERED,”

AND THE BROKEN GLASS OF LIFE CRUMBLES UNDER FOOT.

IT IS STILL I REFUSING TO BOW OUT THAT KEEPETH
MYSELF IN REIN.

EVEN HAND, FEET SPIRIT ENTANGLED IN THE VICIOUS
THORNS AND BARBS.

SPIRIT OF HAPPINESS LEAD ME OUT OF THIS PITCH BLACK
FOREST OF VINES, UNDERGROWTH, SO THICK.

BUT WAIT! I HAVE A MACHETE CALLED HOPE VERY SOON I
WILL HACK MY WAY TO VICTORY AND DRINK THE HEAVY
WINE OF SUCCESS.

MAN MUST RECALL THROUGH THE AGES THAT NO ONE WILL
LEAD YOU OUT OF THE DARK FOREST.

YOU WILL LEAD ON YOUR OWN AND BY YOUR LEADING YOU
MAY BECOME A LEADER.

AND BY YOUR TOILS MEN AROUND WILL REJOICE FOR IF
ANY MAN SORROWS HE WILL BEGET SORROW IN RETURN.
SO BE OF GLAD HEART.

WE ARE ALL DIVINE CREATIONS OF INFINITE DESIGN.

EVERY GOOD DEED RINGS OUT LIKE A THOUSAND BELLS
SOUNDING FOR ALL AGES THE MAJESTY OF THE SPIRIT,
GOD, AND HIS MAN.