

The Only Christian

He went to church one cloudy morn,
somewhat forlorn.
He was the first one there, he guessed,
and sat to rest.
He studied all the stained-glass art;
soon church would start.
The clock swung round to half past eight--
the folks were late.
No organist was there to play,
no preacher to pray;
no choir stirred the air with song--
what could be wrong?
Twelve worn-out candles stood unlit
(this wasn't fit),
and Bibles, hymnals, all were closed
in silent rows.
A full half-hour he waited there,
then said a prayer.
He prayed that God would gird his heart
to do his part
and asked forgiveness for us all--
then felt his call.
He took his Bible from his pew,
for now he knew
the only Christian left was he;
he held God's key.
His work now would be hard and long,
but he'd be strong.
He prayed that Christ would live again
in hearts of men,
then opened wide the large front door
and stayed no more.
He stepped outside without remorse;
he knew his course.
The door through which crowds once had flocked
he left unlocked.
Then, "Wait!" he spoke out with a start,
"I'm not so smart."
Today, to his profound dismay,
was Saturday.