

Some Other Time Lord

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Oh how those memories keep coming back like a flood.
How the pastor kept preaching about Jesus and the blood.
Sunday after Sunday he would say you must repent.
And the message I began to resent.
Everyone wanted to see me come to the altar and my sins confess.
Each day I wanted to hear the message less.
With my parents to church I would always go.
They hoped one day Jesus I would come to know.
As time kept going by,
My mother continued praying for me and would cry.
She was worried about what my future without God would be.
I wanted to be great, that is what I wanted for me.
There was so much in life I wanted to do.
Some other time, Lord, I will have more time for You.
I have big plans that lie ahead.
But one day, Lord, I will repent; I know that is what You said.
I kept postponing those things I knew were right.
And from a child, from Your call I made my flight.
I wanted fame, that is what I was interested in.
I often thought where I was headed while living in sin.
I finally made it to the top, the place I wanted to reach.
I remember what the pastor taught and what my teachers would teach.
Lord, I have had a wasted life for You.
From my youth, I knew what You wanted me to do.
The time would come, I believe, When Jesus into my heart I would receive.
But I don't seem to feel the tugging I once felt in my heart.
If only I would have listened to You, from the very start.
2 Corinthians 6:2
"Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."