

The Prophet

(For a prophet-in-the-making who was trying to figure out what that meant. He never did.)

Hair doeth not, a prophet make,
Prayer and fasting, it doeth take.
Seeking God, with all of your heart,
'Til He makes you, "set apart."
Walking before Him, in His grace,
Prostrate before Him, on your face.

A really good prophet, speaks from God's heart,
And for that to happen, you have a part.
Your part is to seek Him, day after day,
And to learn to hear Him, and walk in His way.
Your part is to put, His Word down inside,
Learning more and more, in His life to abide.
Your part is to give Him, all that you are,
And He will make you, bright as a star.

If the prophet-in-making, is seeking a name,
Or if in his heart, he really wants fame.
He's made a mistake – this is not the way,
'Cause this life is hard – there's much to obey!
And while he is working, to get him a name,
He'll more often wind up, getting the blame.
'Cause prophets speak trouble, things that aren't nice,
And many people like them, about as much as mice.

There's another part too,
That's equally true.
That a prophet of God, who serves from His heart,
Will know a rich walk, he'll hardly depart.
He'll walk close to God, they'll talk on the way,
And he'll find great joy, God's will to obey.
And all through his life, tho sometimes he'd like to run,
He'll hear these good words, "You've been a fine son."

Born in 1940, Ken Stoltzfus has worked as a pilot, ordained Christian minister, businessman, missionary to Africa and writer. This is #9 in the section, "Poetry and Piety", at www.John2031.com, and is one of many short writings that can be found there.

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