

“Lord, Change Me”

**They didn't dust that pew right, I complained,
They had used the old duster but the result was the same.
They didn't hit those high notes when they sang,
But was it them or me that needed to change?
I looked around and I could find fault it was plain to see,
But was the trouble with them or could it be me?**

**My brothers in church were an imperfect lot,
A few were living right, but many were not.
There was Lizzie who talked too loud,
Then there was Jimmy, eager to please the crowd.
And on to Jane whose skirts were too short,
And Lily who wore all that makeup to cover up her wart.
Then there was John who couldn't wait to get his smoke,
And the rest of the crowd wanted coffee, tea, or coke.
The snack bar was open and gossip did fly,
Did they need to change or was it simply “I”?
I could find some fault with all those people at that church,
For others just couldn't see what I saw from my perch.
Or they would know like I did that they all needed to change,
And to fix them all, I was quite sure I could arrange.**

**But then one day it seemed the Lord said to me,
Better look at yourself and get on bended knee.
Pray for all those folks and look for the good,
Pray with love that they would live like they should.
It's not for you to judge them, leave that to me,
He said my part was to pray and ask that all may see,
The great pain we cause by actions like mine in a church,
It was clear I was judging, and for His spirit I needed to search,
I needed to quit finding fault and love my neighbor as myself,
For without that love, I might find myself stuck upon a shelf,
No use to God, while to others I may still look good.
So, I had to ask myself, do I really love like I should?
So when I look at others with that splinter in their eye,
Help me see around that plank in mine and ask myself why,
Don't I look at myself instead of others, for it is plain for them to see,
I needed to just pray that simple prayer, “Lord, change me.”**

Written by Louise Hall 05/26/2010