

Thoughts of a Prisoner



**As I sit here, Bible in hand,
I ask the Lord to help me understand,
Why I let my life get so out of control,
I knew right from wrong, was even on a church roll.
I let Satan draw me away from the things I learned as a child,
There's no excuse, now I have to walk this mile,
For the deeds I've done while running from God,
Pay my debt and feel God's chastening rod.
Whether a child of God or a dirty and vile sinner,
When I make Jesus Lord of my life, I become the winner.
The world may not can see the change in my heart,
But his death on the cross was our Savior's part.
Now mine is to live that others may know,
My heart is changed and my sins have become like snow.
No longer am I dirty and vile in His sight,
For He brought me into the day and out of the night.
I can only praise Him while I serve my time,
Walk with Him and to those around me be kind,
And let them see this Jesus that now lives in me,
Jesus and I are together in this cell, but I am so free.**

**John 8:32, Isaiah 61:1
Written by Louise Hall 5-26-2011**