

www.oldpathspulpit.org

PRESENTS

Frankly Speaking Notes . . .

Published as time and opportunity permit, usually a few times a week.

3218 Timberland Trail, Euless Texas 76040-7727 – 817.247.6630

Ed Smithson, Editor

THE PREACHER

The singing had been glorious,
The church was still and quiet,
The preacher mounted the pulpit,
And preached with all his might.

He took his text from scripture,
And spoke with vigor and force,
Several passages from the word of God,
Spoken convincingly, of course.

He comforted those who were hurting,
And encouraged those who were weak,
He warned the disobedient,
And commended those who were meek.

He hid behind the old rugged cross,
And the glorious story he did tell,
He sternly warned the sinners,
Lest they find themselves in hell.

He told of the Savior that gave his life,
That we might all be saved,
If we listened to his saving words,
Before we wound up in the grave.

He mentioned those who had gone before,
And prepared for us the road,
So our lives would be easier than theirs,
And not as heavy our load.

When he walked down from the pulpit,
He thought he had done his best,
To prepare this people for salvation,
That they might in eternity rest.

Then a little old lady came up to him,
With a harsh frown on her face,
“You know,” she said, “that kind of words,
Will never fill this place.”

People don't want to be threatened,
They want something that is new,
If you keep on with that kind of preaching,
There won't be many in the pews.”

With great restraint and self control,
He said for all to hear,
“I realize that some folks think,
God's word is not always clear.

But in the Bible that I read,
It seems to be true and plain,
That some folks just don't like to hear
The things that give them gain.

I am to preach the word God has given,
In the book that bears His name,
Simply because there is no other word,
That will save our souls again.

And so whether folks like it or not,
It is His word that I must preach,
So that in the judgment I might stand,
Justified, and heaven to reach.

To keep the souls of men from falling,
Into the pit of sorrow and pain,
Forever to be tormented like nothing else,
Never their souls to regain.

So when it comes to preaching His word,
As His servant, I have no other choice,
Because, since He has gone to heaven,
On this earth, there is no other voice.

If people here are pleased with my preaching,
I am happy they are content,
But as long as I am in this world and body,
It is to please HIM, that I was sent.”

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Ed Smithson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Ed Smithson

ed@oldpathspulpit.org

www.oldpathspulpit.org

May 10, 2010