

A BETTER MAN

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had never stood
than Christ our Lord
looking down from wood.

He loved so tenderly
so soft and sure.
He stood so strong
so bold and pure.

He rebuked when needed
and forgave with grace.
He accepted accusations
say the scars on His face.

He spoke with wisdom
never hateful or mean.
He prayed without pride
never making a scene.

He touched the hurting
putting His own self aside.
He cried with the weeping
not running to hide.

He listened with ears
so open and warm
He touched with hands
and miracles were born.

He encouraged the weary
and lifted them up.
He held the needy
overruneth their cup.

He selflessly gave
His life for you.
Blood on a cross
what more could He do?

So in His shadow
I now stand
this one who is
A BETTER MAN.

So, to you dear Marty
I quickly ran
because you make me
want to be *A BETTER MAN!*