

# How Are You Treating Jesus, Which Is Called the Christ? If Jesus Came to Our Church this New Year's Eve, What Would He Find?

By William Leon Miller, Sr.

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Would He find seats full of people  
With their names on the roll  
Or would He find the pews empty  
Not many in the rows?

And those that were present  
Are their hearts all aflame  
Or were they muddled  
With sin stain and shame?

Are most of the church members all here?  
Or have they gone too far to hear?  
Many were at home enjoying the holiday season,  
Others were celebrating for hard-telling what reason.

Throughout the country they wandered that eve  
Looking for pleasure, and hoping to please.  
When told the next day what they had missed  
They called far and near, in very great fear.

For skin of a reason, stuffed with a lie  
They made many excuses, hoping not to die.  
Then Jesus departed and left them alone  
Soon they had forgotten and made the same tone.

The road is too slick. The snow is too deep.  
I would go to church, but I'm afraid of my Jeep  
The dark clouds in the sky looks like it might rain  
But I should have more faith like Abel—not Cain.

The Pastor asked the deacon on Wednesday night  
Why He had not bothered to be there Sunday night.  
He answered in earnest with joy in his face  
The ball game wasn't over—I was too late.

Along came Easter and what do you know  
Our people were dressed in a style that is now.  
While more interest was shown in dress and frills,  
Than Jesus our Savior who died on a hill.

Not long after Easter came beautiful days.  
Now is the time I must be on my way  
To the cold clear streams where brook trout abound  
I'll get to church when I circle around.

I sing in a church choir,  
In a place where many are lost  
But I won't come often  
Regardless of who's lost.

Some folk who go to church drink beer and wine  
Get in the choir and bellow and whine.  
But when the Lord says, "come and dine"  
They will find out they are left far behind.

The summer days are now here and nights are warm  
I'll have my camper to keep me from harm.  
I will park my camper down by the river  
Bass on a line will loose my church fever.

In late September and leaves hanging on  
To the hills I'm going where the ginseng is golden.  
I'll dig all I can before the frost falls  
And then I will come back to the church I have chosen.

Then here is Fall when turkeys call  
After, I will go to the Sunday School Hall.

Yes, the crops are in the fields  
And the hay is in the meadow.  
I'll come to prayer meeting  
When I get it all together.

High on the hill I see a big buck,  
I must act real quick or be out of luck.  
Already the pines are loosing their cones—  
I must work for Christ before the years gone.

Ho! Ho! Ho! What's this I hear?  
Sleigh bells? Santa must be near.

Oh! Lord I am sorry.  
I forgot you this year.  
But, Lord I promise you  
I will work hard next year.

Wait til next year Lord!  
Wait till next year.  
Wait til next year Lord!  
Wait till next year.