



PRISON

**My chest swelled a bit
As I crossed the prison grounds
Thinking what a blessing I might be
I had come to share the gospel to those held inside
Hoping maybe one might be set free
With arrogance and pride I entered in the crowd
Passing judgmental stares to all who sat around
To my God I said a prayer up to him
Thanking him so much that I was not like them
Just then a young man stood and began to tell his tale
He shared with all the people what had brought him to his cell
He spoke of his addiction to drugs and alcohol
He spoke of all the years of running from his God
Suddenly his countenance changed
A smile lit up his face
Now, he said, let me share Jesus and his loving grace
He spoke about his birth and life, he told about the cross
He told how his blood was shed to redeem the lost
Then as if he'd known my thoughts
He looked right straight at me
And said yes, I'm a prisoner but so much more you see
For now I'm an heir with Christ and a child of the King
This prison garb that I have on is just what I wear now
For a robe of white awaits me and for my head a crown
Yes, my home here's a prison cell just four walls you see
But there's a mansion up in glory he's preparing just for me
As he looked throughout the crowd his eyes were filled with love
A spirit like this I said comes only from above
Arrogance and pride he held not inside
But the nature I saw in him was much like that of Christ
I sat throughout the night and spoke not a word
Though I'd come to share the Gospel, the Gospel I had heard
As I left the prison gates and stood outside the walls
I walked a little slower and stood not quite as tall
Lord I said, now I truly see It's I that's still in prison and he that's been set free.
mike bishop 10/10/97**