A Church Without Revival... (A Poem)

A church without revival is like an artist with no brush — a writer with no pen,

A ship without a rudder, an airplane with no wing.

A church without revival is like a woodsman with no ax — a builder with no nails,

A car without a highway, a train without a rail.

A church without revival is like a doctor with no cure — a poet with no rhyme,

A seamstress with no thread, a fisherman with no line.

A banker with no money, a baker with no bread, A lawyer with no courtroom, a hospital with no bed.

To exist without revival is a futile task, Growing weaker by the moment in lethargy's strong grasp. Her strength will fade away, her vision will be gone, And death will claim that faithless bride, and she'll never make it home.

HSM