

## *Butt prints in the Sand*

One night, I had a wondrous dream;  
One set of footprints there was seen.  
The footprints of my precious Lord,  
But mine were not along the shore.  
But then some stranger prints appeared,  
And I asked the Lord, "What have we here?"  
"Those prints are large and round and neat,  
But, Lord, they are too big for feet."  
"My child," He said in somber tones.  
"For miles I carried you alone.  
I challenged you to walk in faith,  
But you refused and made me wait.  
You disobeyed, you would not grow,  
The walk-of-faith you would not know.  
So I got tired and fed up,  
And there I dropped you on your butt,  
Because in life, there comes a time,  
When one must fight, and one must climb,  
When one must rise and take a stand,  
Or leave their butt prints in the sand."