





## ***“The Real McCoy”***

Lord, if you're Omnipotent, you're strong,  
That's why you carry the earth with a song,  
If you're Omniscient, you know us all,  
That includes everyone, big and small.

If you're Omnipresent, you're everywhere,  
In heaven and hell, here and there,  
It's good to know that you control every place,  
To show us the way out of this maze.

I question what is this world's mission and goal.  
And why dear Lord, do I have a soul?  
Is this a testing ground of human strength,  
To see if I'll go to greater length?

Is it to help another one who's in need,  
Or to join the race and to compete?  
To stand for truth and not thrown by lies,  
Or fall for temptations when money flies?

Is it a test of my mettle, I guess I should know,  
Will I love or hate, will I die or grow?  
I come to you to let me know,  
I humbly request that you will show.

I don't understand please make it clear,  
Else I visit the pub and drown in beer.  
You know my strength fails, yet for me you root,  
If it weren't for you, I wouldn't give a hoot.

Without you I lose the vision of playing my role,  
Without your Light I'm another black hole.  
With nothing to give; just rot hitting the fan.  
So I turn to you Lord, my Champ, my Man.

When I look at you, I forget my woes,  
I get back in the ring and on my toes,  
The bell rings for another round,  
“Can do, can do!” your voice is sound.

And though I get knocks here and there,  
Never mind, I'll fight on; or should I care?  
No, to be in the ring gives me delight,  
You cheer me on - for my Hero I'll fight.

Now I know why this world still survives,  
To see what we will do with our lives,  
And see what decisions we each will make,  
To help or hinder, to give or take?

Will I love or loathe, be kind or kill,  
Will I hug or hate and do my own will,  
This year I have become seventy four.  
Will I take another round and fight some more?

Or shall I go to the closet and hang my gloves.  
Will I say: “I've done my part, it is enough”?  
However Moses started when eighty of age,  
And was good for another forty-year phase.

Never again let me protest when I feel pain.  
Talk about agony, you didn't complain,  
You only lived to do the Father's will,  
So my storm in life you could still.

To not be intimidated by troubles or hell,  
You gave your life so that we can tell,  
That you are the Master, the Boss of All,  
Even devils, demons, and Satan's gall,

I feel bad for that miserable, despicable mob,  
Wallowing in filth and their foul smelling slob,  
May they one day find what you have given me,  
Everlasting joy; may your word set them free.

So that none is lost and no longer they burn,  
But like the prodigal son they'll all return,  
To the Father waiting with open arms,  
Welcoming them back to heaven's farms.

You allowed them all to fall for pride  
So they could test us as your Bride.  
To see who is worthy in mankind.  
The honour for us surpasses my mind,

Thank you Jesus for not falling for pride,  
Giving your all so we could have light,  
So many times pride got hold of my tongue,  
Hard words and saying things too strong.

Thank you for saving such a contemptible one,  
Besides you and your word there's none,  
To help sinners like me, who you give healing,  
Despite you knowing my every feeling.

Forever indebted what else can I say,  
To say 'I love you' sounds like a cliché,  
It doesn't capture what we are for each other,  
My eternal soul-mate, my elder brother.

Blood runs thick, that's what we know,  
Your blood made me your younger bro,  
I look up to you, you make me proud,  
You're no churchy wimp, but strong and stout.

No juice, but 600 litres of the very best wine,  
At the wedding where you went to dine.  
A demon haunted, in the graves you find,  
You took control and gave back his mind.

My heart overflows, it's bursting with joy,  
You are the one and only, the real McCoy!  
What an unbelievable life you're giving,  
By making each day a bliss worth living.