

## CHOICE MADE.

A young girl raised in wealthy home.  
Was given proper care,  
Sent to a school with standards high,  
Their knowledge with her to share.  
She learned the art of dancing,  
And other worldly traits,  
These, 'finer things' the parents  
thought,  
Were coming none to late.

The parties and the social hours,  
Caused them no great concern,  
Their daughter was intelligent,  
Could handle what she learned.  
They could not know the trap was set,  
To take her from their arms,  
They weren't aware the news they'd  
hear,  
Would cause them great alarm.

You see, one night she went to  
Church,  
She heard the Gospel's call,  
Forced to confront the love of God,  
She gave to Him her all.  
Her father was, to say the least,  
Enraged, to her declared,  
You make your choice, this Jesus  
Christ,  
Or all things we hold dear.

Tomorrow morning, you'll decide,  
Give up this new found way,  
Or have your suitcase packed to  
leave,  
With us you cannot stay.  
Next morning with an aching heart,  
One last tune she would play,  
And sitting at piano stool,  
Her choice was made that day.

With trembling hands and breaking  
heart,  
Her Lord she could not leave,  
And as she played familiar words,  
God's Spirit met her need.  
"Jesus I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee,  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all must be."

With tearstained face she moved  
toward ,  
A life to her unknown,  
Willing to sacrifice for Christ,  
Her parents love, oft shown.  
Her dad came softly to her side  
Said," daughter do not go,  
If Jesus means this much to you,  
Then we will serve Him to.

Please tell us how to find this Man  
How we to Him can bow,  
To find in Him eternal life,  
We need to hear it now.  
And so her Dad and Mother too,  
Found Christ that blessed day,  
And as a family they would strive,  
To follow Him alway.

25, 03,09.