

I need to see the Pilot.

He stepped into the lineup,
As they moved toward the plane,
Security relaxed that day,
Nobody was detained.
Each stepped into the tunnel,
And toward the open door,
Most content to see it's end,
But he is wanting so much more.

As he came to that big airplane,
And was told to take his seat,
He said, "I won't be satisfied,
Until the pilot I can meet.
You see, to me, all this is new,
I just can't understand,
How this plane manages to fly,
I need to hold the Pilot's hand."

From the cockpit just ahead,
The pilot heard the boy's request,
While others settled in their seats,
This boy's, not treated like the rest.
The Pilot showed him all around,
Explained what made the plane to fly,
Gave him a set of wings to wear,
And filled his day with super joy.

And so, unlike this little lad,
So many people enter Church,
Content to sit, enjoy their stay,
The Savior's presence do not search.
But those who seek the Pilot's face,
Are warmed and blessed abundantly,
For in the worship of their Lord,
They see his face eternally.

CSB @CBS 25,03,11.