

A Worn-out Old Book

(Psalm 119:73)

When I was just a child, to Grandpa's house we'd go.
To his little farmhouse in the country, where the tall pine trees grow.

A mule in the pasture, milk cow in the stall.
Chickens in the yard, all of which I now recall.

An old rocker on the porch, a lantern on a hook.
And on a homemade table by his chair, laid an old worn-out book.

The cover was curled and torn, the pages crumpled and stained.
As I gazed at the volume lying there, I wondered why it remained.

So one day I asked him, the reason he kept it around.
Why he didn't replace it, he responded with a serious frown.

Why son, that's the Holy Bible, a treasure to behold.
Within it are the words of God, and those words will never grow old.

If a man will take it and read it, then remember it well.
He will obey the Lord and be saved, then to others the Gospel he'll tell.

One day that old book will be yours, never let it depart.
But if it crumbles and fades away, keep its words safe within your heart.

Jay Launius -2022