

How Was Conference?

I hung on every word the prophets said
Disposition to do evil quickly fled
Keep the commandments my resolve instead
Thankful that my spirit was so fed

Monday

I left the store with change in my pocket
Out stretched a wrinkled beggar's hand
"Spare a little for a hurting soul"
Sorry, not today, don't think I can

Wednesday

I saw a single mother who worked a ten hour day
So tired and weak, she needed help with the kids
But can't help today, must shop for a new car
No, no, not today, my busy schedule forbids

Thursday

I saw him discouraged, despondent, afraid
A brother suffering in dark depression
With devastation and destruction a constant threat
I thought, be more outgoing, leave a better impression

Saturday

The telephone rang on the way to golf
"Visit with a troubled youth", the bishop inquired
Sorry, but I have a prior commitment was my reply
I wonder, is the bishop really all that inspired

Sunday

That family comes to church each week
Clothes tattered and worn, the mother disabled
Why can't they just go to another ward
Imagine how our ward might get labeled

Money in my pocket and each night a warm bed
"They brought it upon themselves" I justifiably said
Ignoring the command to succor from our living head
Like the seplechure, so white outside, inside so dead

How fascinated we become with "me"
But much better to follow Him of Galilee
Only then will unselfishness flee
And then my eyes my savior shall see