

The Window

Late one night while I lay sleeping,
The Lord woke me with His touch.
He said, "Awake My child."
"For tonight you will learn much."
He took me to my window,
Where I gazed out in the night.
Jesus told me to look closely,
As I beheld each sight.
One by one souls passed before me.
One by one they did depart.
Though I could not see their faces,
I looked deep within their heart.
I saw their every hidden sin.
I knew every pain they bore.
I saw their doubts and evil thoughts,
Their lies and so much more.
Those things they did when all alone,
They were hypocrites filled with sin.
On the outside they looked clean,
But very different deep within.
"How can this be, my Lord?" I cried.
In my eye I felt a tear.
Now I will do all that I can,
To make these people hear.
I will tell them of Your love.
I'll say, "Flee from your wicked ways."
I will turn them all around,
If it takes me all my days.

"I will show them all their sins."
Then Jesus so gently smiled.
He said, "Tonight you will learn much."
Then He said, "Awake My child."
When I woke, I stood trembling.
My heart pounding, full of fear.
For I stood not before my window,
But instead, beheld my mirror.