

The Speakers Convention

The event was attended by many.
Anticipation hummed through the hall.
Gathered were the most eloquent speakers,
To entertain, charm and enthrall.
One by one they spoke with conviction.
The multitude clung to each word.
Never before was a gathering,
Where such men of distinction were heard.
They spoke of times long ago,
Of music, culture, and arts.
With nobility and dignity,
Each man expressed his heart.
A towering man took the podium.
His captivating presence did beam.
He smiled a confident smile,
And from his commanding eye, there was a gleam.
Not one hair was out of place.
His silk suit was crisp and pressed.
With a booming voice he did announce,
From Psalms 23, I'll take my text.
His thundering voice filled the chamber,
His diction, distinct and clear.
When He completed his discourse,
The crowd began to cheer.
Then from the audience, stepped an old man.
His stature seemed frail and weak.
He opened his bible to the very same chapter,
The elderly man prepared to speak.

His clothes were quite well worn.
They didn't lay so pristine and crisp.
His voice was rather raspy.
And I detected a slight lisp.
When he said, "The Lord is my shepherd,"
The crowd noted the lump in his throat.
They saw the tears fill his eyes,
As he spoke the words the psalmist wrote.
The crowd began to weep.
His words took away their breath,
As he spoke of the Good Shepherd,
And the valley of the shadow of death.
The auditorium was engulfed with joy,
The people cheering as they leaped to their feet.
The old man picked up his bible,
And made his way back to his seat.
The eloquent orator who had spoken before,
Questioned "How could this be?
How could the crowd cheer for this old fellow,
More than for an articulate man like me?"
He pondered a moment thinking,
Then asked the question aloud.
And in a moment came his answer,
From an aged voice in the crowd.
"You certainly know all the words.
You spoke them well, clear through.
But son, I not only know the words,
I know the Good Shepherd, too."