

THE OLD PATHS

I liked the old paths, when
Moms were at home.
Dads were at work.
Brothers went into the army.
And sisters got married
Before having children!

Crime did not pay;
Hard work did;
And people knew the difference.

Moms could cook;
Dads would work;
Children would behave.

Husbands were loving;
Wives were supportive;
And children were polite.

Women wore the jewelry;
And Men wore the pants.
Women looked like ladies;
Men looked like gentlemen;
And children looked decent.

People loved the truth,
And hated a lie;
They came to church
to get *in*,
Not to get *out*.

Hymns sounded Godly;
Sermons sounded helpful;
Rejoicing sounded normal;
And crying sounded sincere.

Cursing was wicked;
Drugs were for illness;
And divorce was unthinkable.

The flag was honored;
America was beautiful;
And God was welcome!

We read the Bible in public;
Prayed in school;
And preached from house to house
To be called an American was
worth dying for;
To be called a Christian was worth
living for;
To be called a traitor was a shame!

Preachers preached because they
had a message;
And Christians rejoiced because
they had the victory!
Preachers preached from the Bible;
Singers sang from the heart;
And sinners turned to the Lord to
be saved!

A new birth meant a new life;
Salvation meant a changed life;
Following Christ led to eternal life.

Being a preacher meant you proclaimed the word of God;
Being a deacon meant you would serve the Lord;
Being a Christian meant you would live for Jesus;
And being a sinner meant someone was praying for you!

Laws were based on the Bible;
Homes read the Bible;
And churches taught the Bible.

God was worshiped;
Christ was exalted;
And the Holy Spirit was respected..

Church was where you found Christians
on the Lord's day, rather than in the garden,
on the creek bank, on the golf course,
Or being entertained somewhere else.

I still like the old paths the best!