
Why am I here?

If I contribute to the delinquency of a minor

By modeling behavior that is uncouth;

If I distract them from the desired path

And lead them from the truth;

If I can watch others suffer, needing

And not seem to care;

And witness pain without interceding

When their burdens are much to bear;

If someone needs assistance

And I don't volunteer,

I have to ask myself,

Then why am I here?

If I'm absorbed in sensual pleasures

Addicted to material things;

If I only count as treasures

The idols I'm worshipping;

If I live my entire existence

Self destructively insincere;

I have to ask myself,

Then why am I here?

To feed myself only

When many need to be fed;

When others are lonely

And need to be led;

To stand idly by

When the sign says

"I will work for food"

And train myself to never cry

And see the beggar's plight as rude?

If I can consistently

Turn away and never interfere,

I have to ask myself today,

Then why am I here?

When I ponder the parties

And countless interactions,

Within my social armies

There is limited satisfaction.

I'm sure the Master intended

Something more substantive for me.

But somehow I descended

Below where I'm suppose to be.

I must ensure that I am moving
Toward the Master's worthy goal;
Alleviating suffering,
Allowing love to touch my soul.
God calls us to service and sacrifice
To perform and persevere;
If I seek his counsel and advice,
It is clear why I am here.

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