**HERE AM I, SEND ME**

***A Poem and A Prayer***

*By Rick Lanning*

Without Christ I once stood in the world I once knew,

 An alien and stranger from God’s covenant few.

Dead in my sins, condemned, with no hope,

 Blind without God, in this dark world I’d grope.

Trapped in the pit where Satan’s demons do tread,

 “Depart from me,” were the words I did dread.

Crying and trembling at the thought of this fate,

 I begged, like the lame man, at the Beautiful Gate.

“God be merciful to me,” I did pray,

 Then waited, like Cornelius, for what He would say.

The preacher responded, as Peter did then,

 “Repent and be baptized for the remission of sin.”

Now called from that world and into His Son,

 I’m redeemed by the blood of the Crucified One.

But no sooner had I received that grace,

 I turned and looked back on my sin-cursed race.

Pricked in the heart like a two-edged knife,

 I’m now a debtor, like Paul, for the rest of my life.

“Who will go for us, whom shall I send…

 To warn these sinners of their horrible end?”

Like Isaiah of old to God’s soul-searching plea,

 I cried out, “I’ll go Lord, here am I, send me!”

So with His Word in my heart like burning fire in my bones,

 I preach of His grace and sing redemptions sweet tones.

Now brother of mine, if you have ears to hear,

 Can you think of the lost without shedding a tear?

The harvest is white, but the laborers are few,

 Have you stopped to consider they are counting on you?

Yes, dwell on your past, how eternally lost,

 Now think of your neighbors, have you counted their cost?

So, tonight, while you pray while bent on your knee,

 Say to the Lord of the Harvest, “Here am I, send me!”