

## **BUTT PRINTS IN THE SAND**

**One night I had a wondrous dream,  
One set of footprints there was seen,  
The footprints of my precious Lord,  
But mine were not along the shore.**

**But then some stranger prints appeared,  
And I asked the Lord, "What have we here?"  
Those prints are large and round and neat,  
"But Lord, they are too big for feet."**

**"My child," He said in somber tones,  
"For miles I carried you alone.  
I challenged you to walk in faith,  
But you refused and made me wait."**

**"You disobeyed, you would not grow,  
The walk of faith, you would not know,  
So I got tired, I got fed up,  
And there I dropped you on your butt."**

**"Because in life, there comes a time,  
When one must fight, and one must climb,  
When one must rise and take a stand,  
Or leave their butt prints in the sand."**