

Like the fire that burns within the heart,
Holiness is for those who are smart;
Who think of God instead of money,
Who dream of heaven filled with milk and honey.

It might be wrong to lust with passion,
To eat the dust that feeds our ration;
So soft so gentle so under deserved,
Of what was holy and quietly reserved.

Like the trickling streams through mountain valleys,
That meander down on snowy shalleys;
Rounded stones and pebbles along its side,
With a sandy bottom starting too wide.

But here we stop and think of life,
With all its treasures and all its strife;
Now there must be something beyond all this,
And it is holiness and was Gods and his.

Holiness who would dare to ask,
To adventure where there was no task;
Of work and deeds that seem no help,
But give us heaven and raise us from hell.

Holiness has beauty beyond all else,
Beyond what's perfect beyond yourself;
Holiness really still God's own heart,
No longer burning but yearning to start.

Signed,

If the world was won