

The Disciple

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By : Jacobella22

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The Disciple

Kept it clear and in the light,
She walked by faith and not by sight.
Her troubles gone; they'd flown away.
This clean heart was here to stay.
Been set apart for all to see,
The Word of God had set her free.
Almighty God loved her so,
Sent forth an angel to let her know.
Found faith in this unfailing love.
Praised the Man who lived above.
His eternal light upon her face,
She knew she'd finally found her place.
Within God's strong and loving arms,
Far away from Satan's harms.
He gave her one, last daunting task,
Not one question did she ask.
Finally, finally, the time had come,
An opportunity embraced by some.
She had to spread the Word of Him,
And set out with a sacred hymn.
She preached and taught among her foes,
Spread His word but, lacked the prose.
After years of devotion,
Overwhelmed by emotion,
She dropped to her knees and wept.

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