

Opposition Of One "No Fool"

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I've lost track of all the Sundays.
The offering plate's gone by and as I gave my hard
earned dollars I felt free to keep my life.

I talk about commitment.
And the need to count the cost, but the words of a
martyr show me I don't know, his cross.

For he is no fool, who gives what he cannot keep to
gain what he cannot lose.

Obedience and servanthood are traits I've rarely shown
The fellowship of his sufferings is a joy I've barely
known.
There are riches in surrendering, that can't be gained
for free
And God will share all heavens wonders, but the price
he asks is me.

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