

Honour

*What is it – this honour, I hear you say,
Is it something that we have to do?
Is it something that we have to continually say,
Is it something between me and you?*

*I looked in the dictionary, to give me a clue,
I certainly read all the texts,
And the word I came up with, to my great surprise,
Was the old fashioned word – yes, respect.*

*Let's honour our forefathers, let's give them respect,
I guess it's the right thing to do;
Those that have perished and given their lives,
They have kept the commandments, so true.*

*Some have been martyred, all for the cause
Of furthering the Gospel of love;
To them we offer an earthly salute,
The greatest will come from above.*

*With our fast-paced living and things that we do,
To me it's rather quite sad,
So instead of honouring everyday things,
Let's honour our mother and dad.*

*These are the ones who have given their all
To make sure that we've never missed out.
We've been clothed and fed and looked after well,
Let's honour them without a doubt.*

*Honour your mother and father, it says in the Word,
That your life on this earth may be long.
Do it each day, as you kneel down to pray,
May your love for them always be strong.*

*I've honoured my parents, especially my mum,
Who gave till she had nothing left;
She kept on giving right up to the end,
It saddened me, left me bereft.*

*My dad, on the other hand, I couldn't work out,
The things that he did left me sad;
But the Bible is firm on the law it lays down,
I've still got to honour my dad.*

*Let's honour our spouses, let's honour our kids,
Let's honour the people next door;
Let's honour the wealthy, the all well to do,
Let's honour our grassroots, the poor.*

*You see, when we honour, we get a reward,
The Lord has done it this way;
By giving a blessing to those gone before,
Their memories, oft-times, will stay.*

*It's good then to honour those that we know
Who have all done great exploits on earth.
They have given their lives for the Gospel it seems,
Their whole being, so full of worth.*

*Let's honour the people that throw all the stones
That hurt us right deep in the heart;
Forgive them and love them again and again,
Pray for them, let's do our part.*

*It's not easy, my friend, I know this so well -
I've been hurt by professionals too.
Just remember our Lord as He hung on the cross,
It's a small thing that we have to do.*

I spoke to the Spirit, as I wrote down these words,
To give me a message so strong,
To reach that one person who needs you so much,
To put right a lifetime of wrong.

*H*e brought me to tears, as I asked Him again
To search my heart - "Don't miss a thing,
Help me to honour all those I have hurt,"
All those trophies I've had on a string.

*B*ut there's Another, you know, so heavenly fine
That the angels in reverence bow -
Our Almighty Creator, our Lover and Friend,
Whose goodness will impact us now.

*H*e desires all our sense of oblation,
To our Saviour, who's seated on high,
All the love that we have, that is ours but to give,
And our honour to Him who is nigh.

*S*o remember, my friends, this wee lesson
Handed down to us by our dear King;
As we honour the people that He tells us to,
His blessing will make heaven ring.

*I*t is important to honour,
The Bible just makes it so clear,
To give of ourselves - may we reap the reward
Of the joy when His presence is near.

