

I was born to simply be me,

A person whose life was destined free;

I entered this world of strife and toil,

Was brought up well with a bit of a spoil.

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I'm kind of fun to be around,

As long as my head is above the ground;

I'll see all I can while still on earth,

Till I'm dead and done and return to my birth.

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I use every second to enjoy my time,

This makes up me and what's in my rhyme;

It's good to be me and know who I am,

For God gives me hope to fulfill his plan.

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I know I needed love to help me get by,

And I know I had to read and learn to try;

Now I think I'm OK and have to look to see,

Where God is leading and guiding me to be.

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I write quite a lot of these tiresome words,

So I hope you're not bored with me and my work;

For me it's to live and be a good thing,

With the joy of life and what it does bring.

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Well I'm a little bit lonely and hope to achieve,

A faith for fellowship and heart to believe;

That one day in eternity I'll live with God and see,

Christ coming in the clouds and knowing who is me.

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Signed,

If I am he.