

## THE BATTLE

My mind is a raging fire, I'm convicted in my heart  
I long to be a Christian Lord, but know not where to start  
I hear my Savior knocking, He's standing at the door  
And all the earthly worldly things aren't important anymore!

I make the great decision, I fall down on my knees  
And ask my Lord to save me, enter my heart I plead  
And I know that at that moment, my sin is cast away  
I'm now a newborn child, a tender Christian babe!

The news spreads fast, and soon I learn, the enemy has heard  
His plan is to attack, before I know the Word  
For with the Word I have in me the Holy Spirit's power  
He knows he must attack at once, he cannot wait an hour!

He gathers together all his demons and sets his battle plans  
He must destroy this new child's faith, it must blow as drifting sands  
The planning takes just minutes, they empty all the files  
And then his army moves, armed with many trials!

The attack is fast and furious, and for a while I stumble  
But in the end, I am quite sure, it is Satan who will bumble  
I'm hit with many problems, they're coming by the score  
And as my faith begins to slip, I fall down to the floor!

Satan now is laughing, he jumps around in glee  
And then the smile fades from his face, as I struggle to one knee  
He stares unto the battlefield, his face is filled with terror  
With all the files they had on me, could he have made an error?

I'm beaten, battered, on one knee, as my lips begin to move  
Satan is screaming at the top of his lungs, "What's he trying to prove?"  
He sends out queries to the demons, "What is that he's saying?"  
The answer comes like a shot in the night, "Oh Lucifer, he's praying!"

My strength ebbs back, and as I struggle, I gain the other knee  
And when the demons see this, they turn from me and flee  
Satan screams, "Stand and fight, he's only just a man!"  
The answer comes loud and clear, "A man in the Savior's hand!"

The battle now is over, my faith as strong as steel  
And in my heart, I know full well, the Lord Jesus is for real  
For as I lay on the ground that day, something gently lifted me  
Without that gentle lifting, I'd never have gained my knees!

The moral of this poem, is really very clear  
Just call on the name of Jesus, when you're facing fear  
For when you call on Jesus, Satan hasn't got a chance  
The power that he thinks he has is fictional romance!

Kimmy from Germany

I received this from a dear young friend in Germany who is gifted in writing.  
May it bless you so much that you would pass it on to young people you know.  
David