

"The Pastor's Barbeque" Sample Page #2

by Fred Passmore
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When suddenly, with a gust of wind, the doors blew open wide
and Sister Turner gasped out loud as a figure stepped inside.
A flash of lightning lit the stranger standing in the door,
no-one there could say they'd ever seen his like before.
He was rugged, like a prophet, from his sandals to his hair
and every eye was on him; to greet him none would dare.

In the silence he walked to the pulpit, and we watched him as he turned
to face our shameful meeting; in his eyes a fire burned.

He said, "I've smelled the smoke / from a long way off, and that's what
brought me 'round.

The very man that builds you up, is the one you're burning down."

Then he walked before each person there, and at each one he pointed
as in his face we read the warning; "Touch not Mine anointed!"

Then he said with such authority, that the strongest man there shook.

"The fire with which you roast him, is the one in which you'll cook!"

Then some people fainted, the rest all scattered

as the thunder roared and the windows shattered!

(music reaches crescendo and trails off, then becomes almost hymn-like here)

Yeah, it's safe to say that on that day we'd felt the chastening rod,
for it's a fearful thing / to fall into / the hands of an angry God!

When we looked back up the man was gone, in our ears his words were
ringing.

The sky had cleared, the rain had ceased; outside a bird was singing.

Nope, we'll never forget / when the stranger came / to town that Monday
night

but when he left / we knew in our hearts / that we had been set right.

And we got behind our pastor, not to talk but to support
and we really paid attention / when our souls he would exhort.

Lots of people are so hungry for the blessed Bread of Life;

don't take away their appetite with bitterness and strife.

So cook all you want, but whatever you do...

(delivered funny, as if frightened and shook up) Just don't have a
Pastor's Barbeque!

(Song continues,,,)