

## **Plenty of Time**

For Things to Go Wrong

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Young, and doing my best at running astray, but the Lord kept bugging me to do things His Way.

‘I’ve plenty of time— *wait till I’m old.*’

“*You don’t know that...*” He would often scold.

Zigzagging, floundering, sinning as fast as I could; doing as I pleased, I had eons to live, and unwilling to wear a Bible-thumper’s sleeve;

He whispered, “You don’t have to be a Billy Graham... it’s not about religion, but a closeness with Me.”

Stubborn as the prodigal son, I filliped and flopped even more. It was then He decided to play hardball, and at age 19— I saw my brother war brothers fall.

I called upon Him most every day—life was cheap, and death not astray... my life values changed as I sought solace from Him— I had accepted there was no way I would ever make it back home —and reconciled Vietnam would be where my life force would end.

My year’s tour ended and I DEROS’d home...days still are numbered and nothing’s the same.

I found a new life, and a family to love. He lived in my heart and held back the night. I couldn’t forget where I had been ... the future for my family, I held Him tight ... with a little fine-tuning back His Will, Jesus in control, my Lord. and my Light.