

# MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



## ON SUNDAY

We approach  
Our hope-filled God,  
Each Sunday morning  
On ground well trod.

We take our seats  
In Sunday best,  
Put work aside  
This day of rest

We clear our minds  
And open hearts,  
We pray the Word  
Reforms will start.

We sing sweet songs  
That lift our souls,  
Of our flawed nature  
We are consoled.

The sermon starts  
It's message clear,  
About those things  
We must hold dear.

The sermon speaks  
To each, unique,  
In this small church  
Of those who seek.

The service closes  
We greet our friends,  
The stage is set  
To make amends.

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Now Sunday service  
Does not change  
Our broken nature,  
Or virtues' range.

But what it does  
At least for me,  
Is affix my gaze  
On eternity.

And it allows  
My one soft plea,  
Asking God  
For sweet mercy.

Yes, what it does  
Now don't you see?  
Asking Him  
To remember me.

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