**Every Knee Shall Bow**

The mighty Cathedral in gold arrayed,

With magnificent art and jewels displayed,

Drew many in to come and see,

One of those who came was me.

But she came humbly inside the door,

and moved slowly across the stony floor.

She had emptied herself of worldly care,

And came to seek the Savior there.

Focusing her eyes upon His face,

She came seeking the Savior’s grace.

She did not notice the tourist throng,

as she meekly and humbly moved along.

She whispered low as she passed each pew

Her groanings which only the Savior knew.

She moved forward deliberate and slow,

With exceeding faith which only few may know.

She arrived at last at the altar stair,

and wept as she lay prostrate there.

She had crossed each stone to bring her pleas,

Not on her feet but on her knees!

I thought to myself if I were asked,

Could I go forward with such a task?

Would I kneel down – quiet and alone,

And move across each hardened stone?

Am I willing to pay such a price?

To suffer through pain and sacrifice?

Would I fall prostrate on my face

and pour out my heart for the Savior’s grace?

And like the woman be humble and meek

And for the Savior’s virtue seek?

What will I give to know his Love?

And feel his peace come from above?

I will give all He asks of me

And walk life’s course upon my knees!