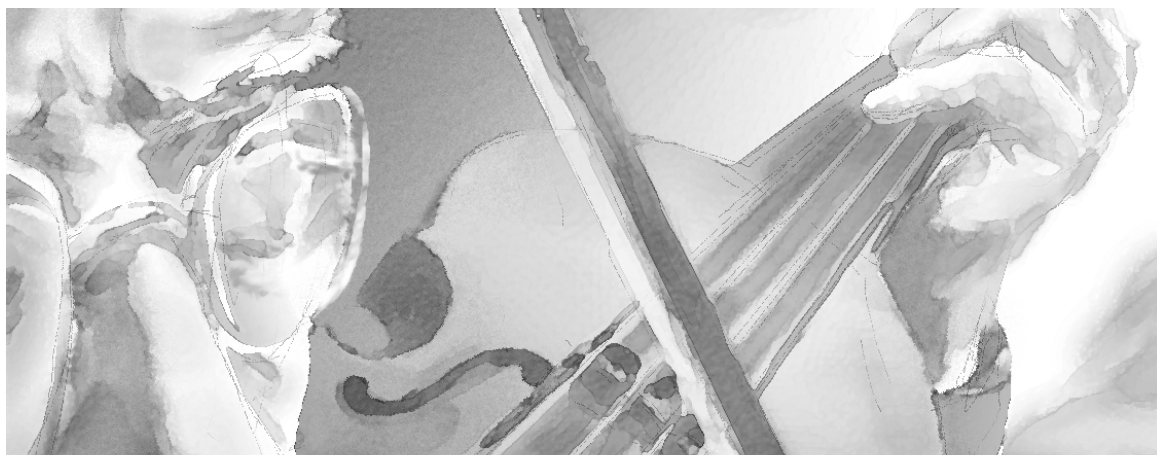


# MARK PRICE

August 10, 2019

"The worth  
of a soul  
and the  
change  
that's  
wrought  
By the touch  
of the  
Master's  
hand."



## THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND *Value*

### THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND *The Value of a Person*

*Hello I'm Mark Price, I'd like to talk to you today about how one person can find the value in something everyone else overlooked. This is one of my favorite poems. I wish I could take credit for writing it but I can't. I believe the author is Myra Brooks Welch. It's called "The Touch of the Master's Hand."*

*'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while  
To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile.*

*"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried;  
"Who will start bidding for me?  
A dollar, a dollar...now two, only two...  
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?"*

*"Three dollars, once...three dollars twice...  
Going for three"... but no -  
From the room far back a gray haired man  
Came forward and picked up the bow;*

*Then wiping the dust from the old violin,  
And tightening up all the strings,  
He played a melody, pure and sweet,  
As sweet as an angel sings.*

*The music ceased, and the auctioneer,  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin"  
And he held it up with the bow.*

*"A thousand dollars...and who'll make it two?"  
"Two thousand...and who'll make it three?"  
"Three thousand once, and three thousand  
twice,"  
"And going, and gone," said he.*

*The people cheered, but some of them cried,  
"We do not quite understand..."  
"What changed it's worth?" The man replied,  
"The touch of the master's hand."*

*And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and torn with sin  
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,  
Much like the old violin.*

*A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,  
A game - and he travels on;  
He's going once, and going twice,  
He's going and almost gone.*

*But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd  
Never can quite understand  
The worth of a soul and the change that's  
wrought  
By the touch of the Master's hand.*

*This is Mark Price, thanks for listening.*