

# ***“The Caveman”***

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*He wasn't much to look at,  
All battered and worn.  
His clothes had seen better days.  
His beard needed a trim, and his hair a comb.*

*He walked the streets of town,  
For he had no home.  
He slept under a bridge, and begged for bread  
As a dog would for a bone.*

*The habit he had, had long ago,  
Taken his family and home.  
The marks on his arms had weakened his days,  
And he had almost forgotten how to pray.*

*One Sunday morning, there was a knock at the Church door.  
Pastor can I come in and pray?  
Another Church just turned me away.  
They said I wasn't good enough to walk through their door.  
Do you think God will tell me that,  
When I reach the other shore?*

*I promise not to be a bother to anyone.  
I'll tell God what I have to say, then I'll just be on my way.  
When the caveman knelt down to pray,  
The doors of Heaven were open and prayers were answered.  
He left a different man that day.*

*After that he was seen around town from time to time,  
And always had a smile and a kind word.  
But the drugs and the hard life he had lead, had finely taken their toll.*

*The caveman's name was Dennis.  
And now he walks the streets of gold.  
His robe is white, his beard is trimmed, and his hair has been combed.  
He no longer begs for bread, for he eats from the table of God,  
And sleeps at the feet of Jesus.*

*All because of a Church that said, **welcome brother***

***It's alright to pray.***

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