

The Gospel According to Luke

By Donald R. Sampson and Skip Ewing

He was an old hand at living, making his way
He smelled like old whiskey and he needed a shave
His home was an alley on faith avenue
But if you had a minute or an hour or two
He'd tell you the gospel according to Luke

Luke carried his Bible in a crown royal bag
He wiped off his brow with an old dirty rag
He'd tell you straight out just the way he believed
That faith in the Good Lord is all that you need
I remember the morning he first preached to me

He said, "Give to your brother if he is in need
Offer up thanks for the gifts you receive
There's treasure in Heaven for the generous few"
And that was the Gospel according to Luke

So I bought him breakfast at the Daylight Cafe
Biscuits and gravy, hot coffee and eggs
He was hungry and ragged, hadn't eaten in days
But I was the one there who felt out of place
When he folded his hands, bowed his head, said grace

A week ago Wednesday I saw him again
Downtown at the mission surrounded by friends
Handing out all the change he'd collected that week
Saying, "You boys might need this a lot more than me
And I try hard to practice the words that I preach"

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