

The Wind Took Some
When Right Was Left, and Left Was Right

They stood at the crossroad, the end drawing near,
The world growing dim, the sky growing clear.
Right held the law, the line, and the creed,
Left bore the wounds of a heart that could bleed.

Both claimed the truth from opposite ends,
Both called their cause the one that defends.
But Heaven looked on with eyes that see deep,
Beyond what we sow, beyond what we keep.

The trumpet will sound, like the Scriptures have said,
The living will rise, and so will the dead.
Two in the field—one taken in flight,
The other remains, alone in the night.

It won't be the party, the posture, or plan,
But those who have trusted the Son of Man.
For Jesus will come not to weigh our debate,
But to gather the faithful who walk through His gate.

Right may be right, and still miss the mark,
If love is gone cold and the soul has grown dark.
Left may be left, yet be found in His name,
If mercy has shaped them and grace is their flame.

The call is not left, the call is not right—
But to be found ready in the day or the night.
So let every heart be humbled and stirred,
To watch for the King and obey His Word.

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