

# "DOES IT MEAN MUCH TO YOU?"

By  
Fowler Hester

For those of you who have a will, Does it mean much to you?  
Or did you make it just for fun, With nothing else to do?

'Cause you were bored, and did it just, To pass the time away  
You wrote in this and wrote in that, Just anything that day

Not caring what you really wrote, Or what came to your mind  
By looking in a funny book, To see what you could find

And then! Did you decide it best, To make out some more wills  
Perhaps a thousand maybe more, Enough to give heirs chills

You added things to some of them, To some you took away  
Whatever made you feel real good, To wills you made that day

But all of them were similar, To that first one you penned  
And when you finished with them all, You just sat down and  
grinned.

Well! I don't think that anyone, Would do a thing like that  
For if they did, it might be wise, To check beneath their hat.

To find if there, was something there, Beneath the hat you tilted  
Because you might find, a funny head, That was just slightly wilted.

For people do not go around, And do those kinds of things  
For fear that people, might call them, A bunch of ding-a-lings.

OR! Did you when you made your will, Just sit and think and think  
To make real sure, you made it plain, With nothing on the brink

So those who read this will you made, Would not be all confused  
And just sit down and twiddle thumbs, And then become amused.

And then begin to laugh so loud, Of things they could not find  
Of how you wanted to disburse, Those funds you'd left behind.

Of course! You didn't really do, A silly thing like that  
For if you did, then you should check, That thing beneath your hat.

Oh No! There's not a single one, That trods upon this place called  
earth

Who've worked real hard, and sacrificed, To get what they are  
worth

To go and give it all away, To some we do not know  
This would not be fair to those of kin, To us their love they show.

For this is not the normal way, Of normal man's behavior  
Nor is it of the Son of God, Who is our Lord and Savior.

Who gave just one, and only one, Last will for us a guide  
That tells precisely what to do, While we on earth abide.

Now! If there's doubt, of any kind, That there is not just one  
Then open up your Bible now, and just pretend it's fun.

And look right there, at this verse five, of Ephesians chapter four  
For you will find, there's just one faith, And just not any more.

Now faith and will, they mean the same, I'm sure that you're aware  
But if you doubt, then ask someone, I think that's only fair.

So why can't men, give due respect, To Christ who gave His will  
And gave His life, on that cruel cross, Up there on Calvary's hill

Just like they would, of mom or dad, Who have gone on before?  
And now they are, recipients of, Their will for evermore.

They would not dare, to change one thing, To take from or add to  
For fear that someone, say to them, That's not the thing to do!

For changing things, your Mom or Dad, Had worked and sacrificed  
To save for you, and now you change, That isn't very nice.

But isn't it just really sad, And really such a shame  
The way men treat the will of Christ, To further their own name.

There are so many things that men, Have put into Christ's will  
And also many things took out, It must give them a thrill

To think that they are just so smart, More so than their creator  
That they could dream up all those things, So they're the instigator

Well! I have news for all of you, Who do those kinds of things  
By giving you some Scripture here, That nullifies your flings

Just open up your Bible now, To Matthew Chapter seven  
And look there at, verse twenty-one, To find if you'll see heaven

It saith there "Not everyone, That saith Lord to Me  
But only those who do My will" of heaven will they see

And then continue, right on down, To this verse twenty-two  
Where men would tell, on Judgment Day, Of all good things they  
do

Like prophesying in His name, And casting devils out  
And doing many wonderful works, Enough to make you shout.

"And then will I profess to them," Christ says in the next verse  
"I never knew, no not one," And said it rather terse

And then with these last chilling words, He dealt the final blow  
"Depart from me, that work iniquity, Ye workers who did so."

Iniquity is mortal sin, not found in, Christ's good will  
And now you'll pay that final price, For all your work is nil

I told you oh so many times, Of just what I expected  
But you just had to do your will, And now you are neglected.

So go and join them over there, Where all those goats are laying  
For it's too late to save you now, Not even with your praying.

I hope and pray that what I've said, Does not offend someone  
But make you stop and think today, About this race we run

Of trying to be sure that we, Do everything it takes  
To please our God on Judgment Day, So we won't get the shakes

For having failed to please our God, Who loves both you and me  
Who wishes we would do His will, That other men may see

And that our faith is always strong, No matter what the test  
So on that final Judgment Day, We'll have eternal rest.