

Poem: A Christian's Commitment

I'm part of the fellowship of the unashamed

I have stepped over the line.

The decision has been made.

I am a disciple of Christ.

I won't look back, let up, slow down, back away, or be still

My past is redeemed, my present makes sense, my future is secure.

I'm finished and done with the low living, sight walking, small planning,

smooth knees, colorless dream, tamed vision,

mundane talking, cheap living, and dwarfed goals.

I no longer need preeminence, prosperity, position,

promotions, plaudits, or popularity.

I now live by faith, lean on His presence, walk by patience,

lift by prayer, and labour by power.

My face is set, my gate is fast, my goal is heaven, my road is narrow,
my way rough, my companions few, my Guide reliable, my mission clear,

I cannot be bought, deluded, or delayed.

I will not flinch in the face of sacrifice, hesitate in the presence of the adversary,
negotiate at the table of the enemy, meander in the maize of mediocrity.

I won't give up, shut up, let up, until I have stayed up, stored up,
prayed up, paid up, preached up for the cause of Christ.

I am a disciple of Jesus.

I must go till He comes, give till I drop, preach till all know,
and work till He stops me

And when He comes for His own,

He will have no problem recognizing me—my banner will be clear.

The author of this version of the poem is unknown but the genesis for this appears to come from a Rwandan man in 1980 who was forced by his tribe to either renounce Christ or face certain death. He refused to renounce Christ, and was killed on the spot. The night before he had written the commitment "The Fellowship of the Unashamed" which was found in his room.