

MY TURN IN THE NURSERY

**Last Sunday was my turn in the Nursery to work
My heart wasn't in it; and my feelings were hurt;
A child from its Mother did not want to part
And it cried at lot with its broken heart**

**I prayer that soon the hour would end
Then I could relax - no more children to tend
Soon the hour was over - felt good to be free
I said, "Once a month is too much for me"**

**That very next Sunday as I sat in the pew
A very good sermon but visitors were few
But down came a woman and her soul was saved
And she was that Mother of that crying babe**

**Then it dawned on me that I had been a part
Of one being saved - giving God their heart
From that day on I never would dread
Working in the Nursery while souls were being fed**

~ Author Unknown ~