

## I Can't Believe I Did It!

I picture someone knocking in ancient Bethlehem,  
A woman and her husband applying at the inn.  
The place was overflowing, the host would not relent,  
He would not crowd his clients, they must be kept content.

“Our need is truly urgent,” the frantic couple pled,  
And finally at a stable they found themselves a bed.  
And there beside the manger the Son of God was born,  
The hope of Israel’s prophets arrived on Christmas morn.

When Bethlehem’s innkeeper learned of Messiah’s birth,  
And how the choir of angels had brought the news to earth,  
He’d surely sigh in wonder, and maybe even say,  
“I can’t believe I did it! I turned the Christ away.”

And always when his musings would bring him back to then,  
He’d want to do it over the way it should have been;  
But what is done is history, and time does not repeat,  
And every act is either a victory or defeat.

I see another knocking at heaven’s pearly gate,  
His life on earth is over, he hopes it’s not too late.  
And heaven’s door creaks opened, a face peers through a crack,  
The Savior hears his pleading, and sadly answers back.

I came to you in sickness, I came to you in health,  
I offered you my friendship, and gave you all your wealth.  
You had too many projects, too many things to do.  
You left me out there knocking, though I had died for you

Depart from Me you sinner, your doom is settled now,  
I came to you a thousand times but you refused to bow.  
And in eternal darkness His hopeless soul will say,  
“I can’t believe I did it, I turned the Lord away.”

If you have been so careless, though rude or debonair,  
Remember, any moment, you might be standing there,  
And now, before it happens, He’s knocking yet again,  
So open up your heart’s door and let the Savior in.