

The Mantle

The mantle of manhood is not won by years,
Nor triumphs o'er others, nor even by tears,
Nor shrewdness, nor sharpness, nor "manly" pursuits
Of glittering trophies or glorious fruits.

But manhood emerges in words and in deeds:
In turning from evil when no one can see,
In doing what's right though he must stand alone,
In humbling himself by saying "I'm wrong."

A man has perspective, an eye on the mark
Of life without mixing the light and the dark.
In trials he is thankful, when wronged he forgives.
Deferring to others, he graciously gives.

The world longs for money and power to tap;
But God seeks a man who will stand in the gap.
With strength in his weakness, a Master to please,
A man grows in stature by bowing his knees.

A man knows the battle is not to the strong,
Nor the race to the swift, not might in a throng.
Midst swirling afflictions that come with the quest,
God gives the mantle when men pass the test.