

While working on my Master's Degree, I wrote many papers for my professors. One of these was entitled "Religion without God?". The paper spoke of man's attempt to 'find himself' and 'complete himself'. At the end of the paper, I wrote the following poem expressing my views of man's self-made situation and an available solution. (The people and theories mentioned were among the ones I had to research for the class. And, needless to say, I did not agree with them!)

### Man's Feeble Attempt

Psychological theories

Certainly abound

In fact, they make my mind

Go spinnin' 'round and 'round.

Freud, Fromm, Frankl, Allport

James, and Maslow, too

Attempted to psychoanalyze

What is within me and you.

Longing for the father

And Oedipus complex

Peak experience

Experience "X"

Yoga, mysticism

Also, the More

Narcissism, pragmatism

More terms galore!

Self, rebirth

Humanistic, too

Psychological solutions

How does a person know what to do?

Man is looking for Someone

To take him beyond himself  
Yet doesn't take the time to look  
In the Bible on the shelf.  
Looking at John 3:16  
And other verses, too  
We find the love of God  
Woven through and through.  
Man needs Someone to perform  
A heart transplant within  
And remove the disobedience  
That always leads to sin.  
It would be so nice if man could learn  
After he has tried so much  
The truth of the saying that life is like a piano  
Requiring the Master's touch.  
We cannot do this within "self"  
So, we only need to ask  
The Son of God for wisdom  
And He will complete the task.  
It seems so sad that many folks  
Who sit on comfortable church benches  
Will still, due to unbelief,  
Miss heaven by 12 inches.  
How? So many have a knowledge of Him  
But only in their head

And never allow faith to flow  
From there to their heart instead.  
For when the heart is right with God  
"Self" understands afresh  
That it must no longer reign supreme  
For it is only flesh.  
So, as I turn to God above  
And let Him prove to be  
The Way, the Truth, and the Life  
I will begin to see.  
That self is not important  
In the larger scheme of things  
But, if I place my trust in Him  
My heart can truly sing.  
For when I no longer attempt  
To analyze all things  
But look to the One who created me  
It seems my heart takes wing.  
And then within me can burst forth  
A voice of jubilation  
As I prepare for eternity  
A forever celebration.

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