**Buttprints In the Sand**

One night I had a wonderous dream

One set of footprints there was seen

The footprints of my precious Lord

But mine were not along the shore

But then some strange prints did appear

So I asked the Lord, "What have we here?"

Those prints are large and round and neat

And too large to be my feet.

"My child," he said in somber tone

For miles I carried you alone

I challenged you to walk in faith

But you refused and made me wait.

You disobeyed, you would not grow

The walk of faith, you would not know

So I got tired, I got fed up

And there I dropped you on your butt.

Because in life there comes a time

when one must fight and one must climb

When one must rise and take a stand

Or leave their buttprints in the sand.