When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I’m not shouting, “I’m clean living.”
I’m whispering, “I was lost,
Now I’m found and forgiven.”

When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I don’t speak of this with pride.
I’m confessing that I stumble
And need Christ to be my guide.

When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I’m not trying to be strong.
I’m professing that I’m weak
And need his strength to carry on.

When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I’m not bragging of success.
I’m admitting I have failed
And need God to clean my mess.

When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I’m not claiming to be perfect.
My flaws are far too visible
But, God believes I am worth it.

When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I still feel the sting of pain.
I have my share of heartaches
So I call upon His name.

When I say…”I am a Christian.”
I’m not holier than thou.
I’m just a simple sinner
Who received God’s grace somehow.

Maya Angelou