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