

# Preacher Berry

Donna Fargo

When I was a little girl  
My grandma used to take me to a little one-room country church  
About a mile down the road where we lived  
Since the congregation was so small  
We had a hard time keeping a preacher  
So we didn't know from one Sunday to the next who was gonna be

But I remember one in particular called Preacher Barry  
Since he didn't make much money painting our little church  
He drove a taxi during the week  
And he had known to be put in jail on numerous occasions  
For being intoxicated to the point of downright drunkenness

But he had this wonderful sing-songy voice  
Like a lot of those old-fashioned country preachers  
And when he preached  
It almost sounded like he was singing you a song  
And one of the last sermons I remember went something like this

I wanta talk to you today about the Gospel of Jesus  
The spirit of the lord gave to Apostle Paul  
He said  
Uh, I've got some bad news  
And I've got some good news  
The bad news is that I've been a preaching all wrong

I've been a-beating you down  
But I've been wrong  
Bless Jesus  
It talks right here about reconciliation  
It was God in Christ  
Reconciling and restoring  
The world to Himself and forgiving us all

Don't you see what that means  
That's the good news  
Bless Jesus  
Your debts have been paid  
He has cancelled them  
He's not holding them against us anymore  
Hallelujah  
There's no condemnation if you've been born again

Ain't that shouting ground  
Shout it, people  
Hallelujah  
A-begging and a pleading ain't no way to praise the Lord  
Let loose and let Him love you  
Hallelujah  
Don't you know He loves ya  
And He died for all us all  
I said, don't you know He loves ya  
And He died for us all

The old Brother Berry stopped dead in his tracks  
Wiped the sweat off his brow  
And pulled out a little old wooden cross with a man hanging on it

Tears rolled out of his eyes  
And he held it up and said

How can you sit there with a blank look on your face?  
So unconcerned  
How can you sit there without tears in your eyes?  
Have you ever loved anybody that much?  
Could you willingly give your life for somebody else?

When he gave the invocation that Sunday  
All 28 people attending went down to the altar  
Even two or three  
Who'd gotten saved the Last Sunday

Well, I read in the paper a few years later  
That Preacher Berry had been drinking too much one night  
And driving too fast  
And had a wreck and was killed instantly

But you know I'll betcha he's sober in Heaven  
I'll betcha he's free of that habit  
And I can just hear him right now  
Preaching to the angels  
That same sermon that he preached to us that Sunday

Shout it, shout, shout it, people  
Hallelujah  
Lay your burdens down  
Know the hope of His call  
Don't it feel good to have a loving heavenly Father  
Come boldly to the throne of grace  
And Thank him for it all

Shout it, shout it, shout it, people  
Hallelujah  
A-begging and a-pleading ain't no way to please the Lord  
Let loose and let Him love you  
Hallelujah  
Don't you know He loves you  
And He died for us all  
Didn't you hear me tell you, people  
That He died for us all