

The Celtic Call

In early Celtic lore they say that none rose any higher
Than Arthur's deeds and leadership, which many do aspire.

Excalibur, his trusted sword was always wielded tightly,
To fend the foes of Camelot and offer justice rightly.

His friends, those of the Order Round, would gather round a table,
But this was not of wooden build, but a Christian chapel able.

There they would pray and worship God and sing high of His praise,
Asking for deliverance, and guidance for their days.

Like those of old, like Lancelot, like Sir Guain, and more,
We too must join our royal King through prayer for future's shore.

We cannot flinch or lose our way by fearing what befall,
To Christ our King we sound our "yes" and answer to His call.

Whatever else may come our way in bricks, and boards, and mortar,
Those living stones He's given us are greater in His order.

Like knights of old, we warriors chose by Him to pray His will,
Now join our swords of Spirit-made to do His bidding still.