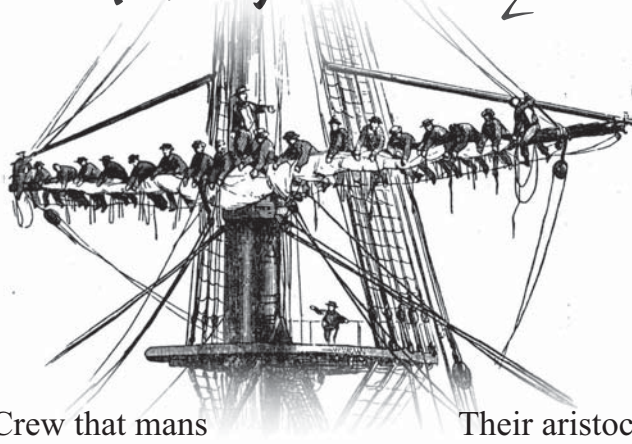


# Ah, That Motley Crew!



Ah, that Crew! The Crew that mans  
That awesome Ship whose voyage spans  
From earth to heaven, the sea of time,  
A chosen Crew, a Ship sublime.

A Crew unlike all crews, aboard  
A Ship unlike all ships; the Lord  
And Captain, standing at the wheel,  
Is Christ Himself. Around Him kneel

The adoring Crew. They'll die, they'll live,  
Their sweat and toil and tears they'll give  
But for the chance to man His Ship  
On this immortal, heavenly trip!

Brave men they are, both young and old;  
By utter loyalty made bold,  
From every nation, come to serve  
With arm and sinew, heart and nerve,

They flee no danger, feel no fear;  
Their faith is firm, their mission clear;  
Their calling and commitment sure,  
Their hearts and motives all are pure

Through calm, through gale, through dreadful night,  
Old sailors, veterans of the fight—  
New sailors, doing all they can—  
They're all but students of the Man

Who guides the Ship. Not men of fame,  
No skilled elite who've earned a name,  
No pompous churchmen in the dress  
Of artificial holiness;

No robes too starched, no minds too great,  
To stoop and lift a fallen mate,  
Or dive into a murky wave  
Some dying sinner's life to save.

Their aristocracy, their pride,  
Their past has all been laid aside,  
Ah, what a Crew! Unlikely Crew,  
Each one unique, yet each one true;

Original, authentic, made  
For his own place, (no parts are played)  
Unswerving from the Pilot's plan,  
Their only Model is that Man!

For them He struggled, suffered, bled,  
Now their last drop of blood they'd shed  
For Him. In this, in this alone  
These varying men are all made one ...

They know their Captain! What a life!  
They are redeemed; no storms or strife  
Can kill their joy. Made free, made new,  
Oh, what a motley, joyous Crew!

Love is the watchword on the decks;  
With love they reach out to the wrecks  
Of other ships around them lost,  
To souls upon the billows tossed.

With hearts as tender as their Lord's  
They meet the foe and draw their swords  
And make the hosts of hell retreat.  
A love that never knows defeat.

They love so much it overflows,  
No greater joy a Crew mate knows  
Then when from billowy depths of sin  
A drowning man is brought safe in,

Finds joy and life forever new,  
And fellowship among the Crew.

—James Troyer  
—Santiago, Costa Rica