

Not knowing one church type from another
They seemed to "work for the same outfit"
The blood of Jesus would make the difference
A baptism would make a hit.

Dick didn't want "used water"
After committing his life to Christ.
Only crystal clear, clean and running
Would show how his life's made right.

He didn't want a common baptismal tank
Where other men's sins had been buried.
He wanted a fresh stream from Seidel Springs
To take the load of sins he'd carried.

When Dick came up out of that water
He felt new, like starting over again.
His new faith made public, confident of heaven,
He strutted like a brand new man.

Dick Shepherd was the kind of a man
Many want to meet, but really known by only a few.
Remembered and talked good about long after he's gone,
I want to be like that, don't you?

by "Cactus" Jack McCarty Jr.
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