

PAUL

AMBASSADOR IN BONDS

A MUSICAL IN TWO ACTS BY RYAN MALONE

ORIGINAL ARMSTRONG AUDITORIUM CAST RECORDING • SOUNDTRACK LINER NOTES

SINGING CAST

Paul, apostle to the Gentiles Ryan Malone
Onesiphorus, deacon in Ephesus Mark Jenkins
Eunice, mother of Timothy Paula Malone
Timothy, evangelist & protégé of Paul David Brandon
Luke, evangelist & physician Dan Arnfield
Aquila, minister in Ephesus Joel Hilliker
Priscilla, wife of Aquila Laura Turgeon
Simon Magus, advisor to Nero Gianni Welsh
Helen, wife of Simon Magus Calela Brooks
Nero, emperor of Rome Shane Granger
Acte, mistress of Nero Paris Roberts
Rufus Pudens, half-brother of Paul Jordan Ellis
Claudia Rufina, British princess Jessica Brandon
John Mark, minister & secretary Joshua Sloan

Lois, grandmother of Timothy Amy Flurry
Barnabas, apostle Seth Malone
Mary, convert in Rome Vienna Flurry
Julia, convert in Rome Ansley Welsh
Tryphena, convert in Rome Valerie Jenkins
Tryphosa, convert in Rome Rebekah Goddard
Novatus, second son of Rufus Tristan Hogan

NAMED CHORUS MEMBERS

Tychicus, minister & secretary (dancer) Jude Flurry
Eubulus, brother of Claudia Isaiah Morrison
Linus, cousin of Claudia Dillon Davis
Timotheus, son of Rufus William Jenkins
Prassede, daughter of Rufus Ella Brandon
Toddler Timotheus Roan Burns

Roman House Guard Rufaro Manyepa
Ferega, court guard Harley Breth
Parthemius, court guard Micah Turgeon
Processus, prison guard Kumbirai Matemadombo
Martinianus, prison guard Sean Welsh
Young Timothy Ezekiel Malone

OTHER CHORUS MEMBERS

Paulette Arnfield, Rachel Brown, Westley Campbell,
 Jaden Chibariwwe, Alexis Cruz, Chrissie Dattolo, Corinne Eagle,
 Emily Gill, Fleda Goddard, Julia Goddard, Selah Harms,
 Zechariah Henderson, Anastasia Hunt, Rachel Hyde,
 Sarah Icasiano, Megan Jenkins, Jacquelynn Locher,
 Skye Malone, Emma Moore, Heidi Rodis, Alexander Smythe,
 Amber Wainwright, Hannah Worrell, David Vejil

ORCHESTRA

Piano/Keyboards Ryan Malone, Mark Jenkins
Flute Parthena Owens
Clarinet Tara Heitz, Jennifer Rucker
Saxophone Jennifer Rucker
Uilleann Pipes Ryan Malone
Bassoon Lori Wooden
Horn Derek Mattheson
Trumpet Karl Sievers
Trombone Jeff Kidwell
Percussion Roger Owens, Ryan Malone
Violin Densi Rushing, Ezekiel Malone, Patrick Conlon,
 Sam Formicola, Deborah McDonald, Elizabeth Venegas
Viola Royce McLarry, Steve Waddell
Cello Seth Malone, Jim Shelley
Bass Michael Geib

PRODUCTION

Executive Producer Gerald Flurry
Executive Producers Stephen Flurry, Andrew Locher
Producer Ryan Malone
Vocal Coaches Paula Malone, Mark Jenkins
Recording Engineer Ken Sarkey
Logo Design Steve Hercus, Julia Goddard

#PaulMusical
#FightTheGoodFight

LIBRETTO

PROLOGUE

OVERTURE — DANCE OF THE FLAMES

(A.D. 64)

INTRODUCTIONS: DANGEROUS TIMES

(A.D. 67)

GREEK CHORUS: These are dangerous times.

His name is Nero.

ACTE: And he welcomes your applause!

CHORUS: Rome’s emperor . . .

NERO: and hero!

ACTE: He is equal with the gods!

NERO: I am equal with the gods!

ACTE:

When Rome was destroyed by a fire,

He led a great restoration;

Though critics began to inquire—

Questioning his motivation.

NERO:

My mistress says gossip has grown,

Spreading through Rome like a flame,

Rumors are rather well-known,

Claiming that I was to blame!

NERO, ACTE, CHORUS: These are dangerous times.

Could more perilous times await?

NERO/ACTE: No exemptions for heads of state!

NERO: Whether home or abroad,

I must be on my guard;

ALL: These are ominous signs

Of these dangerous times.

NERO: This is Simon the magician,

For my spiritual improvement.

SIMON MAGUS: And I helped him shift suspicion

To a new religious movement.

HELEN:

Though similar to Jews,

They’re identified as “Christian.”

And the fire left many clues,

That suggested their sedition.

MAGUS:

Our crusade against their treason,

Was quite the strong campaign,

But still within this region

One leader still remains.

MAGUS, HELEN, CHORUS: These are dangerous times,

With more perilous times ahead.

MAGUS/HELEN: If dissent is allowed to spread!

MAGUS: How a poisonous creed,

Still continues to breed;

ALL: These are ominous signs,

Of these dangerous times.

ONESIPHORUS: My fellow saints in Ephesus,

They are pillars of the Church.

TIMOTHY: And our deacon Onesiphorus,

How faithfully he serves!

EUNICE: My son Timothy, our evangelist,

Our confidence upholds.

TIMOTHY: Though facing more antagonists,

EPHESUS BRETHERN: Our faith can grow bold.

RUFUS PUDENS: Persecution raged the hottest

In Rome, where we reside.

MARY: And here among the Godless

Our loyalty is tried.

CLAUDIA:

My homeland has been smitten,

Which Nero the Lion subdued,

What lies ahead for Britain?

How can we not conclude . . .

These are dangerous times,

RUFUS, CLAUDIA, MARY, EPHESIANS:

And more perilous times await.

These are dangerous times.

RUFUS: Can apostasy be restrained?

MARY: So we watch and we pray

For the soon-coming day;

RUFUS, CLAUDIA, EPHESIANS:

Be aware of these signs

To endure through these times.

MARY:

How so many have forgotten

What our apostle Paul has preached;

Though through him they were begotten

In the truth they now should teach.

PAUL:

But a faithful flock is scattered,

Who holds fast what is true;

And faithful to his master

Is the beloved doctor Luke.

LUKE:

We have weathered many shipwrecks,

But the harshest crash of all

Is deception at its apex,

And a spiritual withdrawal;

Many turn away, and many fall!

PAUL, LUKE, CHORUS: These are dangerous times,

With more perilous times ahead.

PAUL/LUKE: How so many have been misled!

PAUL: The delusion is strong,

Blurring righteous from wrong.

ALL: These are ominous signs,

Of more perilous times.

COMPANY:

These are perilous, ominous—

There will be drama

Less common than records define—

These are stranger, yes, dangerous times!

ACT ONE

HEAD OF THE SNAKE

NERO: These are dangerous times,

In Judaea is more unrest.

ACTE/HELEN: These are dangerous times,

NERO: This uprising must be suppressed!

I’ve quelled Parthians, British,

Germanics and critics;

But these are new crimes

For these dangerous times.

MAGUS:

Remember who ignited your anxieties of late;

The embers of our temples attest unto their hate.

You’ve already extinguished

all conspiracies and coups;

Stay locked upon the target;

let Vespasian handle the Jews.

Snuffing out the Christians is your next best move.

Every movement behaves like a creature,

Where each feature fulfills its own role;

If you want to be rid of its peril,

You get rid of the source of control.

If this Paul is the head of the body,

Then he holds all its members intact;

So the stroke of the sword is quite simple;

All of nature embodies this fact:

Here’s the tactic Your Highness should take;

You must cut off the head of the snake.

ACTE:

His offense is a grievous infraction:

His allegiance to some other crown!

HELEN: Here he publicly hails some new kingdom.

ACTE, HELEN, MAGUS:

This conspirator must be brought down!

NERO: Would exile or chains be sufficient?

MAGUS: Execution must be the result!

NERO: This requires judicial proceedings.

MAGUS: But the case will be open and shut!

Your position is clearly at stake.

You must cut off the head of the snake.

ACTE, HELEN: It is all for the monarchy’s sake!

SIMON: Understand this and make no mistake!

ALL: We must cut off the head of the snake!

ANGEL OF LIGHT

NERO: But soon I must travel to Greece.

MAGUS: You can leave this “apostle” to me.

ACTE: Yet another huge problem

Continues to blossom:

It’s a matter of publicity.

HELEN:

Acte’s right.

On that day you were born,

At the glimmer of morn,

You were touched by the rays of the sun.

Then some seventeen years later,

Like some famed gladiator,

The heart of your kingdom you’d won.

ACTE:

Helen’s right.

But opinions have changed

Through the years of your reign

And were scorched in the wake of the Fire.

But just as you rebuilt,

So impressions can tilt,

And your public support can rise higher.

MAGUS:

Be not overwhelmed,

As you travel the realm;

Discontent is not something to fear;

With my help you can master,

Any public relations disaster,

And all discord will soon disappear!

When you’re troubled by chatter,

Rumors flying around,

How you handle this matter—

To calm the clatter down:

Rumors need better rumors,

Fighting fire with fire!

Sell what fills the consumer’s desire!

When dark perceptions must be revised,

You need a stylishly bright disguise.

Through the storm,

You transform to an angel of light!

When well-known facts are not on your side.

And there’s a charge that is hard to hide;

Then cast a glare with your flair,

As an angel of light.

The talking points and the topics

Come after what they can see;

So optimizing the optics is the key.

How any narrative can be quashed,

Just cast a spell with a swell panache;

You can distract them from facts like wrong or right,

If you are an angel of light.

Keep in mind that the masses

Want to be entertained;

What delights all the classes overpasses blame.

They just want to be dazzled;

Give the people a show;

See how far some pizzazz will go!

So there are truths that will not survive,

But you’ve brought glee into people’s lives;

What’s the harm in some charm

From an angel of light?

And when they witness your redesign,

With your remarkable sparkling shine,

Why, then the crowd will be wowed

By this angel of light!

Go find the heart of the action,

And plant yourself centerstage;

Become the greatest attraction of the age!

Now if your subjects can be bewitched,

Then your regime soon will seem enriched;

Observe my counsel, and how your fame takes flight;

Just show them an angel of light!

ASSEMBLING

(A.D. 68)

PAUL:

How so many have forgotten

The gospel I have preached;

Though through me they were begotten

In the truth they now should teach.

But a faithful flock is scattered,

Who holds fast what is true;

Their will has not been shattered—

How stands this faithful few!

Where two or three are gathered,

If to God they are affixed,

Where those two or three are gathered,

Our Lord is in their midst.

TIMOTHY:

Let us hold fast our profession,

In hope remain unswayed;

Evoke renewed affection,

With phrases that persuade.

Not forsaking our assembly

While others let this die;

But doing so especially,

As that day is drawing nigh!

Where two or three are gathered,

If to God they are affixed,

Where those two or three are gathered,

Our Lord is in their midst.

My mother and I give thanks to our hosts:

Aquila, the man of the house,

Conveying the quality

Of true hospitality,

Along with Priscilla, his spouse.

I raise my glass to these helpers in Christ:

No matter the places they’ve dwelled,

They’ve hosted the saints

Without any constraints,

Our fellowship they have excelled.

When I read the words

Our apostle has penned

About what a bishop should be—

PAUL: Vigilant, blameless,

Apt to teach, yet modest—

TIMOTHY: Aquila, it’s your face I see.

TIMOTHY, EUNICE, ONESIPHORUS, PRISCILLA:

We raise the glass unto the just elder!

Impart double honor!

AQUILA:

I raise my chalice to Priscilla my wife,

Who is half my success, as you know!

Great wealth she has gathered,

But she’s used it rather

That true riches may be bestowed!

TIMOTHY, EUNICE, ONESIPHORUS, AQUILA:

We raise the chalice to those who invest

In a heavenly palace—O how they are blessed!

EUNICE/PRISCILLA:

We raise the cup to one we know well,

EUNICE: Who has ministered much for our care,

PRISCILLA: Showing great dedication

In this congregation,

EUNICE: Of his fervor we all are aware!

TIMOTHY: Yes, when I read the words

Our apostle has penned

About what a deacon should be—

PAUL: No drunkard or glutton;

But respected, and loving—

TIMOTHY: Onesiphorus is whom I see.

Paul our apostle advised, for my health,

To drink of the fruit of the vine,

And for this occasion,

If in moderation,

It blends with God’s gracious design!

ALL:

Where two or three are gathered,

If to God they are affixed,

Where those two or three are gathered,
Our Lord is in their midst.

ADVENTURES

ONESIPHORUS:
We should also acknowledge our evangelist here,
An example, despite his young age,
In conduct and charity,
In faith and in purity,
A workman worthy of his wage.

And Eunice, his mother,
A lady renown,
Whose husband was never converted;
So she was the one,
Who instructed her son;
What faith she exerted!

Like Timothy, I give thanks to our hosts:
For soon I must travel abroad,
It would help me prepare,
If you both could share
Your many adventures with God.

AQUILA: Where does your business take you?
ON: Italy . . . Rome, to be precise.
AQUILA: Now that awakens memories.
PRISCILLA: (We made our home their twice.)

AQUILA: Some twenty years and one caesar ago
Yes, Rome was where we had dwelled,
PRISCILLA: When there at that time, new evil arose,
BOTH: And from Rome, all the Jews were expelled.
PRISCILLA: Like the tents we made,
 we uprooted and moved
 To the hub of our lucrative trade;
AQUILA: In Corinth, prosperity quickly improved
BOTH: When we gave God’s apostle our aid.

We found that in this new life we would enter:
The way of God is always an adventure!

AQUILA: How many there to God’s way would convert,

And the miracles this would entail!
PRISCILLA: And after a year and a half of this work,
BOTH: Unto Syria Paul then set sail.
PRISCILLA: He let us join, but then altered the plan,
So in Ephesus we stopped and remained;
AQUILA: We here met Apollos, that eloquent man;
BOTH: We ensured in God’s way he was trained.

We told him, as we both became his mentors:
The way of God is always an adventure!

AQUILA: We returned to Rome under Nero’s regime,
Where our work could have greater effect;
PRISCILLA: We offered our lives to the martyr’s extreme,
BOTH: And were happy to risk our own necks.
PRISCILLA: We soon left Rome not long after it burned;
Its aftermath cut our work short.
AQUILA: So here back to Ephesus we have returned,
BOTH: Giving Timothy our full support.

If to this Higher Power we surrender,
Then we shall sail the gales that guide to splendor.
For the way of God is always an adventure!

FIRST LOVE

PRISCILLA: It is an adventure but a sacrifice.
AQUILA: We must guard against the lethargy that lurks.
PRISCILLA: But one thing we have learned,
 When you love the one you work with,
BOTH: You love the work.

ONESIPHORUS: You are faithful to each other
 And loyal to the faith.
AQUILA: Yet the key to both commitments
 Is one and the same.

How so many have forsaken
The fervor that once flamed,
With these words it could awaken,
What the pen of Paul proclaimed:
Grow not weary in well doing;
In due season we shall reap;
Do not faint in all your sowing;

In your mind the vision keep.

Never forget your first love;
Never let it wax cold;
Ever growing,
Ever growing stronger,
Ever growing as we grow old.

We recall when first enlightened,
What afflictions we’d endure;
Now this passion should be heightened,
This devotion should mature.
What this era should be earning,
Overflowing in its wealth;
We must keep the candle burning,
That was sparked by Christ Himself!

Stir those embers,
Stoke that fire!
Fan the flames that inspire.
Be filled with the gift of Father above;
Be filled with His power;
Be filled with His love.

Never forget that first love
Never let it wax cold,
But infinitely increase,
And multiply beyond measure;
Ever growing stronger as we grow old.

THE OLYMPIAN SAINT

ONESIPHORUS:
Those years you spent in Corinth,
Your work of making tents,
I’d gather that you witnessed
Those epic sporting events?

PRISCILLA: Yes, it’s like religion
 To each and every Greek.
AQUILA: The games held at Olympia
 Are the pinnacle and peak.

ONESIPHORUS: So last year, when Nero went there,

And rearranged the games,
To coincide with his visit,
This garnered great disdain;
The Greeks . . . they saw it as profane.

TIMOTHY:
What happened there a year ago,
As we consider these reports,
Though sport is not our religion,
Our religion shares comparisons with sports.

An athlete toils and trains
Through the sweat and through the pain,
Content to leave all other quests behind.
He pushes for perfection,
Brings his body in subjection,
And diligently disciplines the mind.

At last arrives the day
When his strength is on display:
Opponents test the thickness of his skin.
He strives to be effective,
But he knows the real objective:
To conquer the antagonist within!

With exhaustive exercise,
With the mark before his eyes,
He will press toward the prize.

When triumph is achieved,
Clouds of witnesses perceive
As on his head the hero’s prize is placed
They don him with a wreath,
Though it’s just a fading leaf,
The accolades can never be erased.

We also toil and train
Through the sweat and through the pain,
Content to leave all other quests behind.
We too push for perfection,
Bring our bodies in subjection,
And diligently discipline the mind.

How often are the days
When our strength is on display:

Opponents test the thickness of our skin.
We strive to be effective,
But we know the real objective:
To conquer the antagonist within!

When triumph is achieved
Clouds of witnesses perceive
The lasting crown our Savior will provide
Is not a waning wreath,
Nor a fading olive leaf,
But treasure which eternally abides!

We know this match is real:
We don’t box against thin air,
We don’t wrestle flesh and blood,
But we know our foes are there.

And our race is not won
By the fastest feet to run
But those who push with patience to the end.
This course cannot be lost,
If the finish line is crossed;
So run! And that crown we’ll apprehend!

With our senses exercised,
And the mark before our eyes,
We will press toward the prize.
We do not run in vain,
Rather that we may obtain
The treasure which eternally abides!

DANCE OF THE ATHLETES

(flashback)

THE OLYMPIAN LYRE

GREEK CHORUS: His name is Nero—
ACTE: And he welcomes your applause—
NERO: Your emperor and hero!
CHORUS: He is equal with the gods!

NERO:
My subjects here in Greece,

Your Caesar comes in peace,
To bring you lives of ease and relaxation;
Fear not the autocratic,
My flare for the dramatic
Has freed you from the burden of taxation.

ACTE:
As this drama will unfold,
Your attention he will hold,
Like the lead in any story of the stage.
And to help explain it for us,
Every plot needs a Greek chorus,
To tell us how our star is all the rage.

CHORUS:
(Just beware, among the Greek,
Our commentary might be tongue-in-cheek.)

CHORUS:
Have you heard such a lyre?
On such a major scale?
Look how he pulls the strings!
His act we admire,
His craft will never fail.
No mortal could orchestrate such things.
And so we must inquire:
Has such a mortal ever played the lyre?

NERO:
Apollo gave his favor,
Upon this monarch’s birth.
The Fates observed his blessing:
A golden age on Earth.

Three sisters on the spindle,
The threads of life they weave;
They draw out gilded fibers,
And long life I receive!

CHORUS:
Have you heard such a lyre?
What shrewdness has been honed,
See how he plucks away,
This commenting choir
Gives atmosphere and tone,
Exposing the tenor of the day.

His song demands a chorus,
Oh, how can we refrain?
His skills are clearly sharp,
Oh, hear the royal strain!

NERO:
Apollo comes with singing,
Encouraging the Fates;
Their hands spin ever faster;
His music resonates.
His prophecy is uttered:
“O Fates of men, be poised!
Let Nero be my equal,
In song and hallowed voice!”

CHORUS:
Have you heard such a lyre?
Give such a poignant pitch,
Ranging from sea to sea?
His air won’t expire!
The overtones are rich,
We’re wondering: What is the key?

He demands every possible prize,
Brings new meaning to the word “vocalize”;
No one else is in the running,
For such captivating cunning,
This chorus must inquire:
Have you ever heard such a lyre?

NERO:
Like a chariot out of the gate,
Each morning the sun is renewed.
Like Lucifer chasing the stars,
Like Aurora’s awakening hue.

CHORUS:
He will cadence with a bang,
So note the noble twang!
He says no tune goes higher,
What a brilliant, eloquent, eminent, resonant lyre!

NERO:
Lest my empire succumb to the flames,
My dazzling brilliance must be restrained.

DANCE OF THE CROWNS

LETTER FROM LUKE

(present day)

AQUILA:
A letter has arrived,
With troubling news described,
Reports of harm God’s servant now sustains.
Our apostle has been thrown
In some dungeon there in Rome.
So writes his helper Luke about these chains:

LUKE:
When jailed in Rome before,
For two years all that lay in store
Was waiting for indictments to be purged.
His accusers never appeared,
But neither was his record cleared,
Now charges of sedition reemerge.

The contrast is quite stark—
These new conditions far more dark—
A place where flames of fellowship have fled.
Now treated as a traitor,
Some hostile agitator,
A deadly sentence lingers overhead.

ONESIPHORUS:
I’m already bound for Rome,
Where God’s man is being held;
To visit him in his distress,
My spirit is compelled.
But this particular decision—
To strengthen one forlorn—
Would draw danger and derision,
Uncertainty and scorn.

THE ROAD

EUNICE: Are you shaken by these tidings?
TIMOTHY: Persecution, we expect;
 But this . . . this changes everything.

EUNICE: And you ask what happens next?
TIMOTHY: Well, we had it all planned perfectly;
EUNICE: But God directs it all;
Just remember what once happened
To a Pharisee once named Saul.

He began with aspirations,
With a zeal none could outshine;
But before his destination,
Something thwarted his designs.
So renowned was his conversion,
When a new ambition flowed;
It began on this excursion,
On an unexpected road.

On the road to Damascus
Where his grandest plans took flight,
On this road to Damascus,
He was struck down by the light;
So convinced he was right,
So convicted of his mission,
It took losing his sight,
To truly see the vision
Of where his journey would go;
And it started on an unlikely road,
On the road to Damascus.

When we bring this to remembrance,
His adventure should recall
The remarkable resemblance
Of what happens to us all;
Now we understand our calling,
What the Lord above has done;
As we find one voyage stalling,
Then another has begun.

On the road to Damascus,
Where our grandest plans take flight,
On this road to Damascus,
We are struck down by the light;
So convinced we are right,
So convicted of our mission,
It takes losing our sight,
To truly see the vision
Of where our journey should go,

Often starting on an unlikely road.

Just when we think we hold the reins,
That our grip on life is certain,
We find our plans are vain,
That we're the beast of burden.
We can carve our own course,
Which yields its violent prod,
Or defer to destiny's force,
And yield unto our God!

Claiming victory in surrender,
Taking pleasure in defeat,
Our own flames reduced to embers,
We are fervent with new heat;
And the road that we must follow,
This new path that we now face,
Though it's called the strait and narrow,
We will run it like a race!

(with AQUILA, PRISCILLA, ONESIPHORUS):
On the road to Damascus,
Here the grandest plans take flight,
On this road to Damascus,
We are lifted by the light;
(with TIMOTHY): Now we know we are right,
Not by physical ambition
But with spiritual sight,
We truly see the vision of where our journey will go.
AQUILA, PRISCILLA, ONESIPHORUS:
We go though we started on this road.

EUNICE: So abandon ev'ry load,
For the prize to be bestowed
At (ALL:) the end of the road!

THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION

ONESIPHORUS: When did you first meet God's apostle?
EUNICE: When he and Barnabas brought the gospel
to Lystra—
ON: Is that where your family dwelled?
EUNICE: Yes. And my son was just a youth
When Mother and I heard God's truth.

TIMOTHY: What miracles and wonders we beheld.

EUNICE: But rivals soon would come
From Antioch and Iconium—
TIMOTHY: A nearby city from which both men had fled.
EUNICE: And since Paul was the spokesman,
The adversaries stoned him!
TIMOTHY: They dragged him out
and left this man for dead.

(flashback)

BARNABAS: The Lord will take away, and so shall He give.
How precious in His sight, the death of a saint.
LOIS: If we have died with Him, with Him we shall live;
DISCIPLES: If we endure with Him, with Him we shall reign!

PAUL:
God's man cannot be diminished,
If his work is not yet finished;
Though struck by many pressures and concerns.
They come with the territory,
But I count them all as glory;
So right back to this city I return!

While this might make some timid,
My faith becomes more rigid;
For death is just a temporary sleep.
In fact, everyday I perish,
So one day I will cherish
The recompense this confidence shall reap!

Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom.
Through many afflictions we achieve the prize.
The adversity we suffer
Will only make us tougher;
Abased for just a moment, we shall rise!

I will magnify the Lord in life or death!
To live is Christ, and to die is gain.
If we have died with Him, with Him we shall live;
If we endure with Him, with Him we shall reign!

BARNABAS: We are pressured from all sides!
PAUL: Yet not distressed!
LOIS: Perplexed on points of faith!

PAUL: But not devoid!
DISCIPLES: Persecuted sore!
PAUL: But not forsaken!
DISCIPLES: Oppressed!
PAUL: Yes, but not destroyed!

ALL: Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom.
Through many afflictions we achieve the prize.
PAUL: All the grief with Christ we share
Truly cannot be compared
To the majesty we soon shall realize!

Our momentary woes
Are light upon the scale,
When weighed against our infinite rewards!
Our momentary foes,
Unable to prevail,
Can never shut divinely opened doors!

LOIS: But if we are bound for God?
PAUL: Then we are bound for greatness!
LOIS: And if we suffer loss?
PAUL: Then we gain even more!
EUNICE: If cast down for Christ?
PAUL: We are grounded in hope!
BARNABAS: If we are put to flight?
(with PAUL): Then to great heights we soar!

ALL: Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom.
Through many afflictions we achieve the prize.
PAUL: And the hardness we endure
Makes our victory secure;
Any fire just lights the crown before our eyes!
DISCIPLES: It illuminates the crown!

PAUL:
May these words now offer strength,
And fortify your hearts;
So continue in the faith,
While shame and fear depart!

DISCIPLES: Fiery trials light the crown before our eyes,
And the majesty we soon shall realize:
PAUL: Though abased for just a moment,
ALL: We shall rise!

NO SHAME *(present day)*

ONESIPHORUS:
These words have offered strength
And fortified my heart,
To forge ahead in faith
While shame and fear depart.

Some are made a spectacle
Others are stoned
Some are cast in dungeons,
Others disowned.

Now he has suffered all of these,
Now cast with those condemned.
But he said: "Remember those in chains
As though we are bound with them."

When brothers suffer ridicule,
Our reflex to retreat
Must yield to godly confidence,
And join in their defeat.
My Lord is not ashamed to call me brother,
To bless my name in melodies of praise!
So why should I feel shame toward another,
Whose humble state the crown of Christ displays?

For there is no shame,
No dishonor, nor disgrace
In his chains!
He knows this honor shall displace
Any ridicule he gains.
There is never ever shame,
When we suffer for His name.

Those who went before me
Were despised for His name;
For this they did rejoice.
If I were counted worthy
To accomplish the same,
Then that would be my choice.

My God is not ashamed to be my Father,
He builds for me an everlasting place;

He promises a sacred seat of honor,
So anything he asks I will embrace!

For there is no shame,
No dishonor, nor disgrace;
Just great acclaim!
I know this honor shall displace
Any ridicule I gain.
There is never ever shame,
When we suffer for His name.

God's man is not embarrassed of the gospel;
His boldness is not fettered by his bonds.
In this is wrought the signs of an apostle,
And God observes how each of us responds!

Yet if his spirit falters for a moment,
And in that hour reproach begins to build,
Then I will bear his burden,
And shoulder his shame,
For in this is the love of God fulfilled!

But if we are bound for God?
Then we are bound for greatness!
PRISCILLA/AQUILA: And if we suffer loss,
then we gain even more!
EUNICE/LOIS: If cast down for Christ,
we are grounded in hope!
TIMOTHY: If we are put to flight,
(with BARNABAS): then to great heights we soar!
ONESIPHORUS: We soar!

ALL: Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom.
Through many afflictions we achieve the prize.

ON: There is no shame! Just great acclaim!
Any shame with Christ we share
Truly cannot be compared
To the majesty we soon shall realize!
OTHERS: See the majesty we share!
ALL: Though abased for just a moment we shall rise.

ONESIPHORUS:
So I will not draw back,
But desert all pride and fear!

And by drawing close to him,
So Christ to me draws near!

ALL: Fiery trials light the crown before our eyes
And the majesty we soon shall realize
ONESIPHORUS: If abased for just a moment,
ALL: We shall rise!

ACT TWO SUPPORT

ONESIPHORUS: I'm looking for the house
of Rufus Pudens.
NOVATUS: He is our father, and this is our home.
ON: My name is Onesiphorus,
I travel here from Ephesus
RUFUS: Welcome, Onesiphorus, to Rome!

ON: I heard you are disciples with connections.
Our great apostle is prisoner here.
I heard he also is your brother.
RUFUS: We share the same mother.
ON: To you then let me make my mission clear:

When I heard God's man was cast in prison,
Deep within desire began to grow;
Coming here to this community,
Gave a precious opportunity
To find him in his greatest hour of woe.

Some unseen things are cloaked in the apparent,
A shadow marking greater things to come;
Some simple things just stand for something grander,
The smallest parts reveal a greater sum.
An ambassador reflects a higher power,
A saint embodies Christ within his flesh.
And if we offer aid unto a brother,
It truly is our Lord we have refreshed.

If we honor the Son, then we honor the Father;
If we visit the servant, then we visit his Lord.
What profit we receive,
If we receive a prophet;
It profits a prophet's reward.

Our daily habits form eternal features,
The qualities define our very core;
And if we can be faithful with a little,
God knows we will be faithful with much more!

We acknowledge the author, by embracing the message;
We identify Heaven, by God's chosen on Earth.
And if a man is just,
We trust it's Christ he follows,
And what his example is worth!

He needs our backing and support,
He needs our positive reports,
Encouragement whenever he can hear it.
Whatever burdens we can share,
Along with bold and fervent prayers—
Whatever might rejuvenate his spirit!

By finding God's man, we discover God's mercy;
By hosting His brethren, with Him we converse.
And when we give a drink
To the least of His disciples,
He pledges we never shall thirst!

Faith helps me discern the bigger picture,
So my vision is not dim:
I see God behind the man,
Therefore I must find God's man.
He needs me, and I need him.

SEEK

CLAUDIA:
I am the wife of Rufus Pudens.
These are our children, and these are my kin.
My name is Claudia,
A princess of Britannia;
We know Rome without and within.

Eubulus and Linus can be of service,
To certain key officials they can speak—
Employing our position,
To aid you in your mission
To help discover all that you seek.

If we seek the Lord with all our heart and soul,
If we search the hidden treasures of His mind.
If we ask, we will receive;
If we knock, doors will open;
And all that we seek, we will find.

A Christian knows the hunger and then the satisfaction,
Of finding hidden treasure from unrelenting action.
Of selling all we have to buy one fruitful field,
Because what it contains to us has been revealed.

If you seek the Lord with all your heart and soul,
If you search the hidden treasures of His mind.
If you ask, you will receive;
If you knock, then doors will open;
And all that you seek, you will find.

This Christian knows the value of leaving former fortunes,
Exchanging bygone glory for everlasting portions.
Possessing next to nothing truly will suffice,
Because we have discovered the pearl of great price.

With the power of God's Spirit,
That searches all things,
We delve to new depths,
We strike lasting springs!
Seek the Lord with all your heart and soul,
Search the hidden treasures of His mind.
Ask, receive;
Knock, doors will open.
Seek, find.
All that we seek, we will find.

THE WORK

RUFUS: The evangelist Luke is based here with us,
Helping God's servant in multiple ways;
As Paul's scribe and physician,
He can also aid your mission.
ONESIPHORUS: What history your ministry portrays!

LUKE:
The first trip to Rome for God's apostle
Began as a prisoner, as you know.

It was something he would glory in,
I attest, as his historian.
This concluded six years ago.

(flashback)
MARY: A family is here to see you;
Your half-brother Rufus and Claudia his bride.
CLAUDIA: God has doubled our joys!
RUFUS: We now have two boys!
PAUL: What pleasure your presence provides!

CLAUDIA: The name of our newest is Novatus;
RUFUS: Our firstborn is named after Timothy.
MARY: And may they be praised,
Because they were raised
Upon the apostles' knees.

Nearly two years inside this confinement,
Our apostle endured few constraints.
He has published instruction
Without any obstruction,
Receiving and employing these saints.

TRYPHENA: You know Luke, the scribe and physician;
TRYPHOSA: The devoted historian: John Mark.
He's a relative of Barnabus.
TRYPHENA: This minister is Tychicus,
Who delivers Paul's epistles afar.
TIMOTHY:
Our efforts demand faithful women,
Like Mary, who greeted you there.
The lady Tryphena,
The laboring Tryphosa,
And Julia, what is it you share?

JULIA: Epaphroditus has arrived from Philippi;
He delights us with his safe return.
The Philippians have sent a special gift . . .
TIMOTHY: Another one?
JULIA: . . . to help your spirits lift.
PAUL: My deepest thanks these brethren have earned.

MARY: What other congregation
Shares such communication?
JULIA: Their charity truly knows no end.

PAUL: This gift of sweet fragrance,
Like the ancient cloud of incense,
To God may this aroma ascend!

We must write those in Philippi at once,
The achievements here these many months.
For these kinds of letters
Have conquered these fetters.
What a marvelous work God has done!

TIMOTHY: Now you shall witness the secretary's deeds:
JOHN MARK: Mix the ink!
LUKE: Score the paper!
JOHN MARK: And sharpen the reeds!

LUKE: Imploring our God,
With thanksgiving and zeal;
JOHN MARK: For what we will publish,
BOTH: This is our appeal:
May it sail upon our penmanship,
Approaching every shore;
On wings of parchment,
May these words now soar!

PAUL:
The fruits of this sentence are clear:
The increase in spite of these chains.
The truth is proclaimed without fear,
The gospel has not been restrained.
Remind them the Word of the Lord
Cannot be constricted by bonds;
Unaltered, unfettered, unhindered,
The Work carries on!

Carry on! Carry on!
Yes, the work of God carries on!
Yes, the work of God always carries on!

My bonds give them boldness of voice,
A faith and a love that abounds;
In God I will always rejoice:
For they are my joy and my crown!

Commend them for how they've obeyed,
And labored while I have been gone!

So borderless, boundless and endless,
The Work carries on!

Carry on! Carry on!
Yes, the work of God carries on!
Enduring strong,
The work of God carries on!

If the deadliest viper strikes from the flame,
This is how I respond:
Shake off that serpent into the fire,
And carry on!

ALL:
Carry on! Carry on!
Yes, the work of God carries on!

TIMOTHY: Enduring strong!
LUKE: Through the night!
PAUL: Beyond the dawn!
JOHN MARK: In the light!
PAUL: The work of God always carries on!
LADIES: Helped by loyal secretaries
CLAUDIA, RUFUS: Overpowering adversaries' throngs!
LUKE: We are ready to write!

ALL: Carry on!

DANCE OF THE CHAINS

(present day)

GROANINGS

ONESIPHORUS: Is my apostle down below?
PAUL: Who's voice is that I hear?
ON: Onesiphorus, your disciple.
PAUL: A visitor appears!

PAUL: Not many would hazard such shame for my sake;
This place is not found with much ease.
ON: Your condition grieves my heart,
But no shame will it impart.
PAUL: With your sacrifice God is well-pleased.

Your labor God remembers,
Your love is not ignored.
ON: Your despair is not despised,
I receive you as the Lord.

PAUL:
Give no thought unto my lack;
Of this truth there is no doubt:
We brought nothing to this world,
And surely we can carry nothing out.

I bear in my body the marks of the Lord—
An emblem of righteous renown;
These chains are an ornament,
More priceless and glorious
Than the jewels in the emperor's crown.

ONESIPHORUS:
That Timothy now could be here in my place—
Regaining the courage that wanes!
Much comfort has fled,
Through the tears he has shed;
But you could rekindle his flame!

PAUL:
The servants of the Lord
Must not be disillusioned.
All the godly in Christ
Shall suffer persecution.

I must write unto Timothy at once,
One more charge from a father to a son;
This may be my last gift.
Fetch me Luke, and be swift!
With his presence this work can be done.

Tell him my objective—
Inform him of my needs:
Bring the ink, and the paper,
And well-sharpened reeds.

ON: And I'll return oft,
Bringing comfort and care.
PAUL: And here in your absence,
I will offer prayer:

Abba Father, your son now cries,
My every need your love supplies.
I give you thanks for all your grace,
That overflows and grows my faith.

TIMOTHY: I fall on my knees,
And lift up my hands,
My eyelids enclosing my thoughts;
As I intercede,
The silence expands,
My lips are now at a loss.

PAUL: That you would count me worthy,
And extend to me your mercy,
Forgiving the transgressions of my past.
Though done blindly in unbelief,
Of all sinners, yes, I am chief,
You still hear each petition that I ask.

PAUL: So now I come . . .
TIMOTHY: For what should I ask?
PAUL: . . . Before your throne,
TIMOTHY: For what should I pray?
PAUL: About a son I call my own.
Your Holy Spirit . . .
TIMOTHY: My heart is searching . . .
PAUL: . . . In him restore,
TIMOTHY: . . . For what to say.
PAUL: He has your strength, but he needs more.

TIMOTHY:
I know I shall be heard;
But I don't know the words.
Yet your Spirit will prevail,
Where words will often fail;
Composing our request,
The unspoken is expressed.

I need that Spirit,
The need is sore;
I need that Spirit,
Please give me more!

PAUL:
Like a son works with his father,

We have both excelled the gospel,
Together in the Spirit we have walked.
No other man is like him,
No elder as like-minded,
Extending my compassion to the flock.

TIMOTHY:
I know why I groan,
I know why I cry,
I know what I inwardly want;
But there are unknowns,
Beyond tearful eyes,
What is your will to be done?

Take charge of my request,
For I don't know what's best.
But your Spirit will prevail,
Where ours will often fail;
Composing our appeal,
Thought at odds with what we feel.
I need that Spirit,
The need is sore;
I need that Spirit,
Please give me more!

PAUL:
Could I also now obtain,
If I may so implore:
With what little sight remains
To see my son once more?

Like a father with his son,
What a force we would become,
Empowered by a love I'd never known;
When gallant hearts grow hollow,
His faith I now must follow,
And imitate the courage he has shown.

(Together)
TIMOTHY:
Abba Father, your son now cries,
My every need your love supplies.
Your Holy Spirit in me restore,
I have your strength, but I need more.
Could he also now obtain,

If I may so implore:
That he see his son once more?

PAUL:
I know why he groans,
I know why he cries,
I know what he inwardly wants;
But there are unknowns,
Beyond tearful eyes,
What is your will to be done?
He needs your Spirit,
The need is sore.
Please give him more.

FINAL CHARGE

LUKE: It is I, your servant Luke,
Here at your request.
PAUL: What comfort to welcome your voice:
Of all prisoners I am most blessed!

I have gone to the ends of the realm,
To the uttermost shores of the West;
My Father will shortly excel
My moment to enter His rest.

We must work while it is day,
Before my life's dismissal,
To act without delay,
To write one last epistle.
(They say my pen has weight and strength,
But my speech is less respected;
I've literally bored a man to death.)
LUKE: Though he was resurrected!

PAUL: Now, to Timothy we write,
O, diligent recorder,
So may our minds unite,
To set God's House in order.
LUKE: Now who could deliver your message?
PAUL: Are you not the one I should use?
LUKE: I have promised to attend
Your needs unto the end;
Is there another minister to choose?

PAUL: Some elders deserted the cause.
Some faithful are serving abroad.
Crescens?

LUKE: He's in Galatia. Titus?

PAUL: To Dalmatia.
While others are fighting our God.
These names must be recorded.

LUKE: As for carriers, there is one:
With Tychicus at hand,
He can meet this demand.

PAUL: Agreed. So let it be done!

ONESIPHORUS:

He prepared this parting gift,
Putting all faith, love and hope in;
Though caged beneath the dark,
His heart was never more open.
Fewer words could be more eloquent,
No more zeal could he exert,
Though a prisoner facing his final charge,
He authored this final charge.
His most assuring, most inspiring work.

So Luke was ready to write:

LUKE: You may begin to recite;

I will start with, "Paul, an apostle . . ."

PAUL: An apostle of Jesus Christ,
By the will of God,

LUKE: By the will of God,

PAUL: According to the promise,

LUKE: According to the promise,

PAUL: The promise of life which is in Christ Jesus.

LUKE: Of life which is in Christ Jesus.

LUKE: To Timothy, my son?

PAUL: My dearly beloved son.

LUKE: Then the typical greeting?

PAUL: Grace, mercy and peace from . . .

LUKE: One moment, sir, to record. . .

PAUL: Peace from God the Father,

LUKE: God the Father,

PAUL: And Christ Jesus our Lord.

LUKE: Christ Jesus our Lord.

LUKE: Then your statement of thanksgiving?

PAUL: I thank God whom I serve
Just as my fathers did,
With a conscience clean and pure.

Tell him of my ceaseless daily prayers,
Longing to see him, mindful of his tears,
Commend him for the pure faith he retains,
That has dwelled within his family many years.

Remember your grandmother Lois
Your devout mother Eunice as well.
Recall when I laid my hands on you
So within you God's Spirit would dwell.

Stir those embers,
Stoke that fire,
Fan the flames that inspire.
Be filled with the gift of Father above;
Not the spirit of fear,
But of soberness, power and love.

ONESIPHORUS:

So the words flowed from his mouth,
Like the pen of a ready writer;
In shadows of demise,
His eyes were never brighter.
Fewer words could be more confident,
No more faith could he assert,
Like a soldier poised for his final charge,
He authored this final charge.
His most assuring, most inspiring work.

DANCE OF THE DISPATCH

BREATH OF GOD

EUNICE:

When Tychicus arrived,
The letter he'd recite,
Was profitable for doctrine and reproof,
Improvement and correction,
With training and instruction,
That brethren be made perfect with this truth.

As the words flowed from his mouth,
Like a breeze in a grievous desert,
The cooling breath of God
Was a most assuring, most inspiring treasure.
It had blessings for the house of Onesiphorus,
Greetings from a few remaining saints,
Salutations sent to Prisca and Aquila,
And warnings of the adversary's gains.

PAUL:

Now as for ministers
Still with this prisoner,
There is one last devotee.
Since I sent Tychicus
To you in Ephesus,
Only Luke remains with me.

For Rome soon embark,
But first find John Mark;
He is useful for missions to come.
Your haste I compel;
The books bring as well,
Especially the parchments, my son.

STAND

EUNICE:

It says when he first was tried,
No man stood at his side
With this our mind is guarded:
The helmet of salvation.
With righteousness our breastplate,
With truth our belt is bound;
Equipped with sword and shield—
The faith to stand our ground!

PAUL:

For the Lord stood right there,
So I could declare
His truth to the crowd God gave.
Christ stood in the breach
And strengthened my speech,
And from lions' mouths I was saved.

For I know the Lord shall deliver me
From every evil endeavor,

And save me for his heavenly kingdom;
To Him be glory forever!

EUNICE:

At times we feel deserted
On some lone, desert island,
Feeling crowded by seclusion,
And deafened by the silence;
When loyalty turns to loneliness,
And faith could turn to fear,
Companionship approaches;
Assurance soon draws near.

Our Righteous Judge in heaven
Stands ready to defend us;
We say: If God be for us,
Then who can be against us?
If only foes surround us,
And start to cast their stones,
We can see our elder Brother
Standing from our Father's throne!

When we stand for God, we never stand alone.
At our right hand, He makes His presence known.
And if all others leave, we're never on our own:
When we stand for God, we never stand alone.

For this our feet stand ready:

The gospel's proclamation.
With this our mind is guarded:
The helmet of salvation.
With righteousness our breastplate,
With truth our belt is bound;
Equipped with sword and shield—
The faith to stand our ground!

Remember what He promised

When solitude might shake you:
"I will never, never leave you, no!
Nor never ever forsake you."
Though outnumbered by the masses
And in spite of feeling small:
Stand up, stand out, stand tall!

I'll ride the long-term course,
Astride my pure white horse,

DEADLY AIM

GREEK CHORUS:

Some qualities can be feigned,
Momentarily be sustained,
In fantasies of poetry and song.
But men revert to their real nature,
Or in theatrical nomenclature:
No one can wear a mask for very long!

HELEN:

Reports of revolt in Africa,
News of mutiny in Gaul,
Protests and plots in the senate,
Foreshadowed our emperor's fall.

ACTE: Our Caesar has met his demise.

And some of the last words he'd speak:

NERO: *Qualis artifex pereo!*

NERO/ACTE: "What an artist dies in me!"

MAGUS:

When goals cannot be reached,
And walls cannot be breached,
A tactic that those Parthians have employed,
Is crouching from afar,
Well-hidden from the war,
As archers, distant targets are destroyed.

A hunter with his game,
Will make his deadly aim,
Though all the while proceeding with great stealth.
His vision must be sharp,
Unclouded by the dark,
Though all the while invisible himself.

My darts with tips aflame,
I make my deadly aim,
What shield can extinguish my barrage?
The genius that I am,
This forward-thinking plan,
Will execute unrivaled sabotage.

I'll ride the long-term course,
Astride my pure white horse,

Outlived by all the acts that shall transpire.
For as they often say,
Rome wasn't built in a day,
And so into the future I shall fire!

THE WORD

AQUILA: John Mark has arrived to see you.

TIMOTHY: I thank you for answering my call.

JOHN MARK: It sounded quite pressing.

TIMOTHY: Yes, I must express things
Contained in this letter from Paul.

TIMOTHY: He charged me to bring you to see him

To come before winter's rebuke;

JOHN MARK: With parchments in hand?

TIMOTHY: That was his command:

To bring them to him and to Luke.

AQUILA: Another guest has joined us.

JOHN MARK: Luke?

AQUILA: Why are you not still in Rome

Attending God's servant?

LUKE: My message is urgent.

TIMOTHY: If you're here, then his fate is known.

LUKE: At last to Caesar's blade,

His neck he would give.

TIMOTHY: How true:

The king bears not the sword in vain.

PAUL: If we have died with Christ,

with Him we shall live;

ALL: If we endure with Him, with Him we shall reign!

TIMOTHY: Are these all the parchments in question?

LUKE: His writings compiled in one place?

JOHN MARK: This set represents

Many letters he sent,

A task I have gladly embraced.

My codex contains twelve epistles.

TIMOTHY: And I possess two sent to me.

AQUILA: So fourteen in size!

LUKE: This number implies

His legacy is doubly complete.

TIMOTHY:

The fruits of these matters are clear:
A saint may be sentenced and slain;
Though the faithless could cower in fear,
God's objective will still be attained!

I see how the Word of the Lord
Cannot be constricted by bonds;
Unaltered, unfettered, unhindered,
God's Word shall live on!

TIMOTHY, MARK, AQUILA, LUKE:

Living on! Living on!

Yes, the Word of God shall live on!

Yes, the Word of God always lives on!

TIMOTHY: The Scriptures I've known since a child,

Expand with the words he has penned;

MARK, LUKE: These epistles that we have compiled,

From the mouth of our God they descend!

AQUILA: His words are the Word of the Lord;

TIMOTHY: This was God's design all along.

AQUILA: Outspoken, LUKE: Unshaken, MARK: Unbroken,

QUARTET: God's Word shall live on!

Living on! Living on!

Yes, the Word of God shall live on!

AQUILA: Enduring strong,

TIMOTHY: The Word of God always lives on!

QUARTET: God has appointed men once to die;

AQUILA: Of this we are assured.

LUKE: Fading like flowers,

MARK: Withering like grass,

QUARTET: But God's Word endures!

Living on! Living on!

Yes, the Word of God shall live on!

MARK: Enduring strong,

AQUILA: Though men are gone,

LUKE: The Word of God always shall live on!

QUARTET: Enduring strong, though we are gone,

The Word of God forever shall live on!

DEPARTURE

MARK: Are we ready to go with all these components,

To our apostle in the East?

TIM: I'll be right there; just give me one moment.

PAUL:

I see my ship now docked at the harbor,
Its final trip is set for departure:
My Captain now calls me aboard.

Uncoil the rope, and draw up the anchor;

Embark with hope, raise victory's banner:

I journey to claim my reward!

I have fought the good fight,

I have guarded the faith,

I have joyfully finished my race;

At the end of this plight,

Is a crown that awaits,

And an honor we all may embrace!

I see my cup poured out on the altar;

Its final drop is soon to be offered;

I've given until there was none.

May God now drink of my last libation;

I'm at the brink of tasting salvation.

I know that my work here is done.

I am ready, I know; yes, I know in my heart,

I am ready to go,

The time is at hand, the time to depart.

This crown that I will hold

Made of silver and of gold,

Is not just something one man can attain;

Truly as that day is nearing,

All who long for His appearing

Shall from our Righteous Judge receive the same!

The Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

Grace be with you.

Amen.

EPILOGUE

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT — DANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

SAINT LEADS: We are soldiers,
But not of the fleshly kind;

By invisible forces our war is defined.

LOIS: Our foes are not mortal but deadly still yet,

TIMOTHY: Their venomous tactics

a much greater threat;

LUKE: Yet we shall put them to flight.

PRISCILLA: We battle the devil, we wrestle with sin—

AQUILA: The evil without,
and the darkness within;

EUNICE: So stand as the children of light!

SAINT LEADS: And fight!

COMPANY: Fight the good fight, the fight of faith!

Fight with honor, and fight with strength!

Fight to finish,

CHORUS: And never back down;

SAINT LEADS: We will never back down!

Ever holding our ground!

Ever gaining more ground!

ALL: Fight for the glory and fight for the crown!

SAINT LEADS: We are warriors,

ONESIPHORUS: Advancing at God's command;

PRISCILLA, AQUILA: By kneeling in prayer,

+CLAUDIA, RUFUS: We surely can stand.

RUFUS: Our weapons are honed

with a spiritual spark,

CLAUDIA: Their blades proven powerful,

nimble and sharp,

MARK: More than a two-edged sword;

LOIS: No part of our armor is iron or steel,

BARNABAS: But fashioned from elements

truly more real.

PAUL: So be strong in the Lord

and the pow'r of His might!

SAINT LEADS: And fight!

LOIS, BARNABAS: We suffer all struggles and strife,

To lay hold on immortal life;

EUNICE, ON: We battle our way to the source.

PRISCILLA, AQUILA: With God on our side

we will make it;

TIMOTHY, PAUL: It is there for the taking, so . . .

SAINT LEADS: . . . take it!

Behold how we take it by force!

ALL: Go forth!

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

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