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Taxi Faith

John Zinkand Dordt College

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Taxi Faith

by John Zinkand

Lord, Help Me Overcome My Unbelief

My faith, Lord, is an old Nigerian taxi: body battered and bashed, tyres bald, gears growling, belching fumes, bucking and lurching

And yet it moves with people crammed in everywhichway.

When it stalls . . . it needs a long push to get started.

But I fear, Lord, someday it will quit and never go again.

It needs a grand overhaul: rings, new shocks, tyres, rods, re-cored rad . . . and a **T** i g e r in the tank.