

Back in 1968, after hearing Elder Frazee preach the sermon titled, "MURMURS INDICATE HEART TROUBLE," the Holy Spirit inspired a woman in the congregation named Esther Hirst to pen this poem:

MURMUR NOT

Oh, how concerned a patient is when told his heart's not right.
He's willing to do anything to rectify his plight.

A maladjusted, leaking valve, a small, soft, murmuring sound,
enlargement here, or shrinkage there, are defects that are found.

His heart must be made perfect to perform and function well.
The slightest imperfection in its muscle wall or cell
quite soon can be detected by a doctor and his nurse
and remedies are quickly sought before the thing gets worse.

The body and the spirit are alike in many things.
The Great Physician for the soul is Christ, the King of Kings.
The stethoscope of Jesus when applied unto the soul
detects the slightest murmur from a heart that isn't whole.

The remedy is sure but it requires the surgeon's knife
to take away the heart of stone so long that's ruled the life.
His hand is gentle as He cuts the sinful heart away
replacing it with one that's filled with love from Him each day.

You need not fear the Master's hand, He knows just what's required.
To recreate and make like new a heart that's worn and tired.
And when His work is done in you, no longer can be found
a heart that has the slightest trace of any murmuring sound.