

# Nordeman Nichole, Legacy

I don't mind if you've got something nice to say about me  
And I enjoy an accolade like the rest  
And you can take my picture and hang it in a gallery  
Of all the Who's Who's and So-and-So's  
That used to be the best at such and such  
It wouldn't matter much

I won't lie, it feels alright to see your name in lights  
We all need an "Atta boy" or "Atta girl";  
But in the end I'd like to hang my hat on more besides  
The temporary trappings of this world

I want to leave a legacy  
How will they remember me?  
Did I choose to love?  
Did I point to You enough  
To make a mark on things  
I want to leave an offering  
A child of mercy and grace  
Who blessed Your name unapologetically  
And leave that kind of legacy

I don't have to look too far or too long awhile  
To make a lengthy list of all that I enjoy  
It's an accumulating trinket and a treasure pile  
Where moth and rust, thieves and such will soon  
enough destroy

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Not well-traveled, not well-read  
Not well-to-do, or well-bred  
Just want to hear instead  
Well done, good and faithful one

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