

When the news about Princess Diana's death came out, I was absolutely devastated. I adored her as so many did. I stayed home to watch her funeral beginning to end. She died on August 31, 1997.

I was still in mourning when the news came out that one of my favorite Christian artists, Rich Mullins, died, September 19, 1997. He was only forty-one years old. His death went by with just a blip of news on Christian radio stations, most likely due to the frenzy over the beloved Princess.

If you aren't familiar with the music by Rich Mullins, I would encourage you to do a search. More than likely you are familiar with the song "Awesome God", or "Hold Me Jesus". He wrote many songs for Amy Grant, who is probably the one who can be credited with helping Rich rise in the Christian music genre. He called his group the Ragamuffin Band, a namesake from an album that was released in 1993, called "A Liturgy, a Legacy, & a Ragamuffin Band".

Like all of us, Rich had his hurts and demons too, and it is evident in some of his songs. Perhaps that's why I love his music so much. He wore his heart on his sleeve like I do. He was known to appear onstage barefoot and was very uncomfortable with the attention that came from money and fame. I remember reading that he told his accountant to pay him the same salary as the average American, then give the rest of his money to charity. He had no idea how much money he had earned.

Below, I share the words to one of my favorite songs...It's like "The Chosen" series in song form. I love both the series and this song because they allow us to see Jesus in his humanness, a great reminder that he understands us and our struggles and still loves us as we are...just a bunch of ragamuffins in a fallen world.

I hope you will not only read the lyrics but listen to the song, and it will make you smile. Enjoy.

Blessings,
Lisa Jo

[Boy Like Me/Man Like You - YouTube](#)

Boy Like Me/Man Like You

You was a baby like I was once
You was cryin' in the early mornin'
You was born in a stable Lord
Reid Memorial is where I was born

They wrapped you in swaddling clothes
Me they dressed in baby blue

Well, I was twelve years old in the meeting house
Listening to the old men pray
Well, I was tryin' hard to figure out
What it was that they was tryin' to say

There you were in the temple
They said, "You weren't old enough to know the things you knew"

Well did you grow up hungry?
Did you grow up fast?
Did the little girls giggle when you walked past?
Did you wonder what it was that made them laugh?

And did they tell you stories 'bout the saints of old
Stories about their faith
They say stories like that make a boy grow bold
Stories like that make a man walk straight

And you was a boy like I was once but was you a boy like me
Well I grew up around Indiana
You grew up around Galilee and if I ever really do grow up
Lord, I wanna grow up and be just like you

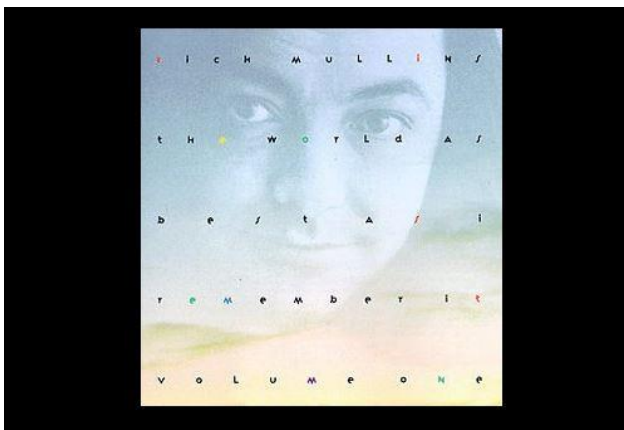
Well did you wrestle with a dog
And lick his nose?
Did you play beneath the spray of a water hose?
Did you ever make angels in the winter snow?

And did they tell you stories 'bout the saints of old
Stories about their faith
They say stories like that make a boy grow bold
Stories like that make a man walk straight

Did you ever get scared
Playing hide and seek?
Did you try not to cry when you scraped your knee?
Did you ever skip a rock across a quiet creek?

And did they tell you stories 'bout the saints of old
Stories about their faith
They say stories like that make a boy grow bold
Stories like that make a man walk straight

And I really may just grow up
And be like you someday



Source: [LyricFind](#)

Songwriters: David Strasser / Richard Mullins

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