

I looked upon a farm one day,
that once I used to own,
the barn had fallen to the ground,
the fields were overgrown.
The house in which my children grew,
where we had lived for years,
I turned to see it broken down,
and brushed aside the tears.

I looked upon my soul one day
to find it too had grown,
with thorns and nettles everywhere,
the seeds neglect had sown.
The years had passed while I had cared
for things of lesser worth.
The spiritual things I let go
while minding things of earth.

To Christ I turned with bitter tears
and cried, "Oh Lord, forgive!"
I've not much time left for Him,
not many years to live.
The wasted years forever gone,
the days I can't recall.
If I could live those days again,
I'd make him Lord of all.

Or would I? "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth...Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments...*" (Ecc. 12:1, 13). "*...behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation*" (2 Corinthians 6:2). I don't know who authored the above poem. I only know I don't want those words to be applicable to me! Obey the gospel today. Be restored to Christ today. Be faithful today.