

THE AUTUMN MESSAGE



*The harvest is past and summer is gone,
A blast from the north tells that winter comes on,
The snows from the mountains course down through the vale,
Sculpting the landscape, obscuring the trail,
Drifting the fields in layers of white,
Sedating the world for the long winter's night.*

*What now of the planting in summer delayed?
What of the sowers who lingered and played?
What of the harvest that hence will be lost?
What of the fruit that succumbs to the frost?
What of the bounty that now cannot be?
What of the largess we never shall see?*

*Whence now comes the food for the family, the friend?
Whence comes the help we intended to send?
Whence comes the fuel to cheer and to warm?
Whence comes the shelter from threatening storm?
What of the lost, the stranger, the poor,
Gleaning no longer with ice on the moor?*

*Herein is a spiritual lesson disclosed;
When harvest is past, a chapter is closed.
The lost remain lost in the winter of sin.
The future is less than anon it had been.
The neglect of today brings tomorrow's sad lot;
Joy might have blossomed, alas it will not.*

*The message is certain, the challenge is clear,
The harvest is now, the blizzard draws near.
The lost cry for guidance to come to the cross.
Tomorrow they'll be irretrievably lost.
The lord of the harvest his servant constrains
To reap in the sunshine while daylight remains.*

*But what of the men who bore precious seed,
Who planted and plowed 'gainst the winter of need?
While hirelings reveled or slept in the fold,
They labored to garner eternity's gold.
They shall rest with the saints and labor no more
And shine as the stars o're heaven's fair shore.*

*When shall we learn the lesson concealed?
To labor while sunlight shines yet on the field,
To finish the harvest before comes the storm,
Ere we meet at the fireside, contented and warm,
Ere we stand as we shall 'fore the King of all kings,
From the Lord of the harvest to inherit all things.*

by Dave Breese

