



## *Lesson From A Farm*

*Philippians 3:7-14*

Theodore W. Brennan has penned  
the following sad poem:

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 things of heaven I let go when minding things of Earth.

To Christ I turned with bitter tears, and cried, “O Lord, forgive!  
I haven’t much time left for Thee, 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.

This poem, which I have read at various times, has been  
convicting to me. It makes me think of my own life when I have  
been absorbed in the things of this world, caring for things that  
have little eternal value. My problem with the poem is that it  
offers little hope; it only condemns. In essence it is saying, “I’ve  
wasted so much time. If I could relive those years, I would do  
things differently, but I can’t.” I felt the poem really needed a  
final stanza to offer hope and encouragement, and thus I  
added the following:

Forget those things which are behind, God’s Word does clearly say;  
In spite of failures of the past, I press forward on God’s way.  
Though having stumbled countless times, my race is not yet done.  
There still is time to finish well, to serve and please God’s Son!

~George Zeller: [www.middletownbiblechurch.org](http://www.middletownbiblechurch.org)



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