

LET'S PRETEND

GARY FIELD
MO5398
CENTURY C.I.
CENTURY, FL
32535
EI-103

1-4

LET'S PRETEND - FOR JUST A MOMENT MY FRIEND,
THAT ALL YOUR DEEDS, WERE SHOWN ON C.N.N.
THAT EVERYTHING YOU HAD EVER DONE,
WAS SHOWN ON "PRIME TIME" TO EVERYONE.

LET ME ASK - WOULD YOU DO THE SAME -
JUST PRETEND THAT THIS IS A GAME.

THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE, WOULD YOU DO THEM AGAIN,
IF THEY WERE ALL BROADCAST ON T.B.N.?
WHAT IF YOUR LIFE WAS AN OPEN BOOK
AND EVERYONE COULD JUST "TAKE A LOOK"

AND ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU'D LIKE TO FORGET,
WERE SPLASHED ALL OVER ON THE INTERNET.
IF ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU KNOW WERE WRONG,
WERE PLAYED ON EVERY STATION AS A NUMBER ONE SONG

IF THE DARKEST SECRETS, HID WITHIN YOUR SOUL,
WERE FLASHED ON THE BIG SCREEN AT THE SUPER BOWL.
IF ALL THE DIRT - THE DARKEST PART OF YOU
WAS SHOWN ON CABLE OR ON "PAY PER VIEW"?

HOW WOULD IT FEEL, IF ALL YOUR "PETTY CRIMES"
WERE SHOWN ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES
IT'S JUST A GAME - BUT IMAGINE THE SHAME,
IF ALL YOUR SINS WERE "POSTED" UNDER YOUR NAME!

WELL MY FRIEND - IT'S TIME TO OPEN YOUR EYES.
CONSIDER THIS, JUST A WORD TO THE WISE.
THE HEART OF MAN CAN WEAR NO DISGUISE
THAT CAN HIDE YOUR INTENT FROM THE MASTER'S EYES.

2-4

HEBREWS 4:12 WILL ERASE ANY DOUBT,
IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
"HE DISCERNES THE THOUGHTS AND INTENTS OF THE HEART."
SOUL, SPIRIT - JOINTS AND MARROW - HE DIVIDES APART.

IF IT'S STILL NOT CLEAR, IF YOU HAVE ANY QUALMS,
TAKE A LOOK AT 44:21 IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS.
"SHALL NOT GOD SEARCH THIS OUT?" - NO SECRETS MY FRIEND,
THIS TIME IT'S NOT A GAME OF "LET'S PRETEND."

THANK GOD FOR HIS MERCY, AND HIS AMAZING GRACE,
THOUGH WE ALL HAVE STUMBLER, WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE RACE.
THERE'S REDEMPTION - AND FORGIVENESS OF SIN -
IT'S ABOUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING, NOT WHERE YOU'VE BEEN.

COME NOW FRIEND - LET US REASON TOGETHER,
THE WEIGHT THAT BESETS US IS AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER.
AND THOUGH YOUR PAST WAS AS IF IT WERE MUD,
YOU CAN GET CLEANSER - PUT IT UNDER THE BLOOD.

BECAUSE THE PRICE WAS PAID AT CALVARY,
AND THE BLOOD OF JESUS HAS SET US FREE.
HE PAID THE PRICE TO GIVE US LIBERTY
WHEN HE SHED HIS BLOOD - WE GOT THE VICTORY.

SO WHILE THERE'S TIME - THINK ABOUT IT MY FRIEND,
THIS IS JUST A POEM, AND SOON IT WILL END.
IT'S UP TO YOU, WHAT THE FUTURE WILL HOLD
JUST REMEMBER - YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN TOLD.

3-4

'HE DISCERNS THE THOUGHTS AND INTENTS OF THE HEART.'
BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE A FRESH START.
THE NEXT TIME THAT YOU HEAR AN ALTAR CALL -
YOU CAN NAIL YOUR SINS UP ON THE WALL.

THE TIME IS AT HAND, YES - THE NIGHTS ARE SPENT,
MAKE A STAND ON YOUR KNEES - TIME TO REPENT.

Something to think about my friends -

How is it that a man would GRAB,
DESPERATELY, AT STRAWS if he thought
IT WOULD ADD JUST MOMENTS to his
LIFE - AND YET HE WOULD BE SO
CARELESS ABOUT WHERE HE WILL SPEND
ETERNITY?

How CAN WE, WHO BELIEVE, NOT FEEL
A SENSE OF URGENCY? HOW CAN WE,
WHO BELIEVE, NOT DO ALL THAT WE
CAN THAT OTHERS MAY KNOW?

CORINTHIANS 4:4 SAYS 'IN WHOM THE
GOD OF THIS WORLD hath blinded the minds
of them which believe NOT, lest the
LIGHT OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF CHRIST,
WHO IS THE IMAGE OF GOD, SHOULD
SHINE UNTO THEM.' - SATAN IS THE GOD
OF THIS WORLD... LET US NOT ONLY PRAY
THAT OTHERS MAY KNOW THE GLORIOUS
GOSPEL OF CHRIST, BUT ALSO SHARE THE RICHES

4-4

of His Glory.

I realize that —
Some of my poems are over the top
with their visions of a fiery hell.
But when I look upon a 'bumper crop'
of lost souls, it makes me want to yell.

Some go to church wearing their Sunday best —
and hear messages that make them feel good.
Meanwhile, their sins may go unconfessed,
and the urgency misunderstood.

The choir may have them stamping their feet,
waving their hands and dancing in the pews.
And a sermon served up saccharine sweet,
may enlighten, entertain and amuse.

But after the tithes and offerings,
and a sermon preached for itchy ears,
the emotional choirs murmuring,
the altar calls with me oft shed tears.

How many hearts have been convicted,
how many felt a stirring within,
how many souls have been afflicted,
by the reality of their sin?

Yes — some of my poems are over the top,
but I'd gladly climb a mountain and yell —
if it would reach some of this bumper crop
and get them off a path that leads to hell