

God's Love

Young folk look, with hope, to The Future,
While some old folk may yearn for The past.
Yet those magical moments in between,
Somehow - NEVER seem to LAST.

Yet each day carries its own Blessing,
God's great gifts of Mercy and Grace.
That we miss while we are obsessing,
Over those things that we can embrace.

While we search for those things that glitter,
Those things we can hold or touch -
So often we may end up feeling bitter,
When we find out it's "fool's gold" that we clutch.

Once we understand we've been building on sand,
And our dreams have all faded like mist -
By then it's too late to appreciate,
All of those "blessings" that we have missed.

So let's start now, today, at this moment,
Let us begin to realize -
When all has been said and done my friend,
It's only God's love that satisfies.

Gary Field

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