

LIFE

Life is a mystery, one that is not easily understood.
Incapable of being seen by mortal man.
Finished in a moment, and a twinkling of the eye.
Easily taken for granted.

Life has a beginning and an end.
Infinite in the spiritual realm,
Finite in the physical realm,
Equal in both at once!

Life is fleeting like the flower of the field; it blooms and fades away.
Incapable of being contained, measured, or valued.
Flexible and changing, yet all the while,
Ever being the same.

Life is always moving forward, it can not back up.
In search of fulfillment, it never seems to rest.
Focusing on what lies ahead,
Excited about the next event.

Life can't be held in our hands,
Its presence can only be experienced.
Finding its meaning and purpose,
Eternally seems to be man's task.

Life is very precious,
It can not be bought.
Free to give itself away,
Encouraged by acts of love.

Life starts the same for all of us,
Innocent and born with nothing.
Facing each new challenge while
Economics are not yet known to us.

Life, likewise, ends the same for all of us!
Intent on reaching our goals, soon death creeps in.
Failure to achieve is always feared, success is desired, but
Ending with nothing that we can take with us.

Life becomes complicated with selfishness and sin.
If the striving for riches and honor are continuous,
Fear and greed soon destroys our peace, and
Entering into contentment becomes illusive.

Life is a mystery, full of tests and trials, always in need of grace.
Inefficient in gauging it's worth and finding meaning, when dependent upon man.
Futile when driven by selfish desires for fame and money, possessions and power.
Enjoying success when centered on God, while exercising faith, love, justice, mercy, and righteousness.

By William C. Fordham
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