

Forecast

The farmer looks at the leaden sky
Predicts a coming downpour's nigh
From lessons learned his observant eye
Foretells by the signs he sees on high—
He can see the signs and yet be blind
To the One by Whom all is designed

The fisherman sees the brazen morn
And knows it means a pending storm,
The signs on high are so true to form
He always heeds when the heavens warn—
Even though he heeds the morning red
Does he spare a thought for storms ahead?

The shepherd out with his flock at night
In late red sky takes great delight
To him this is such a welcome sight
So clear portrayed in lofty height
But far greater signs he fails to see—
Forecast 'signs of times' and what will be.

Such an ordered universe they heed
In signs above trust what they read;
For hypocrites they are indeed
Who don't believe what God's decreed
For the signs in which they all rely
All point to Him whom they dare deny.

It's sad to see and to still be blind
To the divine and awesome mind
Whose wisdom's seen in such grand design
Yet men negate the hand behind:
How pompous of little man to say
"Today will be a perfect day!"

Vincent Lyons.

Matthew 16:1—Then the Pharisees and Sadducees came, and testing Him asked that He would show them a sign from heaven. He answered and said to them, "When it is evening you say, 'It will be fair weather, for the sky is red'; and in the morning, 'It will be foul weather today, for the sky is red and threatening.' Hypocrites! You know how to discern the face of the sky, but cannot discern the signs of the times."