

Futility to Faith

The flowers have withered, their perfume has vanished
And weeds are now thriving where roses once grew;
The winter has sounded, the green leaves are banished,
Cold frost in the morning replacing the dew.

In vibrance of summer flamboyantly flourished
Bright bouquets of splendour displaying their blooms;
In mind I recall them so lovingly cherished,
Such fond recollections dispelling the gloom.

It seems, like the seasons, life has its stages,
Its blooming in springtime, its summer and fall
And time fleeting quickly is turning life's pages —
The advent of winter we cannot forestall.

Are we, like the flowers, departing forever?
Is there nothing more in this life to be found?
Do all our achievements, does every endeavour
All wither to nothing but dust in the ground?

I'm asking the question but know the solution —
Existence has purpose; our lives have design;
Our God's the Creator and not evolution,
It fits with His purpose that all's in decline.

That man in his anguish might seek Him sincerely
Our God in His wisdom made vanity rife;
A heart cry from the soul His word answers clearly —
The knowledge of God is the answer to life.

Take stock and consider! Has He today spoken?
It's time for reflection, high time you paid heed;
May His truth pierce your soul, your heart be awoken —
In the futile and vain may you see your great need.

The advent of death is to most uninspiring
But death and decay pose some questions profound,
God's word holds the answers for all who're enquiring
With our insight informed see His mercies abound.

Vincent Lyons.