

Too Busy

Mrs. C. De Boer

Too BUSY to hear the song of the bird
As he carols at the break of the day—
Or list'n to the bee as his drone can be heard,
When nectar he sips on the way?

Too BUSY to observe the expanse of the blue
As the clouds nonchalantly float by—
Or gaze at the flowers of beautiful hue,
Caressed by the breezes wafting nigh?

Too BUSY to visit those in deep pain,
And comfort the weary of heart—
Or write to a friend his faith to sustain,
'Ere the days of his life do depart?

Too BUSY to read in God's Holy Word,
And meditate on the Truth He imparts—
Have we prayed in the days already accrued;
Is gratefulness ingrained in our hearts?

Too BUSY with the cares of this life here below,
That we forget the great mansions beyond—
Are we pilgrims—and in our very life show
That we to the friendship of God do respond?

Too BUSY to realize that the things of this world,
As fantasy soon pass away—
And the plan of God will then be unfurled,
To all—on that great Judgment Day?

Will the words "*Too BUSY*" be attuned on that Day,
To the richness of that divine state—
Or will the rebuke to our utter dismay,
Be—"It's too late, yes, it's too late!"?

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