

Lest We Forget

Are we forgetting
the things that remain?
One often wonders
in looking around.

A child, leaving church
was in a quand'ry,
not concerning faith
but concerning sports.

'It is a bummer,'
he said ruefully,
'The Vikings are on
during my game time.'

Innocent enough,
as boys tend to be.
Yet it made me sad
and broken in heart.

Where is life, really?
What are we teaching
our children to think
subliminally?

O Lord God of Hosts,
come down within us,
lest yearning for life
we fail to find it.

Renew our passion
to gather 'round you,
lest we all forget
where true glory waits.