

## 14 The Harvest

The seasons whose feet are in the furrows  
Where all my seeds are lain,  
Walk in procession with joined hands;  
The green shoots spring up after them.

I will follow, follow,  
Bent with my heavy basket.

The years whose feet are in the pathways  
Where all my choices are made;  
Walk in procession with joined hands  
The consequences spring up after them.

I will follow, follow,  
Bent with my heavy basket.

The moments whose feet are in the memory  
Of all my joys with you;  
Walk in procession with joined hands  
The bittersweet springs up with the dew.

I will follow, follow,  
Bent with my heavy basket.

The first six lines of this song are an amazing personification which I believe came from what was an ancient Greek grave-stone in Athens. In the remaining verses of this song, I tried to emulate the structure. Passionate remorse is a good thing if I am taking responsibility for my actions. When I have empathy with others for the pain I have caused, my heart can be profoundly moved. When I begin to realize how I have grieved my Lord, my conscience basket is heavy with sorrow. So what shall I do? Shall I stay sorry and ashamed, or deal with my sins and be healed—then becoming an instrument of healing to those whom I have harmed? Choices matter, or we don't matter.