

## *Faith of a Farmer*

*I watched a farmer as he tilled the land,  
Resowed another crop with his calloused old hands,  
With trust in the Master if he'd do his part,  
God would reward his trusting heart.*

*God sent the sunshine but withheld the rain;  
This year there was no harvest of golden grain.  
His wrinkled brow spoke of silent pain,  
But he kept his faith in the Father's name.*

*As he plowed under the barren field,  
He knew the God of the harvest was with him still.  
The wrinkles upon his sweat-stained brow  
Was a labor of love as he put his hand to the plow.*

*Dare I give up on life when it's tangled with weeds?  
Dare I till the ground and plant another seed?  
For I am the child of that farmer,  
A sower of seed,  
And faith in the Father is all I need.*

*~ Frances Richardson*