

The Barren Fields

By: Hazel Gay Lee © 2013

My Dear Precious Father,

I come until thee with a heavy heart. For the fields are so barren and the labors are idle. I look beyond the horizon and I long for the still waters and the restored souls. How can your people eat when the fields have nothing to harvest? How can they drink if the brooks have nothing to yield? Hungry and starving thy people are for they have nothing to feed their souls.

I come unto thee and lay my sacrifices upon thou alter. What will become of these idle hands if they have no work to fill them? Who will feed thy people when the harvest is dry? Will thou send rain in the time of the latter rain so the fields can be watered and produce? Oh God, please open the heavens and send rain so they people can drink and thy fields can flourish. Will they drink of thee if thou sends the rain to satisfy their souls?

I behold thy beauty and outstanding mercy thou has for thy people. Thou sees our needs. Thou sees our hearts. Thou sees our motives. Thou sees our righteousness. Thou sees our sins and transgression. Thy mercy is beyond understand. Thou sees me.

My hands thou has filled. My field is no longer barren. My soul thirstiest after thee. My soul drinks from thy cup and I am satisfied. Thy people need also to be satisfied and fed. Fill their hands too, Precious Father, please fill their hands. I love thy people. Give them drink from thy heavenly waters. Give them cups that overruns. Saturate their souls with thy mercy and forgiveness.

Thy blessings have been bestowed upon me. I shall share my cup so they too can drink from the heavenly spirit that saturates my soul. When my soul is in need, send them to me so I can drink from their cup to renew my soul too. They may eat from my plate when it is full so when I am hungry and needing nourishment I may eat from theirs.

When will this drought end and the earth produce again? The souls of this earth cry out unto thee for mercy and healing. Thou art the great physician. Thou art the healer and love of our souls. I bring unto thee the barren fields, the idle hands, and the brooks that no longer run. Fill us all to overflowing. Renew our souls. Forgive us of our wrong doings. Heal us from the evil thoughts and deeds that tempt us. Have mercy on our wicked and iniquitous heart. Create within us a pure heart and soul that thirst after thee.

Of Precious Father, save our barren fields from their demise. Give labor to the idle hands. Feed they people with heavenly food and manna. Amen