

October 1

It is the harvest time and the fields are white.
The sowing of our birth and the tending of our days
bring forth the fruit, and God is pleased.
For That love is unconditional, and that truth
gives the lie to earthly psalmists who seek control
by subtle suggestion of insufficiency.
Be not dismayed, for growth with love is always enough,
whatever the size of the harvest.

Ken Green
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