

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

**There once lived a man who was heedless of care,
The world was his oyster. With money to spare
He had all that he needed. With everything bright,
He laughed when I said there would one day be Night.**

**That man heeded nothing! His whole world was stayed
On the things that he'd gathered. The plans he had made
Came true. He had power and a bright agile mind
That brought him the joys that so very few find.**

**I told him of Christ, how He'd died on the tree
To ransom the souls of such people as me
And he laughed, and he said that God didn't ask him
If he wanted a Saviour to die for his sin.**

**'Not my fault' he said 'if the Lord God did die,
No..God understands me, don't fret, I'll get by.
There's plenty of time and God won't turn me down
He's gracious your Saviour. He'll still be around.**

**So, Midnight is coming when I'll need God's Son,
Does it matter what time I accept what He's done?
If it's even Eleven..there's still time to spare,
There's no cause for worry. Someday..I'll get there.'**

**The Eleventh Hour seemed such a long way away,
Though he said 'when that comes, I will seek God and pray'
It is really the reason for him I have cried,
For that hour never came! AT 10.30 HE DIED!**

Annette Keeble Martens.