

## THE INVITATION 2

“Who will plant My Seed?”, saith God.

“Not I”, said the Pharisee,

“Maybe later”, said the sluggard,

“May I?”, asked a little child, humble as could be.

“If you will help me, I know I can do it”!

“Please dear God, let me help you plant your Seeds”.

Just then a tear flowed down the cheek,

Of that little child with a heart that bleeds.

As that little child began to pray,

It moved the heart of God to draw near.

As he then spoke these words,

To the little child, with a heart cried tear.

“Yes My child, come unto me.

For thou art a child after Mine own Heart”.

“Mine holy Son is the Seed,

Look unto Me, and I’ll show you where to start”.

“For thou art Mine,

Soon and you shall see,

Share with Me in my Vine,

And I shall be in you and you in Me.

And they went out to plant the Seeds,

The field is great, but not much time,

“Lord we must get help, for the darkness is coming!”

“Yes My child, for as you see, the field is at its prime”.

Again the Invitation goes out,

Across the raging sea.

“Who will plant My Seeds?”

“Where’s the Heart rendering plea?”

As inspired by the  
**HOLY SPIRIT**