



Close The Gate Poem

For this one farmer the worries
are over, lie down and rest your
head,
Your time has been and
struggles enough, put the tractor
in the shed.
Years were not easy, many
downright hard, but your faith in
God transcended,
Put away your tools and sleep in
peace. The fences have all been
mended.
You raised a fine family, worked
the land well and always followed
the Son,
Hang up your shovel inside of
the barn; your work here on earth
is done.
A faith few possess led your
journey through life, often a
jagged and stony way,
The sun is setting, the cattle are
all bedded, and here now is the
end of your day.
Your love of God's soil has
passed on to your kin; the stories
flow like fine wine,
Wash off your work boots in the
puddle left by blessed rain one
final time.

You always believed that the
good Lord would provide and He
always had somehow,
Take off your gloves and put
them down, no more sweat and
worry for you now.
Your labor is done, your home
now is heaven; no more must
you wait,
Your legacy lives on, your love of
the land, and we will close the
gate.



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