

Except a Corn of Wheat...Die

I seemed to walk with the eye of my mind,
Through a field of sun-ripened grain;
Rippling, it swayed in the cool evening breeze,
As I pondered a "death-life" of pain.

Before there was fruit, before there was life,
A kernel of wheat had to die;
And from that surrender, LIFE sprang upward,
A promise of fruit multiplied.

He turns to me; Oh the love on His face!
As He whispers in accent so low,
"My child, the fruit you are longing for,
Is found in death's chilling woe."

"Your agenda, your will, your purpose in life,
The visions and dreams of your soul,
Must fall on the ground of surrender's soil,
Should abundant fruit be your goal."

Awed at the marvelous ways of my God
Glad that His ways exceed mine,
I turn my tear-stained face toward His voice,
And whisper, "My Lord, let me die!"

"My Lord take this fruit, sprung from death unto life,
And grind it to finest of meal.
Make bread for the hungry to feast and be filled;
Broken bread. Thus death's final seal."

I bent to retrieve a single, full stalk
Of that richly nourishing wheat,
And thought as I gazed at the fruit in my hands,
Of the life made by death complete.

I lifted my tear-filled eyes to the sky,
And whispered, "My Lord, can it be,
That fruit of a life consumed by Your love
Is found but in death's victory?"

"One kernel of wheat falls into the ground,
Its death gives way to new life;
Even so as you die to willful desire,
Life springs from death's sacrifice."

"I've put in the center of each corn of wheat,
The prospect of life-giving fruit,
And oh how I thrill when through death its increase
Is made plain in Christ-filled pursuit."

"Death to myself, and death to my dreams,
Yes, death to the things I hold dear;
Oh give me but death, that the fruit You deserve,
May in turn Thy Great Name revere."

-Linda Lapp