

## After This Harvest

*My father stood with his face to the sun,  
The hot sweat burning into his eyes,  
And gazed at the wheat fields broad expanse  
That rippled beneath the autumn skies.*

*This was his anchor, this constant growth  
On verdant soil near his house of sod.  
A part of eternity wrested there  
With infinite hope and trust in God.*

*"After this harvest," I heard him say,  
"This wheat will bring us our daily bread,  
And seed to be planted another year ...  
After this harvest," my father said.*

*Year after year as we children grew,  
Sower and seed, and sun and rain  
Built us a haven where roots held deep  
As close to the earth as the fertile grain.*

*"After this harvest." I hear him now,  
Though his grave grass blows in the wind and sun,  
And God must have weighed the beloved words  
Of this pioneer's faith, when his life was done.*

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