

Labor Day Poems

God of shop and marketplace,
Of farm and studio,
Factory and shipping lane,
Of school and busy home:
Bless the produce of our hands.
Redeem our work for Kingdom-use.
By Your grace, our efforts stand,
All offered up to You.

There in Eden, You proclaimed
That we should work the earth –
Stewards over all we named,
Delighting in their worth.
Through our fall we brought decay,
Lost access to Jehovah's rest.
Through the cross, we rest in faith
And all our labor's blessed.

In Your image we are made:
Creative like You are,
Forming goods for use and trade
Just like You formed the stars.
Send us out in power and skill
To worship through each task assigned.
By Your Spirit we fulfill
The holy, grand design.

By Bobby Gilles

Labor Day Lament, 2011

By Lionel E. Deimel

With bosses making millions,
And millions unemployed,
Hapless workers, by the millions,
Have seen their dreams destroyed.

America the beautiful,
America the strong,
New order of the ages,
Where oh where did you go wrong?

We look for Christian charity,
For pity toward the poor;
We find instead indifference
And the rich demanding more.

Pollution from their smokestacks
The breath of infants robs;
They say that regulations
Will only kill our jobs.

America the beautiful,
America the strong,
New order of the ages,
Where oh where did you go wrong?

Our politicians ponder
How to fool the average Joe
Into thinking every problem
Can be solved by saying "no".

For wrecking our prosperity,
No bankers went to jail;
They'd rather crush the middle class
Than let a big bank fail.

America the beautiful,
America the strong,
New order of the ages,
Where oh where did you go wrong?

Corporations are just people
In somewhat different guise,
So judges gave them license
To feed us all their lies.

The unions are retreating;
Their time, it's said, is gone;
Amidst our countless troubles,
Tell me, which side are you one?

America the beautiful,
America the strong,
New order of the ages,
Where oh where did you go wrong?

Life's Single Standard

By Edgar Guest

There are a thousand ways to cheat and a thousand ways to sin;
There are ways uncounted to lose the game, but there's only one way to win;
And whether you live by the sweat of your brow or in luxury's garb you're dressed,
You shall stand at last, when your race is run, to be judged by the single test.

Some men lie by the things they make; some lie in the deeds they do;
And some play false for a woman's love, and some for a cheer or two;
Some rise to fame by the force of skill, grow great by the might of power,
Then wreck the temple they toiled to build, in a single, shameful hour.

The follies outnumber the virtues good; sin lures in a thousand ways;
But slow is the growth of man's character and patience must mark his days;
For only those victories shall count, when the work of life is done,
Which bear the stamp of an honest man, and by courage and faith were won.

There are a thousand ways to fail, but only one way to win!
Shame cannot cover the wrong you do nor wash out a single sin,
And never shall victory come to you, whatever of skill you do,
Save you've done your best in the work of life and unto your best were true.