

In the beginning the foundation was laid,
God created men and women and the earth was made;
All things were destined for the right point in time,
And God would come back and judge all our crimes.

Instilled in their heart of every man and woman born,
Was the chance to be perfect with knowledge of the forlorn;
Being created in his image they only would succeed,
That in his perfect time he would guide them and would lead.

God had thought of everything from beginning to the end,
A time for reaping everything and time for a new friend;
He thought of peace and plenty and that two would intertwine,
Together in holy matrimony at the given point in time.

He made a time for sowing and a time to live and die,
He had a plan for growing and going to heaven in the sky;
There was a time for reaping and a time for tears and war,
But in the end he honoured all the people who stood sure.

I think to these was a plan for romance,
Of dining out in restaurants and going to a dance;
A time when two could get to know each other,
Living for the God and learning to understand one another.

There was still something missing and that was the perfect link,
That when all these things were granted what would he actually think;
The thing about receiving is usually thought of not odd,
But the joy in which it was given should be given back to God.

Signed,

To be fulfilled