



My life was up for sale  
The sign was faded, bent, askew.  
It seemed there were no buyers  
I lived beneath a rainless cloud.

The boundaries of my life were down  
Like fences left untended  
No one had thought to seed or fertilise  
My talents into fields of fruitfulness.

Like a farm abandoned in the drought  
I lay in idleness unused  
I really was a worthless piece of land  
In which no-one could any value see.

There came a Man from a distant land  
Who tills the soil of human hearts.  
He made an offer for my life  
He paid the price in blood.

He ploughed and seeded, watered, fed  
His touch infused my arid heart  
I flourished as a new sown field  
Waiting for the time of harvest.

The sign's been taken down  
I'm managed now from Heaven  
By the Saviour Jesus Christ  
My life is not for sale.

*Gwenneth Leane*