

How hard we seem to try and earn,

To work through words we see and learn;

We make some money to support our life,

But always end up in trouble and strife.

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All God asks is a little effort you know,

To get jobs done and to love and grow;

If it matters how hard we push and strive,

Then God's grace is there in the world alive.

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If I seek to attain in life what's fair,

Through thought of mind and pain or prayer;

Should I look within to what fills my heart?

Or through a little effort will I play my part.

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Effort is something some say you must manage,

Not a chance in time to give up on or disparage;

Through all the effort we can see what's been done,

Looking back through the years to see what's won.

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Now I'm trying hard not to forget or misconstrue,

All of these lines of love I reinvent and renew;

For what a shame if our effort was in vain,

Not doing our duty or prospering from past pain.

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Now I have tried as hard as you may well know or like,

That this effort in writing is something of real life;

Now time is still here for those who still will,

Discover that effort is rewarded and fulfilled.

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Signed,

Who made it.