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SEASONS  
OF MY LIFE

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*Twenty four poems by* **David Bingham**

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## SPRING & SUMMER

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## AUTUMN & WINTER

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SPRING &  
SUMMER

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SEASONS OF MY LIFE



## SPRING HOLIDAY



Come away with me my love  
To the land in the South that is ours  
We will hear the cooing of doves  
And church bells chiming the hours

We will smell the fragrance of flowers  
Growing in England's green parks  
See blossoms hanging from boughs  
Feel Spring welling up in our hearts

New friends and old we will meet  
New places and old we will see  
Rest on a balcony seat  
Watching the moods of the sea

And we will have time to converse  
And time to hold hands together  
We'll have time to write silly verse  
And time to look at each other



SPRING & SUMMER







## POETRY



When I think of childhood days I think about my mom.  
She shared with me her poetry, her laughter and her song.  
She gave to me a precious gift that has enriched my life,  
And given me a quiet place, refuge from care and strife.

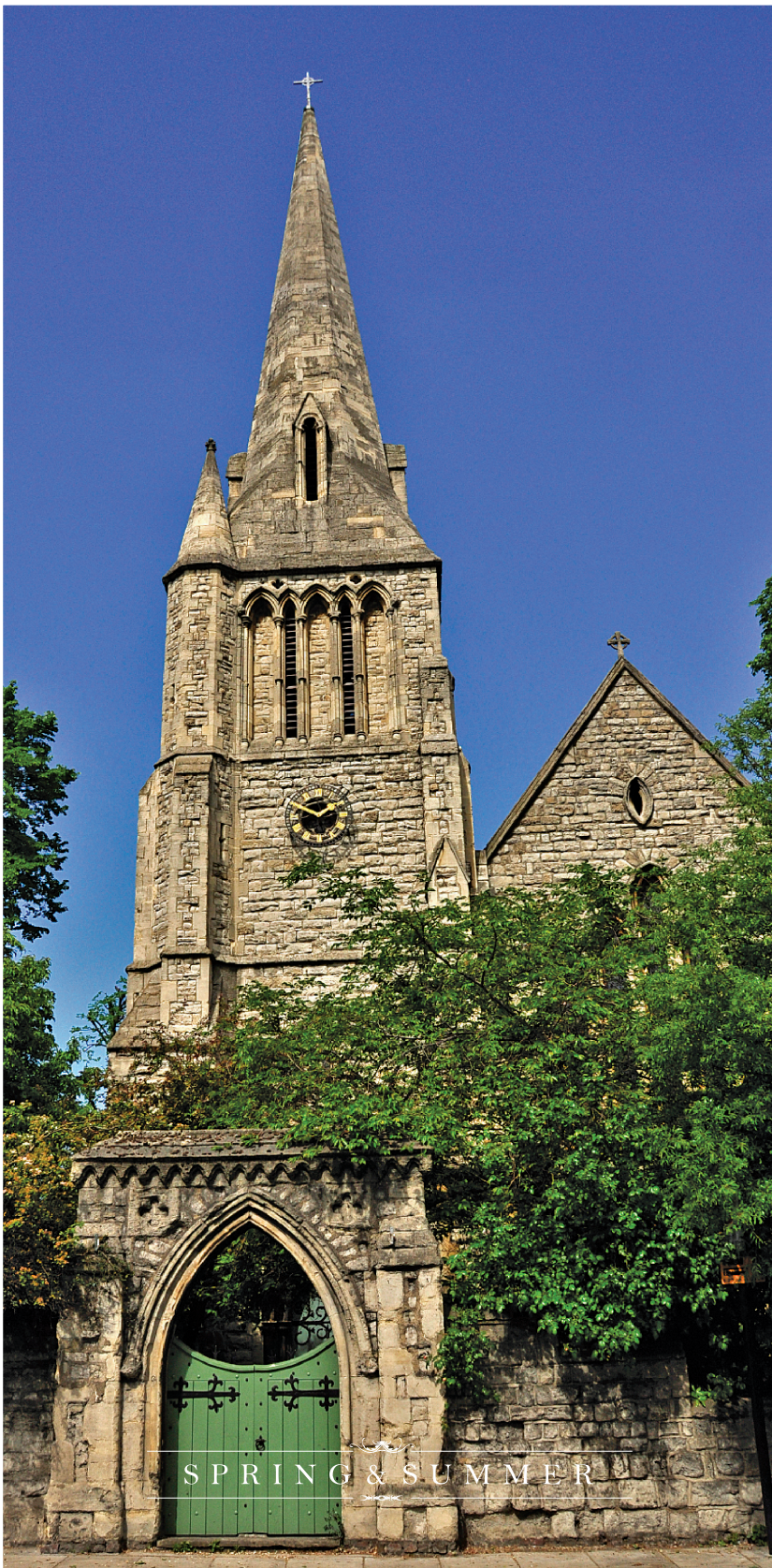
Though she grew up in poverty in a little fishing town,  
And though she had but little school the way to learning found.  
She always had a book with her to read of other worlds,  
Of Russia and of India, of coral reefs and pearls.

And through the long years of her life, however hard and grey,  
She wrote a little book of verse that brightened up the way.  
Poems she read in books and papers or had heard somewhere.  
She wrote them down and treasured them – sunbeams in daily care.

This was the gift she gave to me, I was her only son.  
This treasure I have still with me though her sweet life has gone.  
And many poems know by heart and say them often too,  
Till memory of my mother and a joy for ever new.

For in the words of poets great are keys to our heart's door.  
We see that we are not alone, its all been felt before.  
The beauty of the sunrise, the surge of inner pain,  
The joys and sorrows of our life in them we live again.





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## OLD CHURCHES



Old churches how you drew me as a child  
Cycling from village to village of the English countryside  
Dark places... full of time and incense and God  
Reflecting my heart

Light enters high  
Transformed into colours  
By the stained glass windows of my personality  
Coloured light  
Falling upon the pews  
Of inward religion

Old churches you have been there for so long  
And yet I feel that I was there before you







## SUMMER MORNING



It's early on a summer day,  
The sun with slanting rays,  
Paints silhouettes of leafy trees  
Along the grassy ways.

The lark sings out his little heart  
In clear blue skies above.  
And on a wall outside our house  
There sits a cooing dove.

“Get up, come out”, they say to me,  
“Before the crowds awake.  
Enjoy the freshness of the day,  
Food for your spirit take”.

The dewdrops hanging on the grass  
Like diamonds glittering.  
All nature is in harmony.  
A perfect silence sings.

A pheasant calls, and poised for flight  
A hare sits by the way.  
The wheat stands ripening in the field  
All the long summer day.

The wayside ditches filled with blooms  
Of yellow, purple, white.  
And flowering bushes fill the air  
With fragrance sweet and light.

I sit down by the ancient church,  
A patchwork of great stones.  
Its spire pointing up to heaven.  
Now it is mine alone.

Its walls have heard so many prayers  
In times of well and woe.  
I add my words to all the rest  
That up to heaven go.

I lift my thankful praise to God  
For nature's gift and grace.  
It is so good to be alive  
In this lovely, sunny place.

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## BREAD AND FISHES



It was a sunny morning  
When we started on our way  
The sky was blue and cloudless  
Yes, just a perfect day

Together with my playmates  
To see the Prophet great  
We followed with a multitude  
That passed outside our gate

People had come from far away  
To hear His words from heaven  
To feel the healing touch of love  
And know their sins forgiven

Mother gave me lunch to eat  
Five loaves and fishes two  
“And don’t forget,” she said to me,  
“This food is just for you”

It seemed we’d never reach the place  
Where the great Prophet stood  
Mile after weary mile we walked  
To see this Teacher good

Then suddenly I saw Him there  
Standing upon a hill  
Power was in the atmosphere  
Within I felt a thrill

I crept up quietly to the front  
To find a place so choice  
I longed to see His healing works  
And hear His powerful voice

And oh the wonders that I saw  
Are hard for me to tell!  
The blind, the lame, the deaf He healed  
Drove out the powers of hell

Time passed so quickly as I watched  
And kept close to His side  
I had not thought of food all day  
My bag I’d laid aside



And now with evening coming soon  
I heard the Master say  
“How can we feed this multitude  
And send them strong away?”

I overheard the Master’s words  
His group of friends within  
I ran to one of them and said  
“I’ll give my food to Him!”

Jesus received my offering small  
He smiled at me and said  
“Dear Father, thank you for this gift”  
And then He broke the bread

The people all sat down and ate  
Till they were satisfied  
And then we started home again  
Contented, side by side

I learned a lesson on that day  
Which I will share with you  
Give what you have to Jesus Christ  
And He will bless it too

The little that you think so small  
Unworthy Him to give  
Broken within God’s loving hands  
Can make the hungry live

*Bible reference, John’s Gospel 6:1-13*





## THE MISFIT



A wanderer and a misfit I have been,  
And as my life has passed from scene to scene,  
I know I've never really fitted in,  
My weakness and my differentness my sin.

The few that tried to love me did their best,  
But many broken hearts behind I left,  
Unable to believe their love was true,  
I trampled under foot those roses too.

My happiness - my parent's great desire,  
Their love for me was like a warming fire,  
Its flame I quenched through thoughtless cruelty,  
Broke their control so I myself could be.

Like pendulum I swung from pole to pole,  
And never found a satisfying goal,  
Extremely pious or extremely bad,  
Becoming even more alone and sad.

I wandered over continents and lands,  
Crossed mountains high and everlasting sands,  
But never in these places found a rest,  
Till I my deep unhappiness confessed.

Until one day there from my heart arose,  
A question that I to the Lord should pose,  
"Why is it no one loves me, and alone,  
I wander through this world, by no one known?"

The answer simple dawned upon my soul,  
"Love must begin with you, make that your goal,  
Find someone whose unhappier than you,  
Forget yourself and share a love that's true."

"Forget yourself, and strengthened from above,  
Serve someone else, a channel of God's love,  
Then happiness will seep into your soul,  
And you together with your friend be whole."



SPRING & SUMMER





## CROSSROADS



The entrance to the narrow way  
Is nothing to behold,  
But the way that leads away from Life  
Has glittering gates of gold.

“Come in, come in” the tempter cries,  
“Here pleasure you will find.  
That dark smoke of a distant fire  
That need not cloud your mind.

For here my servants find delight  
And freedom for their will,  
No God to tell them what to do.  
Of sin they have their fill.”

Beside the humble gate to life  
A lowly servant stands,  
His eyes so beautiful with love,  
And deep wounds in his hands.

“The way I offer you, my friend  
Is not a path of ease,  
The narrow way the stony path,  
It will not always please.

But I will be there by your side.  
I’ve been this way before,  
And I will help your burden bear,  
Lead safe to heaven’s door.

And as the path leads up and up,  
New beauties you will see,  
And smell the fragrance of my robes,  
The man from Galilee.”

No eye has seen, nor ear has heard,  
Nor human mind can know  
The joys our Saviour has for those  
His narrow way who go.



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## OCEAN MOODS



We went down to the ocean  
One dark and windy day  
With black and heavy rain clouds  
The sea was green and grey  
The sky above was thundering  
And brilliant lightning flashed  
The powers of earth and heaven  
In fearful conflict clashed

We went down to the ocean  
Above us shined the sun  
People with dogs and children  
They all were having fun  
Splashing, paddling, swimming  
Beyond the golden sands  
The blue skies and blue water  
Both formed a backdrop grand

Our life is like the ocean  
Some days with winds and rain  
And some days bright with sunshine  
We've no right to complain  
Yes, we should be more thankful  
For every hour we live  
And every day we're granted  
Thank God for all He gives







## LIGHTHOUSE




Facing south on its peninsula  
Surrounded by a host of rocky isles  
There stands a lighthouse massive, great and tall  
Rising far above us to the skies

Winter storms and summer days have gone  
Starry nights and thickest fogs have been  
Still like a knife the light cuts warning paths  
And fragile vessels danger's rocks have seen

Lonely men have lived here and have mused  
On nature's beauty and the boiling sea  
Blessed solitude with nature and with God  
And only screeching birds for company

Breathless we climb the many foot-worn stairs  
Endless the way that leads up to the light  
With panting breath and weary legs and knees  
Lean on a rail above the waters white

Strong are the winds that snatch away our words  
There far below ant people on the ground  
We with our hungry eyes together feast  
Upon the rugged grandeur all around



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## CHRYSALIS



I've struggled in this body  
For many a long year  
They say I should be happy  
Content with what appears

But in me there is a longing  
Deeper than my soul  
A thirsting of my spirit  
To reach a higher goal

My soul cleaves to the curséd earth  
But my spirit soars above  
Longing for my Saviour  
And the place of perfect love

So struggle on my loved one  
Imprisoned in your pain  
For you are here an exile  
But you will laugh again

For your chrysalis shell is bursting  
A little more each day  
Soon you will be a butterfly  
And heavenward fly away

In the Presence of your Master  
When your suffering is complete  
Is the river of His pleasures  
And satisfaction deep

Then you will see a meaning  
For all your pain that's past  
Your new wings glittering in the sun  
Your spirit home at last







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## TAPESTRY

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Weaving the tapestry, year by year,  
Light and dark threads, both appear,

Threads of sorrow that remain,  
Hardship, suffering and pain,

Threads of hope and threads of prayer,  
Threads of joy and threads of care,

But when the refiner's done,  
Threads that glitter in the sun,

Threads of silver and of gold,  
Hinting at a wealth untold,

Precious wealth within your breast,  
Gold that's come through every test

Gold of love, a mother's heart,  
Where all your children have their part,

Mother dear, we thank you so,  
We your children here below,

And with the Father up above,  
For seventy years, all filled with love.





## REFLECTIONS



Behind our house we see the mountains rise,  
There quiet forests stretch towards the skies,  
We hear the gentle lapping of the lake,  
As in the Summer sun our rest we take.

Last evening we went out to take a walk,  
To exercise a little and to talk,  
We sat beside the chapel just to look,  
To take in nature's grandeur time we took.

There down below us in the lake the isle,  
So full of memories that make us smile,  
Of Summers spent with relatives and friends,  
With sunny days that never seemed to end.

It had been raining – a sweet Summer shower,  
The glittering drops hung on each blade and flower,  
The cuckoo called and swallows darted by,  
A double rainbow arched across the sky.

O such a rainbow there has never been!  
Intensity of colour never seen!  
Mauve, green and yellow, red and orange too,  
So dazzling was the beauty of each hue!

Yes, in the loveliness of Earth is given,  
A clear reflection of the God of heaven,  
His wisdom and His power are there revealed,  
To those with eyes by unbelief not sealed.

With childlike gratitude we can partake,  
The beauty all around us God creates,  
With thankfulness we can His gifts enjoy,  
In His dear service all our powers employ.



SPRING & SUMMER





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AUTUMN  
& WINTER

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SEASONS OF MY LIFE





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## ANNIVERSARY



Two trees in a garden  
Planted by God  
Two lonely fruit trees  
Fell in love

Our branches spread out  
Towards each other  
Our roots embraced  
And we were lovers

Companions and friends  
These so many years  
Helping each other  
In joy and tears

Comfortable in  
Each others shade  
Loving each other  
Each day we prayed

Shadows grow long  
And fellowship sweet  
Kissed by God's sunshine  
Our joy is complete

A threefold cord  
In paradise  
For ever with God  
And my beautiful wife







AUTUMN & WINTER



## BACKWATER – GROWING OLD IN A NORTHERN LAND



O let the world go on its crazy way,  
Here in our quiet backwater we'll stay,  
Sufficient is our modicum of health,  
We're satisfied with moderation's wealth.

It is a peaceful country where we live,  
And all the body needs the State will give!  
Is something still required to make us whole?  
A smörgåsbord is offered to the soul.

Though there are things here still that make us sad,  
(Our politicians take decisions bad),  
Still we are cosy in our little nest,  
Enjoying all the things that God has blessed.

When Winter snow lies thick upon the ground,  
Cold breezes blow and icicles hang down,  
We'll put on scarves, our mittens and the rest,  
Pull down our woolly hats and face the test!

We'll watch the children sledding down the hill,  
In their excitement gain a borrowed thrill,  
Then hurry home hot chocolate to drink,  
In our warm houses read our books and think.

Spring comes like an explosion every year,  
New life in every tree and field appear,  
Migrating birds return to build their best,  
And wide-mouthed fledglings chirp within their nest.

Then at our Summer cottage we enjoy,  
A taste of heaven in our simple joy,  
To potter in the garden and to look,  
At Nature's beauty, and new dishes cook.

In our appointed home we happy dwell,  
Together till the church bell rings its knell,  
To say our lives forever are complete,  
And we our Lord in heaven both shall meet.

O thank you Lord! As shadows long appear,  
And now the evening of our life draws near,  
For giving this oasis green and fair,  
That we together joyfully can share.







## VESSEL FOR THE MASTER



A lump of heavy, sticky clay  
Carved from a river bed  
But now within the Master's hands  
I am no longer dead

For He with love does fashion me  
Into a vessel fair  
The contours of His skillful hands  
Forever will be there

For He has molded me with love  
To serve a purpose good  
And daily He completes His work  
Till I am what He would

Pressures both gentle and severe  
From Providence are sent  
His hands are working through them all  
To perfect His intent

So peacefully within His hands  
I trust His skill and power  
And beautiful emerge to serve  
In the appointed hour

Make me a vessel of your love  
To hold refreshment sweet  
To every suffering person found  
Wounded along Life's street

Pour out of me the oil and wine  
That can their wounds assuage  
And let them see within my form  
A vessel Love has made

*"Like clay in the hand of the potter,  
so are you in my hand." – Jeremiah 18:6*

AUTUMN & WINTER







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## SPRING IN AUTUMN



Once more the Spring has been reborn,  
After the Winter cold.  
The earth is young and fresh again,  
But I am growing old.

The season's beauty still I see,  
With flowers, fields and trees.  
All nature is a garden fair,  
And warm the Summer breeze.

Outside the leaves are yellow-green,  
And birds are on the wing.  
Inside the leaves are gold and red,  
Fall as the North Wind sings.

Yes, year has followed year, and now,  
I know my time is short.  
My body weaker Spring by Spring,  
But heaven's in my thoughts.

My eyes delighted look upon,  
All that which God has made.  
My soul waits for another Spring,  
One that will never fade.

There in the presence of our Lord,  
Where death can never come,  
Warmed by the sunshine of His love,  
Our lives for ever young.

*David Bingham, 6 May 2007*







AUTUMN & WINTER



## ETERNITY KNOCKING



When death comes knocking at my door  
And says "It's time to go"  
"It's time to leave this fleeting life  
and all the things you know"

Then horror grips my saddened mind  
And faith's put to the test  
Do I believe that God is Love  
And that His will is best?

But Lord, I'm only sixty years  
Must I leave all I love  
My wife, my work, my home, my friends  
And live with you above?

How can I leave my precious wife  
Companion of my heart?  
How can we bear to separate  
And live in worlds apart?

How can I bear her loneliness  
As she grows old and grey  
I want to be there at her side  
Her faithful love repay

How can I leave my work undone  
The lives that I might win  
To teach of Him whose death can give  
Eternal life within?

How can I leave my precious friends  
The mirrors of my soul?  
Must I abruptly say "Farewell  
My life has reached it's goal"?

Pain squeezed my body in its vice  
Death stared me in the face  
God seemed so very far away  
And darkness took His place



But then my Father showed His love  
In this my darkest hour  
He sent His angels to my aid  
He showed His love and power

His rod and staff they comfort me  
Within the valley deep \*  
My Shepherd never leaves my side  
And will His promise keep

So if I stay or if I go  
Within His will I rest  
He takes me in His arms of love  
He knows the way that's best

*\* Psalm 23*

*This poem reflects my feelings at developing a potentially  
life-threatening heart problem and having to undergo  
open heart surgery*





AUTUMN & WINTER



## FRIENDS IN NEED



When I think of friends so faithful  
I can't hold back my tears  
For they have walked beside us  
Through this vale of pain and fear

And in so many caring ways  
They showed their love to me  
A love that's always been there  
But I didn't always see

Hidden silent deep within  
Love has a treasured place  
Until a sudden need reveals  
Its beauty and its grace

From busy lives with duties full  
They took the time to show  
That love will always find a way  
The second mile to go

They rang to us and wrote to us  
And did a thousand things  
That made us feel we mattered  
And they treated us like kings

They lifted us so faithfully  
Before our Father's throne  
And angels that He sent to us  
Said "You are not alone"

And as we come out from the vale  
Of darkness and of death  
We've learned the value of our friends  
Their love has stood the test







AUTUMN & WINTER



## SECRET DOOR



Now I am old and weaker than before,  
My heart has entered through a secret door.  
A door that's opened up a world unknown,  
A place where I will never be alone.

This world is known as "One thing at a Time",  
A place of beauty and a sacred shrine.  
Time is my servant, I'm its slave no more.  
My eyes are opened to creation's store.

Small things of beauty I have never seen,  
Always too busy with a thousand schemes.  
Now I am forced to rest at last I see,  
The wonders of a world God made for me.

Now I have time to talk to those who will,  
And listen with a hearing heart's goodwill,  
To see the soul behind the outer mask,  
Feel what the spirit really wants to ask.

The butterfly that flits across my way,  
The songbird singing out his little lay,  
The fresh green leaves burst out upon the tree,  
All nature is a joy for eyes to see.

A good book, reading one thought at a time,  
And in the Book of Books God's speech divine.  
Sit on the balcony beside my dove,  
And in the summer evening feel her love.







AUTUMN & WINTER



## CHURCH BELLS



The church bell tolls across the snowy fields.  
So beautiful and timeless is the sound.  
It tells another angel has come home,  
No longer to her tired body bound.

Now in the presence of the Lord she loved,  
Who paid the price to open heaven's door.  
Now she can smile, her tears are wiped away,  
Embrace her loved ones that have gone before.

But we are left to struggle and to fight,  
Until each one our time comes to depart.  
O may we learn from those who went before,  
The strong, the brave and all the pure in heart.

Yes, they were human too and sometimes fell,  
But for the sake of others rose again.  
They dried their tears and strengthened by the Lord,  
Took up their crosses and ignored the pain.

The church bell tolls across the snowy fields,  
And somehow time dissolves within its sound.  
Then those that went before us seem again,  
To be so near and us with love surround.







AUTUMN & WINTER



## MAJ-BRITT, 73



Maj-Britt is 73 today  
And from my heart I want to say  
A better wife you could not find  
So faithful, loving, good and kind

She is a gift from God above  
A sunbeam of eternal love  
I am so glad she rang that day  
It seems like only yesterday

One day she made a call to me  
My name upon a list did see  
Of lonely people seeking friends  
And brought my sadness to an end

Now 30 years have quickly passed  
And better years I could not ask  
Each one was better than before  
With this sweet dove that I adore

Our Saviour does with us abide  
And always is there by our side  
With Him a threefold cord we make  
Which nothing in this world can break

And though we both are getting old  
Before the future we are bold  
We trust our God for every breath  
And do not fear approaching death

Together we in paradise  
Will serve the Lord as man and wife  
And thank our God eternally  
That Maj-Britt made that call to me!

*David, 1st May 2011*







## WAITING



As in a doctor's anteroom I wait,  
Waiting to hear my name called at the gate.  
The gate where we the body leave behind,  
And head off to eternal life sublime.

Sometimes I weary of my sojourn here,  
And though I have no need to shed a tear,  
I tire of this barren, desert place,  
And long for heaven and my Father's face.

Still, while I'm waiting for the angel's call,  
I'll use my aging body's powers all,  
And pit my mind to put the wrong to flight,  
And light my candle in a world of night.





AUTUMN & WINTER



## ALL THE WAY HOME



All of our lives our precious Lord  
In faithfulness has been  
A Father and a Comforter  
The One on whom we lean

In times of happiness and pain  
He's never left our side  
Though sometimes we from Him have strayed  
He still with us abides

He's led us through the pastures green  
Beside the waters still  
And even through the vale of death  
Defended us with skill

From all the dangers of our youth  
Our lives He has preserved  
Now in the evening of our years  
We're glad His voice we heard

He taught us ways of righteousness  
And to deny our sin  
God's Spirit dwells inside of us  
Our Friend and Guide within

And as the years have come and gone  
More precious He's become  
He leads us in the paths of peace  
We're safe in Him alone

And as we worship our dear Lord  
The oil of joy He gives  
The joy of knowing sins forgiven  
For ever we will live

Each day we climb another step  
Up to our Father's throne  
Soon we will reach our home above  
And worship Him alone

Goodness and mercy all our lives  
Will follow in our spoor  
And He will lead us both at last  
Safe in through heaven's door







AUTUMN & WINTER

## PRECIOUS GIFT

Silently as snowfall  
Comes the precious gift  
And with the gift the Giver  
Living in our midst

Who will recognize Him  
Come to us this day  
In a manger humble  
Sleeping on the hay?

Shepherds heard the story  
From angels in the skies  
That the King of glory  
In a stable lies

Wise men saw the dawning  
Of His natal star  
Sought Him with their treasures  
From their lands afar

Herod tried to kill Him  
Feared His holy power  
But the hate of sinners  
Could not Life devour

Mary pondered all things  
In wondering thoughtfulness  
Who was this special person  
Sleeping at her breast?

Silently as snowfall  
Comes the precious gift  
And with the gift the Giver  
Living in our midst

