

HALLOWEEN POEM



October 31st ...Child's Play?

Where's the atmosphere of fear
On this unholy 'holiday'?
While the church turns a bline eye
And pretends it's child's play?
satan and his minions laugh
at the flippancy expressed.
As the church believes a lie
And his schemes go unaddressed.



Who's the mastermind behind
This dark time of Hell-oween,
When it's in the name of 'fun'

So much wickedness is seen?



The grotesque and the bizarre
Get exalted every year;



Yet the cuter costumes counter
And distract away from fear.



The author of confusion
Does that thing he does so well;

For when he appears angelic
The mixed messages prevail.
Is the candy so inviting?
Is the 'innocence' so sweet?
Can we do it for God's glory?
(What the world calls "Trick or Treat")
The occult becomes so active.
It's a time to watch and pray;
But the ostrich head is in the sand'
Within the church this day
May the ones whose eyes are opened
Do their best to stand above
All the compromised excuses.
May we "speak the truth in love."

Written By: Anonymous Beliver