

Day Four

Ecclesiastes 5-6

While pondering and reconsidering the words of Solomon in Ecclesiastes chs. 5-6, the insights of the Preacher stimulated recollections of many verses of Scripture which have been embedded in my mind down through the years. The opening verses of ch. 5 remind me of the holiness of God and how we should be humbly approaching Him with our thoughts reduced to just a few words—*only* if and when we are called upon:

“Guard your steps as you go to the house of God and draw near to listen rather than to offer the sacrifice of fools; for they do not know they are doing evil. Do not be hasty in word or impulsive in thought to bring up a matter in the presence of God. For God is in heaven and you are on the earth; therefore let your words be few. For the dream comes through much effort and the voice of a fool through many words” (Ecclesiastes 5:1-3, NASU).

By the time I get to the concluding verses of ch. 6, the concept of reducing one’s words to as few as possible makes a very strong impression:

“For there are many words which increase futility. What *then* is the advantage to a man? For who knows what is good for a man during *his* lifetime, *during* the few years of his futile life? He will spend them like a shadow. For who can tell a man what will be after him under the sun?” (Ecclesiastes 6:11-12, NASU).

Rather than go into great depth discussing the merits of Ecclesiastes chs. 5-6, I am going to share a poem which was written after reflecting on today’s suggested meditation. I hope that you will

Day Four Sukkot Reflections from Ecclesiastes

hear my heart in this poem which I wrote in our family *sukkah*, with an understanding about words from the Preacher that "fewer is better":

Fewer is Better

Distant thoughts, reflecting in awe,
Caught in a time warp, words in the crawl,
Speak to the moment, just clarify,
Dying to self, we live to cry.
Out of the deepest places inside,
Cover my eyes and let me hide,
In my heart chambers, close my ear,
Teach me to hear and yearn to fear.
Fewer is better, so it is stated,
To listen and hear we are created,
But sounds and sights do stimulate,
The thoughts of man to imitate,
Pursue the need just rely on self,
Desire health, but lust for wealth,
Because we are told incessantly,
More is better don't live contentedly.
How we ask, can it be?
You claim our life should be free,
Of human tendency to doubt,
What You say, is life all about?
Hear Your voice and obey,
Impart Your life more each day,
Let the moon pass from the scene,
Fear to hear, can it mean?
Knowing each instant Your heart is pure,
Gazing intently, Your sight is sure,
Even through leaves never obscured,
Radiant wisdom never blurred,
To seek it and find it far from above,
Your glory and honor only to love,
Creatures created to hear from Your heart,
Stay with us always, never depart!
Granted we know, found in our heart,
Eternity lingers sets us apart,
For divine intervention, here and now,
Keep us focused, the daily plough,
Centered on sights beyond our view,

Messianic Fall Holiday Helper

The toil, the labor, all for You,
For You are the reason existence is ours,
Contend us with years, even the hours.
For in Your providence time was made,
To execute Your plan and hence invade,
Moments and seasons that You have set,
Let us remember and never forget,
You are the Provider, always on time,
Flowing like water, gurgling sublime,
Trust in Your breath, the breast sighs,
Keep us from evil, hear our cries.