

“Back To School”

by Wayne Goff

The hymn, ***Too Late***, by F.L. Eland reads as follows:

“Too late, ’twill be for you to cry, when mercy’s day has passed you by! When solemn night of dark despair, shall come upon you halting there.

{CHORUS} “Too late, too late, poor trembling soul! O will this be your fate? Too late, too late to be made whole! Too late, too late, too late!

I learned this hymn many years ago, and while the melody is not all that memorable, the words are certainly haunting. The woeful cry of missed opportunity is heard in the words of God through Jeremiah: *“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!”* (8:20).

Last Sunday morning’s lesson was based upon this text and illustrated by the song, but there were a few modern examples that I forgot to include. Let me list some of them here.

- **It’s too late to buy insurance after you’ve had a car wreck.**
- **It’s too late to clean the house when the doorbell rings.**
- **It’s too late to get internet security when your computer has contracted a virus.**
- **It’s too late to find the “right one” when you’re already married.**
- **It’s too late to stop smoking once you have been diagnosed with lung cancer or emphysema.**
- **It’s too late to get a vaccine after you have been infected with small pox.**
- **It’s too late to put on your seat belt once the police officer has stopped you for speeding.**

Of course, none of these compare to missing your last and final opportunity to be saved eternally! How many souls in the silent city of the dead would agree to that, if only you could hear them now?

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