

Death...and Life!

by Nancy Moelker

There in his chair the old saint sat
His body weak, his face forlorn.
The mind that once was bright, alert
Was now so dull, its memory torn.

His days of Spring and Summer gone;
The Fall of life—it too had flown.
And deep in Winter's drab he sat
With sightless eyes and soul's deep groan.

Now Death has come to take away
This loved one who once talked with us.
His soul has risen to Heaven's throne;
His body will sleep in earth's warm dust.

But soon will come Resurrection Day!
The trump shall sound! The dead shall rise!
His body in its weakness sown
Shall in perfection gain the skies!

What an awakening that will be!
Eyes so long blind—what sights behold!
And meeting Jesus face to face
His Savior, Lord—what joy untold!

Oh, blessed death that takes our life!
The sting is gone! It gives release
From earthly cares and troubles sore
The gateway to eternal peace!

Lo, don't despair, dear Christian friend,
As you grow old and suffer loss.
It's only a temporary state
Just keep your eyes fixed on the cross!

Life's winter days will soon be done!
And springtime will return once more
A home in Glory waits for you
Just over there on Heaven's shore.

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