

Eternal Rest

A Poem About The Loss Of Loved Ones

When our Father calls His children
Heaven's gates swing open wide.
How we stand and long to follow
when our loved ones go inside.

Just a step across the threshold
and they're in the other room
where the sun ne'er cast a shadow
and the flowers always bloom.

Where there's never pain or suffering
neither sorrow nor distress,
where the Savior calls His children,
old and young alike, too bless.

Though our hearts are torn with sadness
and our eyes are dimmed with tears,
we can feel our Savior's presence
and we know our prayers He hears.

So we must not mourn their passing
for our Father knows what's best.
He's just called them home to heaven
and they've found eternal rest.

— *Katheryn Brenner Bode*
