

Death And Hope

By Elo Bowman

(In memory of Edward Martin
and Loreen Weber July, 2007)

As spring has turned to summertime
We mark the year's relentless stride.
The good Lord took that which he gave. . .
A blooming life, and then. . . the grave.

The year was marked by tears and pain
And yet our loss has been their gain.
Our God alone knows reasons why;
It was His will, yet still we cry.

But in submission sweet and still
We bow beneath God's perfect will.
Christ died. . . He gave His life for us. . .
So should He not take some of us?

Reminding those He left behind
That Heaven's fairer far than time.
But while we're here, God time has given,
So do His work til you reach Heav'n.

Yet weep we not as with no hope
For loved ones passed beyond our scope.
Our God gives strength for each new day.
We hope to meet again some day.

*"And whosoever liveth and believeth
in me shall never die." John 11:26*
