

# 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*

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