

WHERE?

When the world of wealth and worry lie a wasteland in the dust;
When all war machines are memories, and weapons flaking rust;
When the scorning of the sceptic shifts from mocking into moans,
And the wrath of vicious tyrants turns in pain to endless groans;
When the gates of Hell are shut that were so broadly open wide,
Will you have your home in Heaven, or be lost in tears outside?

After all our politicians and their promises are still;
After Earth is free from every judge who courted Satan's will;
After science and technology have ceased to fuel our greed,
And our public schools are damned for disregarding moral need,
Will you know eternal blessings that the Prince of Peace outpours,
Or be mournfully regretting the decision that was yours?

When the King of Kings returns to bring the justice He foretold;
When the scrolls recording every word and deed have been unrolled;
When His light reveals the motives that each human heart enclosed,
And all thoughts have been laid bare, and silly reasoning exposed,
Will you stand in Christ's forgiveness by His blood's amazing grace,
Or be fleeing to the Pit to hide in darkness from His face?

While the blind who saw by faith will have the Lord they loved in view;
While the lame who walked in holiness will dance their joys anew;
While the deaf who heeded Jesus will be hearing angel choirs,
And the sinner, who repented, writing songs that God inspires,
Will you also be rejoicing as we celebrate the King,
Or be pining in a plight of doom from doing your own thing?

-- David L. Hatton, 12/2/99