

HOLY, PRECIOUS

By Steve Wessels © 5-20-05
From Psalms 116:15

What do I do, can life go on? Don't you care, my Lord
how hard it is down here on earth, the emptiness, this void?
Why did You have to take Lee now with so much left undone?
Couldn't we have had three decades more of life and family fun?

Why didn't You steer that car away or juggle time a tad?
Why did he have to die this way with so much grief and sad?
Every time I drive that road must tear-storms rage again?
Can longest time e'er heal my heart, or memories, so ginned?

Why do we have to suffer so while in this earthly pit?
Wasn't he full of Holy Glow before when he was hit?
Should I take this photo down, that memory so demure?
Why does the time just go so slow while pain is so secure?

How can I sleep in that same bed where we so often waked
with hugs and love and peace secure, with days and nights so paced?
The children grown, our life, half lived, we looked toward times to come
When we'd have time to do Your work and travel for Your Throne.

Then as I thought of gentle hugs, Lee's whispers in my ear,
This simple verse, His Spirit's tug, became His thoughts so clear.
*"Holy, Precious in My sight is the death of saints
Who've lugged their Cross across this earth with perseverance taints.*

*I've planned all roads to lead them here, Lee's death was no mistake.
I know it's hard, but understand, it is My choice to make."*

Then as I thought of all I've read about His cherished Throne
With streets of gold and light so pure, no tears will tarnish Home.

As I listened hard again it seems I heard Him say:
*"It's lovely here, Lee had no choice, he really wants to stay."
"It's peaceful here, beyond belief, mere words cannot describe
The holy songs I always hear, the anthems of My Bride!*

*The beauty of My purest love, the joy of heartache's cure –
You'll meet your friends, your parents too, in harmony so pure!
You'll grieve awhile, the tears will fall, as evidence of pain
Of how you've loved and lived it all, the trying time of rain.*

*When you've climbed your final hill and dropped your earthly cross
on top of your own Calvary and shed your earthly dross,
I'll greet you at the pearly gates, with Peter, Lee, and Paul –
We'll sing and dance, we'll celebrate, your life, your path, your all.*

*I know you cannot see right now, you cannot comprehend
The reasons why I brought Lee home, his earthly life to end,
But rest assured you'll know that day, when you get up here too...
I'll showcase all your holy love, Lee's death you won't so rue."*