

“He’s Beckoning Me”

I looked into the face of my friend and I knew there was trouble there,

“My friend,” I said, “Is there a problem you would care to share?”

He said to me, “I’ve just been told a sad time has come to call,

A time of sickness that will end in death, that’s all, that’s all.”

As weeks went by I watched my friend and saw a strong tree in the storm,

I watched as weakness took each limb and from that tree it was torn.

One by one until only the strong trunk I could see,

“My friend, my friend,” he called, “don’t look at me.

Look only at the strength our Savior’s death gave to us all,

And pray for me that I will soon hear my Savior call,

Come home, my child, come to a place pain free,

Come my faithful child, come go with me.”

Weeks went by and the tree with only it’s trunk, was left to bear,

The weight of the sickness it seemed was all that was there.

But my friend in a hoarse whisper said to me,

“Our Savior also carried a great load when he hung upon that tree.

My troubles are small, when with His, you compare,

Our sins, yours and mine, on his dear body were laid to bear.

So be my friend, rejoice and come by and hold my hand,

But let me go, my friend, I’m going, going to a better land.

Don’t grieve my friend, just praise our Lord on bended knee,

At last, My Jesus, my Lord, I see Him beckoning me.

By Louise Hall