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*The Best IS
Yet To Come*





*They will be his people, and God
Himself shall be with them and
be their God. He will wipe every
tear from their eyes. There will
be no more death or mourning
or crying or pain Revelations
21: 3,4*

Waiting at the Gate

Now when you go to heaven, friend,
and reach that Pearly Gate,
St Peter will not say to you,
“Now please sit down and wait,
I have some forms you must fill out
before you enter in,
I’ll get a pen and pencil now,
and then you can begin.

We’ll need to know your race and age,
your education, too.
What was your yearly income, friend,
on earth, what did you do?
I hope you thought to bring along
your forms of income tax,
We’ll need to know if you were poor
or lived life to the max.

Then write a page about yourself
explaining in detail
Why you feel you are eligible--
our rules, you know, prevail.
Please fill in all the empty blanks--
It’s really not that hard,
And when you’re finished with those forms
you’ll get your entrance card.”

I’m glad that when we leave this earth
and knock on Heaven’s Gate
We won’t be asked to fill out forms
and wait, and wait, and wait.
For Jesus came and gave His life
that we might ransomed be,
And if we’ve made our peace with God
Heaven welcomes you and me.

Better Up Ahead

We're not on earth forever, folks,
we're only here a while;
Each day we're nearer Home, you know,
and that should make us smile.
Especially on those tougher days
when things go wrong a lot
We kinda' have to grit our teeth
and give it all we've got.

And though we're tired of problems
that would try to do us wrong
We have a God who loves us
and can help restore our song.
If we set our dial on Heaven
and listen for awhile
There are some things that we will hear
that bring to us a smile.

Sometimes I like to reminisce
and think on Heaven a bit
And kinda' let my mind run free
as in my chair I sit.
Here's stuff that I've come up with
and it gives my point of view
And whether you agree with me
is really up to you.

No one will stop you on the street
and murmur and complain
How they could hardly sleep last night
because of so much pain.
They won't gripe about the weather
and how they shoveled snow
And now their back is killing them
because it hurts 'em so.

There won't be sirens in the night
to wake a fella' up,
Folks won't complain about the food
when they sit down to sup.
We won't be mowing lawn up there
or trimming hedge out back,
And we won't have to save receipts
in case we might lose track.

Depression there will be unknown,
we won't have income tax,
We won't have news of wars and crime.
We'll live life to the max.
I know some folks who think of death
are filled with fear and dread
But for the folks who know the Lord
IT'S BETTER UP AHEAD.

The Forgetters

I'm sure some people wonder why
some oldsters oft forget
A lot of unimportant things
and stuff they oughta' get.
I guess they do not realize
the brain inside their head
Has saved up lots of memories
and really is not dead.

I wonder, does it matter
if there's stuff they can't recall?
If they've lived eighty years or more
their brain can't hold it all.
The really most important thing
is memories they've saved up
And if they have a lot of love
and God has filled their cup.

So if they need to think a bit
on things they'd like to say
And though sometimes they goof things up
and might be in the way,
Remember, friend, they need your love,
encouragement, and more
For every day they watch and wait
for Heaven's open door.

Walkers

I have a sturdy walker
that goes everywhere with me
For if I didn't use it
I might fall and break my knee.
Although it slows me down a bit
my heart will not complain
Because if I fell down again
I'd have a lot of pain.

So I will count my blessings
for I have a lot to count
And every day that I'm alive
God gives the right amount.
The Good Book says that Christians
are the apple of God's eye
And that's as good as it can get
no matter how you try.

So thank God for your walker, folks,
though it may slow you up
It may be while you walk along
the Lord will fill your cup.
Remember when the angels call
to walk that Golden Stair
You'll leave your walker far behind--
it won't be needed There.

Running For The Gold

For hundreds of years folks have run for the gold
To win a fine medal to wear and to hold.

They practice and practice day in and day out.
There isn't much else they are thinking about.

Committed, determined, they go on their way
Just hoping and praying they'll make it some day.

It's much like the Christian who runs in life's race:
Committed, determined, to see that great Place

Where not just a medal of bronze or of gold
Is handed the winner, but this I've been told:

Rewards will be given to all who arrive
So send up your treasures while you're still alive.

Wings

I've thought about pilots and what they go through
To get silver wings to fly through the blue.

The study, the tests, and the practice it takes
To fly over mountains, and valleys and lakes,

And then smoothly land on a airstrip somewhere
Takes a lot of practice, precision, and care.

But then when at last he is given his wings
He knows the great joy that accomplishment brings.

It's kind of like people who live on this earth
Who hustle and strive for all they are worth

To make something good of the life they are given--
Improving each day for as long as they're livin'

And trusting in God that when this life is past
They'll make their last move up to Heaven at last.

They'll try to be faithful 'til that special day
When they'll get their wings and then just fly away.

Dear God,

Sometimes we get discouraged
And we feel that life is tough;
At times we have to ask you, Lord,
To give us grace enough
To handle pain and struggles
That just seem to come our way
And ask You if tomorrow
Could be better than today.

And Lord, You seem so far away
If we don't keep in touch,
We find that other things in life
Do not amount to much.
So take our hands again, dear Lord,
And overflow our cup,
We'll thank you for the strength You give
To keep us looking up.
We'll do our best to smile a bit
And even sing and hum;
We know full well You told us
That the BEST is yet to come.

Amen

*We have this hope as an
anchor for the soul, firm
and secure. Hebrews 5:19*

I Go To Prepare a Place for You

When Jesus left and went to Heaven
He said He would prepare
A special Place for Christians
Who do God's will with care
And let the love of God shine through
Their lives from day to day--
It sure must be a super Place
For He's still gone away.

And if it takes two thousand years,
Or maybe even more
To get the Place all up to par
With things He has in store
Like diamonds, sapphires, rubies, too,
Along with streets of gold,
Our minds cannot imagine
All the beauty we'll behold.

God made the earth so beautiful
We wonder, can it be
That Heaven will surpass all this?
We'll have to wait and see.
To have no problems plaguing us,
No pain or sorrow there,
It's truly out of this old world
And filled with heavenly fare

We'll see the folks we've read about
Like David with his sling
And Daniel in the lions den.
We'll hear angels when they sing.
Methuselah and Abraham
I'd really like to greet
And when we'll always be up There
I think we'll surely meet.

Remember Jesus told us
He'd prepare for us a Place
And when we do arrive up There
We'll see His lovely Face
And that will be the best of all
Of anything that's There
So get your heart in readiness
To walk that Golden Stair.

Heaven-- All Problems Disappear

I've never been to Heaven
But I hope to go some day
And when I reach that lovely Place
I'm sure I'll want to stay.
After living for a lot of years
Down here with toil and fear
It sure will be lots different
When all problems disappear.

We'll never have to phone in sick
Or have a tire go flat,
Or get a tune-up from the Doc,
Or walk the dog or cat.
We'll not get hit by hurricanes,
Tsunamis won't be There,
No families will be arguing,
There'll be no pain or care.

No one will be complaining
About how bad they feel
And how it almost wears 'em out
To just prepare a meal.
Your neighbors or your boss at work
Won't make you lose your smile
And if you find you need a nap
There'll be time to rest a while.

God is the CEO, you know,
And keeps things up to snuff,
He has a limitless supply
Of lots and lots of stuff.
It's hard for me to figure out
Why all folks don't prepare
And live for God down here on earth
So they can live up There.

*They will be his people, and God himself
shall be with them and be their God.
He will wipe every tear from their eyes.
There will be no more death or mourning
or crying or pain, for the old order of things
has passed away.
Revelation 21:3,4*

The Best is Yet to Come

Don't let your heart be troubled, friends,
for God is on His Throne,
No one can hide away from Him,
we're never left alone.
Sometimes the future may look bleak
and we're distressed and blue
But God is watching from above
and cares for me and you.
So when you think the world is bad
with no one in control,
God has His finger on the clock
and watches every soul.
And some day Jesus will return--
don't let your heart be numb,
For every heart that knows the Lord
the best is yet to come.

Rewards

It seems some folks will drop the names of well-known
folks, ya' know,
I guess it helps their ego if they mention so and so.
It's kinda' fun to run around with folk of famous name,
But spending time with commoners is truly not the same.

I wonder if you've noticed that when Jesus came to earth
He didn't come to famous folk, but had a lowly birth.
And when He grew to be a man his time was largely spent
In healing sick and crippled folks and asked folks to repent.

The Sadducees and Pharisees, the big shots of the day,
Were jealous of the things He did and things that He
would say.
But common folks, the Bible says, were glad to hear
Him speak,
He did a lot of miracles for the helpless and the weak.

I wonder if we'd feel more blest if we would help the poor
And maybe give a handout if some come to our back door.
A cup of just cold water if it's giv'n in Jesus' name
Will some day be rewarded, and we'll never be the same.

One We Can Trust

It seems the TV news we hear
are mostly pretty bad;
Sometimes we need some happy stuff
to cheer us up a tad.
With crime and lying so rampant,
who can a fella' trust?
It seems a person sees too much
of things that are unjust.

But one thing we are sure about
is God is fair and true
And all His books are up to date—
He knows us through and through.
So when we leave this world down here
and stand at Heaven's Gate
If Jesus is our Lord and King
we won't have long to wait.

Though times down here are sometimes mean
and maybe even tough
We'll find that God's unchanging love
is really quite enough
To see us through each day and hour
and help us make the climb
To see our Savior face to face
when we are through with time.

Books

There is a Book of Life, we're told,
that's kept right up to date,
And if I had to guess I'd say
it's somewhere near the g=Gate.
It lists the names of all the folks
who've made their peace with God,
And they can leave with confidence
when angels give their nod.

On earth there are a lot of folks
with names so all can see
In Guinness Book of Records,
or of folks of high degree.
There also are the Who's Who books
in heavy volumes, too
And these will tell of lot of things
important people do.

We may not see our names down here
in some big famous book,
It may be we've not made our mark
so folks would take a look;
But there's one place you want you name,
come early or come late,
It's in God's Book of Life, you know
that's just inside the Gate.

A New Body

We know that when we go to Heav'n
our bodies will be changed,
We realize with sickness gone
things will be rearranged.
No one will wear a hearing aid
or walk with cane or crutch
Trifocals will be out of date,
no sleeping pills we'll clutch.

Folks will not tell how bad they feel,
how lonely or depressed,
For all things will be different there
with living at its best.
So oft we wonder how we'll look
when we're on that fair shore;
The Bible gives us just a hint,
but really not much more.

It talks about a grain of wheat
when planted in the ground
Must die before it comes to life
with changes quite profound.
And what about the acorn
that will some day be a tree?
Until it dies it can't become
what it was meant to be.

And so I wonder, friend of mine,
 when Jesus calls our name
And we'll be raised in different form
 and won't look quite the same,
But like the acorn makes a tree
 or grain of corn a stalk
Our bodies will be glorified
 as well our walk and talk.
We really don't know more than this,
 we'll have to wait and see
But God has something great in mind
 for His big family tree.

Safety Deposit Boxes

A lot of folks down here on earth
Will rent a metal box
Where they can store their special stuff
Like bonds, CD's, and stocks.

Do you suppose they've thought about
The safest place of all?
Why, Heaven is the very place
To store your stuff, y'all.

Up there it never will burn up,
Be stolen, or get lost.
There are no hidden charges there
To add more to the cost.

So play it smart, send things ahead
To God's deposit box,
You'll find the interest paid in gold
For all your bonds and stocks.

“I’m Home”

I can recall long years ago
when school had been let out,
I’d hear our door swing open wide,
“I’m home!” I’d hear Bob shout.

I’ve often thought about the time
when I’ll no longer roam,
And I’ve walked through those Gates of Pearl
I’ll also shout, “I’m home!”

Up there I’ll never have to move,
which makes my heart to sing,
For I will be forever HOME
and that’s worth everything.