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*Thinkin'
Of Home*





*No eye has seen,
no ear has heard,
no mind has conceived
what God has prepared
for those who love Him.*

1 Corinthians 2:9

Thinkin' of Home

I like to think of Heaven
and the things we'll find up there;
It's kinda' fun to dream a bit
while rocking in my chair.
Of course the Bible doesn't tell
too much of what we'll find,
And we can't comprehend it
for we have too small a mind.

But there are gates of pearl, you know,
and there are streets of gold;
The walls of that great City
will have jewels I am told.
There won't be slums or homeless folks
asleep on any street
For all will be at Home up There
and that is pretty neat.

It's hard to comprehend a place
where lies are never said
And neighbors love each other
and where prejudice is dead.
No one will say they're feeling tough
and have to see the Doc
So he can tune 'em up a bit
and kinda' wind their clock.

The Book of Revelation tells
some stuff we'll see up there
And who they are who'll make it through
those pearly gates so fair.
I've read in the Old Testament
of Jonah and the whale--
He'll have a lot to tell about
his under-water sail.

And Moses, that great friend of God,
took that complaining bunch
Across the burning desert
and where God provided lunch:
He gave them manna day by day
and quail for them to eat,
And to get them out of Egypt
was really quite a feat.

I could name lots of other folk
like good old patient Job
And Abraham and David
and some others on this globe,
But if we live forever
on that great celestial shore
I'm sure there'll be new folks to meet
and they can tell us more.

Just look in the New Testament
for Peter, James, and John,
And Matthew, Mark, and Dr. Luke,
the list goes on and on.
And Mary who gave birth to Christ,
and Zaccheus in a tree,
The wise men and the shepherds, too,
I'd really like to see.

Of course we've heard of mansions
and a lot of super stuff
And God will not run out of things,
there'll always be enough.
Just think of all the angels
that will fly around up There,
I sure don't want to miss them
when I walk that golden stair.

Of course I've left the best till last
for no one can compare
With seeing Jesus Christ the Lord
and meeting Him up there
And thank Him that He died for me
and all the human race
And feel the nail-prints in His Hand
and see His lovely face.

Moving

Folks when you leave this planet earth
its not like moving here,
You won't pack up your stocks and bonds
and things that you hold dear.
You won't load stuff into a box
you'd like to take with you
And jam it full of earthly things
be they a lot or few.
You won't go to the postal clerk
so he can forward mail,
In fact, the things you've left down here
may be put up for sale.
I guess the thing this says to us
is that folks oughta' live
And not get too attached to stuff
but give, and give, and give,
So when St. Peter ope's the Gate
for you to go on through
You needn't hang your head in shame
when he calls out to you,
But you can greet him with a smile
and say you did your best
And if you've made your peace with God
He'll care for all the rest

Just Passing Through

Some years ago there was a song
that I still like a lot
That says this world is not our home
(and really it is not).
It says that we're just passing through,
and if you think it through
I think you will agree with me
because, my friend, it's true.
God makes us all to live down here
a little while you know
But that is not the end of us,
there's some place else to go.

And as I watch the rushing throng
I wonder can it be
They're only living for today
and not eternity?
It seems they work and work to buy
an awful lot of stuff,
No matter how much dough they have
it never seems enough.
I kinda' think the common folk
who serve both God and man
Live happy lives because they live
according to His plan.

This world is not their final home
so while they're passing through
They help the folks who need a lift
like Jesus told them to.
It's great to have a caring heart
that loves and can forgive
And there's no doubt about it
it's the only way to live.
And then when Jesus calls their name
they will no longer roam
Because they've just been passing through
to their eternal Home.

*The Lord is my shepherd. . . Surely
goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life, and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord forever.
Psalm 23:1,6*

Nearer Home

Sometimes it seems when we get old
our parts don't work too good,
Our molehills seem like mountains,
so much bigger than they should.
E'en though the Doc has tuned us up
and listened to our chest
And talked with us and held our hand
and did his level best

To calm our nerves and ordered pills
to take away our pain
We find we can't convince ourselves
that we are young again.
And so we have to hunker down
in God's great love and care
And tell Him all our problems
and then just leave 'em there.

It's kinda' strange how we react
when old age settles in--
Some folks will get bent oughta' shape,
some take it on the chin.
But if you've made your peace with God
you need not stew nor fret
For every day we're nearer Home
and that's the best news yet!

Heaven-- Better Than You Can Imagine

I like to think of Heaven, folks,
and what its gonna' be,
I know we don't know much about
the things that we will see.

We love songs concerning Heaven
and how it will be great
We know for sure if God's involved
He has a big estate.

Today I read about that Place
in God's most Holy Book
And it's in First Corinthians
in case you want to look,

Then find verse nine of Chapter two—
it's there in black and white
And sure enough you'll get a glimpse
of what Heav'n might be like.

It says that Eye has never seen,
nor Ear has ever heard,
Nor could man ever visualize,
according to God's Word,

The things that He's prepared for those
who've made Him Lord and King
And if you do that very thing
your heart will hum and sing.

The Lord has made a special Place
for folks whose hearts are clean
And it's worth everything you've got
to make that heavenly scene.

So if you want to see that Place
that God has all fixed up
You've got to give Him all your heart
and let Him fill your cup.

Heaven's Extras

Now if there were no bills to pay,
no dreaded income tax,
And if our stuff would not break down
and we could just relax,
We just might think that we had died
and Heaven let us in
And we had joined the ranks up There
with all our kids and kin.

It sure would seem like Heaven
just to have no pain or stress
And things on earth would be passe--
like Paradise, no less.
But let me tell you, friend of mine,
though the above is true
There are lots of things awaiting us
when Heaven we will view.

We hear of angels, mansions bright,
and also streets of gold,
And gates of pearl, and precious stones,
at least that's what I'm told.
It seems that God must love us much
to add these extra things,
But best of all He'll give to us
a heart that hums and sings.

Thinkin' About Our Heavenly Home

Sometimes I kinda' muse about
what I think Heav'n will be;
I know I cannot picture it
as you will plainly see.
But things will be so different there
(and I am glad they will),
A lot of things we have down here
up there will just be nil.

I'm sure we won't need plumbers there
for what would those folks do?
The things God makes won't need repairs,
they'll always look brand new.
The doctors and the nurses, too,
will not a patient find,
For all the folks who live up there
are well, and none are blind.

Psychiatrists and counselors
will have no work to do,
For no one there will be depressed
and no one will be blue.
Mechanics will be out of work
for cars are there passe,
We won't need travel visas
for we're in that place to stay.

No global warming will take place,
No floods or famine there,
The streets of gold will ne'er erode
and be in disrepair.
No TV ads will rankle us,
no junk mail in our box,
And as there'll be no crime or sin
we'll have no need of locks.

No congress will convene up there,
for God will be in charge
And He knows how to run the Place
although it's super large.
Another thing I think is neat,
there'll be no monthly rent,
Nor will we have to pay a bill
AT&T has sent.

No self-help books are on the shelf;
No cash will needed be--
There'll be no need of earthly stuff,
we'll be completely free.
And this I often think about--
what will we do up there
For nothing will be breaking down
in need of quick repair.

Do you suppose we'll use our time
in fellowship and praise
And maybe even join a choir
and joyful voices raise?
It seems to me we'll have the time
to talk with friends we've known
And arm and arm stroll down a path
where flowers have been sown.

The Bible says we folks down here
don't know what Heav'n will be,
So we will have to bide our time
Till Jesus' face we see.
But one thing sure when I am done
with living here below
I'll trust in God with all my heart
so that's where I will go.

*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 have passed away. Revelation 21:4*

Release

The folk who go to Heaven
Having never suffered pain,
And life has been all sunshine
With no clouds or driving rain,

Will walk right through those pearly gates
Without a cane or crutch
May have a different feeling than
The ones who've suffered much.

It seems like those who've had much pain
And then find sweet release
Will have more joy when they get There
With health and perfect peace.

A New Tongue

When we get to Heaven I'm sure we will find
Our talk will be changed to a far different kind.

We won't say our usual, "How are you today?"
For when you feel good, there is much less to say.

You won't tell your neighbor you had a bad night,
Your back hurt so badly and you felt up tight.

The meds that you took didn't help you one bit,
You vowed then and there all that stuff you would quit.

And then you would tell how your car wouldn't start
When you finished shopping at Sears and Wal-Mart.

You might add a note that the weather's so hot
It saps all your strength--what little you've got.

The payments you have on your house and your car
Leaves little left over, and won't go too far.

Complaints, and the problems we have everyday
When we get to Heaven will there be passe.

So when you are There and are taking a walk,
You will not hear grumbling when you sit and talk.

We'll find a big change when we get to that Place
Where all are content with a smile on their face.

The Believers

Now some folks want power and some opt for fame;
They love to hear others their greatness proclaim.

They'd like a big statue of them on the square
With giant size photos around everywhere.

An eternal flame they would like on their grave
As if when they're dead they could hear people rave

About all their greatness, their charm, and their wit,
How they worked so hard and just never would quit.

But though they are lauded by men near and far
They must meet their Maker whoever they are.

It's not what folks say that determines man's fate.
God's mind isn't changed when they come to the Gate.

The ones who pass through are the ones who believe
In Christ as their Savior before earth they leave.

At the Gate

When we get up to Heaven
And St. Peter meets us There
He won't ask how far we've traveled
Before we walked the "stair."
He may not be too interested
In travelogues we give
Or ask about our house and car
And what we did to live.

I think what sparks his interest
Is the content of our heart
And what we did to help folks out
And if we did our part.
Forgiveness, faith, and love for God
Are music to his ears
Along with kindness, honesty,
And other things he hears.

He won't care if we are wealthy
Or have somehow come to fame
But he may check the Record Book
And search there for our name.
And if he finds we know the Lord
He'll open wide the Gate
And we'll see Jesus waiting there—
the Greatest of all the great.

Graduation Day

Some day you're going to "graduate"
from this old planet earth
So make sure it is with honors
and with lots of joy and mirth.
God likes us to be happy folks
and has a place prepared
Where everything is up to snuff
and won't need to be repaired.

If there are gondolas or cars
with which to move about
To see the sights of Heaven
and see what it's all about
They ne'er will be inside a shop
for a tune-up or a flat
For everything will be ship-shape—
and are we glad of that!

We'll need no keys to lock our place
for criminals won't be there
And there are things we'll want to see
when we walk that golden stair.
So while you're living on this earth
stand tall and live for God
So you'll be ready for that Place
when angels give their nod.

The Place to Go

I've mused quite a bit on what Heaven will be;
Some things will be missing I plainly can see.

No doctors or nurses will hang out a sign
For all the folks there will be feeling just fine.

No cancer, no shingles, arthritis, or cold,
Can make people sickly, no matter how old.

Attacks of angina will be done away,
And all types of illness will there be passe.

No wheelchairs, or crutches, or even a cane
Will thump on the streets for none there are in pain.

I've traveled around this old world quite a bit
And as of right now I'm not planning to quit.

But when I'm through travelin' I want you to know
That this is exactly where I want to go.