

— One of these days —

*“In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.”
“For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the
voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.”*

Yes, day by day,
The days trudge past on shuffling, way worn feet.
They bear they lines of pressing cares they meet,
The dust they’ve sprinkled here and there with grief.
But now and then they pause and give me leave
To drift away
For moment's muse...

The moment come!
Approaching first like all the rest, but now
Alone, lone, one to which the rest must bow.
Glad consummation of the tortured years,
Blest terminus to haunting, taunting fears.
In one quick blink,
A twinkling eye...

The twinkling eye!
Closed then to brush away (again) a tear,
Now opened to a brilliance foreign here.
The brazen garment of the heavens rent,
Behold the Man! Once more from heaven sent--
Nay—‘tis release!
A trumpet’s sound...

The trump of God!
The glory’s herald, how the sound enralls!
Though silent to ears deaf to heaven's calls,
But thunderous to the ears that know His voice,
Who first had heard Him speak to them in grace.
Enrapturing sound!
A voice I know...

Th’angelic voice!
Now yet again imparting life to me,
Once to the soul, now from this frailty free.
Yes, how I know it! ‘Tis my shepherd’s tone
Not softly now, but shout reserved alone
To show His joy,
To call me home!