

REUNION

Today we grieve the absent kiss;
Tomorrow mourn the face we miss.
The coming weeks and circling years
May never dry our deepest tears.

But God's own hand will wipe away
These sorrows, when that coming Day
Brings missing loved ones into view,
When severed ties are joined anew.

No longer will we feel the grief
Of lost embraces—all too brief—
But we will greet and hug once more
Those dear hearts who went on before. . . .

It isn't far and won't be long
Until we sing that welcome song
Of sweet reunion up above
With all the treasured souls we love.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/05/2015*