

WEEPING IN HEAVEN

Weak-willed and wounded and worried,
Our souls in their dust press along,
Trudging a thorn-riven pathway
That ends where our treasures belong.

Mixing God's will with our half-truths,
We stumble and call it "unfair!"
Hurt through our dabbling with idols,
We sink into utter despair.

Yet, as believers, we'll exit
While God is still cleansing our souls.
When we meet Jesus in Heaven,
The Lord won't abandon His goals.

When we arrive we'll be mourning
For sins we refused to let go.
Pride must be drowned by our grieving,
If grace is to free us to grow.

Light will expose our deceptions
The Lord tried correcting for years.
Christians must weep over failures,
If God is to wipe away tears.

That's the beginning of Heaven:
Before we rejoice, we will cry.
First, God must deal with our darkness.
Will anyone have a dry eye?

— *David L. Hatton, 4/23/1994 (revised 5/2014)*