

WHERE WILL YOU BE?

When the world of wealth and worry
lie a wasteland in the dust;
When all war machines are memories,
and weapons flaking rust;
When the scorning of the skeptic
shifts from mocking into moans,
And the wrath of vicious tyrants
turns in pain to endless groans;
When the gates of Hell are shut
that were so broadly open wide,
Will you have your home in Heaven,
or be lost in tears outside?

After all our politicians
and their promises are still;
After Earth is free from every judge
who courted Satan's will;
After science and technology
have ceased to fuel our greed,
And our public schools are damned
for disregarding moral need,
Will you know eternal blessings
which the Prince of Peace outpours,
Or be mournfully regretting
the decision that was yours?

When the King of Kings returns
to bring the justice He foretold;
When the scrolls recording every word
and deed have been unrolled;
When His light reveals the motives
that each human heart enclosed,
And all thoughts have been laid bare,
and silly reasoning exposed,
Will you stand in Christ's forgiveness
by His blood's amazing grace,
Or be fleeing to the Pit
to hide in darkness from His face?

While the blind who saw by faith
will have the Lord they loved in view;
While the lame who walked in holiness
will dance their joys anew;
While the deaf who heeded Jesus
will be hearing angel choirs,
And the sinner, who repented,
writing songs that God inspires,
Will you also be rejoicing
as we celebrate the King,
Or be pining in a plight of doom
from doing your own thing?

— David L. Hatton, 12/2/1999