

Many a days go by, And many a time I've travelled; As many as a million stars, And there troubled mysteries unraveled.

A minute or two to think of it,
For here under the tree just where I sit;
For many a man may have thought to do,
But only a few to who it I will really come true.

There may be a miracle in the happening,
Of making the truth to be living and happily;
As many a word was wrote or said,
About the long awaiting and rising of the idea.

And what's to be left when it's over and gone,
Of peace times and love times and rhymes of God;
Maybe it's all too beautiful to leave behind,
But just too dwell in my soul and live in my mind.

But life is never really a permanent loss,
Thanks to the Lord Jesus and his death on the cross;
Then through the thick and think of it all,
He'll return to live on earth and keep spinning this ball.

But here in the tranquility some things and best left unsold.
Of how he'll rise to judge both the quick and the dead,
For what has been must come again,

As write these words through the supply of my pen.

Signed,

A day to come