

All Saints, Riverside

*As I look around this place where I will soon be bound
Though I know not the hour or day I do now know the ground
This riverbank, this field of grass, this piece of prairie sod
Will soon enough enclose my bones, as it pleases God*

*And, soon enough, the years will pass and memories will dim
None will be left to shed a tear nor voice a solemn hymn
For they all, too, must leave this fleet and passing place
This earth, their life, their time, their own God to face*

*An awesome God who's promised much, eternal life and more
Sweet promises of love's embrace from those who've gone before
And many of them have there been who walked this earth ere I
And all will follow as they must when comes their turn to die*

*Yonder, not that far away, lies my daughter's grave
Fifty years have come and gone, and still I keep and save
The memory of her tiny self, her sweetness as a child
Too soon gone, too soon gone, too soon by death defiled*

*Other markers grace this field bearing silent claim
Of ones I knew to their slice of earth, some numbers and a name
Some carved in stone, some etched in brass
Some, unmarked, just lying there beneath the wind and grass*

*Other bone yards, other fields, scattered cross this land
Hold now, or soon, the faces dear that in my memory stand
Whatever has my God decreed for my eternity
Truly blessed will I be when they come back to me*