***Twas The Night Jesus Came***

 *Twas the night Jesus came and all through the house,
Not a person was praying, not one child nor spouse...
The Bible was left on the shelf without care,
For no one thought Jesus would dare come there...
The children were dressing to crawl into bed, Not once ever kneeling or bowing their head
And Mom in the rocking chair with babe on her lap,
Was watching the Late Show as I took a much needed nap
When out of the East there rose such a clatter,
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and lifted the sash...
When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But Holy Angels proclaiming that Jesus was here!
The light of His face and countenance made me cover my head,
It was Jesus returning just like He'd promised and said.
And though I possess worldly wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.
In the Book of Life which He held in His hand,
Was written the name of every saved woman, child, and man.
He spoke not a word as He diligently searched for my name,
When He said "it's not here," my head hung in terror and shame.
The people whose names had been written and sealed with love,
He gathered them to take to His Father above.
With those who were ready, He rose without sound,
While all of the others were left at the Great White Throne standing around.
I fell to my knees but it was too late,
I'd waited too long and thus sealed my eternal fate.
I stood and I cried as they rose on a cloud out of sight,
Oh, if only I'd known that this was the long awaited night.
In the words of this poem, the meaning is quite clear
The promised coming of Jesus is now drawing dangerously near.
There's only one life to live and when comes the last and eternal call,
We'll find out that the holy Bible was true after all.*

***B****asic* ***I****nstruction* ***B****efore* ***L****eaving* ***E****arth (BIBLE)*