

The Falling Of The Rose

By Ronnie W. Wolfe – April 18, 2015

For the funeral of Faye Havens on 4-21-2015

A rose fell from the branches and left our hearts in pain.
It was worn by burning sunshine and bruised by falling rain.

Its peddles broke off one by one and fell upon the ground;
Sunken hearts stood by and watched as peddles fell around.

So disappointed, then, as it slowly wore away,
A rose almost forgotten by the ending of the day.

But our rose is not that rose that never shall return.
Our rose still holds her fragrance, and we'll see her very soon.

She grew among the flowers in the arbor of our Lord.
She faced the heat of sunlight and never said a word.

She worried that her beauty could not the world appease,
But we all could see her beauty and accepted it with ease.

Our rose has fallen now, and sojourns a quiet place.
It won't be very long 'till we shall see her face.

This is not because of the beauty of this rose
But of the Rose of Sharon Who died and then arose.

And in the realm of Glory, where our rose is full in bloom,
We give our hearts to Jesus, knowing we'll be going soon.