

Ode To Al Wolf — April 20, 2021

By Pastor Ronnie Wolfe

I saw him there in his room, so silently he lay.

I held his hand and spoke to him, But death was in his way.

I quoted Psalms and wept a tear, And I thought of what I'd lose,

If death came down upon him there, And life had paid its dues.

A loss so great that hearts would fail To bear death's hurting toll,
But then we knew that God's great grace Would conquer death's cruel hold.

And on that day when life was gone, And into heaven sent,

Our hearts rejoiced just to know To Beulah Land he went.

For he's in heaven giving praise To the Lord who saved his soul,

And there he views the venues That he appraised untold.

Now he sees them with glorious light. He counts them one by one.

He gives glory to the Father, the Spirit, and the Son.

So, Lord of grace, and God of love, Send your Spirit down

To comfort hearts and let us hear That everlasting sound

Of joy in angels who carried him, To heaven's blessed shore.

Help us, then, to understand His sorrow is no more.