

# A Time Not Long Ago

I remember holding a little girl's hand,  
Life was happy, life was grand.  
We laughed, we played, had lots of fun,  
Days sank way with each setting sun.

Her earthly life was filled with song.  
Seemed nothing ever could go wrong.  
She set some goals. She reached them all!  
Was married, gave birth, to one so small.

Sweet times they had as a family,  
Yet life was tough, such suffering.  
With bills to pay and money tight,  
They held on to God with all their might.

Such joy, such bliss, so richly blessed,  
Another child and not much rest,  
One Sunday in the heat of day,  
God called them home in His own way.

Just twenty-three, he twenty-one  
New baby born, life just begun!  
Their lives were lost, three in all.  
One was spared, the one so small.

A father, a mother, a baby brother;  
Gone? No, still with each other.  
The one so small, God spared. But why?  
I guess we'll know as time goes by.

Just what did the Lord have planned?  
I'm older now, I understand.  
That when He takes our loved ones home,  
No questions asked, they are His own.

That was a time not long ago,  
I held my sister's hand you know.  
She's safely nestled in His arms,  
She's with the Lord there's no alarms.

All three have entered heaven's gate,  
No more sorrow, no more pain.  
'Cause Jesus paid for sins untold,  
They're walking now on streets of gold.

—Dena Marsden