A Thought and a Poem

I can remember when the thought of dying would terrify me, even haunt me to the point I would not be able to sleep. This was something that bothered me even as a saved man. The problem was I was saved, but ignorant to the word of God. I know this to be so because as I studied the bible and was given more light on what it meant to be a Christian, the fear of death stopped, and I found peace. The peace of knowing that death only means to a saved person, departing from earth and going home to be with the Lord. Don’t get me wrong I want to live as long as I can, however it excites me to know ill get to meet my Savior who conquered death for me and gave me eternal life with Him, through my faith in Him. This is my thought as Easter approaches and here is a poem that I love by Elwood McQuaid.

***“Death Meets His Match”***

Father Time met pale King Death

Sittin' by a tomb.

"Hello, old friend, I guess you're here

To seal somebody's doom."

"You might say that," sly Death replied.

A smile slid up his face.

"Inside reposes that Jesus man

Who said He'd save the race."

"And you, Time, why you stoppin' here?

Don't you have things to do?"

"I come each day to draw the veil

And let the mornin' through."

"Say, why you watchin' jus' one grave,

With all your vast domain?

Looks like you'd be out ramblin' round

And smitin' folks with pain."

"Well, this one's somethin' special.

He challenged me, they say.

Said He'd rest here just three days

Then stir and walk away."

"Now I'm the conqueror you know,

They don't talk up to me.

When I steps in to cut 'em down

It's for eternity."

"I sure can testify to that,"

Responded Father Time.

"I ain't seen one shake off the dust

Since you been in your prime."

"Well, I got other things to do,

I must be on my way.

I'll see you when I come back by

To make another day."

So whiskered Time went up the hill

To bid the sun to rise.

He left Death standin' by the tomb

Lookin' strong an wise.

Next day, Time ambled by again,

"And how are things?" he queried.

"Kinda quiet," Death replied.

"I'm startin' to be wearied."

"I won't be here when you come by

About this time tomorrow.

I'm anxious to be on my way,

An' spread some grief and sorrow."

Now Father Time was quite surprised

When he came back to see

Death a quiverin' on the ground

In frightful agony!

His eyes were set, his throat was marked,

His clothes in disarray.

It wasn't difficult to see

That Death had had his day.

"What happened Death?" asked Father Time,

"What makes you look so bad?"

"I've never see you shake this way

Or seem so scared and sad."

Death pulled himself up on a rock

A-lookin' sick an' humble.

Hung his head an' wrung his hands

And Time could hear him mumble.

"Was sittin' here before the dawn

About to take my stroll,

When all at once this whole wide world

Began to reel and roll."

"That rollin' stone jumped off the door

An' skipped on down the hill.

Then everything grew dark and quiet,

Seemed like the earth stood still."

"I saw Him standin' in the door,

He didn't move or speak,

Just looked at me an' all at once,

I felt so tired and weak."

"He came and got a hold on me,

And threw me to the ground,

Put His foot here on my neck

Then took my keys an' crown."

"Two angels came to talk with Him,

They glistened like the sun.

He said, 'The plans all finished now,

Redemption's work is done'."

As they passed the garden gate

I heard Him say, just then,

"He's settin' free my captives

And givin' gifts to men."

Time and Death met once again

Off yonder by the gate.

"It's good to see you," said Old Time.

"I've wondered bout your fate."

"I'm just a lowly servant now,

There's little time to roam,

I just push open this old gate

And help the saints get home!"