

Mom Scott's Poem

As I lay dreaming on my bed one night,
The earth seemed to vanish from out of my sight.
My vision was filled with heaven so fair,
I saw my dear mother who had just arrived there.
Arrayed in a garment so pure and so white,
The angels bowed low when she came in sight.

She walked past the angels and took hold of the hand
That was pierced at Calvary to redeem fallen man.
She looked up sweetly as she held to his hand,
Saying, "I've longed to behold you and to move to this land."
With eyes soft and tender he looked at her long,
"Your labour has ended, my child, you have come home."

Then mother looked up with a smile on her face,
"You mean my work is over — and I can stay in this place?
Such beauty; such splendor my eyes have never beheld —
I'm unworthy, unworthy in this land to dwell."
But "No", said the Master as he stroked mother's hair,
"My child, you are worthy all my glory to share."

Then my eyes followed as from me they did go,
Toward a mansion so beautiful it must have been gold.
As mother was entering I heard angels say,
"He has bid her to enter and with us to stay."
Then from the portals came the shouts of a song,
The angels were singing — my mother was home!

I awoke from my dream all joyous and glad,
My sorrows had vanished — my mother is not dead!
She has just moved to Canaan, that land so fair,
No sorrow can reach her — No burdens she will bear.
As I lay wondering over my dream so fair,
There seemed to come a longing in my heart to go there.
Then to my ear came words soft and low:
"Your work is not finished in the earth below."

So with gladness of heart I shall toil each day,
And when my labours have ended, I can go home to stay.
And on that glad morning, I'll walk 'round the throne —
Take the hands of my mother — she will welcome me home!