

To a sojourner in time:

HIS HOLY DOOR

There is a place my friend,
Where only God resides,
It is a place of love and peace,
And truly worth the ride.

Journey with me my friend,
Journey to that place itself,
For at its end there is a face,
The face of Grace-Himself.

Die then sweet soul to yourself,
From your own self-made hell,
Instead journey to where He waits,
In the rising of the incense smell.

You'll meet yourself on the way,
Unworthy soul you'll be, and see,
The things you've said and done in time,
So bad! You'll beg to flee!

So, to and fro' the waves will toss,
But do not fear my friend,
It is in part His cross you bear,
That really draws you in.

But know well dear friend,
It is worth the fear,
For when you reach that place of grace,
You'll know that God is near.

A God that first loved you and called you forth,
Before your Mother's womb,
A God that now feeds and nurtures you,
To prepare your earthly tomb.

So make that journey soon dear soul,
Take that faithful step,
Alas! Knock on God's Door to Heaven my friend,
The Door of Holy Mass.

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