

The Final Prize (For Pam)

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As I gaze through my window and watch the raindrops fall
I can hear the sound of Angels as their mighty trumpets call
The sound of great rejoicing as the Heavens open wide
As they bring one of God's children home to settle at his side

But still I sit here broken, disheartened and alone
Why did He choose this moment, to take my loved one home?
I seethe with quiet anguish, forgetting God's reward
Doubting His true wisdom, distraught in my discord

How could He let this happen in this most unlikely time?
And why would He, specifically, have chosen one of mine?
Am I allowed to question what my God has thus decreed?
To take my first-born son, could He not have chosen me?

I'd openly and willingly have gone there in his place
And opened my arms wide to receive God's loving grace
Why one so young, so vibrant, one just finding his own way
Am I allowed to show my hurt and anger and dismay?

But if I'd go so willingly in knowing what I'd find
To bask in Heaven's wonders leaving worldly cares behind
Isn't that the final prize I'd wish to give my son?
And isn't that the victory in knowing that he'd won?

So I'll think of him in small ways and huge ways everyday
Remember him while sleeping and remember him at play
And someday God will call me, my soul will be set free
I'll join my son in Heaven, to spend eternity