

ANTICIPATION

When I shall stand before God's throne
And look upon His face,
I know I'll see reflected there
The long-abiding grace
That's helped me find in common things
The joy that gives my spirit wings.

I know that I will understand
When I have seen Him smile,
Just why the road has been so rough,
The effort so worth while.
And why a heart, atuned to song
Will sing through sorrows, on and on.

I seem to know His voice will ring
With such sincerity –
As raindrops falling through the trees
And winds across the lea,
As strong as any thunders roar
Or waves that lash a rugged shore.

And if the crown that I have worn
Bears but a single star,
I pray that He will speak to me
And tell me, it is for
The loving thought and kindly hand
I offered to life's fellow man.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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