

The Beloved Disciple

His mother cries more often these days  
Lightly trembling as she sets the dinner plate before me  
Wishing more than anything I was her real son

I share stories about his ministry over supper  
Slowly, the light returns to her eyes  
And her face is bathed with glowing pride

Thanking her for the meal  
I take my leave and tread the familiar path  
That her beloved son walked that fateful day

I stop a few feet away from the looming cross  
From the site where He conquered death  
And ascended to his heavenly throne

I hear the footsteps of a gathering crowd  
They hurry to sit down and hear the wonderful stories and signs  
Of the heavenly king that walked this Earth

A small hand peeks out from the crowd  
And the boy asks, "When will He come for us?"  
I tell him the hour is not known  
But He rose from the grave and returned once again

For I heard the words spoken from his lips  
That I could live until He comes again  
But even if that is not so  
I will proclaim his works until my last breath

My tears won't spill  
And my heart won't be shaken  
Because I know the day will come again  
When I stand by the Lord in all his glory

And the whole world will recognize him as the way, the truth, and the life