

THE WINDOW PANE

I sat beside the table there,
and looked out thru the Window Pane.
The birds with flying wings so fair,
feeding their hunger not to wane.

I watched God's creatures, how He provides,
Why should we worry as life goes by.
with One who knows when each sparrow falls,
are we not worth the sparrows all?

Yet my thoughts are troubled I cannot deny
Lord make me strong as I the future face.
whatever You have prepared for me,
I know will surely take place.

The fragile birds, their feathers, bright colored hues,
fly to an end their troubles few
intent are they upon their needs,
the Master cares on there would be no seeds.

I lift my gaze as vapors flow by,
what's that? a child, before my eye.
She skips and hops, her face bright with laughter,
a doll, by a leg. comes tagging after.

Oh no, a trip, a fall, joy turned to tears
both fall to turf, a need is here
comes one a lady tall and fair,
Her beauty pale, with combed down hair.

she reaches down, picks up the Child,
with soothing voice, comfort she gives.
She gathers to her breast that one she loves,
the one that hurts, has needs, She sings,

a lullaby, a tender word, a Mothers love was all she heard,
sweet sleep, to come, another day.

The haze drifts by the window pane,
A girl appears, quite, shy, with no disdain.
books in hand, she boards a bus,
with sibilings, and excitement thus.

She's careful to be prompt and right,
You see she has been growing.
there's life ahead and happiness,
as young ladies have a knowing.

There's one, a young man tall and strong,
and soon they make a promise,
that no one else can share their love,
They pledge to one another.

Master James
"Window Pane"
F. W. Wood

That day soon comes, when side by side,
with vows have said,
and rings to bind,
their lives have come together.

They're now as one, as God has said,
there's bliss beyond all knowing,
and soon comes forth first one to love
and then another, showing,
that God prepares those nests called homes
where he needs to be exalted,
for after all, that's why we're made
and want not to be faulted.

What's this? The haze has darkened now,
I rise, step forth more close to see.
The one who comforted the child,
The one with love to give, can it be,
That one is gone no more to love,
nor gaze upon, except in memory.

My heart grows sad and then to add,
Another one goes by. With lifted
hand she smiles and waves,
I lift my own, but why?

Life has been good to love, enjoy,
we need no sadness here, and yet
God says "WAIT MY CHILD, THERE IS NO NEED TO FEAR,
I HAVE PREPARED A PLACE FOR THESE WHO SEEK MY FACE, MY DEAR.
I SENT MY SON AND BY MY GRACE,
THEY'LL LIVE FOR ETERNITY"

The clouds of life keep passing by,
as thru the pane I gaze.

I see a bed upon which lies,
a women sleeping still,
and by her side the one she loves,
holds hands and seeks God's will.

Himself not well and yet the love
within their hearts still burn.
Other loved ones round about,
some within and some without,
their prayens continue unabated,
God answers, Yes, He's still about,
We draw His strength, He still
Sustains.

She rises from her bed of care,
and with new hope, her love to share.

By now, my face pressed to the glass,
my breath comes quickly, what next I ask.
This one I've followed thru the years,
thru pain, thru love, thru death, thru tears.
Thru the shadows of the night,
I strain my gaze to see the light.
A still, small voice, comes to my ears,
"MY CHILD, MY CHILD, FEAR NOT I'M HERE.
His voice broke thru my troubled tears.

"THEY LAID ME ON THAT WOODEN TREE.
THEY DROVE THOSE NAILS THRU FLESH AND WOOD.
THEY PIERCED MY HANDS, AND THEN MY FEET.
I SCREAMED, I WAS A MAN YOU SEE.
MY GOD, MY GOD, HAVE YOU ABANDONED ME?
NO ANSWER CAME, THEN ALL WAS STILL.
MY CHILD, MY CHILD, YOU DIED WITH ME.
AND WITH ME ROSE TO VICTORY.

MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU TO FEED.
AND WHEN I WANT TO YOU RECEIVE,
I'LL CALL THE ONE I DIED TO SAVE,
UNTIL THEN CHILD, BE STILL, BE BRAVE.

FOR YOU, YOUR LOVED ONES NEED YOU NOW.
ENJOY, ENJOY, MY PEACE I LEAVE,
LIKE SEEDS FOR BIRDS, FOR YOU TO FEED".

My mouth was dry, my breath came fast.
I pressed the closer to the glass.
my eyes were sore, this cannot be,
there must be more for me to see.

The future, still, I wanted more.
I knew there must be more in store.
And when I thought that all was lost,
Twas then, I saw, The Empty Cross.

I backed into the chair I'd left,
My breath returned, my aching ceased.
My Lord, My God, Forgive me now,
If ere I doubted, never more.

For You, I live, my pain to ease,
My Savion, Lord, I take your peace.

I looked up at the window pane.
The birds were busy at their feed.
Their beauty, Trust, Their Liberty,
Was evident for me to see.

I feel at ease, my soul, no ache,
and there it rests until
HE TAKES