

## To My Father's House

### I

*I am on my way to my Father's house  
The path before me sure  
But you see I got lost  
Stumbled around  
Until it was my time to see  
My road to Damascus  
As plain as can be.  
I sought for many things  
Finding but despair  
Christ would come to me  
Only I didn't see  
So He went on  
And never left me  
What wondrous mystery.*

### II

*Brother, sister  
Welcome now  
Would you walk with me awhile?  
I am on my way to my Father's house  
Would you share this path  
Where we came to be?  
Travelers together  
You and me.  
Tell me your story  
Where are you going?  
Where have you been?  
And I'll share mine  
If there is still some time  
Before we arrive  
At my Father's house  
In or beyond this time.*

### III

*How is it  
Do you suppose?  
With all the people to and fro  
That right here and now  
We share this path  
Somehow?  
Truly it must be  
A Holy Instant  
For you and me.  
No accidents occur  
On the sacred path*

*But the Master's watch  
Makes perfect still  
Our every step.  
I can't believe  
We hung Him on that tree  
That He would come  
And set us free  
With a love so pure  
I almost forgot  
I am on my way to my Father's house  
Would you like to walk with me  
And talk about  
The wondrous mystery?*

#### **IV**

*Pilgrims  
We stand  
At this fork in the road  
And must choose  
The course to go.  
Grassy, rocky, up, or down  
Leaf laden  
Frost would tell  
Obscure or clear  
Not marked so well.  
It matters not  
What path we take  
But that we go  
At our chosen pace  
Let the Spirit  
Decide the way  
For gentler purpose  
I do pray.  
Together or not  
As we embark  
From this forked place  
It matters not  
For somewhere in time  
Or just beyond  
We'll be together again  
And be able to share  
The adventuresome tales  
We rode so dear.  
Bless you  
Brother  
Sister  
Peace  
Be still  
I am on my way to my Father's house  
Each Holy Instant  
In time  
Eternity will tell.*

V

More brothers, sisters  
Appear to me  
From other paths  
I did not see  
Converged this time  
The moment be  
That we would walk together  
Or separately  
A minute or hour  
Or years and years  
Or in just a wink  
Don't you see  
Was our Holy Instant  
Sure to be.  
Christ appeared  
To hold our hands  
But we were too blind  
To see  
The wondrous mystery.  
And so we left  
The moment missed  
Or perhaps just not recognized  
The blessing of that time  
And so we raced  
To another place  
To grasp again  
At illusions' grin  
And all the while  
The patient Christ  
Waited and watched  
For the harvest time  
When he would gather us in.

VI

The rock, the tree  
The misty rain  
Mountains tall  
At the still lake's edge  
Reflected clouds  
Billowing up  
To Heaven's call  
Then blazed the sky  
In purple crimson strokes  
They captured all to see  
And held us still  
'Til dusk  
When fireflies  
Sparkled the ground  
The Holy Instant  
All around.

VII

*I am on my way to my Father's house  
And as the ancient rhyme  
So sweet  
Where the Spirit led  
Christ held my hand  
And now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray Dear Lord  
My soul to keep  
But if I die  
Before I wake  
I pray Dear Lord  
My soul You'll take.  
There is no path  
Does not lead  
To Him.  
Amen*