



# Our Final Home - Together



*John R Ecob - In memory of my dear wife Joan  
departed to be with Christ 29-12-13.*

Some people start their married life  
With a lovely home for their lovely wife;  
Their honeymoon takes them far away  
To a tropic isle with a hidden bay.

They stay away for quite a while;  
So many photos they need a file.  
They both have jobs; they are not poor  
With lush thick carpet on the floor.

When Joan and I began our life  
Together as a man and wife,  
our honeymoon was short and sweet;  
We had no house in a leafy street.

A flat beneath a couple's home,  
And an old black car in which to roam;  
A box of groceries given by mum  
Was all we had; it was the sum.

We had no plans except to be  
The servants of the Lord so free;  
To do whatever He should choose;  
This way we knew we'd never lose.

At a little church in a Balmain street  
We gathered at the Saviour's feet;  
For about a year we continued there;  
We rejoiced as just a happy pair.

We knew a house we'd have to get  
to care for those we would beget;  
At first we bought a simple shed;  
A temporary dwelling with a bed.





We worked so hard to pay the bill  
 and built a house that we could fill.  
 Joan drew the plans and it was flash;  
 We'd sold the car to get the cash.



It was our first real dwelling place  
 Amongst mankind in the human race;  
 We used it too to reach the lost;  
 To teach God's Word at no small cost.  
 And then one day the Lord said move  
 Out to the West His will to prove;  
 Another house we now must build  
 If we're to do what God has willed.

Joan planned this house and it was built;  
 She found the land and did not wilt  
 Until the final nail was driven;  
 The place she planned; a touch of heaven.  
 But then one day the Lord said, "Come,  
 I've planned a home, its just for some  
 who in their life have followed me  
 For what I did on Calvary's tree.



This home has mansions bright and fair  
 And there's no parting over there;  
 The neighbours are the best you'll get  
 And all life's sorrows you'll forget."

I like to think that as on earth,  
 God let us share our temporary berth;  
 That in our heavenly home above,  
 We'll share a mansion in His love.

There'll be no parting in that day;  
 That home will be our final stay;  
 And as on earth **together** we served,  
**Together**, our home in heaven's reserved.

