



My Lord May Come Today!

(This poem was written by Ethel Wynn concerning the late Mr Albert John Woodward of Tasmania, whose godly life inspired her to pen the following verses. It is a personal testimony to the praise of "The Lord of Life and Glory.")

We stood in the early morning
Ere the sun rose o'er the hill,
By the little cottage-dwelling
Which stands just near the mill.

The cottage, like its owner,
Is growing very old;
And oft through doors and spaces
The wind blows keen and cold.

But in that heart lives Jesus,
His love is shed abroad;
And how His aged servant
Is waiting for his Lord!

He took Christ as his Saviour
O'er sixty years ago;
Then later he was baptised.
Obedience - he did show.

The blood of Jesus cleansed him,
And purged him from his sin;
And then God's Holy Spirit
Took residence within.

Although life's seas were stormy -
The voyage very rough,
His pilot has been with him;
For him, it was enough!

I see him in the woodshed,
His back so bent with pain,
But oh, the smile he weareth -
"My Lord will come again!"





Then, as with wedge he cleaveth
The wood, I hear him say,
(Though it is bleak and raining) -
"My Lord may come today!"

In morning meditation,
As in his room he lies,
In sweet anticipation
His thoughts turn to the skies.

Before my tasks are ended -
Before the setting sun,
This blessed thought brings comfort,
"Today! My Lord will come!"

With this hope to encourage
He to the kitchen goes;
Then gently draws the blind up,
And soon a fire glows.

But first - just near the fireplace,
His little text, he reads;
And day by day he findeth,
How God supplies his needs.

And then a simple breakfast,
(Sometimes 'tis shared with two,)
But at the fourscore-six mark
One's visitors are few.

But then he reads his Bible,
And finds sweet solace there;
Then kneeling by the chairside
His heart lets go in prayer!

The Scriptures interwoven,
So hid within his heart,
And as in love he prayeth,
Sometimes the tears will start.





He prays for some known to him,
Who, though they loved the Lord,
Have let the things of this world,
Replace His precious Word!

Today, their lives are lacking
That vital Power within,
Which should possess the Christian
Who has been freed from sin.

A fire of love e'er burning,
Upon the hearthstone clear -
A joyous expectation -
His coming draweth near!

Then too, he prays for children,
That they in tender years
May take Christ as their Saviour
And know He hears their prayers.

For aged, and lone, and sick ones,
He prays to God for these,
And then refreshed and strengthened
He riseth from his knees.

Again into the woodshed;
The fires must be renewed,
Just as the soul and body
Must have their daily food.

But yet once more he pauseth,
(Though hands with cold be numb),
The radiant thought o'erwhelms him,
"Today my Lord may come!"

Another day is ended,
The key turned in the lock;
If Christ should cross the threshold,
He would receive no shock.





For Him his soul is waiting;
These thoughts predominate
From early in the morning,
Or till the hour is late.
No cause is this for slackness;
He ever bears in mind
His body is the temple
Of Father! Son! combined.

The Spirit beareth witness,
To this God's Words agree!
And be ye therefore holy
If ye God's temple be!

Then as he turns his light out,
And lays him down to rest,
With holy contemplation
His soul once more is blest.

Throughout the long night watches,
Or in the early dawn,
My Lord may come and call me -
To that eternal morn!

God bless you aged brother;
Your heart with comfort fill,
And may you know His solace
While treading down life's hill.

Then, to the lonely aged,
No matter where you be,
If Jesus is your Saviour
Why! He will come for thee!

Just now, life may be lonely,
And almost void of friends,
But Jesus will be with you,
Until the journey ends!

