

Forevermore

Once upon a midday dreary, while I
prayed so weak and weary,
Over sin, yet once again, I
found myself in sorrow more -
While I nodded praying, nearly napping, sud-
denly there came a tingle, like a tapping,
Was it heartburn or real rapping - rapping
at my *Broken Heart's Door*.
It was a dream, it was the Lord rapping at
my *Broken Heart's Door* -
It was the Lord, not dead - no more!

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was just after a cold December,
as I prayed, or napped, upon the floor.
I was so eager in my sorrow, and how I wished upon the morrow
if only there was something I could borrow,
to appease my sin - my sorrow.
For the Book said it was no friend, and if I continued
I would meet my end; a fiery pit I would but swallow,
And my name would be no more
Nameless in Hell, forevermore.

And in my heartbreak there came a rustling that
thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors, of
Holiness never felt before; in my dream, my heart, my mind
I stood repeating, "Is that you Lord entreating entrance at
My Broken Heart's Door?" (2x)
If it is, who could want for more.

Presently, my heart grew stronger; hesitating
then no longer,
"Lord," I said, "or something else, I implore
but the fact is I was praying, or really napping,
When so gently you came rapping -so faintly you came tapping
tapping at my Broken Heart's Door
That I scarce was sure I heard you" -
then I opened wide the door.
But Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into my darkness peering, long I looked there
wondering, doubting, fearing,
Dreaming, dreams no mortal
dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the
stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was,
the whispered word, "Forgiven."
This I whispered, and an echo mur-
mured back - I said, "Lord?"
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into my Broken Heart turning, all my
soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard the tapping, or was it
my mind just napping - but this time louder than before.
"Surely," said I "Surely there is something -
someone at my *Broken Heart's Door*.
Let me see, then, what it is,
and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be brave a moment, and
this mystery explore; -
Well, must be Heartburn, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the door, burning,
bearing my heart and soul;
And in there stepped the Christ, my Lord,
shining brightly all the more.
Loving, Graceful movements made He; not
and instant stopped or stayed He;
Floating, Fleeting was the Lord, came
in and sat upon my floor,
Sitting just inside my *Broken Heart's Door*.
Relaxed He sat, and nothing more.

Then my Graceful Lord beguiling my brokenness into smiling,
Alive from the grave with stern decorum, all
heavens authority He bore,
“Though you’re resurrected in power,” I said,
“I am surely no saint,
Ghastly grim is my pondering, prideful darkness
is my wondering from God’s Celestial shore -
Tell me what will become of my soul,
how can I possibly continue forward!”
Quoth the Lord, “**Forevermore!**”

Much I marveled at His majesty to
hear Heavenly discourse so plainly,
Though His answer filled with meaning - little
relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no
sinful Human Being
Ever was so blessed as seeing the
Lord upon his floor -
God, made flesh, on the floor, just
inside their *Broken Heart’s Door*,
With the Salvific message, “**Forevermore?**”

But the Lord, sitting alone on the rocky floor
just inside my *Broken Heart’s Door*, spoke only
That one word, as if His soul in that one
word He did outpour.
Nothing further, then he uttered, pierced hands
bleeding no more -
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
“Others have only left me,
My sin lies grievously before me, on the
morrow you may leave me too, Lord -
As my hopes have all flown before.”
Then the Lord said, “**Forevermore!**”

Startled by the stillness broken by reply
so aptly spoken,
“But how,” said I, “what you utter is
of True Biblical stock and store,
But I born in sin to an evil master
when unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till
my life many burdens bore -
Till the dirges of hopelessness and
melancholy burdens bore.
Yet Lord, you say that Eternal Life is mine, **“Forevermore?”**

But the Lord still beguiling all my
sad soul into smiling,
Straight I took a rocky seat in
front of the Lord on the floor,
Just inside my *Broken Heart's Door*;
Then, upon the soil, I sinking, I betook
myself to thinking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what the
glorious Lord would say more -
What my risen Savior, glowing, gleaming, radiant
in sinless splendor sitting there upon my floor
Meant in saying, **“Forevermore!”**

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
syllable in expressing
To the Lord whose fiery eyes now
burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my
head in thought reclining
As the Lord's eyes burned through me
divining the sinfulness at my core -
“Will He leave? Shall He pass?
What does He mean by, **‘Forevermore?’**”

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
perfumed by an unseen censor
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls
tinkled on my rocky floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “My God please
save me
Respite - Respite despite Depravity
and the memories from before!
Quaff, oh quaff this regretful existence, on
my knees I fall in repentance!
My soul, my soul, please forgive!”
Quoth the Lord, **“Forevermore!”**

“Wicked,” said I, “thing of evil! -
Demon still, or ghost, or devil! -
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed me here ashore,
Desolate island, he’s a liar; tell me truly
I do implore;
Is this home by horror haunted,
Tell me truly is there more?
Can Grace save a lost soul like me? Tell me -
Tell me, I implore?”
Quoth the Lord, **“Forevermore!”**

“Wicked,” said I, “thing of evil! -
Demon still, or ghost, or devil! -
Tell me that I am lost
and gone astray!
By the heaven that bends above us -
and the God that doth adore us -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if
within the eternal distance,
One like me whom is less than saintly
in Your radiance and glory glow -
Can you forgive my sorrow’s sow?
Quoth the Lord, **“Forevermore!”**

Be thy Word, or Covenant of grace,
my gracious and sacrificed Lord.
I shrieked , upstarting - Get the behind me
you foul wicked fiend, both Satan and my sin!
Leave no black plume as a token of
that lie thy foulness hath spoken!
Leave my holiness unbroken! - There is no
Room here for you anymore!
Now my Lord sits upon the floor, the fertile floor
just inside my *Mended Heart's Door!*
So, bitterness and pain, pity and guilt
take thy fingers from out of my heart!
You are no longer welcome - within
my Heart's-made-whole door!
I am His and He is mine!
Quoth the Lord, **"Forevermore!"**

And the Lord, never shifting, still is
sitting - still is sitting
On the fertile soil which He bore,
sitting, just inside my *Mended Heart's Door!*
And His eyes have, in grace and love, all the seeming
to wake me from my delightful dreaming,
With the lamplight over me streaming, I
find myself awake and on the floor;
And my soul, I know, is out of danger, for
faith hath saved me when a stranger,
My sin behind me - my price is paid! -
Christ on the Cross, the road to redemption laid!
And my soul from out that shadow of the wickedness I once bore,
Has been lifted, as I live by that one word -
I will be with my Savior, **"Forevermore!"**

The End