5-1-1998

Grace Marie I

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Grace Marie I
(November 5, 1941 to April 19, 1948)

Father, how we thank Thee for the comfort of Thy Word!
Tradition’s fallibility could not our spirits gird
With such bright hope, nor could the frail philosophies of men
Give “peace that passeth understanding” and assurance when
Death swiftly calls, and in a fleeting moment takes away
A lovely little part of heaven loaned us for a day.
Not speculation, but our risen Savior’s gentle tones:
“Handle me and see, a spirit hath not flesh and bone.”
Give us the blessed confidence that when we see His face
The resurrection bodies of those redeemed by grace
Will not be vague, ethereal, but “we shall be like Him;”
And though not oft’, in longing, our eyes with tears are dim,
One day the dear form and precious pixie face we see no more
We’ll see again, and know again, and cherish as before.
And while we wait to share the Joy reunion will afford,
We know that “absent from the body is present with the Lord;”
And there is sweet contentment—“He doeth all things well,”
There are no “accidents” with Him.

Dear Father, help us tell
A dying world of Him whose death abolished death and brought
“Life, immortality, to light,” and our salvation bought!

Elsie Lillian Kunert

{Note: This poem was written upon the death of Mrs. Kunert’s daughter, Grace Marie, who was killed by an automobile while crossing a street on the way home from school.}