

JOY

At eight I am saved,
welcomed into the fold.
True JOY at last,
toward Christ I will mold.

At twenty I meet her,
my heart does glow.
The JOY I feel,
the love that would flow.

At a quarter century,
I make her my wife.
The JOY is now,
bigger than life.

At twenty nine finally,
a blessing so true.
The JOY of a child,
what more could God do?

The big three-0,
The JOY again.
The wonderful anticipation,
of child number two.

At thirty one,
this can't be true.
Martha has cancer,
what will we do?

Yes, she say's,
the problem is cancer.
But God is in control,
True JOY is the answer.

She is gone now,
In the presence of the King.
More JOY than ever,

to His face, she can now sing.

For she taught me much,
as she would touch my face.

Real JOY comes,
in knowing of Gods grace.