

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant

**MOODY DEAD?** "Some day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody of East Northfield is dead. Don't you believe a word of it. At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. For I will then be out of this old clay tenement into my future house that is immortal; a body that death will not touch, that sin will not taint, a body fashioned like unto His glorious body. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever."

D. L. Moody. Submitted by Bill Godwin, First Baptist Church, Ewa Beach, HI.

**I am not afraid of death**  
I am not afraid of death anymore,  
full well do I know  
its cold and dark corridor  
that leads to life.

I am afraid of a life  
that is not a fruit of death,  
a life that cramps the hands  
and hampers our journey.

I am afraid of my fear  
but more so of the fear of others  
of those who do not know where  
they are going and continue holding  
on to something they believe is life  
but that we know is death itself!

## **I Am Not Afraid of Death**

Each day I live to kill death,  
Each day I die to bear life,  
and in this death of death  
I die a thousand times  
And a thousand times I rise again  
with more love  
a love nourished and strengthened  
by the endless and invincible hope  
of my People.

Julia Esquivel

**A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM** A nine-year-old who had leukemia was given six months to live. When the doctor broke the news to her parents outside her hospital room, the youngster overheard the doctor's words. But it did not become obvious until later that she knew about her condition. To everyone's surprise, her faith in Christ gave her an attitude of victory. She talked freely about her death with anticipation in her voice. As she grew weaker, it seemed that her joy became more radiant. One day before she sank into a final coma, she said to her family, "I am going to be the first to see Jesus! What would you like me to tell Him for you?"

The father of H. S. Laird lay dying. His son went to his bedside and asked, "Dad, how do you feel about the whole experience?" The great saint, in the ecstasy of the consciousness of Christ's presence, and looking forward to the glories that were to be his in the world to come, turned his face toward his young minister son and replied: "Son, I feel like a little boy on Christmas Eve." (Jack MacArthur).

**"D**eath," Arthur explained, "is no more than the passage through a beckoning door. It is so brief, so transitory as scarcely to be noted, for it is what lies beyond the door that counts. It was like coming home, to slip through that door and release the tired old body. In an instant, without conscious thought, I was here surrounded by relatives and old friends."

—From Ruth Montgomery: *Herald of the New Age*

# **DEATH BE NOT PROUD**

# **Death Takes No Holidays**