

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).

"Death," 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