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## Anticipation

Many years ago I recall the saints singing an old hymn concerning Heaven. It was called,  
*“What must it be to be there?”*

We have no comprehension of the undiluted bliss and undimishing joy it will be to be forever with the Lord and able to comprehend more of the fulness of His redeeming love and sacrifice. This is a poem of contemplation on that reality.

What a blessedness is Heaven  
Where no fretfulness is known,  
Every voice is raised in praising  
Christ in one harmonious tone.  
Heartfelt praise of Hallelujah’s  
There resounds from every tongue,  
Praising Christ who died to save us  
Jesus, God’s beloved Son.

Precious Lord, for us He suffered  
Washed us, cleansed us by His blood,  
Praise the Lord, the King of Glory  
Great the work which He has done.  
He has risen, Hallelujah,  
Victor over death, the grave  
Praise the Lamb who died to save us,  
Son of God, He came to save.

Thou alone art ever worthy  
Stands alone, none can compare,  
Fairest of ten thousand, own Him  
He is altogether fair.  
I like John now rest upon Him,  
Blessed, precious sweet repose,  
He the Lamb who died to save us  
Shelters from each wind that blows.

... Rowan Jennings  
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