

ON THIS NIGHT!

On this night, I dreamed a dream of dire and frightening warning.
I sat up straight, startled, for to understand what was dawning!
In my dream I saw a sight that gave me grave, unsettling fear,
The end had come, and our land has become
A judgment scene down here.

The harvest angels have come down, to do the separation,
To judge for good the elect, who had finished their preparation,
These ministering spirits, came with this final work to do.
In holy dress, they came to impress,
There was to be a gulf set between the two.

It was to be goats to the left, and sheep to the right, the gulf was becoming clear.
These angels of Light, had come in the night, to save the ones most dear.
People who had loved our LORD, who through tribulation, had learned to stand.
From the TRUTH they had learned, their minds had not turned,
And now they would be safe in God's hand.

But what was the way, the angels did stay the goats from joining the sheep?
A loud voice was calling, and now names were falling, upon those whom the LORD doth
keep.
I looked upon the scene with fearful mind, and with a silent tear.
And what was that voice, that was making the choice?

It was THE LAMBS'S BOOK OF LIFE - LIFE most dear.

"The Lamb spoke, the Lamb spoke!" through this Book of decision.

We were all waiting, fainting, in a world of complete derision.

According to the alphabet, our fates were to be "saved" or to be lost.

If our names were mentioned, then joy dispelled tension,

But the wicked were now counting the cost.

Oh! To hear my name called out with a great, mighty shout.

It was the yearning of all alive, that Jesus would call them out.

The expectation of the wicked was an inevitable fate.

Many names weren't stated, because the LORD they had hated,

They had not loved Him, and now it is too late.

There has always been for man, a clear and Godly standard,

The Bible puts it simply as to what Sacrificial Love demanded.

The lives of many people have rejected this Love and fled.

They lived the Broadway, and not the Narrow way,

And now, finally, they are judged as "dead".

I can tell you, that in the judgment, our reward is eternally final.

Of the looks of sheer terror, from people condemned, there is absolutely no denial.

Souls gather round, and strain to listen consumed with the utmost dread.

Every soul is hearing, and the multitudes are fearing,

But only the elect's names are judicially said.

There will be no case to give, and no word of tearful pleading.
The Way of Life was made clear, on the cross where Christ died bleeding.
He told us to repent, and come unto Him and live.
But now probation's ended, will we be commended?
The Son of God, for the world, gave all that He could give.

Do not think you can carelessly utter, "I'll return to Him one day."
Because it's useless, if on judgment day you are found in sin, to stay.
If you want to wander, sinful, and haplessly walking by sight,
In the blink of an eye, you'll see life pass by,
And Jesus will come in the night!

Why do people not watch, but decide to spiritually sleep?
Why do people plunge headlong into sin, so black and so dreadfully deep?
The enemy is at hand to devour you with great consternation.
The devil has come, and in great wrath he has done,
All to prevent your preparation.

But keep faithful to the end....

So this poem I have written to all, to the blind, and to those that see.
That judgment day is upon us, from which the many lost will flee.
"You don't have to die!" You don't have to die!" Walk in the Light.
I urge you my friend, this message I send,
Come to Christ, and continue the fight!

"Remember me LORD when you come into your Kingdom!"

"Do not erase me from your book!"

"I want to be your child, oh LORD, just see my heart, and look!"

In mercy You have come, to show me the great LIGHT.

Thankyou for your warning LORD, for this great insight,

And for sending me that dream, a dream of warning, on this night.

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