

“AN OPENED GATE” by Don Myers

‘Twas just days before Sunday and all throughout our house
Not an invitation extended, nor a reverent prayer would rouse.
Weekend’s agenda planned with such scrupulous and attentive
care Would insure unbroken entertainment our family all to share.

Our untaught children were nestled securely in their own beds
With their Bibles all unopened and their prayers all unsaid.
Mom there reading her novel and dad snoozing in his plush chair
With spirituality neglected and the Word still unshared.

Then from brilliant heavens came the most commanding shout!
‘Twas the voice as an archangel with trump so unbelievably stout.
Stumbling into our manicured yard, I was struck with inexplicable
sight Of all my untold neighbors gazing with astonishing fright.

They all stood frozen motionless as statues of granite stone--
Their eyes pinned immovably upward with earthly affairs ever
flown. And what to my amazed eyes would so brilliantly and
lucidly appear—‘Twas the returning Lord’s silhouette seen against
the backdrop of angelic cheer.

You see, the judgment day had come which God had
prophetically foretold With great and small accounting alike
before His great throne of gold. More rapid than soaring eagles, it
seems, my fleeing years had flown My opportunities evermore
squandered and His seed evermore unsown.

As surely as earth’s seasons had come and, then, methodically
gone, Now with absolute and sudden certitude eternity had
forevermore dawned. Then, standing soul twitching, guilty, and
unwashed by His cleansing blood Immediately before His
judgment bar there I singularly stood.

Lifting my eyes to the awesomeness of His just and merciful face,
I beheld Him gaze with a broken heart upon an unsaved race.
As His just sentences were passed, yes, I repeatedly overheard,
“Depart, I never knew you,” and into hell each was conferred.

Pierced feet of burnished bronze and eyes as blazing fire
With His High Priest's robe laid aside, He wore His Judge's attire.
As His train streamed through the temple with his hair white as
snow, His voice was as many waters and face with Deity's glow.

Now with judgment concluded and saints caught up on high,
The interminable fate of mankind sealed and accompanied with
Divine sigh. Trembling, I fell bemoaning my irretrievable and
ceaseless fate, When suddenly joy overwhelmed me with sight of
an opened gate.

For you see, He had not come—it was a dream after all
And, hence, into hell I found it totally needless to endlessly fall.
But things could never be seen again as I had seen them before,
For my dream will one day assuredly dawn on eternity's shore.

The Lord Jesus must be solely trusted to assuage God's judicial
strife And God loved with heart and soul and neighbors dear as
life. "Thank you, Lord, for giving me this wonderful and glorious
chance To prepare myself to meet You through this heavenly
glance."

-Adapted from Clement Clark Moore's 'Twas the Night Before
Christmas