







THERE IS NO DEATH



GORDON JOHNSTONE



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THERE IS NO DEATH!

I tell you they have not died,

They live and breathe with you;
They walk here at your side,

They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod

When you can feel their breath,
When flow'r and soul and God

Knows there is no death!

Death's but an open door,
We move from room to room,
There is one life, no more;
No dying and no tomb.
Why seek ye them above,
Those that ye love dear?
The All of God is Love,
The All of God is Here.

I tell you they have not died,

Their hands clasp yours and mine;
They are but glorified,

They have become divine.

They live! they know! they see!

They shout with every breath:

"Life is eternity!

There is no death!"

GORDON JOHNSTONE.

Editor's note:

In justice to the writer we have reprinted his poem in full, and exactly as his original was written.

THERE IS NO DEATH!





