

## Comfort in faith - Home to the LORD

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*\*Read-aloud poem for a memorial service or funeral*

**L:** In heavenly peace, where God's love unites, your soul finds rest.  
Beyond the whisper of time, your body now lies in the earth's embrace.

**A:** The sorrow is beyond measure, yet through the glorious hope in Christ our LORD,  
we find comfort in faith, which bears us through the night of tears.

**L:** A brighter day shall dawn, where darkness rules no more –  
for we are separated only for a little while.

**A:** In the clouds, we shall once again be gathered,  
at the mighty sound of the last trumpet.

**All:** The trumpet shall sound to the glory of God, and we shall forever be with the LORD.

**L:** You did not simply pass away – no, you went home, to the land of heaven,  
where no more tears shall fall, and eternal rest is given by God's hand.

**A:** Your spirit was gently lifted up on the eternal wind of grace,  
and now you behold your Savior – the LORD you loved and bore within.

**L:** Your farewell was not an end, but morning light and peace –  
you traded earth's shadows for everlasting glory.

**S:** And when we grieve in flesh, our spirit softly speaks:  
The trumpet shall sound to the glory of God, and we shall forever be with the LORD.

**L:** Our days are short and swiftly flee, so brief is every breath,  
yet Christ remains our fortress strong, our anchor even in death.

**S:** And though we walk by faith, not by sight,  
we have a mansion in heaven, where you now already are.

**All:** The trumpet shall sound to the glory of God, and we shall forever be with the LORD.

**L:** Though absent in the body, we are present in the hope  
that one day soon we too shall come and in His presence dwell...

**A:** ...In the Father's house with all the saints, in glory unsurpassed,  
when earth is hushed and heaven's light breaks forth at last.

**L:** So now we rest in confidence, though pain may fill this hour:  
in Christ we are victorious – upheld by love and power.

**S:** And nothing now shall separate – not death, nor time, nor pain:  
The trumpet shall sound to the glory of God, and we shall forever be with the LORD.

(\*The text is designed for two voices (e.g. L = Leader, S = Responding voice or Congregation, A: = All together), with common parts where the refrain is repeated.)