

It Will Be Me

Though once a microscopic sperm
No larger than a tiny germ,
Too small for human eye to see,
It still was life---and it was me.

Abortion did not still my breath,
I was preserved from infant death:
I was a child, and then a man,
Kept by a gracious, sovereign Hand.

With time my feeble breath must cease,
To God my soul shall go in peace;
My body in the grave shall stay
Until the resurrection day.

And when the Lord returns in light
My soul and flesh shall re-unite,
To dwell with Him eternally,
And--praise His name--it will be me!

Elder Ralph Harris