

Wiley's Homecoming

When you walk your golden street,
While dress'd in clothes of purest white,
Your loved ones waiting there you'll meet.
New body's whole and working right.

Built with treasures from your heart,
Your mansion's fill'd with radiant light.
You earn'd your crown, you did your part,
You ran your race, you fought your fight.

It will be the Savior waiting,
Not the choirs around the throne,
He with your Father's smiling greeting
Makes it worth the labor done.

Hidden myst'ries then unfolded,
You will know as you are known;
With no more tears, joys manifolded,
Reasons for past pains are shown.

"While you walked the strains of earth,
I bless'd my people there through you.
Yet though you never knew your worth,
I stay'd so close to get you through."

It will be the Savior waiting,
Not the choirs around the throne,
He with your Father's smiling greeting
Makes it worth the labor done.

"Well done faithful servant, well done.
Enter the joy of your Lord.
Yes, Come home, Wiley Mason, well done.
Enter the rest of your Lord."

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals
He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.
'Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home.'
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling¹" "Oh, Wiley, come home."

¹ Taken from the hymn "Softly and Tenderly" by
Will L. Thompson, 1847-1909

Written for Wiley Mason while in the hospital
7/4/'97 by Cactus Jack McCarty