

The Plan

One can't help look at an infant's face
Just minutes old and wonder
From where did you come
Was you birth but grace
Or are you part of something larger?

What do you know
What could you tell,
Something grand and eternal?
Birth and death mark mortality.
What promises little one
would you share with me
What could you help me see?

Then at death the questions come:
Is this the end?
Is there a purpose?
Is there more to our existence?
Tell me, what does it mean?

Does the way we choose to live our lives
really matter?
Speak to me of family and love sublime.
Will these things continue in a life hereafter?
Are those who leave us lost beyond the
bounds of time?

As children of a loving God,
What He's become, we may be.
Our families on earth are extensions of
An all embracing tie through eternity
As God's family.

For our birth is but a sleep
and a forgetting.
The soul that rises, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
and cometh from afar.
No, not in entire forgetfulness,
And no not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory
Do we come from God,
From God who is our home.

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What He's become, we may be.
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Doctrinal Topics

The Plan of Salvation

William Wordsworth

Family of God

Potential of man

Deification

Preexistence

Eternal life