

In the Quiet of a Dream

In the quiet of a dream
I was led to a sacred place
There I saw before me
A being of glory
And gentle grace

As I drew near He softly spoke my name
Stretched forth his hands
And I shall never be the same

In the quiet of a dream
I wept as He kissed my cheek
Took me in His arms, blessed me
I fell at his feet

The marks of nails I saw left me in reverent awe
For this was Christ, The Redeemer of us all

What joy was mine
Such peace as I had never known before
I would give all I am or hope to be
To feel what I then felt through eternity

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Doctrinal Topics

Love of the Savior

Peace

Melvin J. Ballard