

Heaven's Applause

By Melody Pote Bradford

This touch on your hand
Is a sweet, familiar one.
The Voice calling your name
Is a Father to a son.
He's waiting and watching just like you have for Him.
This Presence beside you is your Savior and Friend.

"My Son, My Son!" the Father's voice calls.
When you step through the gates,
All of Heaven applauds.
Your loved ones are waiting for you at God's throne.
And Jesus shouts, "Celebrate! My child has come home!"

Not a trace of fear,
It's all part of the journey.
This Presence you've felt,
It's the Face that you'll see.
You've fought a good fight,
And set a good pace.
With hands raised in victory, you finish the race.

"My son, my son!" the Father's voice calls.
When you step through the gates,
All of Heaven applauds.
The angels are waiting
To sing with you at God's throne,
And Jesus shouts, "Celebrate! My child has come home!"