

One Day to Stand Before the Lamb

Dan Evans for Abigail Marie Ferrin at her birth

She arrived one autumn afternoon as the season brought a chill.
She knew not what awaited her, the many valleys and the hills.
She came not of her own free choice; she'll someday leave again.
What she becomes may shape the world she lives within.

A poet or musician, a teacher or a mom.
What will this child sacrifice to be molded, shaped by God?
How will the world receive her; was it fair to bring her in?
Can she really make a difference, in a world so lost in sin?

So many willing voices to guide her on her way.
How can she sort out right from wrong and, between, the shades of gray?
So many steps to walk and run to find what lies ahead.
How can she know the paths to take and those she should not tread?

There is fear and pain ahead for her, the hurts we all have felt.
But maybe – just perhaps – God will shelter her Himself.
A moment or a lifetime, it all passes very fast.
From the day of her arrival to the children she herself may have.

A softball game, a fishing trip, a tiny cup of tea.
A paper route, cookies to bake and a daddy who hopes to be,
The first one she gives her heart to and to whom she'll always be,
The little girl who hugged his neck and perched upon his knee.

Puppy love and boyfriends and broken hearts to mend;
They'll come and go until that someone special asks her hand.
How can Mommy say goodbye and send her off this way?
Yet with tears of joy she will, on her daughter's wedding day.

A child, a girl, a woman and a lady to become;
Vulnerable and tender, yet strong and always one,
Who cherishes life and the love of those
Who gave her breath, and gave her to the Lord.