

my dreams. I still feel the touch of the vanished hand. I still hear the sound of the voice that is still. Let me dream my dreams. Let me see my visions. Let me feel love's vanished touch and hear love's silent voice until spirit meets spirit where parting is unknown.

You, too, dear reader, dream your dreams. You, too, see your visions. You, too, feel the touch of the hand that has vanished and hear the sound of the voice that has been stilled by death. Dream on, trust on, hope on, live on, love on, until time breaks, eternity begins, and all mysteries are solved.

“If a man die, shall he live again?”

“Yea,” saith Jesus, “I am the Resurrection and the Life.”