

A Thief in the Night

(The Night of the Rapture)

By: David A. Sargent

12-16-14

'Twas the night of the rapture, when no one was found,
Not a Saint was stirring, not making a sound;
The self-righteous were smug, by the law without care,
In hopes that their own works, would get them up there;

The innocent children, they were all safe instead,
While visions of Cherubims, danced in their heads;
And maw sang a great hymn, and I passed out some tracts,
We Preached on the street and, went home for some naps,

When up in the sky there, arose a bright matter,
I felt my heart the Son, rise – and dark scatter.
Away to the front door, I quick ran with a dash,
Tore open the door and, then saw a bright flash.

The whole sky lit up bright, like new glistening snow,
Giving luster and gleam, unto them below,
Then expecting what to, my own eyes did I pear,
But very Son of God, who I've loved so dear,

With a whorlwind so fast, and then lickity split,
I saw the graves open, the dead raised up quick,
Then more rapid than jets, and the closer He came,
He yelled out and shouted, and called us by name:

"Up, David, Up Karen, Up Joshua and Roberta,
Up Jeremiah, Jesse, Hannah, Rebekah, Mason, and Aryanna!
To the top of the clouds! To the top of the call!
"Now come up, Come up! Come up hither ye-all!"

As wind blows in the wild, hurricane we did fly,
When we meet Lord Jesus, up in the brisk sky,
So up to the cloud-tops, of the coursers we flew,
With born again people, and innocent too.

In a twinkl^e ofⁿ eye, we are changed immortal,
And our bodies showed bright, as lights eternal.
As we left out of this, world called by a trump sound,
We left behind all the, lost to hell on th'ground.

We were all dressed in light, from our neck to our toe,
And our clothes were glis'ning with light as we go;
The bundle of sin filth, from our dirty flesh sack,
Will not ever be seen, now and that's a fact.

His eyes they were as fire! A flame burning and bright,
He was clothed in a light, Oh my, what a sight!
His mouth is as sharp as, a two edge sword, and low...
His head and his hairs were, as white as the snow.

And His feet are like brass, as t'was burn in a fire;
His voice was as waters, Truth, that He's no liar;
His countenance was as; the sun shineth in strength,
And girt 'bout the paps with, gold around his length.

His face shone as the sun, His raiment white as light.
He is glistering white, and extremely bright,
He winked at all our sins, of our lives or' the years,
See'in Him and alike Him, He to us appears,

He hath spoken the word, and the rapture took place,
And filled with the Spirit; we left in a race,
Then laying his finger, up beside of his nose,
And then giving a nod, to the clouds we arose;

In a twinkl^e of th'eye, first the dead up were raised,
Incorrupt immortal, the Lord to be praised,
As we went with the Lord, he then turned back his head,
He then spoke to the world, that was left, and He said:

"I take hold on judgment, and whet my glitt'ring sword;
I render vengeance to them that do hate my true word."
Then I heard him exclaim, as we flew out of sight,
"Mary Chris Mess on your, first Trib'lacion NIGHT!"