

THE BLESSINGS THAT REMAIN

There are loved ones who are missing
From the fireside and the feast;
There are faces that have vanished,
There are voices that have ceased;
But we know they passed forever
From our mortal grief and pain,
And we thank Thee, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

Thanksgiving, oh, thanksgiving,
That their love once blessed us here,
That so long as they walked beside us,
Sharing every smile and tear;
For the joy the past has brought us,
But can never take away,
For the sweet and gracious memories
Growing dearer every day,

For the faith that keeps us patient
Looking at things unseen,
Knowing Spring shall follow Winter
And the earth again be green,
For the hope of that glad meeting
Far from mortal grief and pain - -
We thank Thee, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

- Anne Johnson Flint