

A Tribute to Our Bible Class Teachers

I dreamed the pearly gates were opened wide
And I had entered in, for I had died.
And now must give account of all my acts.
I saw a book there opened with the facts.

I thought, "My role upon the earth was small
Just teaching in a Bible School, my call."
For I saw all the saints of God up there.
And mine was, at most, a meager share.

I heard the Master call for my report;
I stood afraid, for mine . . . was short.
I trembled and felt I would not pass,
Then whispered, "I just taught a Bible class."

And from the throne I heard His voice, "Well Done!
Come in and share eternal life, my son;
Although your place was humble and obscure,
You led the thirsty to the Waters Pure."

And then it seemed that from eternal plains,
There came the sound of voices in refrain
Then rolled across the mighty sea of glass,
"There are the great . . . the teachers of a class."

When I awoke I thought of those I'd taught,
And in their lives, what glory had wrought,
I prayed to God, and all that I could say,
"Make me a better teacher day by day."

And you who teach this Christian way to live
May feel some times you're asked too much to give;
But . . . someday you will reap eternal joys
Because you lead to Christ these girls and boys.