

In the Soft, Still Quiet of this Night

In Remembrance of our precious Friend, Father, Brother, Son

Jason Jackson

by Wm. C. Anderson

In the Soft, Still Quiet of this Night
As shadows veil such precious life
So warm, wonderful, so bright,
Long, lonely, dark they cast
Blending with the swirling stars
Of yet another endless night.

His eyes ever searching mine
Seeking strength, pleading stay, belong, delay
Departure from what was filled
With longing, pain and the promise of song.
"Beyond the dark",
I softly said, "There is a dawn."

But tears filled stars, and eyes - his and mine
And everywhere we looked
to draw strength and still his suffering.
Together, we imagined, weaved we and spun
Dreams of a past undone.
But tempest of temptation, raging storms we cannot know
Drew circles in the soil of this soul
Unjust, unending, ever bending, round and round they would go.

In longing for that which would not, could not be,
Prayed we, both of us, for those lost in the mist of love
The Child left behind, the Mother he would find,
The blessed parents who gave new hope, new meaning,
The Mother and the Father for which he gave
Such beautiful Thanksgiving.

In the Embrace of His Enduring Love, God does not forsake tomorrow.
He comforts our solitary path with Love that leads me past my sorrow.
To places in the heart forever alive, forever in Love,
Forever felt beyond farewell, in His Warm Embrace from Above.

No. We cannot bid goodbye to Love.
The pain felt in parting, tears ever flowing
Reflect life's love.
Planted in the hearts of so many, it is vibrant in our lives today.
As we come to know the Power and Grace of God
Enfolds the hearts beating so imperfectly.
Our hearts, that never let him die.
Through the Grace of One who also suffered
And in the very essence of our being,
We feel, we hear, we know this precious life goes on
Loving, living, laughing, singing.