

Shortly before she went to the hospital
Mom asked me to write these words as she
quoted them for memory. I came across
the copy in the writing pad after her
funeral. May we receive this as a
message to each of us from her, as we
feel it was meant.

Hvor salig er den lille flok, Som Jesus kjendes ved!
I ham, sin Frelser, har den nok Nu og i evighet.
I kjerlighet, i håb og tro Den vandrer her, og hist skal bo
Med ham, når håb og tro forgår,
Men kjerlighet består.

Min Jesus, er jeg en av dem? Vil du mig kalde din?
Står jeg for dig som hine fem Med lys i lampen min?
O, lad mig ei til hvile gå Før jeg herom kan vishet få,
Før du kan få det svar av mig:
Du ved, jeg elsker dig.

Og måtte det med gråt end ske, At sådant svar jeg gav,
Så vil du nådig til meg se Og tørre tåren av!
Ja når kun du som alting vet Hos mig kan finne kjerlighet,
Og kjenne mig iblant din flok
Som din, så har jeg nok!



How blessed is the little flock, Whom Jesus calls His own!
He is their Savior and their rock, They trust in Him alone;
They walk by faith and hope and love,



But they shall dwell with Him above,
When hope and faith shall pass away, And love shall last for aye.
My Jesus, am I in that band, And wilt Thou call me Thine?
Do I among the chosen stand Whose lamps so brightly shine?
O let me not lie down to rest Till this I know, my Savior blest,
Till I can say, by grace restored:

"Thou know'st I love Thee Lord!"

And even if with tears it be, That this to Thee I say,
Yet Thou in grace wilt look on me And wipe my tears away;
Yea, when but Thou who all dost know

In me canst find Thy love below
And own me Thine, then will is me, My all I have in Thee.

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