

Rhonda Vincent, The Last Best Place

I am a pilgrim, passing thru
And I've wandered thru the world and all its beauty
I don't know, what I'll find
When I cross that river to the other side

But the Good Book said believer when you get there
In Heavens light old memories will fade
And I will see, by His grace
In The Last Best Place

It won't be easy, to say goodbye
To everyone I've loved here in this life
But when He calls me, I will go
And leave my brothers and dear sisters here below

All at once I'll be rejoicing with the angels
Resting in the promise that someday

We'll meet again face to face
In the Last Best Place

Some folks dream, of growing old
Contented with their treasures in some mansion
There are those, weary souls
Who search in vain to satisfy their passion

Some can't wait to ride that train to glory
And see St. Peter at the pearly gates
But for me, God's embrace
Is the Last Best Place

I will sing by His grace
In the Last Best Place.