



Olga Quill

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The Garden of Promise

There is a place, I have been told,
Beyond an open gate
All have been invited
Where friends and loved ones wait
It holds eternal promise
Of everlasting peace
No pain or sorrow ever comes
And teardrops there have ceased
Abundant life is evident
Constant, fresh and new
A garden of provision
With eternity in view
The promise is awaiting
A place we can abide
Fulfilled for all who answer
The call to come inside.