

He Called Ten Thousand Angels

September 11, they captured our planes,
And made them go astray.
But under the wings, they did not know,
A hand was holding them up that day.
They did not guide our people to death,
For death holds no victory.
Those lost souls that stole our planes,
Were left alone to make history.
The first night for me was a nightmare,
As I saw over and over again,
The plane go through the building,
And destroy my faith in men.
I saw our Pentagon crumble,
And tumble to the ground.
I heard the anguished cries from families,
And everyone, the world around.
I saw the plane in Pittsburgh,
Smashing to the ground
I heard people screaming out
It was a terrifying sound!
I prayed that God would help me,
Understand why this took place.
Show me God, Why let this happen,
Way up there, so high in space?
The next night, my dreams were a vision,
So beautiful and serene.
Right before the planes hit,
God showed me the hidden scene
The planes were gently being held,
In the palm of God's own hand.
He released ten thousand wings of doves,
And angels formed a band.
Right before the plane hit,
And the fire and smoke took place
I saw this scene before me,
God showed me by His grace.
Our loved ones floated toward the sky,
There was no fear upon one face.
Some rode the wings of a snow white dove,
Some had angels take their place.
America always stands proud to say,
We stand firmly by God's side.
There's nowhere they can run,
There's nowhere they can hide.
Have no fear red, white and blue,
Because united our country stands.
We have faith in our President,
And our future is in God's hands.

by Gayle Clary