



David & Mary Moody

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"Where there is no vision, the people perish:..." Proverbs 29:18

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How do you say goodbye, with a Missionary heart to the end? We had planned on returning to New Zealand July, 2017. God had other plans and kept slowing us down with one thing or another. In the end, cancer took David fast. Some of his last words were "I'm the one that's suppose to drive, I'm the one that's suppose to visit, I'm the one that's suppose to go". Then a few hours later, he said "Lord, take me home".

David was a poet and I'd like to share with all of you his last two poems he had written:

GETTING OLD

*The days are swift, they pass so fast.
We wish they would stay, but they do not last.
Our feet get so heavy, our head bows.
The older we get, the slower we go.
Our eyes get so weary, we cannot see,
what is down the road ahead waiting for you and me.
Our ears become so silent, not a sound can they hear,
if only we could recall the days we spent in yester year.
Our hands become so empty, the work we cannot do,
when once we worked all the day
and sometimes the whole night through.
But! God has a plan for you and me,
we try to understand but we cannot see,
so just keep going, the days will pass,
soon we will be home with Him at last.*

GOING HOME

*I'm going soon to my Heavenly home, and I know it won't be very long,
to that beautiful home that Jesus built for me
I'm going to wave this world goodbye, as I rise up into the sky,
to that beautiful home that Jesus built for me
I'm going to sing and I'm going to shout, this old body I'll be without,
to that beautiful home that Jesus built for me
So dear ones don't cry or weep, for you know I'm not asleep
I'm in that beautiful home that Jesus built for me*

**David and I were able to be Missionaries because of all of you.
Thank you all for your love, prayers and support over the last 50 years.
Co-laborers together,**

Mary
Mary Moody

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