

June's hymn of the month

As with May's hymn of the month, our hymn from June was inspired by a family relationship. The aging voice of a dad would lead his son to create for us a song that has been around since the early thirties. It is a song that reminds us that this life is "but a vapor that passes away." The life yet to come will not fade or grow old for Heaven is a place where we'll never grow old.

Jim Moore had been training for the ministry at Mercer University at Macon, Georgia. Now, he was coming home for a visit with mom and dad in Draketown, Georgia. Jim was scheduled to preach that Sunday, and his dad would provide the special music. That morning, as Jim sat in church, he noticed how things had changed. His friends of days gone by looked older, while others just weren't there anymore. The toll of time was doing its work. They were growing older, but the hardest thing to witness was the failing voice of his aging father. Jim said this, "I felt so sorry for him. He would lose his pitch and his voice would break. In my heart, I knew I would not hear him sing much longer." James' dad had trained under A. J. Showalter, the composer of *Leaning on the Everlasting Arms*, and had led music in the church for many years. Soon, all of that would be coming to an end.

Back at Mercer, young Moore couldn't get that Sunday out of his mind. The reality of life here on earth, how quickly it will pass, but the promise of Heaven where time will be no more. With these thoughts running through his heart and mind, James C. Moore wrote both the words and the music of a hymn of promise to those who put their trust in Jesus Christ for salvation from the destruction of the second death. There is waiting for them a mansion in Heaven, a place where time has no power, where death and decay no longer exist—a place *Where We'll Never Grow Old*:

I have heard of a land on a faraway strand, 'Tis a beautiful home for the soul ; Built by Jesus on high,
there we never shall die, 'Tis a land where we never grow old.

In that beautiful home where we'll never more roam, We shall be in the sweet by and by; Happy praise
to the King thro' eternity sing, 'Tis a land where we never shall die.

When our work here is done and the life crown is won, When our troubles and trials are o'er, All our
sorrow will end, and our voices will blend with the loved ones who've gone on before.

Chorus:

Never grow old, never grow old, In a land where we'll never grow old. Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old.

The hymn of the month for June: **Where We'll Never Grow Old**