

Manison Over the Hilltop- October's Hymn of the Month 2022

By  
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Have you ever thought about moving? A lot of people do it everyday, especially we baby boomers. Houses for sale dot the landscape from Maine to California. Well, just recently, we became part of that fluid population-- selling our old house and now building a new log home on some land we purchased a year ago. Exciting times to say the least! This experience has reminded me that there's coming another moving day into another new home, but one not made by hands, at least not mine. This home is being prepared in Heaven by my heavenly Father. I heard a preacher once say, "by the lumber I'm sending ahead," referring to our service to Christ. With all this in mind, the song, *Mansion over the Hilltop* seems like a good choice for a Hymn Story. Ira Stanphill is the author and composer and was inspired to write the song after hearing this story:

A man of means was taking a trip through a part of the country marked by the fact that there were a lot of 'Po' folks living there. As he was driving through the area, he came to a part which was called 'the hollow.' Here he saw a house that was so badly in need of paint and repairs that he wondered how it could still be standing. Most of the windows had oiled paper to take the place of the glass which had been broken a long time ago. Parts of the roof and shingles were missing; in fact it looked as if much of the original house was missing. Playing out front of this ramshackled house was a little boy of about eight or nine. The traveler felt an urge to stop and chat with him. This he did and during their conversation, he mentioned how sorry he was for the fellow because he had to live in such poor surroundings. To this the little fellow replied, 'Oh, Mister, just over the hilltop up there, my dad has been building a new house for mother and us kids. I don't know when it will be done or when we'll move in but Mister, I won't have to live in this old house forever—no siree!'

Do you have a mansion being prepared? If not, why not, right now, ask Christ to forgive you of your sins and, in faith believing, invite Him into your life and heart before it's too late. Don't enter eternity homeless and lost, but with this hope:

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below, A little  
Silver and a little gold; But in that city where the  
Ransomed will shine, I want a gold one that's silverlined.  
I've got a mansion just over the hilltop, In that bright  
Land where we'll never grow old; And someday yonder we will  
Nevermore wander, But walk the streets that are purest gold.