

## *When God Calls Little Children*

*When God calls little children to dwell with him above,  
We mortals sometimes question the wisdom of His love.  
For no heartache compares with the death of one small child  
Who does so much to make our world seem wonderful and mild.  
Perhaps God tires of calling the aged to His fold,  
So He picks a little rosebud before it can grow old.  
God knows how much we need them, so He takes but a few  
To make the land of heaven more beautiful to view.  
Believing this is difficult still, somehow we must try,  
The saddest word mankind knows will always be "goodbye".  
So when a little child departs, we who are left behind  
Must realize God loves children... angels are hard to find.*