

YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE

Where do angels go when they're loved by all?
Who accept people regardless of flaws?
Where do angels go when their name is called?
Dorothy Chatman, you go to your rightful place, right beside the Lord!

You lived your life by the Lord's Holy Word.
Didn't smoke or drink; the life you preferred
Was a life of kindness to all you served.
And you're in your rightful place now, right beside the Lord!

We'll miss your love and the wonders you did,
How you woke up to feed hundreds of kids.
You listened to folks whatever it is,
Your own tribulations you sometimes hid.

It wasn't easy walking in your shoes,
To endure problems most people never knew,
To go through pain known only by a few.
But you believed that God would pull you through.

To find you was not ever a hard search.
You were either home, or Mt. Mary's church,
Serving faithfully through years of hard work
From your marriage to the children you birthed.

All the family who have passed away
Are celebrating like it's your birthday.
Tell them and little Shawn we all said "Hey,
And we'll reunite when we come that way."

It hurts to lose you but it's Heaven's gain
Because you're at peace now; No more pain,
No more hurt, not more darkness, no more rain.
You're in your rightful place, right beside the Lord!

Rest on sweet lady; you have run your race.
You crossed that finish line with love and grace.
And where you are, there's a smile on your face.
You're beside the Lord—in your rightful place.