



Liberty Jail

Walls four feet thick with no hope in sight,
Cold stony ground, a small candle light.
Snow as a blanket, covers the jail.
Open your hearts and fathom their tale.

Our prophet and friends compelled here to wait,
Trussed for months because of men's hate.
Poisoned and dirty, foreseeable fare,
Reluctantly portioned and ever so rare.

Day after day they sat in the cold,
Concerned about family cut off from their fold.
The saints driven out to Quincy they go,
Walking the prairies bare feet in the snow.

Joseph cried out, "Oh God where art thou?"
"How long shall they suffer?" Why can't it end now?"
Rock bottom, beat down, compelled to his knees,
Crying out to the Lord, our God hears his pleas:

Peace unto thee, my son, to thy soul.
I know thine afflictions have taken their toll.
Endure them all well, O please if thou would,
For all of these things shall be for thy good.

Descending below all, the Son of Man paid,
For our sins and our failings, afflictions and pains.
He overcame death, that one day we will rise,
And dwell with the Father in Celestial skies.

Just as the men freed from Liberty jail,
The Savior freed all men from death and from hell.
Believe on His name - and trust in his ways,
God be thanked for His life, his name sing we praise!

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