

Voices: In heaven, we'll have everything 'from soup to nuts'

September 6, 2023

It has been a quarter century since my sweet sister—my only sibling—joined the heavenly choir. Linda Kay Hall Ware was 11 years my senior. She was my biggest fan, my best cheerleader, and I loved her with all my heart. Although much time has passed since her earthly death in 1998, memories of her flood my mind when I least expect them.

I often remember she taught me how to play the ukelele. She later taught me to sing the great hymn “[No One Ever Cared for Me Like Jesus](#)” written by Charles Weigle in 1932. She invited me to sing this song as a solo in our little church in Haltom City.

No longer in existence, our congregation was Parkdale Baptist Church. Kay played the piano each Sunday. When I sang that solo, Kay accompanied me on the piano. I was only 8 years old, and she was 19. I recall her proud eyes filled with tears as I sang.

‘No One Ever Cared for Me Like Jesus’

Since her passing, the lyrics to that song have come to my mind a thousand times.

Chorus

*No one ever cared for me like Jesus,
There's no other friend so kind as He;
No one else could take the sin and darkness from me,
O how much He cared for me.*

Verse 3

*Ev'ry day He comes to me with new assurance,
More and more I understand His words of love;
But I'll never know just why He came to save me,
Till someday I see His blessed face above.*

Our last visit this side of heaven

Kay saw the face of Jesus 25 years ago. She was only 60 years old. A teacher's aide, she was about ready to retire when stricken with a malignant brain tumor. From diagnosis to death, only 10 weeks passed.

The day before her passing, I visited with her for the last time. I shall never forget that experience.

I was at Harris Hospital near downtown Fort Worth. I stepped out of her hospital room to allow her to have some privacy while nurses assisted her. After a few minutes, I heard her call my name: "Lanny Hall."

I stepped in and touched her hand. Her head was heavily bandaged following radiation treatments.

She looked at me and said, "Where I am going tomorrow, they have everything I need—from soup to nuts!"

I often have wondered why she used those words. A simple Internet search indicates the saying "soup to nuts" is an informal, American expression referring to the food served in a full-course dinner. According to tradition, the first course consists of appetizers or soup. The final course consists of sweets, fruits or nuts.

My sister was not a "formal, full-course dinner" person. So, I do not think the reference was about formality, but rather a means of lightening the

heavy moment for me. She used her sense of humor to relieve some of the tension.

She was concerned for me and my pending loss. She was assuring me that in heaven—that beautiful place God has prepared for us—he has everything we need for eternity. What a special comfort.

What my sister taught me

We were a singing family. We often gathered around the piano with Kay joining our Daddy at the piano keyboard. In sweet harmony, we would sing songs about heaven, about “never growing old” in “a land that is fairer than day.”

We sang about having “just a little talk with Jesus” that made things right. We sang about having “faith, hope and charity.” How did we know? The Bible told us so.

Kay knew about the sufficiency of heaven. Kay knew she and I would walk “those streets that are paved with gold.” Kay knew eternity with Jesus is real.

She taught me to sing, “No one ever cared for me like Jesus.” She knew in eternity, God has provided everything we’ll need—“from soup to nuts.”

Thanks be to God!

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