

AN ESCHATOLOGICAL GRATITUDE

“Bless God for ‘*white throne*’ judgment!” cried the sage.
But some who blushed, embarrassed, hushed him down,
“Be still. . . or not so loud. This is an age
for speaking *peace* and *tolerance* and *love*.”
“True ‘*peace*’ won’t come” the speaker, with a frown,
rose up to shout, “till Heaven’s Light reveals
the hawk of hate that hid behind a dove,
unmasks our tolerated tales of shame,
and Love’s Lamb breaks apocalyptic seals,
releasing retribution’s purging flame!”

“Thank God! Someday,” he bellowed to the crowd,
“the untold histories of heinous deeds,
the lethal frauds dissembled by the proud,
agendas hidden for immoral gain,
inhuman crimes enshrouded under creeds,
the shams of church and state not yet confessed,
the beatings, tortures, lynchings, heartless pain
inflicted on the helpless by the strong,
will be exposed—each covered sin addressed
by Him Whose holy justice rights all wrong.

“Those with ‘*no fear of God before their eyes*’—
who dream no Judge will weigh their wayward ways—
shall meet the King Who sees through folly’s guise.
Their feigning *art of masquerade* will end,
with all its subtle ploys and power-plays.
No foul but famous leaders will escape
or dare, with lame excuses, to defend
transgressions their dishonest scheming brought,
as angel hands—with opened books—undrape
the willful weight of guilt in which they’re caught.

“Give thanks! The Lord will set the records straight!
All glowing bright biographies will fade,
if truth and sagas fail to correlate.
In detail, each life’s story has been set
within a chronicle of choices made.
No unknown saint will ever miss applause;
no unseen, selfless works will God forget.
Let our thanksgiving be for this alone:
God’s grace—to help us grow and serve, because
self-serving lives will reap what they have sown.”

— David L. Hatton, 12/7/2022