

## A SHORT TRIP

I've faithfully tried confessing  
My praises for what God gave  
On this brief journey of blessing  
Conducting me to the grave.

When gripes or worrying threw me,  
I fought to repel their sway.  
If lust or jealousy drew me,  
I dared never let them stay.

Yet anger often ignited  
At cruelty, evils and wrongs,  
Until my heart re-invited  
Lost peace back where it belongs.

Regrets were also a bother—  
For faults of a moral sort—  
But I sent them to my Father,  
Who told me, "The trip is short."

Now, as I tally my travels  
And treasures of toil and tears,  
Time's task of ticking unravels  
Trivia's clutter of years.

For not all I did was useful;  
My choices, not always right;  
Some concepts held were untruthful,  
Laid bare in heavenly light.

When sudden cold winds of death blow,  
It seems two or three leaves slip—  
Reminders, to let us all know  
We're on a very short trip.

Life's brevity is a warning,  
Instructing us, while alive,  
That after we're mourned some morning,  
Our souls and deeds will survive.

Be sure, then, to look behind you  
At how fast the days have flown.  
Shortly, your last one will find you  
And harvest the seeds you've sown.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/2/2015*