

CHURCH ON THE DOCK

My ministry has been beside the sea.
My church? Small congregation on the dock
that sits within a bay's security.
Unique's my tale about this tiny flock....

The shipping firm provided us a place,
a podium—as pulpit where I preach—
nice chairs, a grand piano, played with grace
by my sweet spouse, best judge of how I teach.

Surrounding us, an ancient village thrives,
whose residents we bid come worship there.
Old couples, widowers and widowed wives
sit down and set their luggage near the chair.

Between my weeks of sermons comes a ship,
and one or two grab bags and leave their seats
to board the vessel for its destined trip.
When more come fill their spots, the scene repeats.

I miss those friends, but as my wrinkles grow
to match the life-worn faces of my flock,
my bags rest by the pulpit, for I know
I'll join them soon, when I have left the dock.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/17/2023*