

CLOUDS AT A GRAVESIDE

Sitting with Bob's family folks and friends,
And thinking how to introduce the lines
From Tennyson, his "Crossing the Bar,"
I saw them blowing gently in the winds,
And thought their coming at this "evening star"
A gift from God Who often sends such signs—

White clouds: reminding of the Day
We'd see Bob next. With the hosts on high
His soul will ride the wind and clouds,
Return, and don his transformed clay,
When angel's shout shakes off all Christian shrouds,
And trumpet's thunder perforates the sky.

I saw beyond, above the casket wood,
Their billows dropping moisture down,
Another sign, a message in the rains
For those who linger here, was understood:
His grace sustains our growth while life remains,
Till we too cross the bar to wear the crown.

— *David L. Hatton, 10/23/1998*