

## DJAKARTA

“Goodbye to the painful moment,”  
I can hear her echoed sigh,  
As she slipped between the curtains  
To Eternity on High.

“Goodbye to the painful moment!”  
I will touch your flesh no more  
With a stethoscope or needle  
Underneath the gowns you wore.

I can see the sheet all wrinkled  
And her gown a crumpled heap  
On the gurney, that last visit  
Just before she fell asleep.  
She was vibrant in her suffering,  
Willing life until the end,  
And she wasn't just my patient  
But my sister and my friend.

“Goodbye to the painful moment!”  
I discern her face somehow  
In a glimpse of Heaven's glory:  
No more tense and fevered brow.  
All her courage turned to wisdom,  
She has learned the answers there  
To the heavy earthly trials  
This sweet woman had to bear.

“Goodbye to the painful moment!”  
You have left and closed the door  
To your temporary sorrows:  
You will visit here no more . . .

“Goodbye to the painful moment!”  
I will not forget your smile.  
You're embedded in my memory,  
And I'll see you in a while.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/31/1991*