

## FORESHADOWED

Volcanoes and earthquakes, tornadoes and fires  
Can rip off possessions and precious desires.  
A terrorist's bomb or a cyclone or flood  
Can nip hopeful plans and sweet dreams in the bud.

The same goes for accidents, war and disease:  
They halt us from doing the things that we please.  
A cancer, a heart attack, coma or stroke  
Reduces an unfinished job to a joke.

Both nature's disasters and sickness that kills  
Or deadly encounters with devilish wills  
Forewarn of the parting of spirit from dust,  
When time grimly reaps what we guarded in trust.

Our losses foreshadow the final one: death.  
And yet we were built to hold on to the breath  
Bestowed at our birth with a will to survive.  
We have to believe Heaven wants us alive!

This instinct—survival—innately informs  
Our hearts to fight on in the battles and storms,  
To press through the setbacks, the struggles, the strife,  
Priority set on the treasure called “life.”

What now is instinctive foreshadows a goal,  
An eternal journey awaiting the soul.  
It points to a future that we cannot see  
Beyond the destruction we zealously flee.

These troubles foreshadowing death must be met.  
Yet as they play out, let no pilgrim forget  
That God the Creator-Preserver is Love. . . .  
Fear's shadows will fade in faith's glory above!

— *David L. Hatton, 10/26/2017*