

## IN RETROSPECT

A hundred thousand years from this,  
When we look back upon our trip,  
When we remember, if we may,  
In blasting blaze or lasting bliss,  
Our sojourn here within this clay,  
How will we weigh life's stewardship?

In thinking back, in retrospect,  
Will we be counting short or long  
Our brief excursion on the earth,  
Or be hard put to recollect  
The span extending from our birth  
Until we quit our earthly song?

Will any of us grumble still  
About the obstacles we met,  
About the troubles of today  
That worked against our wish and will  
To run their course, then fade away,  
Or will our souls, by then, forget?

Just like our childhood memories  
That sometimes flit back into view,  
This fleeting past we will recall,  
With its distress and tragedies,  
As somehow minor, after all,  
With eons flying as they do.

Indeed, if we can then reflect  
Upon our trip—how it was spent—  
Our endless grief, eternal cheer,  
Will be the honor or neglect  
We rendered God when we were here  
To use the moments we were lent.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/23/1999*