

## NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION

Now the fireworks flash and flare!  
Noise of revel echoes loud!  
Cheering fills the winter air  
From a happy New Year crowd.  
Time has come and time has gone. . .  
Beauties flutter from the proud.  
And the dreams we've danced upon  
Never glitter past the shroud.

Twirling yearly on the earth,  
Hairs of silver formed from gold  
Soon must kiss again their birth:  
Life was new, now life is old.  
Moments near their final sum,  
While the tales are left untold  
Of the travels yet to come  
When the flesh has lost its hold.

Resolutions often turn  
Back to faults that reappear,  
And we fail to find and learn  
How to live a better year.  
Precious follies can devour  
Sober thoughts and sacred fear.  
Yet we're ticking toward the hour  
When our journey ceases here.

Do you hope to rest in peace  
In a world beyond this place,  
When your soul finds its release  
From the spinning human race?  
Will a home in love and light  
Be the future that you face  
Or a dark eternal night  
End your flight from Heaven's grace?

Like a merchant counts his stock,  
Mark each sun that shines its ray  
On the movements of your clock  
Through the limit of your day.  
Pondering your closing breath,  
Mold your will to plan and pray:  
Thinking on your date with death  
Helps you choose the holy way.

— *David L. Hatton 1/1/1993*