

## ONTOLOGY QUEST

Observers on a sphere of cosmic dust,  
Ourselves a repertoire of star debris,  
We pose essential questions, for we must  
Discover purpose and identity.

Existence is enigma, and we try  
In vain to learn the reason we exist  
Or soothe our orphan-feeling “Who am I?”  
When Heaven’s revelation is dismissed.

If we are accidents of mindless chance,  
Then evolution played a cruel joke  
By molding us as creatures of romance  
Whose dreams of meaning die by mortal stroke.

While some believe we are because we think,  
Or think life real by doing one’s own thing,  
Our misplaced searching for “the missing link”  
Must turn into a quest to find the King.

Unless connected to the Source of love,  
Humanity’s identity is sham.  
We *think* as likenesses of God above;  
We *are* because we image the I AM.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/10/2018*