

REVELATION

We can't know what's around the bend,
What lies upon life's road,
Unless there's an all-seeing Eye
Whose vision is foretold.

If we're without a flawless map
To guide them on their way,
Our feet must meet with unknown forks
And crossroads that dismay.

In stormy gales on mountain steeps,
When dangers take command,
Our hopes may fail unless we hold
To revelation's Hand.

When sunset shadows lengthen long,
We'll journey on, still brave,
If in our travels we have known
The Voice beyond the grave.

— *David L. Hatton, 10/18/2016*