

SECOND CHANCE

By journey of light through a tunnel aglow,
With Heaven above and the earth-world below,
She came to celestially wide open space:
A meeting of souls was about to take place.
She went to a row in the rear for a seat.
The soul of a youth had just stood to his feet
And in a large glass that threw light to a screen
Inserted a disk, saying, "Pardon this scene,
But with my life-record of growing up here
My tragic departure from earth will appear."
Before she was able to pull them away,
Her eyes were fixed fast on a dreadful display:
In graphic dimensional features were shown
The scrambling of flesh and the crushing of bone
Where moments before in a small womb had been
A thumb-sucking fetus with delicate skin.
An angel soon cuddled his poor, trembling soul
And bore him to God to be healed and made whole.
But she, after seeing his slaughter on earth,
Did not stay to witness his heavenly birth.
She jumped from her place in the back of the crowd
And ran, as he beckoned behind her out loud:
"My mother, come back! You must not try to hide!
I promise my love and forgive you your pride.
The Father has healed me, and He can heal you.
Please stay for the blessing your heart never knew!"
But, frantic, she raced toward the twilight of death,
Until she awoke in a sweat, out of breath,
And fell to her knees at the bedside to pray,
Repenting of killing her baby that way.
He watched her from heaven and cried with delight:
"The dream that I sent has succeeded tonight!
For truth broke the lie: now my mother is free,
And someday she's coming to live here with me!"

— David L. Hatton 10/6/1991