

SOJOURN

We're all upon a lethal trip.
We sail upon a sinking ship.
We laugh and cry, we work and play,
And die a little bit each day. . .
Our journey's sorrows are so real.
Amid our joys, there's pain to feel
From time and chance, from friend and foe,
From sickness, or from things we know.

Our frame is dust, yet we are more
Than piles of ash swept out time's door.
We're more than coals that burn at last
To crumbling cinders of the past.
Our life is neither grains of sand
That trickle slowly from our hand,
Nor leaves that turn and fall and blow
Across dead wastelands to and fro.
We bear within our fragile form
A heart that weathers out the storm,
A soul sustained by unseen care,
Outlasting this world's wear and tear.

But every heart and soul must say
A last good-bye to earth someday,
And how we lived will mean much more
Than joys or pains that came before.
Within His light the Holy One
Will show us everything we've done.
And if we made our life a hell,
Then that's the home where we must dwell.
But if, when we were on the earth,
We found in Christ our second birth
And walked in love and truth and grace,
Then heaven's light remains our place.

You see, forever starts right now,
For all our thoughts and deeds somehow
Create the person we will be
Today and for eternity.
We do not leave the paths we take:
We live the choices that we make
And bring them with us all the way
To hell or heaven's gates to stay.
The gift of light, that God once gave
To every child before the grave,
Will be the voice to testify
About our lives the day we die.

Forewarned of this, we journey here
Responsible for holy fear
In seeking pardon from above
For choices made devoid of love.
So, choose to end your sojourn well,
To live with God, avoiding hell.
Let God's grace quench sin's damning sting:
Begin to walk with Christ as King.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/25/1989*