

## THE ANSWERING

Is there any meaning, a purpose why we're here,  
A reason for our living and dying day by day?  
Could there be a message that comes from the beginning,  
Outside our world of striving? Is someone there to say?

If it is all illusion, if we are just machines,  
How can we measure value? Are we worth more or less?  
If we are merely atoms that clumped by time and chance,  
Why deem ourselves so precious upon vague hope and guess!

If only Someone's out there to speak His love by word,  
To tell us who we are; if only Someone came,  
Then we'd have an answer. (Religion gave too many—  
Science forgot our souls), but He'd have to leave His name.

Science said, "Keep searching." Religion said, "Try harder."  
Some said, "Do your own thing." And others said, "Be brave!"  
But tell me how to listen. The voice of pain is loud!  
The wounded scream around us. We face an open grave. . . .

But One came speaking purpose and wept at pain and death  
And healed the brokenhearted. "A lunatic," said some.  
But He said Someone sent Him named Father God and Love.  
He claimed to seek the lost ones; that One who came said,  
"Come."

— *David L. Hatton, 8/23/1978*