

THE PROPHECY

“Now listen, Earth’s inhabitants,” proclaims the Lord of hosts.
“You think you walk securely through your land of living ghosts!
You boast of dwelling safely as you near your final breath:
Your feet are dancing blindly at the crumbling brink of death!”

“How so?” the mocker answers. “We’re protected by our wealth,
Our science is the secret of our future and our health!”

“Therefore,” replies the Maker, “you will eat the fruit you teach,
And stagger to destruction with your dreams just out of reach.
You would not let me heal you with My greatest Gift of Love;
You scorned My holy guidance spoken from My throne above;
You ridiculed My prophets sent to preach the way of Light;
You feasted on the demon-thoughts from sin’s rebellious night!”

“Now listen,” says the Lord of truth, “My people are secure.
They washed their souls in wisdom from My Word to make them pure.
They hungered for My presence, so I came and filled their hearts:
Repent and join their number now, before My judgment starts!”

“For listen,” cries the Lord of all, “the mocking soon will cease,
And careless ones will tremble as I dash their empty peace.
My nature is to shatter lies and crush false hopes to dust.
I will not let the world revolve on pride and sin and lust!”

“So listen,” calls the Lord of grace, “awaken from your dream,
Before your praise of ‘self’ becomes an everlasting scream—
Before, with darkness blinded, your heart runs to hell to hide
Upon the final Coming of the Light your souls denied. . . .”

— *David L. Hatton, 9/1/1990*