

THE ROCK

Life can be upsetting,
Like a sea by tempest tossed.
Vessels can be shipwrecked,
And their precious cargo lost.
Winds can thrash the waves about,
Mock a lone survivor's shout,
Almost dash all hope of reaching shore. . . .

Life can be like billows,
Rising, falling, up and down,
Like the scattered flotsam
That we cling to lest we drown.
Demon sharks may circle nigh,
Fear may grip us with its lie,
Raining torrents drive us to death's door. . . .

As our strength is failing,
Daylight fades within the gloom.
Darkness swallows vision
Like a giant, empty tomb.
Off the scrap of shattered ship
Slips our spent, despairing grip,
As a wave collapses with a roar. . . .

Such a sound of surf is
Foreign on the open sea.
Shadowed on horizon,
Something solid. . . could it be?
Yes, a jagged, windblown, wet,
Close by, rocky silhouette!
Sinking feet soon meet its sloping floor.

Salty spray may threaten,
Splashing through the stormy night.
Though the winds may tear us,
We are safe till morning light,
Till the ocean finds its peace,
Till our rescue and release:
Safe, because the Rock is Christ the Lord.

— *David L. Hatton, 7/7/2000*