

## THE THREE VISIONS OF BALTHASAR

When Gaspar, Melchior and I  
Had journeyed long toward the Star,  
A vision came to haunt my heart;  
I heard a voice call: "Balthasar!"  
My world grew empty, dull and dark,  
The thrill of magic left my soul,  
The Star that glittered up ahead  
Became in me a burning coal.  
The voice that called spoke yet again.  
"Behold," it cried, and I could see  
That wealth and fame and wisdom's store  
Began to faint and fade and flee,  
And all I sought for years before  
Seemed useless now within the night  
That closed about my trembling breast,  
As we rode on toward the Light.  
The two Magicians heard this tale  
At dawn before we stopped and slept.  
They nodded silently and stared,  
And Gaspar bowed his head and wept.

A second night, as we went on,  
The mystic Light became a stream  
That swirled and churned into a flood  
That filled the smiles of every dream.  
Then tragically it turned to blood,  
And darkness smothered all the sky,  
Until the flood began to gleam  
And once again swirled up on high!  
It brightly shone upon the earth  
As if its beam of living Light  
Would somehow give my life new birth!  
And when I shared with Melchior  
The second vision from the Star  
He said, while gazing to the West,  
"It's well we came, O Balthasar."

That night of brightest astral glow,  
Before we came to Palestine,  
My eyes upon the Silver Glare  
Beheld a final startling sign:  
I saw our world was filled with vice—  
How rich had trampled down the poor,  
How women's flesh was sold for lust,  
How every land was red with war,  
How good men's hopes were turned to dust.  
I watched a billion infants scream  
And starve, while cattle fed on wheat.  
But some were killed before they cried,  
While help to spare them met defeat.  
I saw how love and justice died;  
How men in passion laid with men;  
How violence ran the village street:  
The planet staggered in its sin!  
But suddenly the Star burst forth  
And many sparkles left the earth  
And rose to join the raging Star.  
The world below had lost its worth—  
It moaned in self-made misery.  
Then, purging flames fell quickly down  
And quenched man's tragic history.  
A voice called softly, "Balthasar . . ."  
And I looked up with fearful eye  
To see the peaceful, faithful Star  
Shine gently in the Western sky.

When my companions heard this too,  
We vowed to leave our magic arts  
And serve this King the Star announced,  
To bow to Him with humble hearts.  
And you who hear my mystic song,  
If you are wise, as I am gray,  
Will also seek to find that King,  
And worship Him, and wait His day.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/24/1979*