

THROUGH THE TUNNEL

We were dwelling in the caverns. . .
Ceiling fissures gave us light,
Busy in our cave of shadows
Where dim torches lit our night,
Occupied with shops and taverns,
Planting gardens in the gloom,
Timid at the thought of parting
From our cramped and misty tomb.

I had noticed comrades leaving
Much too many times before,
When they heard the Voice that beckoned
From the outward tunnel door.
Left behind were families grieving
For their loved ones lost to view
Up the slender shaft of darkness
To a world unknown and new.

Then I saw a noble mother,
Very young and fair and dear,
Fading quickly through the tunnel,
Leaving spouse and children here.
As a sister to a brother,
To her husband briefly turned,
She was whispering, while passing,
What her precious heart had learned:

“My sweet partner, I am going
To the realm beyond the grave. . . .
God will tell me why He’s called me,
When I get outside the cave.
Even now His breath is blowing
Fresh new strength into my breast.
He’s erasing pain with comfort,
Laying all my cares to rest.

“From this friendly shelter’s tightness,
I can feel His tender hand
Grasping mine to pull me upward
To a fuller, wider land.
I already see the brightness
Of His light that shines above.
I’m about to bathe in fountains
Flowing from His healing love.

“So, I leave this earthly cover,
As a babe must leave the womb. . . .
Though content to live within it,
I’ve outgrown my fleshly room.
Don’t be tearful, cherished lover,
Just be faithful to the Son.
We must all pass through the tunnel,
When our work below is done.”

— *David L. Hatton, 5/11/1993*