

VOYAGE

Life's course is storm-tossed, drenched with doubt,
When tempests blow our ship about:
We try to disembark from sin. . . .
We fail to flee, and fail again,
Until we reach the Turnabout
And hoist our sails with Life within.

Love's raft is risky, floats on fear,
When hearts hold worldly goals too dear. . .
We follow fancies, plan and dream,
We wish our way to heights extreme,
Until we sink and gasp and hear
The Voice that calls from Love Supreme.

The shores are distant, hope remote. . .
It's hard to navigate the boat,
When self is at the steering helm,
Harassed by winds that overwhelm.
Our souls can only stay afloat
By sailing in a Higher Realm.

Those harbors shown by lightning streak,
Those ports across the whitecap's peak,
Remain beyond the farthest waves,
Like teasing ghosts that dance on graves,
Unless a sailor's will is meek
To turn and seek the God Who saves.

The quest for love and journey home
Seem lost amid the briny foam.
But when life's Captain is the Lord,
Then Love and Home are both aboard.
The gales may blow, the vessel roam,
Life's best is yet to be explored!

— *David L. Hatton, 5/21/1995*