

## WHO ARE YOU?

I was running off to Nature,  
Feeling proud and in my prime.  
She spoke up, foretold my sorrow,  
If I failed to leave my crime.  
Nightly stars . . . I heard them twinkle  
(Ancient watchers of our ways),  
Warning me that I'd be fading  
Like the sunset's fainting rays.  
Rivers rushed in one direction,  
Babbling from their banks to me,  
"Feel the tug of Heaven's current?  
Just let go and be set free!"

On the mountainside, the breezes  
Ebbled and flowed like ocean waves,  
Till they lulled, like grieving mourners  
Breathing anguish over graves:  
"Coming, going, never knowing,  
Falling low, while reaching high . . .  
Do not leave before you listen . . .  
Missing life before you die."

Growing from a rocky crevice,  
Spouting up to seek the sun,  
Was a seedling, and it whispered,  
"You climb wrongly, Wayward One.  
You are fleeing from the Keeper.  
You're a refugee from peace.  
In your flight you shun the pathway  
Where your soul can find release."

When I reached the alpine summit,  
Resting on a grassy mound,  
I was questioned by a fragrance  
Growing near me in ground.

"Who are you?" she asked intently.  
"I'm a flower . . . you're a fool.  
I've obeyed my Maker's pattern.  
You've forsaken wisdom's rule.  
Why so awe-struck at our beauty,  
As you study our display?  
We're just shadows of His power---  
You're His image . . . gone astray.  
We of Nature fill our function,  
Never lapse in loyalty.  
We will rise to judge your folly,  
If you shirk your destiny!"

Who am I? . . . God holds the answer.  
Nature knows her "self," and more.  
Silent, sinless, rich, she tells us:  
"Only choosers can be poor.  
Only free-willed humans stumble,  
Spurning their Creator's cry.  
'Follow God, or face the darkness!'  
He sends me to testify."

--- *David L. Hatton, 3/10/02*