

AFFIRMATION

Something moves
In this sea
Of swelling
About us:
Forewarning,
Foreboding,
Frightening.

We seek to
Hide from it
One way or
Another:
Denying,
Distracting,
Resolving.

Yet somehow
We cannot:
Excurses
Of our own
Cannot write
Its aching
Off the heart.

Something is
Being born
Beyond our
Scope to see:
Terrible
To all who
Fear the new.

Conscience burns:
Anguish for
The running
To hide from
One who wills
To find us
As we are.

Awesome is
The terror:
Dreadfully,
Painfully

Persistent.
When? we ask,
Sensing soon.

Nothing will
Delay it
When it comes:
The time is
In our time;
The place is
In our place

Is there then
No hoping?
No relief?
No respite?
No hiding?
No changing?
No stopping?

None indeed!
Our hope is
Only to
Claim that wise
Which He deems
Wise to do
Among us.

The arm is
His who said:
"Before that
Abraham
Was, I am!"
The voice is
His as well.

So be it,
Wiser One,
Holier
Than we are:
Have Thy will!
Have Thy way!
Have Thy crown!

(written on the occasion of my son Peter's third birthday,
reflecting on his life in light of my brother's insights into the sweep
of God's mighty acts in history--past, present, and future.)