



THE TRAVELLER

James Dillet Freeman

She has put on invisibility.

Dear Lord, I cannot see, but this I know:
although the road ascends and passes from my sight,
that there will be no night,
that You will take her gently by the hand
and lead her on along the road of life that never ends,
and she will find it is not death but dawn.

I do not doubt that You are there, as here,
and You will hold her dear.

Our life did not begin with birth,
it is not of the Earth.
And this, that we call death,
it is no more than the opening and closing of a door -
and, in Your house how many rooms must be beyond this one,
where we rest momentarily.

Dear Lord, I thank You for the faith that frees,
the love that knows it cannot lose its own;
the love that, looking through the shadows,
sees that You and she and I are ever One!