

May 2010

6:03:43 AM E.S.T.

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Recommended Citation

Jewel, Thomas J. (2010) "6:03:43 AM E.S.T.," *Verbum*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 2 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol7/iss2/4>

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Staff Blossoms



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What time does Death call?

What instant does the iconic “thief in the night,”

- that veiled “reaper of souls” appear?

Mostly when least expected, we have discovered sadly.

Like the coming of an unwanted and uninvited guest.

Rude. Discourteous. Without regard.

Death arrives hated.

No variety of preparation offers recourse.

No manner of person escapes...

when Death has their name.

That terrible foe; no respecter of status, wit or prowess.

The powerful laid silent just as the weak; child...parent...no matter.

Death is blind for it sees no alternative; deaf for it hears no plea.

If only Death could have seen *this* poverty

or heard the cry of *this* poor,

Maybe then “Its” call would have been delayed

or averted altogether.

Maybe then the ground would have remained still; silent.

Instead Death’s call was violent; loud.

Swift.

Those not crushed, trapped.

The spared seeking the lost,

frantically aiding those crushed under the rubble.

Piles of concrete and stone stacked

like some surreal house of cards

toppled by the slightest breath.

A sight the world beholds

and subsequently cringes at the witness of such ruin.

Thankful Death's call was not at our door, we are however grieved,

for "It" called on the home of friends.

Yet despite this unwelcomed visit,

over the debris stands a spirit,

STRONG.

Unwilling to succumb to fears' demand.

Undeterred from finding hope in tomorrows' dawn.

Humanity united by calamity yet again.

Even if only for a moment, it is a moment we see our best selves.

Empowered by heaven's weeping;

Strengthened by the indelible mark of resiliency

left by our Creator's hand,

Drawn together as the brothers and sisters

God always planned for us to be.

Humanity fights back Death's call with a call of its own:

"LIFE is victorious."

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Written as a tribute to all the people of Haiti affected by the earthquake of 12 January 2010
and for all who have come to their aid with donations of time, talent or treasure.

