Verbum

Volume 7 | Issue 2

May 2010

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

Thomas J. Jewel

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum

Part of the Religion Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol7/iss2/4

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol7/iss2/4 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
This poetry bend is available in Verbum: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol7/iss2/4
6:03:43 AM E.S.T.

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.


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
topped 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.”

©2010 Deacon Tom Jewell
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.