

Written on the occasion of the funeral of Herbert Louis, police lieutenant (retired). He faced the tragedies of metropolitan madness, day in and day out, and retained in the midst of it all, a heart for Christ and a heart for his fellowman.

THE CAULDRON

Seething cauldron; cosmic chaos;
Earthly milieu; bleeding, raw.
Saints of God, yet notwithstanding,
Cast into its fiery maw.

Whence, then, is surcease of sorrow?
Came not Christ to conquer pain?
Must we wait til golden morrow,
Til Christ o'er heaven and earth shall reign?

O'er the realm of ceaseless spirit,
Ever hath our Savior reigned.
All is tranquil, just and equal.
In that realm there is no pain.

Now on earth, we mortals wander.
All its torments must we bear.
Nothing here is just, or equal;
Nothing here is ever fair

Saint alike with sinner suffers.
Jesus must our model be.
Sorrow ne'er was tempered for Him.
Grieved and wracked with pain was He.

One with Christ; eternal spirits.
Caged in flesh, on earth, must be.
Christ came not to cool the cauldron,
But to set the spirit free.

David Morsey