

ONE HOLY MOMENT

By Don L. Searle

*Born in different centuries,
You and I, an ocean apart,
And half a continent.*

*Never would our lives touch
But for this holy moment
In a temple of our God.*

*I would meet you if I could.
Who were you, friend?
Father, farmer, tutor, craftsman?
Did you buy, or sell, or plow?
Was there family by your fire,
And love to ease your passage?
Did you know joy in your years?*

*I hope you know it now,
As our lives touch
In this sacred moment,
My one brief chance to serve.
Would that I could reach a hand
Across two hundred years,
Or put an arm across a shoulder
To tell you what I feel:
“Welcome, brother—welcome here.”*

