

## Looking Toward The Sky

*By Hap Hansen*

Listen! Is that a Banshee wailing,  
warning us of impending doom?  
Could the Grim Reaper be waiting,  
to take a family member soon?

Or is it only our imagination,  
reminding us that time moves on?  
Or was it just the cold March wind,  
creeping through the light of dawn?

Do we have memories of a good life,  
where we helped neighbors as we should?  
Or have we been selfish and resentful,  
hiding behind mask and hood?

Are we prepared to meet our Maker  
and stand with Him beside the Golden Bell?  
Or will our malice and our hatred,  
force us down to a fiery Hell?

Are our choices all that obvious?  
Can we pierce the Devil's veil?  
Can we change and march triumphant,  
where Banshee and Reaper do not prevail?

Should we blame our lack of knowledge,  
when our lifestyles make us fools?  
Why not wait to make atonements,  
in the instant before death rules?

Why not complain and remain as bigots?  
There's lots of time to make amends.  
But that leaves one disturbing problem,  
just when is it, that our life ends?

Is it too late then, to beg forgiveness,  
and to create a giving soul?  
Or is it better to begin now  
and generate a Samaritan's role?

Should we build our earthly treasures,  
and ignore our call to Heaven's Gate?  
Or should we give a portion of our earnings,  
to those unfulfilled, who cannot wait?

Is it better to give and quietly commit

love and gifts for those less blessed?  
Or to reach the end with a pile of gold,  
when we are finally laid to rest?

Should I now be worried?  
Will I make it to the sky?  
I am not in any hurry,  
and I will know by and by.

Those are questions of charity,  
as we contemplate our life to be.  
Our gifts can make a difference,  
while we build our ministry.