

For Matthew

December 7, 2010

Becalmed the boatman prays for rougher weather
In angry seas to be preserved from harm
What secret did you harbor, gentle sailor,
To praise alike the stillness and the storm?

(D) G D
A G D
G D
A G Bm/A G D

One man as shadows lengthen damns the darkness
Another fumbles at the lantern's flame
What ember did you shelter, gentle pilgrim,
To greet both dusk and dawning in His name?

Oh I have heard the lilting of the robin
The mocking of the carrion crow above
What tidings were you given, gentle singer,
To hear in both the promise of the Dove?

May we who thirst for what the world calls fortune
Take solace from a life short and spare
A gentle man walked calmly in the whirlwind
And saw the hand of Love everywhere

*Matthew Coles was the youngest son of Andrée's sister Cosette and therefore my nephew
by marriage. He died of cancer at 24, leaving behind a wife, three little boys, and
dozens of people who, like me, saw him as an exemplar of Christian charity.
I wrote this for his family just before his funeral.*