



I laid awake and dreamt of ships
Passing through the night
Searching for shelter
Stopping at no harbor

I heard the screaming waters call
Sixty sailors' names
Raging words pounding on the sail
Like an angry whale

I felt the iron rudder skip
The smell of seeping oil
The heat of slipping rope
Failing hands, failing hope

Every sailor asks
Asks the question about the cargo he is carrying

God's anger broke through the clouds
And he spilt the cargo for all to see
The fault of the sailor, the fault of he
Who asks no questions about the cargo he is carrying

- *"Fisherman's Daughter" (Daniel Lanois)*

This day I call the heavens and the earth as
witnesses against you that I have set before you
life and death, blessings and curses. Now choose
life, so that you and your children may live...

- *Deuteronomy 30:19*

Reality is an absolute, existence is an absolute, a
speck of dust is an absolute and so is a human life.
Whether you live or die is an absolute. Whether
you have a piece of bread or not, is an absolute...
"There are no absolutes," they chatter, blanking
out the fact that they are uttering an absolute.

- *"For the New Intellectual", Ayn Rand*

LIGHTHOUSE (LIFE AND DEATH)

I am a lighthouse in the storm
A light calling out from a foreign shore
“Leave the dark waters of confusion
And step onto dry land with me”

I shine my light into the maelstrom
While ships curse me for revealing the danger
Many sailors would rather drown
Than admit they are lost at sea

The philosophies of death are seductive
Complex and shifting – a magnificent storm
But they offer only contradictions, negations, skepticism
Peace without truth
Certainty without commitment
Principles without integrity
Thinking without embodiment
Claims without consequence

The waters I illuminate may be deep
But they will kill without mercy
The bones of many sailors
Are scattered across the ocean floor
Forgotten – as if they never existed

Those caught in the storms deny the value of life
While clinging to it
Those caught in the waves deny the value of living well
While seeking pleasure and avoiding pain

Caught in the roiling waves
They do not see their contradictions
They believe they can think their way through the storm
But do not realize that the point is to escape it

I am a lighthouse in the storm
A light calling out from a foreign shore
“Life is better than death
And joy is preferable to misery”

Many sailors turn away from my light, saying
“But we learn and grow from our pain –
The storm is good for us”
They refuse to accept that the point of growth
Is to live better than before
They do not acknowledge their contradictions

You do not need to understand the stormy waters
To leave them behind
You only need the courage to admit you are lost at sea
And the integrity to swim to the shores of reason

Once, I left my lighthouse and dove into the waters
To save the life of the person I loved most
But I helped nobody and nearly drowned us both
I realized that all I can do is shine a light
For those willing to save themselves from the storm

I am a lighthouse in the storm
A monument of truth at the edge of stormy waters
I shine the light of reason in the face of death
I celebrate those who heed my signal
And mourn those who turn away
From the shoreline of integrity