

## THE CANDLE *(based on an original poem by Mary Hathaway)*

Last night I took a candle to my room  
To watch the curving beauty of the flame against the dark  
But when I turned, I was amazed how light the darkness became  
Could that much light come from one small flame?

And when I blew the candle out  
How deep the darkness around about

And I remembered long ago in a manger  
Lay the greatest candle of them all  
A newborn child  
Helpless and so vulnerable  
How could this tiny flame defend himself  
Against the winds of life and strife?

And yet in that small spark of love  
Lay the light that would illuminate the world  
The light that darkness cannot overcome: *God's own Son*

And we are part of that great light!

Sometimes the world is dark  
Sad and lonely and stark  
News of chaos and calamity  
Violence and every kind of sin  
Wrecking people's lives without and within  
The crying of human need while others live in wanton greed

Shall I throw my love away?  
It is so pitifully small  
What use is my small candle against so great a darkness?  
But last night I took a candle to my room  
To watch the curving beauty of the flame, again  
Against the dark.  
And when I turned I was amazed  
How light the darkness had become  
For trusting in God's own Son, I burned brightly  
As His life became my life and shone its love all around