

November funeral

by [Mark Noll](#) in the [March 30, 2016](#) issue

(In memoriam, Roger Lundin, 1949-2015)

Outside the year's first snow means crashes, spin-outs, brutal shock to unprotected skin,
a harbinger of winter's dreary night.

Inside is peace as through translucent panes
we view a world grown still where silence reigns
and trees are finely etched in tender light.

Deep under brutal, surging waves of grief
wild rushing waters pound with no relief
the unprotected bark of life capsized.

Yet deeper down there comes a still small voice,
"I am with you, in river's rage rejoice
that all baptized with me in death shall rise."

Advent 2015