



Keeper of the Light

by STCS R.E. Matuska

*The smog, an ominous foreboding shroud
engulfs the rock and light,
and many a ship might run aground
on this dark and moonless night.*

*But the beacon cuts through the smog and mist
for the Wickie makes it shine,
and a sailor knows without his light
the shore's impossible to find.*

*The man in the light is older than the sea
his beard as white as meerschaum,
but soon the old man will be replaced
and his light will shine alone.*

*For in his place an electronic wizard
as cold as a Nor' Easter's gale,
will guide the light without a heart
and all ships under sail.*

*For eons the man has watched the sea
in all it's fury and rage,
but who remembers his vigilence now
in this "modern" day and age.*

*The sailor's wives, mothers and children
are the ones who will remember,
their shipwrecked sailors the old man saved
on that night in late November.*

*For the old man didn't drag his anchor
as he went for boat and crew,
on a night blacker than a peacock's button
in a fog thicker than stew.*

*In a pounding surf he manned the helm
heading for the schooner's crew,
and after guiding the surfboat ashore
gave 'em shelter, warmth and brew.*

*No more will sailors on windswept decks
look upon the beacon's light,
and feel the warmth and friendship there
on cold and lonely nights.*

*The long nights are much more colder now
the wind is chilling to the bone,
the beacon's light less bright somehow
the heart feels more alone.*

*But His light can never be replaced
if only we share it together,
then like the eternal flame that burns
its glow will last forever.*

*For the light that shines from Him is in us
a light that has stood the test,
and we are the keepers of His light
the warmest and the best.*