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 peacoat’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.

The Keeper’s Log—Fall 1985