

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

by Frank Krautter MD

I remember Abraham, his utter faith, "my wife to
bear?"

"I believe," then those miserable words, "how can I
know?"

This faith so great, as righteousness counted.
"How can I know?" bitter, biting spectral wind.

The Lord's response, I search the meaning.
The heifer, goat, ram and birds; split in two,
Framing the path, He was to walk midst the bloody
gore.

This symbol of holy promise.

Horror, then horrors, vultures came, eager to devour,
this seal of God.

Abram drives them off, then sinks into abyss of dread,
darkness, and sleep.

What is this, a voice exploding, "Know for certain, this
will be."

Promise told, assurance came.

Holy promise sealed, His smoking pot, and blazing
torch.

Visible Theos walking between the broken dripping
flesh.

This too, shall be my fate, if, this promise I fail to keep.
Who can doubt the Almighty's word?

Can I know as Abram did, visible God, in my heart
Speaking loud to my deaf ears, cold wind blowing
against my soul.

Seeking, hunting, a crevice to enter.

But I am caulked, with history's knowing, God's fire
many times.

Abram's torch, Moses's bush, Joshua's captain,
Pentecost fire.

And the nation, The Nation, The Chosen Nation.
It is still there, the promise lives, I've only to look to
history,
Fire, flame, cold banished, that lingering stain burning.
To Know!

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We honor the passing of Dr. Krautter on Feb. 15th, 2001.

He is a beloved brother in Christ and a notable poet.

Sincerely,

Marshall Beeber