



Light in Darkness

Samuel W. Bean

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This poem was inspired by and is dedicated to my teacher and friend

Miss Mary White Eastman

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Crouched in a dark and silent tomb, Apart, alone, in gloomy grief— Affliction clouded life and hope, I know no solace, no relief.

I saw no light, I heard no sound; Despair a spectre ever near. My vitals shrunk in horror clutched And I was bound by chains of fear.

Injustice ruled my mental state, I suffered wrongs I would not own.

The blight affliction had bestowed, the Dragged me down with weight of stone.

I made no move to stem the tide, But drifted aimless, weak and sad,

And sore depressed I longed for death And cursed the fate that drove me mad.

Within my world no light of day, No sound of harmony or peace! My deadened soul awoke at last Inspired by one who brought release. I sensed her light, her warmth, her love Which penetrated through my gloom 'Twas then my shameful self I saw, Creating hell to be my doom. My Angel with her pure desires, The best within me stirred to growth. Her wisdom led me step by step. Through understanding felt by both. The cup of sorrow she had drained-Thus deep responded unto deep. She taught me life was all in thought, How daily sowing we must reap. My wounds were healed, my grief dispelled, 1 then found justice in God's plan. No more affliction's blight I owned, From false ideas I rose a man. Resolved to make the best of life,

Resolved to make the best of life, To mould conditions with strong will, And not to be the prey of fate, Succumbing to a fleshy ill. My eyes within now see the light, Divinest harmonies I hear.
My hopes and joys are not of earth, But vibrate in a higher sphere.
My guiding Angel I adore! Her love and wisdom sacred are!
No fear of darkness can appall— She is my light, my guiding star!
I would be worthy of her love, Which points the way to Truth divine.
I would to others proffer help And try to let my light far shine.

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