

PRESENTED TO

FROM





# THE PRODIGAL'S SISTER



*with the art of* ROBERT DOARES

# JOHN PIPER

CROSSWAY

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*The Prodigal's Sister*

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TO ALL WHO  
EVER LOVED A PRODIGAL







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## A WORD TO THE READER

**P**rodigal. I don't know which is harder—to be one or to love one. But I know that when he comes home, there is great joy. Jesus' Parable of the Prodigal Son is about God and how he welcomes sinners who come home through Jesus.

Songs and poems and paintings and prayers have been inspired by this story. But I wonder if anyone has pondered the possibility that besides the prodigal and the older brother, there may have been a daughter. Jesus doesn't say how the prodigal "came to himself." But wouldn't it be just like the ways of God to use the weak things of the world to shame the strong?

Hayaneta is the prodigal's sister. For ten years she has dreamed about finding her brother. Finally the time has come. It is not safe for a beautiful eighteen-year-old girl in the sinful city of Noash. But Hayaneta is no ordinary girl. And before her mission is complete, even her older brother will taste the sway of her courageous love.

*John Piper*

PART ONE

---

BOTH HIS SONS  
HAD DIED





The road down from the father's farm  
Was empty, like an empty arm  
That once embraced and then let go,  
Or beckoned someone from below.  
The road runs west and curves its way  
Through miles and miles of wheat, and may,  
At harvest time, look like a path  
Through paradise, or walls of wrath,  
Like water heaped on either side  
Of Israel, for one, a tide  
To save, and for another, slay.  
At first the slope that leads away,  
And westward falls, is kind and soft,  
Then cursed with falling stones, and oft  
With wind and rutted steeps. And so,  
It proves an easy way to go,

And hard to come. The front porch of  
The mansion, with a roof above  
For shade, and rocking chairs below,  
Was planned and built ten years ago,  
And faces west. And recently  
A ramp was added there to free  
The old man from the steps. His knees  
Had gotten bad.

**T**he cedar trees,  
Spread 'round the house, cast shadows now  
As Hahyaneta kept her vow,  
And sat before her father on  
The steps, and prayed that dusk or dawn  
Would bring her brother home. The old  
Man watched her from his chair, controlled  
And measured in the mingling of  
His pain and pleasure, with a love,  
Perhaps, that only fathers know.  
Her brother Manon long ago

Gave up these futile seasons (as  
He thought) and worked instead. He had  
More fruitful things to do than gaze  
With dreamers as the final rays  
Of light and hope, he said, fade from  
The western sky. His heart was numb  
And cold. And so his father cried,  
And felt that both his sons had died:  
The one from play when passions boil,  
The other from his toxic toil.  
The one a hundred miles away,  
The other even while he stay.  
The one a slave to lust and fools,  
The other slave to laws and rules.



But Hahyaneta freely came  
And nightly watched her brother's name  
Fall from her father's silent lips  
In prayer, and saw the way it rips  
His heart, and learned from him the way  
To love. This night her mind would stray  
Back to the time ten years ago  
And more, when she was eight or so,  
And, oh, so happy when they played  
With her. Both brothers and the staid  
Old man, now sitting in his chair,  
Eyes closed and whispering his prayer,  
Would lie down in the autumn sheaves  
And she would cover them with leaves  
And cedar straw. Then she would leap  
And clap, as if to wake from sleep,  
And there would be a great earthquake,  
And three grown men would rise and shake  
And shout aloud with arms outspread:  
"Our little girl can raise the dead."



And so tonight she pondered this.

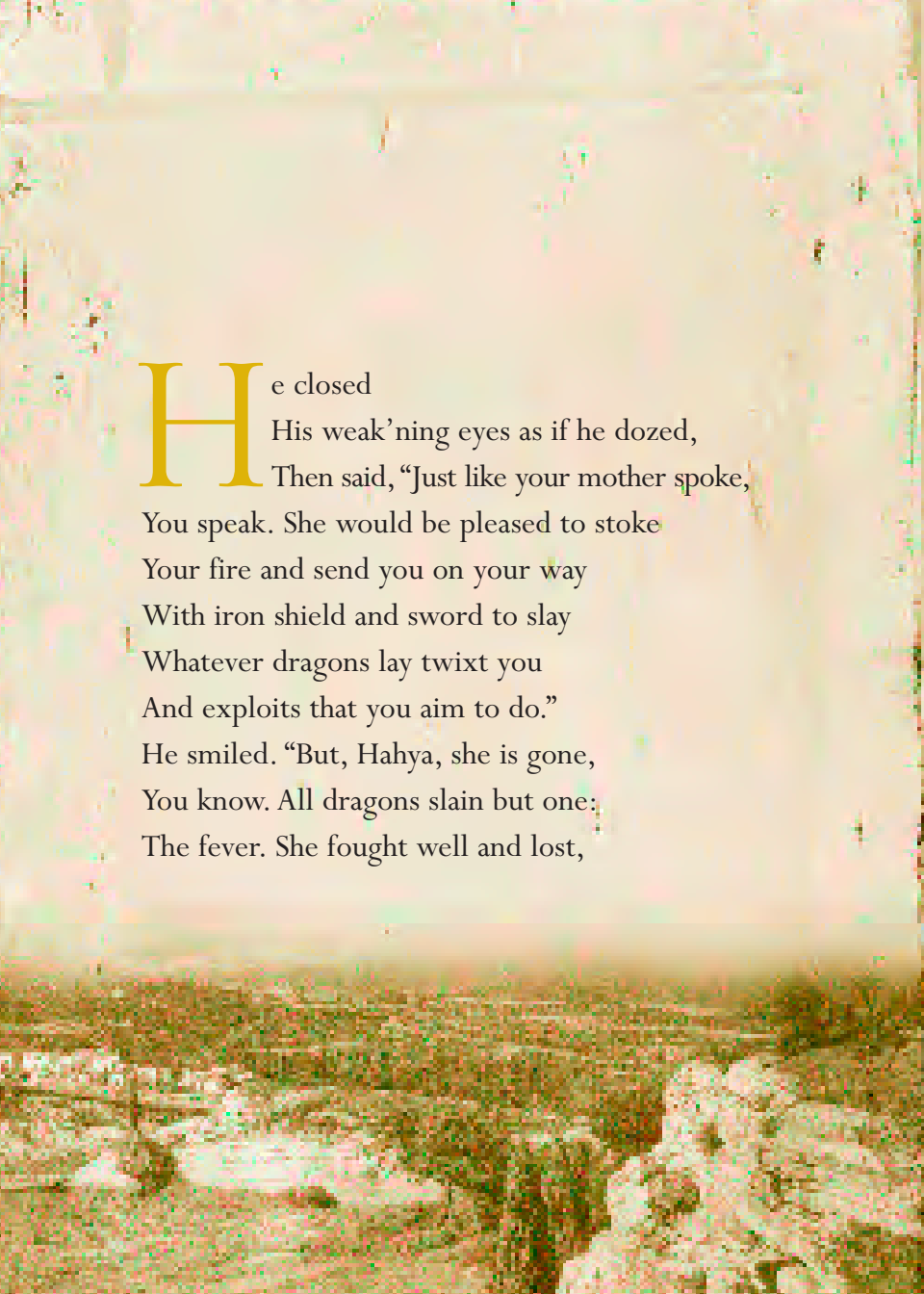
At eighteen she still felt the kiss  
Of Níqvah on her cheek, ten years  
Ago, for one last time, and tears  
Ran down his face when she said, “Níq,  
Don’t go.” She hugged his waist. Then quick,  
As if to do it while he could,  
He turned and ran down through the wood,  
So he could stop to cry, then fled  
Along the empty road that led  
Down to the west away from all  
His family and home. A call  
That no one understood, and he,  
Perhaps, the least, now seemed to be  
All-overpowering. His place  
Was bare, nor has she seen his face.

Ten years have turned a little lass  
Into a woman now. But pass  
As time may do, some things do not.  
And Hahyaneta's heart for what  
One day she planned to do, was just  
As sure as on that night she thrust  
Her little hand into the dark  
And said, "I'll find you, Níqvah! Mark  
My words. Someday I'll find you dead  
And bring you home alive."

**H**is head  
Was lifted now, and eyes were wide  
To look once more and see who plied  
The road from west to east. At last  
She said, "My father, firm and fast,  
Like great spikes in a tree, your love  
For Níqvah strengthens me above  
My every other love, save yours,  
And year by year this love endures.

And now I am eighteen, and ask  
Your blessing on the only task  
That I have dreamed and planned for all  
These years that Níq, since I was small,  
Has been away. I want to go  
And find him where he is, and show  
Him he can still come home."





He closed  
His weak'ning eyes as if he dozed,  
Then said, "Just like your mother spoke,  
You speak. She would be pleased to stoke  
Your fire and send you on your way  
With iron shield and sword to slay  
Whatever dragons lay twixt you  
And exploits that you aim to do."  
He smiled. "But, Hahya, she is gone,  
You know. All dragons slain but one:  
The fever. She fought well and lost,

And now, my daughter, is the cost  
Of having Níqvah, losing you?  
It is not safe for girls to do  
Such things, or go where Níqvah lives.  
I've been there many times. It gives  
My heart a shudder just to think  
Of how they lust and what they drink  
And what they say to girls and do.  
Níqvah is not the boy that you  
Remember, Hahyaneta. He's  
Changed." "Father, I know all of these  
Unpleasant things. It's plain to me  
That he has changed. But so have we.  
Ten years of prayer were not in vain.  
And I believe some things remain  
From all you've taught, a tender tug,  
And that he still can feel the hug  
I gave him when he pulled away  
Just like I feel his kiss today.

And, Father, most of all, you taught  
Me there's a Pow'r in love that naught  
Can thwart, and that it moves where truth  
And courage speak, and neither youth  
Nor age can hinder its success,  
But only fear and quietness.  
My mother died when I was six  
And I still see today the sticks  
She broke and said, 'See that! Just so  
God breaks the back of ev'ry foe  
To bring his children home.' I think  
That she would let me go." "A blink,  
My daughter, in a blink she would  
Have let you go." "And you? I could  
Not well succeed without your hand  
Of blessing on my head." He scanned  
The darkening west and empty road  
And fields, and wondered what they bode  
Now for his little girl; then raised  
His trembling, empty arm and praised

The grace and courage in her heart,  
And did then, in these words, impart  
A blessing, with his right hand laid  
Now gently on her head: "Invade,  
My valiant daughter, darkness now,  
And I will keep our common vow  
Here in this place until you come  
Again, and may you bring me some  
Good news beyond the gift of men,  
That both my boys may live again."



## A CALL

*O weary soul, with waiting spent,  
Cease not to hope, nor cries relent.  
And when the months stretch into years  
And decades gather up the tears,  
Know this, a little girl—or, it  
May be, a boy—is being knit,  
All by design, in someone's womb  
To breathe against the evening gloom,  
And then become, in ways that you  
Have never dreamed, nor ever knew,  
A light within your dark'ning sky,  
And answer to your deepest cry.*



PART TWO

---

YOUR LITTLE  
GIRL CAN RAISE  
THE DEAD





**T**he old man leaned against the beam  
Beside his ramp, and watched a dream  
Unfold before his weakened eyes,  
And prayed that Hahyaneta's prize  
Would be her brother's life. He raised  
His empty arm and smiled, amazed  
That ten years had not broken the  
Resolve and hope in her that she  
Would be the way her brother would  
Come home. He waved once more, and stood  
There on the porch, and watched her take  
The final turn from sight, and make  
Her lonely way toward Noash on  
The coast. He thought, "Your mother's brawn  
And beauty mingle well in you,  
My child. I know what she would do,

If she were here. She'd look at me  
And say, 'It's time to eat.' Then she  
Would go inside to spread the meal  
And wait for news that Hahya's heel  
Had crushed the serpent's head of lies  
And freed her son to be the prize  
Of Hahyaneta's quest."

**T**he old  
Man lingered. Better than he told,  
Or wished to tell, he knew the way  
To Noash, and the town. The day  
Would not go down until some knave  
Would hurl a slur against his brave  
And tender girl. The road that leads  
To Noash is a trap, but breeds,  
Against its gluttony and lure,  
A grief and anguish in the pure.

Five days she walked, and slept at night  
In synagogues, or in the sight  
Of one, if rabbis were unsure  
That she was scrupulous. The poor  
Would take her in and make a place;  
And she would say at dawn: "May grace  
Abound to you, and would you pray  
That very soon my brother may  
Receive me in the way you did."  
And then she ventured on and bid  
Them all farewell, until she came  
To Noash by the sea.

The flame  
Above the curving rim of blue  
And rolling waves fell blazing through  
The evening haze, and boiled with blood-  
Red spray, it seemed, and sent a flood  
Of molten crimson flowing forth  
On the horizon to the north  
And south. She climbed a hill outside  
The town so she could watch, and tried  
To put herself in Níqvah's place,  
And thought: "I wonder if his face  
Is ever set to climb this hill,  
And watch the west, and feel the thrill  
Of what I see: An image of  
The heritage our father's love  
Bequeaths to us in endless seas

Of golden grain that roll like these  
Great waves, and blaze with fire like them  
In beauty, but do not condemn  
The seamen who embark and fail  
But only those who will not sail.”  
She wondered, as the sun went down,  
Where she should stay the night: in town,  
Or on a nearby farm? And as  
She prayed, she thought, “My father has  
A lot of rooms and loves to share.  
Perhaps there is a farm somewhere  
Nearby with rooms and with a heart  
Like his.” She raised her head, and part  
Way up the hill along the road  
An old man with a crooked goad  
And scrawny goat walked slowly from  
The field, and as he sang a psalm,  
Made his way home. His face was thin  
And on his neck there was more skin  
Than there was meat to fill. She knew  
The song. It made her tremble through

The twilight—and rejoice. The man  
Must be some distant kin and clan  
To know this song. And yet it did  
Not bode well for her brother's bid  
To live, if wealth had taken wing.  
Just barely could she hear him sing:

*“When the staff is broken,\*  
And in judgment spoken  
Righteousness is heard,  
Think not God is silent,  
Though the famine violent,  
This is but His word.  
He stands not to give account.  
It is we who must before Him.  
Come, let us adore Him!”*

*\* The song is to the tune of “Jesus Priceless Treasure.”*



“Excuse me sir, I’m looking for  
A place to stay, a simple floor,  
Or porch. I have a blanket of  
My own. Perhaps a roof above  
My head, that’s all.” The old man gazed  
A long time. Then he said, “Amazed;  
I am amazed. He said I’d see  
And be amazed.” “Who said you’d be  
Amazed? At what?” “Your father said  
I’d be amazed. Well, shake my head!  
I truly am amazed! You look  
Just like them.” “Like who?” Her voice shook.  
“Your father and your brother. There,  
The chin, the cheek, the nose, the hair.  
Amazing.” “Sir, which brother do  
You mean?” “I mean the one that you  
Have come to find, Níqvah.” “You know  
My brother’s name?” “And yours, although  
You don’t know me. Your given name  
Is Hahyaneta. And your fame  
Has come before you. He told me

For years that one day I would see  
You on the road to Noash. In  
Your blood, he said. It's more than skin  
That knits you to your mother and,  
I add, your father." "Sir, I stand  
Before a man I do not know,  
And yet who knows me well. Please show  
Me who you are, and take me to  
My brother."

“Come, let's walk. I knew  
Your father years ago when he  
First came to seek his son and see  
If he could take him home. The lad  
Refused, and so your Father bade  
Me keep an eye on him, and gave  
Me money. 'Keep him from the grave,'  
He said. And so for ten years I  
Have seen your father come and try,  
Time after time, to show the boy

That there is hope and far more joy  
At home than in this place. I know  
Your father very well.” “I owe  
You much, kind sir. Tell me, how long  
Has famine reigned? I heard the song.  
Does Níqvah have enough to pay?”  
“The boy eats carob pods to stay  
Alive. He steals them from the pigs,  
And sometimes gathers flint and twigs  
For pennies and a place to stay.”  
“Do you know where he is today?”  
The old man pointed to a shed  
With three sides. “There, he makes his bed,  
With bats, and sleeps on gathered leaves.

His daily rent: to keep the thieves  
Away and feed the swine. I'll wait  
Here if you like." "You've been a great  
Help, sir, but you don't need to stay.  
I'll be all right. Thank you, and may  
My father trouble you no more.  
Come visit us. My father's door  
Is always open." "Fare thee well,  
Young lass. It was no trouble. Tell  
Your father I will come someday."



She walked down toward the shed. He lay  
There on the leaves as still as death.  
She wondered, as she watched, if breath  
Still came. His eyes were closed. His cheek  
Was dark and hollow, and the reek  
Was foul. His fingernails were caked  
With dirt, and streaks of black soil snaked  
Across his rutted brow. His hair  
Had not been washed for months. And there  
Were no shoes anywhere. His feet  
Were bare, his ragged cloak replete  
With eaten holes. And in his sleep  
He gripped a pouch he used to keep  
The parchments that his father sent.  
She kneeled beside his head and bent  
Down over him and kissed his cheek.  
Incredibly there was no shriek  
Or sudden jerk. He stared into  
The face of Hahyaneta. "Who  
Are you?" he said, and sat up in  
His leaves. "Hi, Níq. You've gotten thin."

No one had called him Níq for years,  
Except his dad. He saw the tears  
Pool in her eyes. And then she said,  
“Your little girl can raise the dead.”  
His mouth fell open. “Hahya?” “Yes,  
I said I’d come, no more no less,  
And bring you home, alive.” “The last  
Time I saw you, you hadn’t passed  
Four feet. You must be eighteen now.”  
He pushed the hair back from her brow.  
“It’s really you. Did you come by  
Yourself?” “Yes.” “Why? You want to die?  
This city is a pit. It blinds  
The young with dazzling names, then binds  
And swallows them alive.” “I’m here,  
To bring you home,” she said, “it’s clear  
You don’t belong.” “As clear as mud.  
Look, Hahya, you don’t know the crud  
Inside. You don’t know who I am.”  
“Hear this, my brother, I do damn  
Those words and call them lies. It’s you

Who don't know who you are. It's true  
There is a mystery. What makes  
You think the dazzled dupes and fakes  
Of Noash can declare the true  
And wonderful design of who  
You are? One knows, and only one,  
Who Níqvah is. And when you're done  
With dabbling in the darkness here —  
All dazzling as it is—the clear,  
Bright air of eastern skies will bring  
You home to him. And I will sing.  
Awake, O sleeper, from the grave,  
You are a son and not a slave.”



They sat in silence for a long  
Long time. He was amazed how strong  
This little girl of eight had grown.  
And then she changed her look and tone:  
“He built a porch just after you  
Had left. It faces west. We knew  
What it was for. He’ll be there, Níq.  
And will not quench a smoldering wick.  
Come home with me. Even tonight.  
I have some bread, the moon is bright.  
It’s cooler in the dark, and we  
Can sleep by day. Please, come with me.”  
And quietly the fetters and  
The folly fell. She took his hand,  
And where he had before said No  
A hundred times, he said, “Let’s go.”



## A CALL

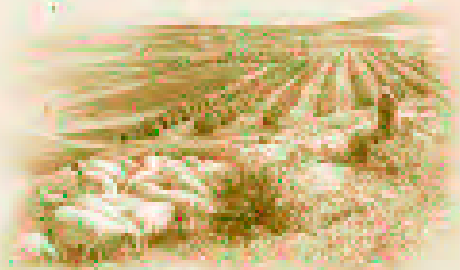
*Come, flick'ring hope, and carry fire;  
From this my story and desire,  
Ignite your smold'ring wick, and make  
Your candle blaze. And may Christ take  
This happy flame and with it burn  
Up ev'ry hopeless word, and turn  
The fatal dream of false despair  
Into the bright and living air  
That blows down from the Father's farm.  
And may you feel the mighty arm  
Of God lift you into the light  
Of Truth, and put an end to night.  
We do not know ourselves aright  
Until we have the Father's light.  
We think we know ourselves and groan,  
Until we know as we are known.*



PART THREE

---

MAY I PLEASE  
HAVE THIS  
DANCE?





**F**our nights they walked, and slept by day.  
Beneath the carob branches lay  
The daughter fast asleep from hard  
And weary nights; and keeping guard  
Beside her, lay the prodigal,  
His moving lips inaudible,  
Still restless and awake, transfixed  
On bloody bark and branches twixt  
The earth and sky, where traitors used  
To hang with common thieves accused  
Of treason toward their sovereign king  
And, in the act, of plundering  
His wealth.

The lips of Níqvah spoke  
A wordless speech: "O, Father, cloak  
This worse-than-naked son with rags,  
And feed me from the garbage bags,  
And let me live with slaves, for I  
Have treated you with scorn, and my  
Contempt was worse than all the blame  
That stained this bloody tree with shame,  
Which now, with life and leaves arrayed,  
Spreads out and covers me with shade.  
I do not ask to sit with kings,  
But only shade beneath your wings."



And so the prodigal rehearsed  
His speech and waited for the first  
Signs of his sister's wakening.  
Mid afternoon she stirred. "I'll bring  
You water, if you like," he said.  
"I'd like that, Níqvah. All the bread  
Is gone, you know." "I know. Let's try  
To make it home tonight. The sky  
Looks happy to the west. I think  
We'll make it. I'll go get your drink."  
When he returned, the packs were rolled  
And Hahyaneta said, "I told  
Your brother you would come." "What did  
He say?" But Hahyaneta hid  
Her face as they began to walk,  
And didn't answer him. "Some talk  
Of pain is good, you know." "I know.  
He said he didn't care. 'Just go  
And waste your breath,' he said." The tears  
Rolled down her cheeks. "How many years  
Has Manon felt that way?" he asked.

“Unless he’s keeping something masked,  
He never cared.” “I’m not surprised.  
He never wrote. To be despised  
Is sometimes good for us. I don’t  
Deserve his pity, and I won’t  
Demand his love. The way I spurned  
Our Father surely has well earned  
For me whatever Manon feels.  
How great his love must be that reels  
With hate so long! Perhaps, if he  
Believed that I have come to see  
How precious is our Father’s care  
And how unspeakable and rare  
His heart, and noble is his mind,  
Then, maybe, there would be a kind  
Of softening of Manon toward  
My soul.” “I wish for such reward,  
My brother, but I fear the wrath  
Of Manon grows along a path  
Far diff’rent from the one you hope.  
Oh, that his anger were the scope



And measure of his love for all  
That our great Father is. But gall  
And bitterness are not born from  
The thrall of mercy nor do come  
From treasuring the fountain of  
Delight we call our Father's love.  
There is another stream that feeds  
The bitterness of his good deeds."



Now as the evening came and they  
Began to climb the rugged way  
That leads up to the great Plateau,  
All conversation ceased. Below,  
And now behind these two, ten years  
Of emptiness burst, to the cheers  
Of every waving stalk of grain,  
A bubble in the wind, and feign  
The beauty it possessed before  
It broke. His back now to the shore  
Beyond the western rim, the son  
Stood trembling on the road—the one  
Where he had run the other way,  
As though it were but yesterday.  
Before him lay what seemed a sea  
Of endless gold. What enemy,  
He thought, could make a boy believe  
That any distant world could weave  
A better beauty than this place?  
Then suddenly he said, “My face,  
My hair! I’m filthy, Hahya. Look

At me!" She smiled at him and took  
A long, deep breath, and said, "Let's go."

The old man's chair rocked to and fro.  
His lips moved silently as though  
He sang some favorite psalm. The glow  
Of golden red and crimson rays  
Had set the western fields ablaze,  
As if some cosmic cause were found  
For merry-making. But no sound  
Was heard except the rhythm of  
The rocking chair. And then, above  
The rail, the old man saw two shapes,  
And stopped. He thought, "I know the capes  
That Hahyaneta wears." He took  
The rail and stood so he could look.

And then he saw her lift her hand  
The way she always did, then stand,  
And let the other shape go on.  
He knew. For all his soul was drawn,  
And there was no resisting this.  
He left his cane, and, lest he miss  
A step, he jumped them all, and ran,  
Forgetting that he was a man  
Of dignity, and that his knees  
Were bad. He often thought, with ease  
Someday I'll run on these, and more.  
Is this not what they're ruined for?



He stopped just long enough to see  
His eyes and take a breath. Then he  
Embraced the boy, and pressed his face  
Against the foul and crusty place  
He used to kiss the lad goodnight,  
And pushed his fingers through the tight  
And matted hair; and there with plain  
And heaving sobs, released the pain  
Built up four thousand nights. And then,  
The weeping son said, "Father, can  
Perhaps, you make a slave of me,  
For I have sinned and cannot be  
Your son?" To which the great old man  
Replied, "I have a different plan."  
And then, to servants gathered by,  
He said, "Bring me the ring, and my  
Best robe, and leather shoes. And take  
The fire and fatted calf, and make

For us the finest feast that we  
Have ever made. For this, you see,  
My dead son is alive and sound;  
He once was lost, but now is found.”  
And so the common labor ceased,  
And ev’ry hand prepared the feast.  
The colors flew at ev’ry gate!  
And they began to celebrate.



As usual, Manon was in  
The field and working late. He'd been  
There since the crack of dawn and worked  
All day. "Let duty not be shirked,"  
He liked to say, and took some pride  
In his long hours, and liked to chide  
The servants, that he could out-serve  
Them ev'ry day, and out-deserve  
Them all. He heard the music from  
The house and saw the servants come  
Out dancing on the lawn. His first  
Response to songs and joy: a burst  
Of anger: this is not the way  
To serve their Lord! What holiday  
Have they declared to frolic like  
A carefree child? If I must strike  
Them, then I will, to see that they  
Learn how to serve and to obey.

“What’s all this racket here?” He snapped.

A servant overflowed and clapped,

“He’s back! He’s back! Níqvah is back!”

He frowned, “And in the prison shack

With other thieves, may I suppose?”

“Oh, no, Sir Manon! Master chose

The fattest calf and killed it for

A feast, and said, ‘Bring wine and pour

A goblet for my son, and let

All work be put aside and get

My ring and finest robe with joy,

And put them on my living boy.”





The older son was stunned and stood  
There by the fence he'd made, and would  
Not enter. Then his Father saw  
Him by the fence, and went to draw  
Him in. "Your brother's home. Come see  
Him, Manny. He has changed. You'll be  
Amazed." "I'll tell you, Father, what  
Amazes me: that he can strut  
Here like an honored guest although  
He took your hard-earned cash to throw  
It down the sewers of Noash,  
And let you subsidize his brash  
And wicked reveling with whores.  
And made you weep behind those doors  
For ten years while I slaved to make  
A profit on this place. So take  
Your pick, my Lord, the wicked one  
In there, or me, the working son."

“I’d like to think that all these years  
You have enjoyed the place. It sears  
The soul, Manon, to take your rage  
To bed night after night. You wage  
A war against your self. Beware  
Of other mistresses whose snare  
Is just as deadly as the kind  
Your brother sought. Oh, be not blind,  
My son. All that I have is yours,  
And free. For all time it endures.  
But if what you desire is pay,  
Bequests will never come that way.  
Come join me at the table, son,  
The labors of the day are done.”

But Manon stood there like a stone,  
And sent his Father back alone.  
The girl was watching from the door,  
And as her Father passed, “Once more,  
Perhaps,” he took her hand and said,  
“Our little girl can raise the dead.”

She turned and saw the shining face  
Of Níqvah laughing in the grace  
Of life, then through the evening shade  
Beyond the fence that Manon made,  
She walked.



His face was streaked where sweat  
Ran through the pollen dust, and met  
His tangled beard. The garments that  
He wore for working stank. And at  
The middle of his fingers there  
Were blisters on both hands. Despair  
Seemed written on his frozen face.  
“In vain,” he thought. “He said the race  
And pace were all in vain. The hours,  
The years, the sweat, the plans, my pow’rs—  
For naught. Bequests don’t come that way.”  
Then Hahyaneta kissed the gray  
And brownish coating on his cheek,  
And said, “Hi, Manny. You look weak.  
Can I get you a drink?” He shook  
His head, “No thanks.” “Manon, it took

Your breath away, what Father said.  
I think I understand. The dread  
You feel right now—that all your sweat  
Has been in vain—it's true. And yet  
It is a gift to know bequests  
Are free, and loaded treasure chests  
Of grace, all hidden in the ground,  
Are never earned, but only found.  
And dancing doesn't come that way,  
And happy parties are not pay.  
Day labor is of no avail,  
The gift of joy is not for sale.  
You've labored hard to shun what's bad  
And now it's hard to just be glad.

But, Manny, look. Your Father and  
The servants and your brother stand  
Inside the door and bid you come.  
And listen to the children drum!"  
She took his hand: "Come, all is well."  
And thus the fetters broke and fell.  
He waked as from a life-long trance,  
And said, "May I please have this dance?"

## A CALL

*And now, O Christ, let there be light  
So we can see the way aright  
Between two dismal forms of death,  
And with that light, O give us breath  
To live again, and bring us back  
From pleasures in a foreign shack,  
Or from the pride of weary arm,  
While working on the Father's farm.  
From demon sloth and pleasures raw,  
Or demon toil and pride of law.  
The pathway home from either place  
Is opened by the word of grace.  
O Christ, pursue us till we see  
That all of God's bequests are free.  
The ticket that we have to show  
Is this: that we are glad to go.*

