

The Lighthouse Keeper Has Returned

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(A Prophetic Vision Conceived and
Recorded in the Year of Our Lord 1986)

Her name is peace to my soul, and the thought of her in my mind invokes a long lost reason for being from the scrolls of Lemurian memory. And now, many an angelic tear in sorrow shed, has become the sparkling rain upon which happy smiles rise when her star appeared.

I will bring her flowers every day, the sweetest flowers I can find. What flowers will I bring? They will be worthy of her attention, they will be of noble deeds, not merely a humble bundle of dry and dusty weeds.

I will voyage to the sun, and seek from Vesta, a new flower, more precious than the rose. These I will cultivate in the garden of my heart, and when they are in full bloom, I will gather them into a fine bouquet and lay them at her feet. The petals I will harvest in bushel baskets, and I will go before her, paving the path that she will trod each day, with softness and fragrance, no dust to gather upon her precious and cherished soles.

As for me, I have chosen to be the writer who I am. And if perchance, there is found to reside within these words, or any that I have ever written, or will write in the future, something of noble character that is good and true, with a value that is as gold leaf stretched upon the stage of all time, then it is because I have gazed into the sun of truth and beauty, and copied down what I have seen, as any good scribe would do.

Truth and beauty are of a high order, an order that to be honest, having once seen, I will forever worship and adore. And in my adoration, I have become a dreamer anew.

It is my dream to move as the winds have moved through whispering Altair pines on deep snow mountainsides.

It is my dream to melt as the sun has, into a pool of liquid gold, and in the next moment, gather up my identity, and form it into the graceful beauty of a golden yellow rose.

It is my dream to merge with the waters of life, and to flow as streams flow through the enchanted wilderness of alpine meadow splendor, into the ocean that is God.

But before I do these things I want to learn to sing, and this I think is a new dream, to sing as angels sing, heralding, the emergence of a new light, streaming forth into the darkness of a storm tossed night. The light keeper after a long absence has returned.

The sound of pounding surf and a tall and lonely silhouette is all that graces the dim and murky landscape of this windswept shore. A dormant lighthouse, built by ancient hands of moss-grown granite stone, stands in silence above the watery graves of many a wayworn seafarer.

A bobbing pinpoint of torch yellow light can be seen along the tangled seacoast path approaching in the distance. It is the light keeper. It will be awhile before he arrives. The path he has chosen is not an easy one, being overgrown and obscured in many places by the rampant underbrush. We will wait for him here on the lighthouse steps.

His torchlight proceeds him by a few steps as he breaks into the

clearing limping and sinking at once in the soft meadow bog. He has bruised his knee in a fall on the first leg of his journey, and hobbles slowly through the squishy ground to the lighthouse steps.

The first half of his journey is now complete. And for a moment, through the wind-driven sheets of rain, we can see his face, that of a young boy, patient and determined, his glowing eyes curiously belying the wisdom of centuries wrought both of conquest and victory, and bitter defeat.

And now, gripping the flaring and sputtering torch tighter, the other hand holding the flapping oil soaked hat firmly upon his head, he steps uncertainly onto the glistening marble steps in the driving rain.

There is only one key on a large golden ring. It fits and turns easily in the well-oiled lock.

But the thick oak door is heavy and saturated with the dampness of many storms over countless years. He must push hard to swing it back into the dim interior. As the door gives way, a fleeting wisp of incense passes out into the night, a curious odor, not unlike the musty perfume of memories of beauty and honor long since forgotten. As the interior stillness gives way to the many voices of the howling wind and pattering rain, the flickering torchlight reveals the first of many steps of an ancient spiral staircase, the top he cannot see.

It will be a long climb to that upper room, far far above the howling wind of long past sin. This is his last attempt, and for it, he has long prepared. This time his fuel saturated torch will last to the top, and remain bright enough yet to reveal the heliographic beacon which stands centered

in the upper glass-paned chamber.

The inner dimensions of his racing heart reverberate in rapid succession as he climbs to the upper landing streaming trails of stormy water that fall into dusty little pools upon the long neglected masonic flooring. The sounds of the storm have faded steadily into the depths of the darkness below.

There in the center is the beacon scaffolding, a narrow companionway circles it which he quickly reaches via a short set of steps that rise along the side of its lower structure. He circles the beacon mechanism, searching for an intricately carved crystal vessel. He finds it. It is full and the fuel is curiously fresh and ready for ignition, as if there had been an angel who had been there before him.

With a dauntless plunge, as if across the starting line of life, he thrusts his torch into the golden yellow liquid with a splutter and a splash. In rippling ringlets the fuel ignites into an expanding galaxy of shining fire welling up and without, exploding into a brilliant glare of radiant light streaming into the darkness of the rainswept night.

Not far away, amidst the raven fury of this starless night, a sailor lookout, lashed to the towering trunsel of the main mast, peers intently into the raging madness of a swirling sea, when suddenly, over the brow of a billowing wave, a tubular shaft of radiant fire blazes into view, sizzling the air as it streams only inches away from the temple of his water-sheened form. Land Ho! The lookout shouts below, as the helmsman in the same expiring breath brings the rudder hard to port with a mighty spin of the well-worn wheel. She answers her helm by and by, and moves

slowly, though safely away from this jagged seacoast shore.

Many like her will gain their port of call this night, giving thanks to God for that well oiled light, that stands alone in the pounding surf and the driving rain, a star of peace and hope burns bright again.