

IN HIS STEPS

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I walked the other day,
Step by step, in perfect harmony
With the reawakened conscience of a sick society.
Tired feet, dusty street,
Narrow road, and stifling heat
All spoke of futility –
But the unity of mind
Symbolized the coming of a new era.

They walked, that humanity would no longer
Be fractured and scattered like sand
On a windy beach,
The first man turned against God,
The second man against the third,
And every man since time began
Has added to this legacy of hate,
Save one,
He came to reverse this ugly tide.
But he planted a seed in the hearts of man.
Love has deep roots but grows slowly.
Two thousand years have passed...

They walked that day,
Some say they demonstrated.
Yes. They demonstrated that the love,
Which has been in hibernation for so long,
Has finally heeded the call of Spring.

The blossoms of a new day
Will finally add their beauty
To a tarnished creation.

They walked, but not alone.
Black soles on black pavement,

But the souls
Which know no colour
Reach up, out, beyond,
This morass of hate and evil.
God is love; it is written,
And love walked the streets
Of Montgomery that day;
An irrepressible torrent,
Which poured into the heart of the Confederacy.
A human tide in a sea of love,
A new hope borne by feet
Grown weary from oppression.
Love walked the streets of Jerusalem
 Long ago.
It walked in Montgomery,
Just the other day.

They walked together,
Black, White, Protestants, Catholics, Jews,
From North, South, East, and West.
Love surged through the ancient streets,
And for a day,
A rent appeared
In the granite heart of Dixie.
But hate lined the sidewalks,
The windows, the doorways,
As the human tide receded,
Hate closed the wound
And once again made the streets
Its own domain.
The wound was closed, later sealed with blood.
The façade of strength may linger on,
But the shaft of love,
Which pierced the heart of Dixie,
May have struck a mortal blow.

They walked with quickened step.
Those last miles
Were but a heartbeat
On the long weary road of suffering.
Freedom now; they shouted.
They had glimpsed the rising sun,
Centuries ago their sun had set on
An African shore.

The first rays of a new light,
A faint glimmer beyond the lady with the torch
Were welcome –
Even if they came a hundred years late.
This sunrise had been declared
A century ago, but,
Someone forgot to draw the shades.
The bloody cross of the Confederacy
Still swings in the Alabama breeze;
The symbol of separation.
Soon it will vanish,
And with it the shackles
Which bind the hopes
And the aspirations.

They walked, but not in vain.
Too long they have stood alone,
Only to fall and be forgotten.
It wasn't Montgomery that walked,
But all humanity took a stand
On that historic day.
Hate has reigned supreme,
But the seed of love,
Dormant for so long,
Swelled into an irresistible tide.

The roots of love are in the heart,
But the fruit is in the hand,

The word,
The step.

I walked the other day,
And "Why?", many say,
"A Christian is not of this world,
We are to love and leave."
Yes, I say, and what is love?
Are we not bound to history,
To time and space,
By the chains of our human existence?
We aspire beyond these terrestrial climes,
But our feet are captives
In the clay of mortality.
Man's purpose on earth is not
To escape his destiny,
But to fulfill it.
The soul of man is but a window
Which translates the vertical reality
Of God's love,
 Transforming it.
The love of God
Cannot act in this troubled world,
But through the medium of creation.
Yes, I walked the other day,
I walked, that all men
May stand straight,
That all men may breathe
The air of Freedom which I breathe.
That mankind may pass on a heritage
Of hope rather than despair.
I walked, because someone else walked
This earth years ago,
And showed me how to love my neighbour.