

## THE LATENT POWER OF GODLINESS

*by Robert Fitt*

When the innate hope for  
Godliness  
Is yet a candle held  
Wonderingly  
Against the  
Brilliant sun of its  
Potential; one  
Wonders how the tiny flame  
can ever begin to  
Approach such  
Brilliance.

What Shields its  
Growth from evil  
Tempests that  
Strive to snuff it out?  
What keeps its flame from  
Flickering to a musty  
Death amidst the  
Tenuous puddle of its own  
Limitations?

One candle dies, while another  
glows grandly  
Alive against the self-same  
Darkness; and from the

Fearsome struggle grows  
Brighter still . . .  
As though it's very light  
Feeds upon the darkness it Conquers.

Thus it is with men.  
For it is through  
Affliction's Fire that God  
Exalts His children.  
Proving them.  
Tempering their souls in  
Seasons of distress, and  
Sorrow.

Thus, by subtly  
Taking measure of  
Their faith—and  
Baring it for what it is—  
He illuminates for them the  
Contrast between who  
They now are,  
Compared to who  
They might have been; and  
Opens wide the door to a  
Better life.