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Lisa Bolin Hawkins

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At the Gate of Heaven

A la puerta del cielo venden zapatos Para los angelitos que andan descalzos

-lullaby*

Wince and tremble, take my place in line to make my bargain; before me, Valiant-for-Truth; behind me, Faust. I have done all I could to earn the currency of the exchange.

You say you took us from commerce long ago. I fear—I hold back pride, some small sins. Then, when all my trying is not good enough, I can say it was not my best effort, anyway.

Just in case,
I beat myself with many stripes, pay my own price.
The marks and scars I carry with me,
I inflicted: if I am not good enough,
maybe I will have suffered enough.

Enough to win through to some quiet place. Enough, perhaps, to be healed.

After this, it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons ... "my marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles, who now will be my rewarder." ... So be passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

—Lisa Bolin Hawkins

^{* &}quot;At the gate of Heav'n, little shoes they are selling
For the little barefooted angels there dwelling."
The italicized final lines are from John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*.