

**TRANSFIGURATION ON MOUNT TABOR
(READMT. 17: 1-8)**

*My prayer took me up Mount Tabor.
A long, hard climb, I tired with labor.
Stopping to rest while observing the weather,
I saw four men there, standing together.*

*They were talking, and it sounded like prayer.
Their subject intense, spoken with care.
As they looked to the one on their right
His face aglow, his clothes brilliant white.*

*The sight so awesome, I trembled with fear.
Then, amazed, I saw two more men appear.
I heard a voice, it seemed from a cloud.
Audible, distinctly and quite aloud.*

*I felt terrified, in no mood to be teased.
Hear my Son, in whom I am certainly pleased.
I was shocked again, straight ahead I did stare,
As two men vanished into thin air.*

*I was truly afraid, still looking ahead,
When three men fell as if they were dead.
Excited and awestruck, my heart it did pound.
I watched the three men as they lay on the ground.*

*Then one man bid the others get up.
Let's go home now, to pray and drink from the cup.
But, he said, let's keep this quiet for now.
Then, after I rise, you can tell it somehow.*