

## DOCUMENTS

### A Masque for Barbara

*What in the World most fair appears,  
Yea, even Laughter, turns to Tears.*

Andrew Marvell

Antimony unbidden, pain and pleasure  
gather, glimmer in sparkling eyes;  
yet brows, still ardent, arch  
and coiffed hair swirls, immaculate.

When passion mirrors purpose  
sheer verve and dazzle dance,  
deflect enquiry, shield a secret wound,  
so few who seek may find it.

Poise and counterpoise contend,  
unweave to spin the dancer out  
through yearning into risk,  
stardust, to night inviolate.

Should tempo alter, light refract,  
a child might see the tears held back.

David Lyle Jeffrey

\*A woman so brave and selfless as Barbara, who yielded as little as possible to the suffocating eclipse of her mortal spark, remains a gleaming light in memory. She was a magnificent example of grace, self-effacement and courage till the last beat of the last measure. I wrote these words after I saw her for my last time at a CCL conference at Trinity Western University in May, 2007. The topic of that conference, "The Sacred, Suffering and the Sublime," and her lively engagement in it, made her an exemplar during those days for how a Christian should live—and also, as all who knew her saw, prepare for death. Death did not thus really overcome her; she will live again.