

MEDITATING WITH THE BODY

by David L. Hatton

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.... and the Word became human flesh and dwelt among us.... and that divine, enfleshed Word spoke to us.

God wasted no words breathed from His mouth in creation... God also did not waste the breath blown from His mouth onto sculpted red clay... to create the living flesh of humanity.

God never wastes words, especially when they become flesh—*human flesh*—made in His likeness, made in His image with male and female bodies.... *These gendered bodies speak.*

The brain, the eyes, the ears, the mouth, the hands, the pro-creative organs, the arms, the legs, the feet... *they all speak.* Incarnations of God's image...words made flesh, silently speaking to us.

What do they say, these bodies embodying God's image and serving as His temples?... Do we hear their 'body language'?...Do we take time to listen?... Let's do so now, with our spirits.

Let's visit the brain, our dynamic communication center, noting its precise circuitry.... its orderly flow of input and output.... the integration of multiple worlds of awareness.... *The brain speaks.*

Listen to the eyes, hearing their cry for light.... their hunger for perception of surroundings... for telescopic vision of far horizons... for microscopic vision of tiny realms.... *The eyes speak.*

Inspect the ears closely.... Always open... designed for receiving.... Twins, hungry for melody, disturbed by discordant sounds.... But go deeper to watch them find balance.... *The ears speak.*

Observe the mouth... a pathway in, and out... tasting nurture... translating truth or telling tales... kissing with affection or blasting with fire... the tongue steers life's course.... *The mouth speaks.*

Feel the arms, their strength... their stationary mobility, allowing the throwing of spears or the hugging of friends and lovers... the maternal cuddling of a baby to the breast... *The arms speak.*

Watch the hands... gesturing as we talk, tightening into fists or touching to show care.... They image God's creativity... busy with building, planting, cooking, crafting.... *The hands speak.*

Look at the genitals... Honor these clear reflections of our Triune Creator.... From their one-flesh union comes new life.... From their hormones flow life's creative energy.... *The genitals speak.*

Behold the legs... anatomically invested with the most muscle of all... meant for standing upright, between heaven and earth... meant for travel, adventure, discovery, relocation... *The legs speak.*

Visit last the feet... Humble supporters of our flesh... uniquely designed weight-bearers, with bare soles planted on the red clay in which the body will rest till Resurrection.... *The feet speak.*

The feet, the legs, the pro-creative organs, the hands, the arms, the mouth, the ears, the eyes, the brain... *they all speak.* Incarnations of God's image...words made flesh, silently speaking to us.

Amen.

THE BODY SPEAKS

How foolish are the doctrines
Despising flesh and skin,
 Suspecting lust
 Within the dust
That we are living in!

Our Maker is an Artist
Whose compositions speak.
 The body's word
 Is seldom heard,
Except by those who seek.

There's artwork in the body—
Divine incarnate speech—
 And open hearts
 Can hear the parts,
For there's a voice in each.

The head is close to heaven,
Because the brain must be
 A likeness of
 The God of love
And creativity.

The eyes need light for vision
To see if tales are true,
 And faith is blind
 Till rays divine
Restore our sight anew.

The ears can weigh vibrations
As sweet or bitter sounds.
 They run in flight
 Or take delight,
When guiding truth abounds.

The mouth shows need for nurture
That self cannot supply,
 And lips call out
 To those about
With their connecting cry.

The arms enfold their lover;
The breasts embrace their fruit.
 And to His side
 God hugs the Bride
Who treasured His pursuit.

The hands extend the image
That human work must bear
 Of Him Who willed
 That we should build
His Kingdom everywhere.

The pro-creative organs
Are matched to meet as mates
 And bring by birth
 New life on earth,
As Triune Love creates.

The legs and feet, so busy
To crawl and walk and run,
 Predict our trail
 Shall never fail
Beyond the setting sun.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/10/2015*