

ADVENT RENEWAL

Come, faithful broken hearts, and celebrate
First Advent of the Self-revealing God—
not novel, law-less gods of clever dreams—
the great *I AM*, eternal Triune Love,
Creator intimate with all He made,
Whose loving Light burns hot with Heaven's flame,
Whose truth-in-Love cuts deep with moral sword.

This Maker of the heavens and the earth—
of realms celestial and all cosmic worlds,
of angel hosts and stardust made alive—
did the unthinkable: became a Man.
Christ Jesus, Son of God and Virgin-born,
brought Heaven down to birth a whole new race
of humans, far off once from truth, but found.

When dreamers, shunning Cross and empty tomb,
imagine nature's present state of beasts,
her biospheric beauty, lovely lands,
her life-sustaining seasons, winds and seas
"serene . . . idyllic habitat divine,"
they're deaf to ancient groanings for release
from bondage to sin's curse and death's decay.

If they could hear her mournful, yearning cry,
or—*better*—feel their own heart's hollow beat
from echoes empty of the Prince of Peace,
they'd join with hers their longing, as she waits
the Second Advent of her Lord the King,
when *sinners-saved-as-saints* will watch Him set
creation free and back on track, renewed.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/29/2022*