

BODY LANGUAGE

When we have wounds God doesn't heal
And start to doubt His goodness real,
The Lord may have a deeper goal:
To heal disease within the soul.

The illness felt in flesh and bones
Betrays our inner being's groans
That long to see God's grace revealed
And yearn to be by Heaven healed.

Our body is a friend indeed,
Whose language we must learn to read
And listen, when its limits say,
"It's time to ponder, pause and pray."

Our stomachs tell the need for food;
Our skin for warmth, when cold and nude;
Our brains for needful nightly rest:
When we obey, we rise up blest.

But as our youth becomes old age,
Our body turns another page
And bids our soul shake off its frown
To write the final chapter down:

Reviewing sights, retracing days,
Recounting gifts, repeating praise,
Repenting sins, reliving love,
Renewing hope in life above. . . .

Before our weary pen is still,
Rehearsing choices of our will:
What hands have clasped, where feet have trod,
How we believed or doubted God. . . .

And as our eyes grow dim and close,
Recalling what our body knows:
Despite good-byes in death's chagrin,
We'll rise to join this dust again.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/8/2015*