

BODY LIFE

God delights in temple singing,
Grand and regal pageantry,
Where our worthy King of kings is glorified:
Instruments and voices mingling
Make majestic harmony,
Where the Lord is duly praised and magnified.

But the King awaits a blessing,
Thanks for the mercies He has shown,
From His Body who sits quiet in a crowd.
Special songs and choir dressing
Cannot make His glory known
As will these, if they may stand and speak aloud.

When God's people thirst for teaching
And have prayed for Gospel news,
God has never left their plea without reward:
He anoints a pastor's preaching
And connects it to the pews
In a flash of living lightning from His Sword.

But a jewel of the Spirit,
Precious gem of priceless worth,
Is God's message on the lips of young and old.
Hope is sown in those who hear it,
Life that God ordains for birth,
Which no single pulpit sermon can unfold.

Jesus came to fill each member
With a glory, grace and gift
Necessary and essential to the flock.
Each could be a glowing ember
Whom the Spirit might uplift,
If the service wasn't shackled to the clock.

Temple worship and its beauty,
Gospel preaching and its power,
Are traditions we must nurture, not erase . . .
But the church has failed its duty
When it gathers for an hour
Where the Body loses varied voice and face.

Jesus' Body is His people:
We are each a king and priest,
Called to serve by washing one another's feet.
Though we sing beneath a steeple,
We must feed upon the feast
Of the loaf He forms us into when we meet.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/1/1993*