

## DEAR LADY

Dear Lady, so well praised throughout the Christian earth,  
So fearless in submission to the Virgin Birth,  
Whose young soul welcomed Spirit-overshadowing  
Despite the false calumny pregnancy would bring,  
We call you blest, as we recite your joyous creed,  
For we are also meant to bear the Holy Seed.

Dear Lady, you who pressed the Savior to your chest,  
Called forth His miracle that introduced the rest,  
His last obedience to you, His starting sign:  
Your Son, reluctant, turned the water into wine.  
And your command to servants then still stands today,  
“Whatever Jesus says to do . . .” we must obey.

Dear Lady, when you doubted that His mind was clear  
And with His brothers sought in pity and in fear  
To bring Him home again, you found Him out of reach  
Inside the crowded house where He had come to teach.  
You heard Him say that you would be His mother still  
If you, like His disciples, did His Father’s will.

Dear Lady, you whom time’s traditions idolized  
In Roman statues, Eastern portraits iconized.  
You learned, when Jesus turned away a woman’s praise  
For your sweet womb and breasts that nursed His early days,  
How only those are truly blest who hear God’s Word  
And in their lives put into practice what they’ve heard.

Dear Lady, may we kneel and join with you back there  
Upon the day of Pentecost, when you in prayer  
Were waiting with the others for the promised Dove  
To come and fill your lives with Jesus and His love.  
May we, as you, know Jesus’ life outpoured,  
Incarnate in our hearts, the living Word and Lord.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/3/1993*