

HUMAN DESTINY

What makes us human beings holds the key
For grasping this creation's mystery.
A body-spirit blend of cosmic dust
Infused divinely with a hidden soul
Has brought two worlds together with a goal:
A sacred mix to match our Maker's trust.

While guarding gardens from demonic harm—
Not mesmerized by fertile earthly charm
Or lust-obsessed with function's lovely forms—
We dare not loaf and in such beauties bask.
To till, to name, to tend is still our task
Of ruling lands and beasts and ocean swarms.

Nor overawed by our angelic part—
So lost in spirit-thought within our heart
That we spurn mud and matter, flesh and frame—
But, serving mundane ends in holy love,
With vision sound below and strong above,
We must treat life and afterlife the same.

The Incarnation of the Father's Son,
The victory His Resurrection won . . .
Both seal this calling for each one He saves,
Restoring spirit-life in souls reborn
And putting death's decay to future scorn,
When He makes empty tombs of human graves.

With head in heaven and our feet on soil,
We're meant to wed the two through human toil,
To craft new things from solar light and sod,
And dance celestial dreams with Christ alone,
Co-regents with Him, reigning on His throne,
True image-bearers of the living God.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/26/2017*