

INCARNATE LOVE

The Word became the flesh we know;
The Son of God, the Son of man;
The Maker's heart, a Hand to show
The world that love is Heaven's plan.

The thought divine became the Deed,
Embodied in a human form
To make His will a living creed
And Spirit-guided life the norm.

Our humanness He understood
By concrete knowledge manifest.
To taste the fact of motherhood,
God suckled at a woman's breast.

No platitudes on work's reward—
God learned an earthly father's trade,
And He who was the forest's Lord
Earned bread by wooden things He made.

No sophistry about life's trials—
He faced temptation at its source
And overcame the devil's wiles
By making Heaven's word His force.

No empty lectures about prayer—
He stayed in tune with Heaven's throne
And taught or healed, always aware
Of being led and not alone.

No lofty words on love's ideal—
He wept at human grief with tears.
His touch on lepers' wounds was real.
His "peace, be still" stilled stormy fears.

No sentimental view of death—
He felt the rusty nails go in.
He struggled with His dying breath
The day He swallowed human sin.

God's will, His thought, His heart were long
In nature's beauty, prophet's word,
Obscurely known, until the Song
That God Himself would sing was heard.

His mind behind creation's art
Was only hinted, not revealed.
In flesh alone could God impart
The Touch by which our souls are healed.

So He took on our earthly dust
By coming down from up above.
If we would know God's life, we must
Embrace His Son's incarnate love.

— *David L. Hatton, 6/10/2007*