

I WONDER AT GOD'S LOVE

When I behold the canopy above
Of points of light a trillion miles away;
 When I see galaxies,
 The sky's complexities,
Or watch the sun's display of golden day,
I wonder at God's love.

What is this sinful speck of dust
That God, the Mighty Maker of it all,
 Should kindly visit here
 To bring His love so near,
While we, in pride, rebelling at His call,
Were feasting on our lust?

Who are we: proud, self-righteous men!
What goodness can we lay before His Cross?
 For all our lives we've sinned
 And never can amend.
We must cast down all deeds and count them loss,
For Christ has borne our sin.

When I behold a sinner changed:
A life made new, reborn by God's own breath,
 I think back joyously
 To when the Lord saved me
And wonder at the Son's redeeming death
The Father's love arranged.

— *David L. Hatton, 1972*