

JOHN'S GOSPEL

Light—pure and holy, powerful and bright,
God's Word to all—the message from the start. . .
And then, at last, embodied in our dust,
To shine His life into our groping night,
To verbalize the love that floods His heart,
To show what not to be, and what we must. . .

His miracles, His works, and words of life:
Our temples cleansed, our water turned to wine,
Our tempests calmed, our hungry hopes all fed;
Of secret motives, fears, deceit, and strife
Stripped naked, we were grafted in His vine . . .
Our buried visions risen from the dead.

The Way that we should walk, the Truth to seek,
The Life that we should live and feed upon,
Whose blood and flesh are ours to drink and eat,
True food, not for the proud, but for the weak. . .
And greater works than these, when He is gone,
And peace within the world cannot defeat.

But by the darkness—love for self and sin—
The Light was shunned and sentenced to be slain
Because of what Its awesome rays revealed:
The false, the empty lusts men wallowed in.
His flame snuffed out, He quenched the roots of pain
By resurrected life. . .and we were healed.

— *David L. Hatton 7/22/1993*