

LISTENING TO GOD

Just beneath the music's rhythm
In a classic rhapsody. . .
Deep within the spiral staircase
Of atomic mystery. . .
Over mountain forest's beauty
Under spell of spring and sun. . .
At a mother's breast when sucking
By her newborn has begun. . .
All across the fields of summer
With their harvest prize of grain. . .
In the raucous winds of winter,
Wetting earth with drinks of rain. . .
In the melody of rivers,
Dancing down to ocean tides—
God is whispering His presence:
In them all the Maker hides.

— *David L. Hatton, 7/14/1994*