

MY WORDS ARE RUNNING

My words are running, Lord,
Through the living forest,
Through the shimmering leaves,
Capturing the vital force,
Surrounded by Your love.

My words are flowing, Lord,
In the riverbed of love,
The Spirit's cleansing stream,
Where stains are washed away
And weary thirst is quenched.

My words are dancing, Lord,
Skipping on mountain trails
Amid God-sculpted rocks
And wildflowers praising their King,
Leaping for joy in the journey.

My words are listening, Lord,
For the rhyming cadence of love
In all creation's beauty,
Echoing her Maker's voice,
And begging us to join her.

My words are singing, Lord,
Through the peaceful meadows
In harmony with wildlife,
Flowing, dancing, listening. . .
My words are running, Lord.

— *David L. Hatton, 7/9/2008*