

RESURRECTION

On a hillside in the background stands an empty cross alone,
Where bright visions for our future lately breathed their dying breath.
Here we've seen them left to crumble in a cave hewn out of stone.
How those dreams seem lost forever, locked within the grip of death!

Stripped and raw, our souls meander close beside the garden tomb
Where we think our hopes lie silent just behind the cavern door.
There they've set a giant boulder, meant to seal our grief with gloom,
Meant to suffocate our faith that life's worth living anymore.

Then one morning as we waken, as we trudge upon our way
Through the mist that shrouds our footsteps, through the fading fears of night,
We're astounded by the glory of the golden break of day,
With its rising sun revealing resurrection in its light.

Treasures far beyond our hopes that fame and fortune could not win,
See them rise, undreamt-of joys that only Heaven could afford.
See them come, true love's embracing, freedom from our self and sin,
All our buried aspirations, first made holy, then restored.

Now the gaping, yawning cave-mouth is a symbol of defeat,
Not for us, but for the hindrances that bound our wills in shame.
Mixed with pride, our noblest longings God could never make complete,
But entombed with Christ in death, they come to life no more the same.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/9/1993*