

SPIRIT FRUITS

When before Your healing altar
I said, “Yes, my Lord, I do. . .”
You became my Savior-Husband,
And Your pledge of love was true,
For Your Spirit made me pregnant
With sweet fruits for me to bear
By that secret, sacred union:
The experience of prayer.

Faithful fellowship, my Lover,
I discovered freely mine:
I was hugged into Your Body
Like a branch into the Vine.
Fertile seeds You planted in me
Through the Word of Gospel love
Grew beneath Your guarding nurture
Overshadowing above.

Now, the onset of the labor:
In my soul’s deep womb inside,
Unanticipated cramping
As I’m stretched to open wide!
Spirit fruits are born in trial,
But, my Husband, You are near
All throughout the painful process,
Till the precious gifts appear:
Love and joy and peace and patience,
Marriage gifts from Your caress,
Kindness, faithfulness and goodness,
Self-control and gentleness.

Through the struggle of their birthing,
In Your loving arms I hide,
But these Spirit fruits, my Jesus,
Make of me a happy Bride.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/21/1992*