

THE HAND

In bitter, growing tightness
The rebel fist was clenched
Upon the stinging insects
Whose wings the grip had pinched.
They pricked with demon-poison
The palm that held them prey.
Christ helped the fist to open.
These thoughts then flew away.

The wounded hand uplifted
In praise to God above
Was ready now for blessings
From Heaven's store of love.
The fingers healed of cramping
Extended now to clasp
The hands held out by Christians
To greet the new one's grasp.

Then said the Master Jesus
Unto the opened fist,
"If you would serve Me fully,
This nail must pierce your wrist."
At last, the limb was yielded
And fastened to the Cross
With pain from self-denial,
With suffering and loss.

The darkness then was lifted.
The nail-scarred hand was raised.
God's Spirit filled each finger,
And Jesus Christ was praised!
With resurrection power
God touched each joint and nerve
To form a hand of healing
And teach a fist to serve.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/4/1990*