

THE LOVE OF GOD

There's a fear I have of judgment . . .
Not of standing at the throne
Of the One Who made the burden
Of a world in pain His own.
But I tremble at the prospect
Of the shame I'll have to face
For the times I failed the sinner
By not showing love and grace.

When the gracious Lord of glory
Chose to wear our fleshly frame,
Feeling sadness for our sorrows
As He healed the sick and lame,
He was never hard on sinners
Caught and bound in Satan's maze,
But upbraided the self-righteous
For their proud, conceited ways.

Are we better than the mockers
Spitting hatred on our Lord,
Who when stretched in crucifixion
Made His pardon their reward?
Are we blind to our investment
In the stripes upon His back
When our tongues lash out at others
For the holiness they lack?

How shortsighted is our vision
Of the Incarnation's cost:
Jesus came to seek and salvage
The creation we had lost.
On that cross His life was broken
To redeem what sin had marred,
And the proof—in resurrection—
Is His body, ever scarred.

We must hope for transformation
In the straying souls we meet;
All become His holy temples,
When they seek His mercy-seat.
Never doubt that God is willing
To restore the vilest heart,
For Love tasted death to offer
Each lost life a brand new start.

— *David L. Hatton, 6/19/2014*