

THE RESURRECTION

We humans are unique in the Creator's plan,
Our clay and spirit dancing loyally as one.
God breathed in us His way to rule this Universe
And called it "very good" the day that it was done.

He wrapped His image up in earthen symmetry,
Equipped with free, creative will to choose and change. . .
But dark Deception led us down inhuman paths,
Until the sight and voice and ways of God were strange.

So God, in love, to thwart the failure of His plan,
Put on our flesh and sacrificed Himself on Earth
To purchase back the warped and fractured Human Race
And offer everyone the gift of fresh "new birth."

Forever now transformed—to treat as trivia—
Is Death and all our quick or lifetime long decay,
While all the Cosmos, in anticipation's thrill,
Believes the portent of the stone rolled back that Day.

How ludicrously dwarfed, by stark comparison,
Appear stargazers' dreams and fiction's "outer Space,"
When Christ has launched humanity for Heights Beyond. . .
Which hypocrites of Science labor to erase.

No human hope or thirst or hunger in our breast
Should through this passing Night be counted as absurd.
A Destiny Fulfilled awaits our re-clothed souls
Who fed on Jesus' Flesh and trusted in His Word.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/28/2003*