

THE WIND OF GOD

The wind of God is always blowing, but you must hoist your sail. — Fenelon

God's Wind broods like a mother hen
Over our world, our will, our way,
Our plans, our pains, our quiet pen. . . .
With a destiny to obey.

No forcing, no coercion, none—
Just His gentle breeze on our face
To catch, to coax, to call us run
Our Maker's everlasting race.

The passing days will not return,
And wishful thinking often fails.
He blows so that our flames will burn,
But we alone must hoist our sails.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/5/2013*