

## THE WIPING CLOTH

When He was here, nude like a slave,  
He stooped before His Bride:  
Our feet He humbly wished to lave  
To free our hearts from pride.

And on the cross, stripped bare again,  
He shed His precious blood  
To wash away the stains of sin  
And cleanse us in its flood.

Ascended now to Beulah Land,  
With cloth that bathed our feet  
Held gently in His loving hand,  
He must this task repeat. . . .

Sojourning here these earthly years,  
We've gathered dust that clung.  
For tired trails and trial's tears,  
That cloth He's used and wrung.

And when the Bride at last arrives,  
That laundered rag will be  
The wiping cloth to dry our lives  
From sorrow's mystery.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/30/2016*