

WITH JESUS

When dragged before the brokers of legalistic pride—
the same group who demanded their Master crucified—
the Spirit-filled disciples preached,
and those religious rulers screeched,
“These men have been with Jesus!”

When immature and naughty—a childish little kid—
I followed selfish urges, as other children did,
till after I made Christ my King
and my new life in Him took wing. . . .
“I knew I’d been with Jesus.”

When ups-and-downs assail me with circumstantial strife,
or folly’s fears assault me to steal my joy in life,
my trust in Christ drops on its knees
and praise is mixed with prayerful pleas:
“I need to be with Jesus.”

When bodily dysfunctions eclipse my span’s decay
and only wisps of mem’ry come visiting each day,
don’t sadly mourn my slow decline—
I’ll soon be breathing air divine:
“I’m going to be with Jesus!”

— *David L. Hatton, 12/16/2019*