

Washing by the Word

He pulled me from the hole I'd fallen in
And looked me up and down again.
It's muddy down in that place, I said,
His eyes left me and found that hole instead.

Again, I felt His eyes appraising me as silence filled the air
I took a look myself and knew at once what sight had made him stare.
There on my clothes I saw a dirty muddy mess,
It was a sight, I must confess!

I need a washing, I opined
To which his head inclined.
Then with a nod, he turned and went back to His work
And left me feeling like a jerk!.

I stood there in the warmth of the day,
As clouds arose and trees began to sway,
When of a sudden rain began to fall,
Its welcome wetness purging dirt and grime, and all.

With no great rush, but steadily it ran
Down skin and clothes and hair as though it had a plan.
In minutes looking on in pleasure and surprise,
I saw a cleaner me appear before my very eyes.

And standing there, to me it all came clear,
As I saw water cleanse me here,
That this was how God's Word doth work,
On souls in whom the faults of Adam lurk.

We in our world of woe and erring ways
Find dirt enough to foul the glory of our days,
But washing comes through power of His great Word,
When we as quickened souls His voice have heard.

Like eagles we can soar to spirit heights
When we have washed from us what fouls and blights.
Our souls set free from that which makes us small,
We're large as lions when Words divine wash us withal.

So let us seek with newborn wills of grace,
To find His perfect will and run the race,
Seize on His Word which makes us free,
And know each day Christ's liberty!