

God's Hand

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Good Friday 2009

How do I recognize the hand of God?
Ever-present, sustaining, controlling, upholding,
Yet invisible.

How do I recognize the hand of God?
This hand that moved deftly with surgical precision
To extract and form and create one?

How do I recognize the hand of God?
This anthropomorphic scheme I understand,
But where are the fingers Belshazzar saw?

How do I recognize the hand of God?
We are the sheep of his hand,
But often walk blindly through his pasture.

How do I recognize the hand of God?
I see it outstretched, pierced, bleeding,
Beckoning, enfolding, saving, keeping.

How do I recognize the hand of God?
Thomas-like I want to see and touch,
Yet I am bidden to hear and believe.

How do I recognize the hand of God?
With ears I hear, without eyes I see, with heart I feel,
And with song I extol its omnipotence.

The hands that made us were pierced for us. Those same hands cooked breakfast on the beach for weary, doubt-filled fishermen-disciples. The hands that made the world conquered the grave. Those hands surround us in the embrace of love and grace. Rejoice with me this Easter!