

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING AS THE SNOW MELTS

by Pastor Bert

O Lord,
what beauty, this snow
overnight transforming
ugly deadness
to sparkling brilliance
pure and clean.

It's like your grace
righteousness covering me
in a moment
declaring ugly deadness
pure as Jesus.

But the snow's melting
too good to be true
deadness
there all the time
now emerges
worse than before
ugly mud.

My soul shivers
is your grace, too
only illusion
appearance of purity
inevitably melting
showing once more
uglier than before
wretched
sinful
mud?

This muddy morning
I rejoice
for under the snowy blanket
of Jesus' righteousness
your Spirit strives
refining
renewing from inside out
transforming mud to gold
so even if this snow could melt
it would only reveal
a new creation
clean to the core
completed handiwork
of pervasive grace!