

Rest for the Weary Man

It is too easy for us Lutherans, who treasure our tradition, and the tradition of the Church catholic, to believe that all we our customs, ceremonies, hymns, and teachers lie in some distant past. But this is not true. Art and hymns continue to be produced to this day, even as beautiful theology still is given expression. Below is a poem written by a young Lutheran, Noah Hahn, a doctoral student of philosophy.

Rest for the Weary Man:

My heart finds rest in God alone,
For naught else can contain it;
Gnarled inward like a fruitless tree,
Roots tap all else except what he
Has promised can sustain it.

My soul finds rest in God alone,
For he has paid its ransom.
The restless vice that lurks within
And riddles actions through with sin
He bathes in oil gladsome.

My flesh finds rest in God alone,
For his is resurrected.
The world may tempt with brief repast,
The devil hurl his withering blast,
The dearest friend prove false at last—
But in him I'm protected.

Let flesh and soul and heart unite,
And count itself thrice-blessed;
In anguish seek our Father's face,
To neighbor speak with words of grace,
Be found in Him and rest.

As always, the Church continues to contemplate the Lord and gaze upon the face of Christ, giving this vision ever new articulation.