

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A precious, sacred mystery, the miracle of birth:

A little bit of Heaven comes to visit us on earth.

A worn and weary woman, who was tuckered in her task,
Amazingly regains new strength as those around her bask

In luminescent afterglow that glimmers from the face
Of someone freshly breathing air within the human race.

The blood and sweat of labor are forgotten for a while,
And she, with womb still cramping, greets her child with a smile.

The infant, crying briefly, to her naked bosom pressed,
Is softly stilled to suck upon the mother's supple breast.

And I who see this often always marvel at those eyes
That open on a brand new world but seem divinely wise
With quiet confidence and knowledge coming from above,
Expecting that this new home will be also filled with love.
In years they toddle upward, these sweet babies that we hold,

And sadly we may teach them to forget what angels told.
But in the gleaming aura that still shines when they arrive

We read a special message meant for everyone alive:

These babies tell of Heaven after labors end on earth,
For God who gives us children also offers "second birth."

These tiny newborns beg for us to imitate His care,
For it's God's wish someday to hold us close to Him up there.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/6/1992*