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Word Made Flesh

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The Word Made Flesh

Dave Schelbaas

The fall came first and after that God's Word:
"The woman's flesh will crush the serpent's head."
And then for ages nothing new occurred.

No savior came; we knew not what we'd heard.
"All flesh is grass," the gloomy psalmist said.
We lived, begat and died—life seemed absurd.

Until, in Beth'lem, angel songs were heard,
The Christ was born and given a manger bed.
God had, at last, put flesh upon his Word!

Oh, with what joy each year we hail the Word
Made flesh and lift our praise to Christ our head,
Whose birth and death have stunned the Satan worm.

And in our joy this word of Christ we heard:
That after He had crushed the serpent's head
And banished sin, as King He would return.

So now we pray, "Come back, flesh out your word;
Leave heavenly rooms; come live with us instead.
Make all things new; expel all fear and dread.
Then only songs of triumph will be heard."