

Blessed Is Jesus the Word Made Flesh

by Rick McKinney, 2022

Blessed is the Word made flesh, Son of Man, Son of David, Son of Mary, the great, yet tangible, I AM.
Blessed is the Fruit of that womb awakened, to restore on that woeful tree, the fruit, woefully taken.
Blessed are the Lips that nursed at His mother's breast and gives to every child of His Father a holy kiss.
Blessed are the Hips that sat on His mother's lap and now sits on that glorious throne as all others clap.
Blessed is the Hair caressed by His mother that becomes white as wool on the throne above all other.
Blessed are the Shoulders that bore His father's timber and later bore the cross for us to look and linger.
Blessed are the Arms that hugged His mother tight and was sent forth to embrace all others in His sight.
Blessed are the Eyes that were raised to heaven above and gazed upon the needy with treasured love.
Blessed is the Voice that calmed the sea and calls to each of His beloved ones by name, including me.
Blessed are the Ears that heard the voice of the Father and listens to the plea, of the lowly pauper.
Blessed is the Nose at home with the leper's stench, as well as the fragrance that on Him was drenched.
Blessed are the Fingers placed in a deft man's ears and wrote upon the ground for an adulteress in tears.
Blessed are the Feet that walked the dusty roads of Galilee, and at the road's end, were nailed to a tree.
Blessed is the Head which pure nard adorned, and which not much later was crowned, with the thorn.
Blessed is the Heart which was moved with pity and so wept over that religious, but unbelieving city.
Blessed is the Chest that welcomed a disciple's head but was pierced by a lance when Christ was dead.
Blessed is the Mouth that ate a last supper and there began a new covenant in blood and body proper.
Blessed are the Knees that knelt in agonized prayer, and the next day fall hard upon the pavement bare.
Blessed are the Cheeks that would smile at every child yet endured a betrayer's kiss and then be reviled.
Blessed are the Words that stirred weary sheep yet were rejected by false shepherds who did not keep.
Blessed is the Back which always turned from the serpent's wit, but was given over, to a scourging whip.
Blessed is the Man who stood before the crowd shouting crucify, and humbly made His way, to comply.
Blessed is the Neck which knew no gold or stiffness, but for us was bent low in a yoke of meekness.
Blessed are the Hands that touched and healed at no cost yet were nailed to a cruel and sickening cross.
Blessed are the Legs that walked upon water and pressed down on the nail upon that wooden altar.
Blessed is the Breath, all of them God given, and whose last ones would call out to all, to be forgiven.
Blessed is the Blood that sprang from David and Mary's tree and was there poured out for all, to receive.
Blessed is the Body which rose in triumph over the grave, and now moves His Body toward all, to save.
Blessed are the Thoughts of the Lord, all Godly conceived, and thus bear fruit among all, who believe.