

The Beautiful Hands of a Deacon

We need them in times of hardship,
We give thanks when they defend from our foes;
We feel their warm clasp of true friendship,
They encourage us when tasting life's woes.

At the altar Sunday we behold them,
Humbly serving our King on his throne;
Drawing deeply from his love and wisdom--
Telling the world his Good News all alone.

And when we are tempted and wander,
To pathways of shame and of sin,
It's the hand of a deacon that calls us--
Once again to repent and come in:

And find our Lord's priest for confession,
Where the Lord awaits to forgive us,
And bids us come with joy in procession;
To taste of his Word and Communion.

God bless them and keep them all holy,
For his love their hands in service express;
When can a poor sinner do better,
Than to ask Him to guide thee and bless?

When the hour of trial comes upon us,
May God's courage and strength be our beacon,
By seeing raised in blessing over us --
The beautiful hands of a deacon.