

Of All the Fruits

by Susan K Hawthorne

Of all the fruits that grow on the tree,
No one could find a fairer than He,
Fruit of the Father's giving love,
Our life and sustenance, hanging above,

So red on a tree of death, His cross.
This fruit shows our best gold, dross,
Sweetens our souls, embitters our sins.
This fruit eternal, all wisdom begins.

This tree of death, our Tree of Life has grown.
The knowledge of good, with His sweet breath has blown,
Sweeping life through our hearts, resonating within,
Deep calls unto deep; healing harvests begin.

Oh, heart, lay you down; heaven's Gardener embrace!
Run, oh being! Exalt in His freedom of grace!
And for this abandon, infinite in joy,
The mighty God of galaxies was fashioned as a boy.

With Mary, I treasure this marvel in my heart,
The first fruit of virgin flesh, the Father's best art.
The fruit of Triune sorrow and love,
My Savior, my Brother, J'shua, my Love!

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