

Occasionally, I get inspired to write poetry. Sometimes it comes in bunches and at other times it is just one here and there. And sometimes they happen very suddenly and with little warning. The poem I have shared below is one such poem. I was preparing a sermon for Sunday, May 1 on John 21:15-19, a post-resurrection account of Jesus questioning Peter three times, “*Do you love me*”. The point of their interaction was that even though Jesus knew Peter was going to deny him three times; even though he knew the disciples would desert him, Jesus loves them, forgives them, and restores them. Jesus knew and still died on the cross for them, and for you and me. Jesus knows. That thought is just amazing. So, one day as I was traveling to Cabin Coffee in Forest City to sermon write, God spoke. He spoke the first stanza of the following poem. It was so captivating that I had to stop along the road in Thompson to write it down. I did not want to forget. As that stanza continued its swim in my heart, the other stanzas eventually fell into place. And so, to the glory of God, I share with you, “Jesus Knows”:

*Jesus knows your joys  
and sorrows.*

*He knows all your needs  
and your tomorrows.*

*Jesus knows.*

*Jesus knows, and loves  
to bestow*

*his grace and mercy.*

*You he won't forgo.*

*Jesus loves.*

*Jesus loves, and heals  
your hurting;*

*he restores your soul.*

*This I'm asserting.*

*Jesus heals.*

*Jesus heals, and reigns.*

*Reigns on high,*

*and now death is gone*

*with no more goodbye.*

*Jesus reigns.*

When God speaks, sometimes you just need to stop what you are doing and listen. And if necessary, write it down. Amen.