Word of life and wisdom pure, Found above and yet below, Calling to our deepest selves, Redefining all we know.

In a room, at dead of night, asking what the way may be: "Look again at all you are, and be born again in me."

Thirsting at the noon of day, from the well your water draw: "I may know your deepest fears, yet with me you thirst no more."

Upper room, and silent awe, Washing feet and living vine. Word made flesh and reaching out: "dwell in me, for you are mine."

So we wonder where we go, and we ask what company. Then the wise and daring word simply answers: "follow me".

John ch. 1, 3, 4, 13-17, 21

Anne J. Sardeson 2005

Tune: Word of Life [7-7-7-7]