

Entering God's Rest

The Children of Israel sighed for a rest,
While visions for freedom welled up in their breasts.
The God of their fathers, the holy "I AM,"
Redeemed them from death by the blood of the lamb;
He saved them from Egypt, and set them all free,
By burying Pharaoh beneath the Red Sea.

He promised them rest in the land of their dreams,
With butter and honey and babbling streams;
But there was a desert that lay in between
The place where they were and the visions they'd seen.
He said He'd go with them, so why should they fear
Their journey through life when their God would be near?

He gave them the Law through His servant one day,
And promised them life if they'd only obey;
But it only served to convict them of sin;
They couldn't help but break it again and again.
And Moses himself could not enter God's rest—
It's not through the Law that God's people are blessed.

They frustrated God and insulted His grace
Until He declared they would die in that place.
They wandered around in the rocks and the sand,
And yearned for the rest of the long-promised Land;
But though all their needs were completely supplied,
God didn't let them in till their old men had died.

O Christian take note of the journey they took.
It wouldn't take so long if we'd go by the Book.
But if we hang on to the things of the flesh,
And want our old man and our new man to mesh,
We'll flounder around in a desert of sin,
And won't have the rest of our God deep within.

If it was for you that the Lord Jesus died,
Consider yourself to have been crucified.
Reckon the flesh to be buried with Him;
Seek to be Spirit-filled up to the brim;
And to the extent that you count the flesh dead
You'll cease from your struggles and find rest instead.

Bud Morris

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