

What a Privilege!

What a privilege God grants us to return to Calvary
To recall what Jesus suffered when He died for you and me.
We recoil as the hammer strikes the nails that pierced His hands
While the blood of our Redeemer soaked into Judea's sands

We resent the cruel reproaches that were hurled in His face
As they dared Him to come down and nullify His saving grace
And we shutter at the darkness that engulfed Golgotha's shrine
As our sins were laid upon Him while the sun refused to shine.

How our spirits have re-echoed with that God-forsaken cry
That revealed the Lord's emotions as He gave Himself to die
But we love to hear the triumph in the final words He said,
When He uttered, "It is finished" as He bowed His sacred head.

We've observed the blood and water flowing from His wounded side
As our tokens of assurance that our Sacrifice had died;
And the bread we break reminds us of the pain He felt within,
While the cup recalls the bitterness of bearing all our sin.

Oftentimes it seems our Savior has descended from above,
And we feel His presence with us as we feast upon His love;
But as we commune together on the riches of His grace,
It's more like we've been transported up to heaven's Holy Place.

Bud Morris
9/14/08

Copy and Distribute Freely.
Bud Morris, 800 E Eighth Street, Delavan, IL 61734-9316

More at www.ChristianPoetique.com
(309) 244-7471