

God makes my life a poem.

I love my life and I like to roam. When roaming makes me tired and scared I think that God should have prepared a better place to walk.

When walking leads to scorn and yields, no rest, why then the LORD reveals his plan.

He wants to give His best. You see, His best, already come, we think only as our guest. Jesus.

But no guest made all things - and he also made the tree they killed him on. Yes, He did die, but he did not stay that way. He came that day, to pay the price that no none else could pay.

There really was no other way. For sin, had entered in, and stood between God and man .

Christ paid the price only He could pay. He knew no sin, but He entered in this world where hurled the enemy their taunts and their threats.

And soldiers threw dice, made bets. Asked Jesus if He had regrets. But the Man who made the World, He could not fail. Even in death He is King.

His anthems ring from on high, and we act as if we are god.

Jesus tread this sod so that our life could be lifted up in His death. His death and resurrection came but no inflection crossed our hearts.

Not turning from His walk of pain, He remained the same. The Only Son of God calls out across time.

“Will you walk with me this day where you could not walk?”

Will you talk to Him with Whom no man could talk, and live?

“I have paid the price, My sacrifice of pain has gained the Throne, that you might sit on Father's Lap. Once there we'll talk of things to come.”

But no, we say, for we are not clean.

Not clean? I mean as if cleaning could bring us to God's Throne, alone! Jesus paid the price and made the way, we could not pay.

Only God's Son, freely came down, his Worth, to give, could ransom sin. And we have only to accept His Gift. The rift, between God and Man, was fixed.