



The Riches of God's Grace

The question often comes to me, "Why did I stoop so low?"
To get so very far from God, a prodigal below,
I fell to depths of ignominy, of which I am ashamed,
The sins as a believer, that never should be named.

I lost some of my character, my virtues they were soiled,
It was a very saddening life, in which I lived in toil,
And then one day, when at the cross, my broken spirit fell,
The flood of God's amazing love, was more than words can tell.

I saw the cross of Calvary, my precious Saviour there,
My heart was broke in pieces, his love to me to share,
I saw his tender tear stained face, I heard his anguished cry,
And to those arms so open wide, this prodigal did fly.

I then began to know a love, which truly esteemed me,
And constantly reminded me of bloodstained Calvary,
To let me see true value, how precious in His sight,
Oh thank you, thank you Jesus, for giving me the light.

My child then let me tell you of how I do see thee,
There is no spot, no blemish, no fault, impeccably,
There's not a trace of any sin, of guilt there's not a mark,
The nights are all over, forget about the dark.

Ah! yes My child, let's move ahead, the sorrows they are past,
And soon the happy day shall come, and thou shalt know at last,
The fullness of My perfect love, then you shall fully know,
How great was My affection, which never changed below.

Rowan Jennings
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