

I Saw The Face of Jesus

I saw the face of Jesus as he lay cold in death,
His darkening greyish pallor, and there was no more breath,
To breathe a cry of victory, to lift a broken soul,
To speak those words of comfort, "I will be made whole".

His visage so disfigured with marks from painful blow,
And from His head so thorn crowned, His blood did freely flow,
His eyes which looked with sorrow upon deep fallen man,
Are closed in death's cold slumber, and yet, this is God's plan.

That face, beyond description, is marred, O God what grace,
His body **solely** broken, and each bone out of place,
No likeness to a human, and now he lies so cold,
While lost in such devotion, the half could not be told.

I listened so intently to those last words He said,
His movements seemed slow motion as He lay down His head,
The morning air had shaken as Thee almighty cried,
And with a shout victorious, He bowed His head and died.

I saw His hands now hanging, so limp, and lifeless, cold,
With nails he was uplifted, not on a throne of gold
But on a rough hewn wooden cross, what agony He knew
As mortals scorned, derided, a mocking motley crew.

I saw His feet now nail pieced, and once again retraced,
To reach a woman by a well and tell her of God's grace,
I dare to touch that sacred form when hanging on that tree,
And feel the chill, coldness of death, and think, "He died for me".

My mind goes back to yesteryear, on airwaves there was borne
The words of that old lovely hymn, "Was it for me, for me alone?"
My heart responds in wonderment, "It was for me, yes all for me".
With tear dimmed eyes, unspoken words, I look up to that tree.

My heart is lost in wonderment, "Can this be really true,
He suffering, died upon that cross, For me? For you?"
And yet I know, O praise the Lord, its message must be said,
It was on that old rugged cross, "MY Saviour, suffering bled".

It was to save the like of me, a sinner lost undone,
So deep enslaved to sin and shame, all hope within me gone.
It's then I grasped His outstretched hand, as He now risen cried,
O do accept my proffered grace, "It was for you I died".

. . . Rowan Jennings