



My Conversion

Rosetta Jennings

I well recall that moment, a day I'll ne'er forget
When sitting in the Gospel Hall, the Savior I first met.
It was the union of two hearts, of fellowship divine
I heard Him whisper to my heart, "I am forever thine".

But to the start then let me trace this blessedness so kind
When from my eyes the scales were dropped, and darkness from my mind.
Twas not that I was interested in things concerning God
A heart fast closed in sinfulness, completely in a fog.

Ah, yes, I do recall it now, in nineteen fifty seven
September ninth it was I know when I was fit for heaven.
I did not go to get redeemed, and have sins put away
But I sincerely thank my God for sparing to that day.

The gospel it was clearly preached by dear old Uncle Dan
He had a broad a Scottish brogue, not hard to understand.
But I was there to meet my friends, to complicate at last
By helping in the devils work, and sin would hold us fast.

I simply had no interest in the message that was told
Which plainly spoke of sinful man, and of his condemned soul.
I went there just to have some fun, God had another plan
For He had often heard the prayers of dad, and mum and Dan.

I sat there interrupting, I surely better knew
When all at once the speaker stopped, "Now listen boy, yes you!"
And at that dreadful moment, I knew I'd crossed the line
The strap it would be coming, and I would truly whine.

And so I settled down at last, and God He spoke so plain
It was an "either or an or", Repent, be born again.
Then to my mind the spirit came with illustration clear
I stood upon a golden beach, the ocean lapping near.

Young man, I heard, before you die, Please stop, yes stop to think
You sit here, but you're standing on the very very brink.
Eternity, it is so real, and hell is opening fast
And every Christ rejecting one will in that place be cast.

You die, and in the passing of earth's time, the date rolls round once more
And from that lovely golden beach, a bird takes from its shore
A single solitary grain, thus carries it away
When all, when all that beach is gone, it's still eternal day.



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Rowan Jennings

But not for you, deep dyed in sin, it will be dark as night
For Christ Himself shall be thy judge, and nevermore be light
For in the agonies of Hell, in grief and pain untold
The message of the cross was lost, on you who were so bold.

Oh God I cried in bitterness, oh God how can it be
That I a preacher's prayed for kid, should ever ever see
The fires of hell, the cries of lost, forever on mine ears
And I condemned infinite be, for all eternal years.

Tw'as then at last the cross I saw, oh how it gladdened me
And from that stake so long ago, I heard, "I died for thee."
Then with a broken contrite heart, true mercy did I find
I heard my precious Savior say, "My child thou now art mine."

But now the time has come and gone, its over forty years
And as I stop to write of this, my eyes are filled with tears.
All through this time He's been my guide, my comforter and friend
And what a glad eternity, My Lord and I shall spend.

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