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The Third Day

To Christ, blind eyes the people turned,
His Deity was not discerned.
They said, "This man has never learned"
So God's own Son by them was spurned.

They hated Him without a cause
For in God's Lamb there were no flaws
And He had never broken laws,
Yet they prepared for Him a cross.

They part His garments into four,
But seamless was the coat He wore;
A picture of the life He bore,
No one had ever pleased God more.

The Lamb was to the slaughter led,
Sharp were the thorns that crowned His head,
And sharp the barbs the mockers said,
Sharp were the nails; The Saviour bled.

He tasted death for ev'ry man,
Ten thousand deaths dark hours span,
But by Divine Salvation's plan
Justify the unjust, God can.

The spear was thrust into His side
And out poured that sin-cleansing tide.
The door to heav'n was opened wide,
Inviting all to come inside.

But what did that "deceiver" say?
"I'll rise again on the third day.
This temple, you in ruin lay,
I'll raise it up without delay.

To His disciples He appeared,
Their trembling hearts were greatly cheered.
The Lord by them was much revered
And to their hearts He was endeared.

. . . Gordon W. Gatias