



A Friend's Conversion

It was in 1979, when I without a doubt,
Then saw myself before the Lord, condemned and no way out.
Twas then upon the rugged cross, I fixed my grief filled eyes
And saw the gracious work of God and listened to His cries.

I saw the blessed Son of God, He bore my sin and shame,
And tenderly He spoke to me and called me by my name.
“Oh Jim, now listen to my voice,” as He then spoke to me,
“It is upon that rugged cross, I suffered there for thee.

I bore the curse which bowed you down, it is a gift from me
Believe me now, accept my gift, I suffered all for thee.”
I contrite fell before His cross, with tear filled eyes I cried,
The holy blessed Son of God, “It was for me He died”.

I took His gift, it was by faith, and knew true liberty
Twas really true, yes really true, “He suffered there for me”.
I never shall forget that day, and when I'm dead and gone,
I then will sing with all the saints, God's great redemption song.

*... Rowan Jennings
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