



When I Stand Alone At The Judgment Seat

When I Stand alone at the Judgment Seat
Shall I see His path for me?
The way my life once could have been
By God's grace and Calvary.
But I curbed and checked Him every day
I followed my own ill will
And now too late I see my way
Though grieved He loves me still.

How very rich I could have been
But here I stand so poor
The only thing that I have now
Is salvation's gracious door.
My memory alarmed with the haunting things
Of paths I can never retrace
For my stubborn will and thankless ways
Are seen in His saddened face.

To then be found with empty hands
No meditations sweet
With nought to lay before my Lord
Nothing to set at His feet.
Oh God, I need to be changed right now
Before it's forever too late
And then to enter Thy glory Lord
In a better condition and state.

. . . . Rowan Jennings
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