

The Cross

Our minds begin to wander back when Eastertime draws near
To a precious place called Calvary that we all hold so dear.
For it was on that lonely hill that Jesus bled and died
A crown of thorns upon His head, blood flowing from his side.

We see Him there as He propels the cross along the road
We see Him as He stumbles underneath the heavy load
We see these things and what took place as from great distant lands
We hear the hammer as it strikes the nails into His hands.

Our minds can see His arms outstretched in love to everyone,
And hear the echoes of the cries, "Are you God's only Son"?
Our ears can't hear the words He spoke, nor feel the pain he bore
We cannot see but through mind's eye, the blood-stained robe He
wore.

But this was not the ending for our God had made a way
For all mankind to be redeemed because of Easter day
If we believe and trust in Him, the Lord's most precious son
We'll fly away some glorious day when victory shall be won,

Stella Jenkins
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**As this Easter Sunday has arrived, let us
all take time to remember the glorious
event of our Lord's resurrection. Praise
GOD he left the tomb and is waiting on
high for us to come home.**