

“Think On These Things”

by Beverly Carroll

As He walked that lonely stretch of road,
Do you think He thought of me?
That the death spurred by His boundless love,
would one day set me free?

As He endured the taunts and jeers,
the beatings and the pain,
did comfort rise as blood
poured down to remedy sin's stain?

This spotless Lamb who gladly bore
the sins of all mankind,
endured the cross with joy
because He had us on His mind.

But in the average day to day,
how seldom are our thoughts
centered on our Savior,
and the miracles He wrought.

Is the pain and suffering He endured
pondered only once a year?
Do Easter eggs and baskets
hide the absence of our tears?

Tears shed because the One
who lives within us suffered so.
Do we live our lives in such a way,
that the world would even know?

That once a King gave up a throne,
and loved enough to die.
For a sinful world with doubts and questions,
love was His reply.

A love that prompted sacrifice
and welcomed pain and loss.
A love commended and displayed
upon a wooden cross.

A love that never changes
but will constantly remain.
“My love endures forever”—
His continual refrain.

A sovereign love bestowed by grace—
No reason, but His choice.
Partakers of His boundless love,
We worship and rejoice.

For the freely given,
everlasting nature of His love.
Extended and expressed in Christ—
gifted from God above.

We, in turn, resolve, as glad
recipients of grace,
to share this gift, until the day
we see Him face-to-face.