

The Lord's Supper

What a privilege God grants us to return to Calvary
To recall what Jesus suffered when He died for you and me.
We can almost hear the hammer strike the nails that pierced His hands
While the blood of our Redeemer soaks into Judea's sands.

We resent the cruel reproaches that are hurled in His face
As they dare Him to come down and nullify His saving grace,
And we shutter at the darkness that engulfs Golgotha's shrine
As our sins are laid upon Him by a holy God's design.

How our stricken spirits echo with that God-forsaken cry
That engraves His anguish on us as He gives Himself to die;
But we love to hear the triumph in the final words He said,
When He uttered, "It is finished," as He bowed His sacred head.

We've observed the blood and water flowing from His wounded side
As our tokens of assurance that our Sacrifice had died;
And the bread we break reminds us of the pain He suffered then,
While the cup recalls the bitterness of bearing all our sin.

Oftentimes it seems our Savior has descended from above
As we feel His presence with us while we feast upon His love;
And as we commune together on the riches of His grace
We're empowered to enter boldly into heavens Holy Place.

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