

"Easter: Moving from Religion to Relationship"

Acts 3:11-19

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The ashes I wore, a badge of honor and pride,
However, in public I'd often cover and hide.

No meat on Fridays, I could not understand
Did this honor and glorify the death of a man?

And why 40 days without an ice cream treat
Just for one Sunday a year, I couldn't find a seat?

What did this all mean, I could not understand.
Yet a very small fire in my heart began.

Was this story true, did Jesus die for us?
Or was it a way to control societal lust?

This story I heard capture my heart,
I was intrigued and motivated by every part.

The betrayal, pain, the agony and despair,
The cross He carried naked and bare.

The horror, the torture the murderous pain,
Was He saving His people or dying in vain?

The fire which began, continued to burn,
The Spirit filled me, and I began to learn.

In deed He is my Lord, my savior my all.
And finally, praise God, I heard the call.

I took up my cross and began on my way,
Our relationship grows with each passing day.

Through scripture and Spirit we met face to face,
I tried so hard to plead my case.

His face looked to mine, with a tear in His eye,
The world became silent, and I began to cry.

Why did you do it, why all for me?
I'm a sinner and wretched, this can't you see?

He opened his arms with a smile on his face
I love you he said, with a warm soft embrace.

He began to walk with me, leading my ways
I try to follow Him, with worship and praise.

I rest in His peace in all that I am.
Today He's my Lord, and I call Him my friend.