Hope Is An Empty Grave

A sound, a rustling sound,
feet trample ground, a man comes bound
A cross He drags, His clothes are rags,
His eyes so sad, He must be bad.
Words flying, Children crying,
women sighing, men dividing,
People gawking, soldiers mocking,
peasants flocking, the sight is shocking.
Questions asked, were you with Him,
the cock crows thrice, a soul grows dim,
The King of Jews or king of fools,
all ripped away by tortures tools
The crowd goes by, dust starts to fly,
I see His eyes, begin to cry,
Off until, they all stand still,
the hammers ring, upon the hill
His body slashed, the bloody brow,
If Ye be God, what say Ye now?
Forgive them Father, their sin be mine,
I show My love by painful dying
Bitter herbs, foul taste wells up,
breathing screaming, the soul gives up,
The soldier jabs Him in the side,
"Oh my," he says, "twas God that died."
Women weeping, cave so dark,
they drag Him in from off the cart,
The skies grow dark, the curtain rips,
the deed is done, our limbs grow limp.
Our faith is lost, we all believed,
the Savior died upon that tree,
A boulder seals His place of rest,
He died in vain, He failed the test.

No! WAIT!

The women come, they say they've seen,
an empty tomb, and thunder scream,
The tomb is empty,
the stones rolled 'way,
***WE* have new HOPE in His Empty Grave.**

He died so that we all might live,
gave the greatest gift that was His to give.
There is no death to those who see,
the Hope of Jesus on that Tree.

~ Glenn Porter
Santa Barbara, CA, USA

O Father,
The horror of the scene grips us each time we dare to consider. And yet, in our hearts we know that without you we are hopeless. Thank You for giving us all the good things in our life. Thank You for allowing us to have the benefit of Your love. And help us each day to remember that our hope comes only as the result of Christ's selfless act of giving all. Let us look forward in His desires and in His will. Amen.

Were You There?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

~ African-American Spiritual ~