

EXCLUSIVE

No law or creed or strong belief
Can quench the guilty sinner's grief,
Whose unpaid debt resists relief,
And that's the reason Jesus came.

Because no pathway, gate or road
Could lead us from sin's dark abode,
The Son of God took up our load
And bore the burden of our blame.

It had to be His bleeding hands
That healed our wounds and broke the bands
We bought by breaking God's commands:
His human Cross for human shame.

Beware when poet-sages say
That loving deeds turn night to day.
Christ's dying love has lit the way,
Not mortal feats or moral fame.

Our destiny, God had to save;
Our road to Him, He had to pave;
Our death, God raises from the grave
With life reborn through Jesus' name.

— *David L. Hatton, 10/8/2016*