

## I WASN'T THERE

I wasn't there when, bleeding, Jesus cried,  
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do."  
But in my heart I've felt His blood applied  
To wash my sinful soul and make it new.

I wasn't there when Jesus rose from death.  
I didn't see the risen Christ, my Lord.  
But I have felt Him blow His gentle breath  
When, on my knees, His blessing I implored.

I wasn't there when Thomas voiced his doubt  
And failed to trust, until the Lord appeared.  
But I was here when troubles thrashed about,  
Till Jesus led me past the things I feared.

I wasn't there when on a mountain tall  
He sent disciples forth to preach the News.  
But I obeyed the day I heard Him call  
For me to follow: I could not refuse.

I wasn't there when He returned on high  
To reign beside His Father on the throne.  
But I will hold His hand the day I die  
And feel the touch that I have always known.

— *David L. Hatton 5/2/1995*