

MY CRUCIFIXION

The One whom I in love pursue,
My Master and my model, too,
Whose life divides our history,
Whose Person is a mystery,
Met this reproach before He died:
“Away! Let him be crucified!”

That One who taught them truth and love,
Who brought them healing from above,
Whom children welcomed in their streets,
To Him the angry crowd repeats,
“He is not fit to live!” They cry,
“By our law he deserves to die!”

Now I have learned from these events
That when a bitter world resents
In me my failures and my flaws,
I should not argue back, because
The shouts to Christ did not apply—
It’s me they sought to crucify. . . .

And there I am, back on that day.
The ugly crowd will have its way—
My life laid bare for all to view,
I’m self-condemned by what is true.
Yet, as they lead me off to die,
I see it’s Christ they crucify.

How I escape, I do not know,
But on Christ’s face I see aglow
The love that He had taught about,
As He lets His last breath go out.
They wrongly killed the Father’s Son,
And so they lost, but I have won!

Today the echoes of their cry
Resound, condemning me to die
For guilt and faults they find in me,
But, thanks to Christ, I know I’m free
To choose to die, as He did then,
His life for mine, my death to sin.

And as He rose from death to reign,
So my life rises up from pain
And jumps beyond and soars above
The grave of self-denying love.
And now the shouts of “crucify”
Are cheers to speed my flight on high.

— David L. Hatton, 8/29/1989