

## VIEW FROM THE CROSS

If it's true that I am crucified with Jesus,  
That my life is off the throne,  
That His reign is real alone,  
Then I see the way to quench the wrongs that tease us,  
Bitterness we can't forget  
For the ones we hold in debt:  
It's the view we have from Jesus' cross that frees us.

Some wounds cut a little, many deeply sever.  
Am I able to forgive  
When my memories still live?  
Grudges linger long from pains that scar forever.  
Have I sworn an oath inside,  
Have I promised in my pride,  
That unasked-for pardon I would offer never?

Crucified with Christ, my injured life is ended.  
I too hang upon the wood:  
Death to self is understood.  
As my soul with His in agony is blended,  
I can only taste in part  
What He felt within His heart  
When on Him the wrongs of all the world descended.

From the cross I now can stare into the faces  
Of the ones who hurt me so  
Standing helplessly below.  
Then my voice, with His own voice, the Lord replaces:  
"They do not know what they've done.  
God, forgive them, every one."  
Thus, I pardon what His cross's work erases.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/11/1993*