

My Easter Prayer

How can I ever thank you, Lord,
For what you've done for me?
I lift these words of praise to you,
For you have set me free.

Palm Sunday has already passed.
How you must have felt that day.
Knowing while they sang, "Hosanna!",
In just days, they'd turn away.

History calls them hypocrites,
But your grace was evident.
You knew the pain that was to come,
You knew why you were sent.

The past few years, we have grown closer,
You're in every breath I take.
You've asked me to do very hard things,
Tough decisions, I've had to make.

At times I feel so very alone,
But faith brings me through the fire.
The seasons of doubt replaced with hope,
Making possible, my heart's desire.

You literally carried the weight of the world,
In the days leading up to the cross.
To look in the eyes of the ones you loved,
How did you endure that loss?

I'd love to think, "No way, not me!"
I wouldn't have let you down.
But I battle my sin every single day,
I'm the thorns within your crown.

Please forgive me, my precious Lord,
That you had to endure so much.
But isn't it just like our Heavenly Father,
To allow us to feel your touch?

It is with your touch that I can rise,
And face whatever may be.
You have promised you will return,
And have prepared a home for me.

When Thursday comes, we'll break bread as you did,
Your body was broken as well.
We'll drink of the vine, your blood shed for us,
Your sacrifice, forever to tell.

Then on Friday, why call it 'good'?
You were beaten beyond compare.
Forgive me my Jesus, Lord of my soul,
For taking my place up there.

It should have been me. My sins are many.
I should have died that day.
But in your love, your boundless love,
You are the truth, the life, the way.

Saturday's Sabbath, mournfully quiet,
Did you lie still in the tomb?
Or did you converse with the Heavenly Father,
Preparing for what would come soon?

Sunday came, a new day among days!
No one would believe the story.
The stone was moved, and you weren't there,
Finally clothed in all your glory!

You told them often that you would arise,
That death had no hold on you.
But always doubting, we had to see it.
Your words proved faithful and true.

That first Easter morning, what a sight.
To know you had conquered the grave!
Thousands of years later, I humbly reflect,
On the sacrifice you freely gave.

If it hadn't been for your love, dear Jesus,
I would never have been set free.
I would have no hope, or a reason to live,
Thank you, for loving me.

Should one soul read this and believe,
And be blessed by these words of praise,
May they see you, and share your love,
With others, the rest of their days.