

# "Listening To A Message One Sunday Morn"

By Dr. Ronnie Wolfe – 2-23-2018

Listening to a message one Sunday morn,  
My heart was sad, my mind forlorn.  
As the message went on, I saw in my mind  
A man who was merciful, tender, and kind.

I saw a crude cross on a lonely hill  
And a man stretched out, solemn and still.  
I stood in its shadow so far away,  
But I knew in my heart that I could not stay.

So far from the cross that was meant for me  
But given to a man to set me free,  
I saw a man of infamous fame.  
I could see his face and read his name.

It said he was a king of the wandering Jew.  
I wondered if he could be my king, too.  
As the preacher preached on, I came to the side  
Of the man on the cross; I could not hide.

Then as He stared in my watery eyes,  
I knelt in sorrow and stared at the skies.  
And as if he were speaking an audible voice,  
And as if for some reason I had no choice,

I knew his love, experienced his grace,  
And I looked again at his glorious face.  
Though stained with blood, as the preacher went on,  
He looked so precious as God's own Son.

As the preacher preached on, I saw him arise,  
For only by this could his kingdom survive.  
He lived, he died, he arose from the grave.  
It was his love and his best that he gave.

I turned from my sins to hate every one.  
He melted my heart; I trusted God's Son.  
The sermon now ended, I surrendered my soul  
To the man on the cross who just made me whole.