

His Story

*T*he Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
We know it off by heart.
But do we really understand
The Author and His heart.

*O*f course we know it was David,
He was earthy, and Spirit-led,
And once you've dwelt upon the Psalms,
You know that you've been fed.

*N*ow let's go back to the beginning,
To when it all began,
To understand our Creator's
Unveiling of His plan.

*I*t was all to do with fellowship -
So that He could talk to us,
He made us in His image,
No strings, no deals, no fuss.

*B*ut oh my, how we've fallen,
We've not kept up our part;
We've broken all of His great words
And even then His heart.

*B*ut love is such a power word,
When it comes from our dear Lord.
He loved and loved and loved again -
More powerful than the sword.

*H*e watched us as we broke the rules,
In fact, I must confess,
The earth and all its manly ways
Resembled one great mess.

O ur God was mightily troubled,
His patience wearing thin,
But then He sent a Saviour
As forgiveness for our sin.

T hs mighty man was Jesus,
So perfect in every way,
From a lowly crib in Bethlehem,
On earth He was to stay.

A s He grew there seemed all around Him
An aura, saintly borne,
A Prince above all earthly men
Arose that special morn.

H e preached, He taught, He loved us when
Our paths would go astray.
He gently, gently led us back
To His unfailing way.

H e often spoke in parables,
To teach us right from wrong.
And man, just short of wisdom,
Tries to do it in a song.

H e's faithful, loving, always there,
He'll never go away.
His words will be our comfort
As we struggle day by day.

H e's a mighty man of miracles,
And we should be one too.
He heals the broken-hearted,
It's His wish for me and you.

But slowly man got jealous
Of our Lord's most perfect ways.
He undermined His teaching,
Tried to shorten all His days.

And finally He succeeded
With a trial – 'twas such a farce –
Our dear sweet Lord was crucified
It prophetically came to pass.

But then, to all us doubters
On the third day He arose.
What a mighty meeting with His Dad
That led to screeds of prose.

I think - I know He loves me,
He's blessed me with good health.
His Spirit's a deposit
To His huge heart of wealth.

You don't need heaps of titles,
Degrees or pastor's clothes;
Just store it deep within your heart -
Believe that He arose.

This gentle man was mighty,
But He had a servant's heart.
He always thanked His Father
As He prayed to do His part.

We're left with such a victory
For all that He had done.
We've got unceasing 'ternal life –
A promise from the Son.

So rally, folks, and do your best
To hasten out the news.
Choose life and all its fruitfulness
To chase away the blues.

*H*e left us with the Bible,
Knowing we would end in strife;
Inside a guide to wholeness,
A handbook for our life.

*I*nside are gems of knowledge
Written for us by the saints.
We get a close up of God's heart
By the pictures that He paints.

*P*lease take the time to read it -
There's heaps of stuff in there.
Unlock the pearls of wisdom,
And thank Him with a prayer.