

LOVES GREATEST TRIUMPH

By Joseph Mignone, PGK 8160

Great joy engulfed the city, Passover had come once more.
Friends and family gathered, to bear the tales of yore.
They listened to the stories, and ate the Sacred Feast.
Remembering God had saved them from the vengeance of the beast.

A man had come amongst them, a carpenter by trade.
They listened to His preaching, saw the miracles He made.
He spoke to them in parables, His message one of love.
Most recognized the Savior, who had been spoken of.

But men are prone to error, some doubted, some had fear.
His lesson and His teachings, they refused to hear.
The doubters met in darkness, planning to do him harm.
But Jesus knew their treachery, and never showed alarm.

Then one of His own betrayed Him, as He knelt in prayer one night,
And when Peter tried to save Him, He told him not to fight.
“For the sword is not the answer, those who live by it will die”,
And as the soldiers took Him, storm clouds gathered in the sky.

He was led into a palace, so that Rome could judge His fate,
But the charges brought were groundless, no crime could they relate.
And then it was great Herod, a King to judge a King,
Who could not prove Him guilty, no charges could he bring

Scourged, whipped and beaten, with thorns upon His head,
He stood in Pilate’s judgment, “No guilt I find” he said.
But the crowd was in a frenzy, the evildoers lied,
As Pilate washed his hands they screamed, “Let Him be crucified!”

So they stripped Him of His clothing, and led Him on His way,
As His Cross lay on His shoulders, time closed upon mid-day.
The walk brought added tortures, three times He slipped and fell,
These agonies part of the price, to save our souls from hell.

Two thieves were condemned with Him, His their destiny,
Each walked that path of sorrow, to their fate on Calvary.
And as He hung upon the Cross, nails pierced His hands and feet
“Father, please forgive them”, were the word He did repeat.

Three hours of pain and torment, under ever darkening skies,
Marked the climax of His sacrifice, and then His final cries.
“Eloi, my God, why have you abandoned me?”, these words escaped His lips,
“It is finished, into Your hands I commit my spirit”, His blood flow stalled to drips.

The darkness was complete now, day had turned to night,
A centurion, while keeping watch, could not conceal his fright.
“Truly He was the son of God”, was all that he could say,
As he led his soldiers down the hill that tragic, fateful day.

His followers were shaken, the King of Kings had died,
As they tended to Him each one shuddered, each one cried.
Their hearts were deeply troubled, had the Master died in vain?
The promise was forgotten, “I will rise again!”

On the morning of the third day, they hurried to His grave,
But the entrance had been opened, there was no one in the cave.
The Lord of light had risen, the crucial victory won,
His blood had paid the price of sin, His work on earth was done.

IT... IS... FINISHED.....