



## THEY THOUGHT...

They thought God was silent for four hundred years,  
Waste of their time and their hopes and their tears;  
Left all alone in the shadows of fear...

What was there yet to say?  
Had God turned His face away?

They thought hope was short and rather misplaced  
In the carpenter's son of such dubious race;  
From where did he come, what roots could he trace?

O what the rumors said,  
What innuendo fed!

They thought once he gained a following band,  
Surely he'd rout the Romans from the land,  
Tattle the Caesar with zealot-passion fanned.

Is the Kingdom ours now?  
All enemies fall and bow?

They thought they could silence his holy foray,  
And all the intentions of his hardcore cadre;  
Stymie his cause and keep him at bay –

O what egregious hate...  
Closer...his cruel fate.

They thought he'd go fighting with weapons in hand,  
Though motley his crew, they'd make a fierce stand;  
With soldiers and torches this started the end

As men fled into the night,  
And Jesus commanded fright.

They thought bribes and treachery, betrayal so sore,  
Scourgings and mockings and scenes to abhor,  
And Barabbas to receive that bloodthirsty roar

Would circumvent soul-conviction.  
Would satiate religious tradition.

They thought public spectacle and gross degradation,  
Trials and nakedness and legal jurisdictions,  
Government action and Pilate's exoneration

Would satisfy rabid hearts,  
Would undo diabolical arts.

They thought he'd resist and hurl curses in wrath,  
Needing armor-encrusted soldiers en masse,  
But quietly he lay on the cross on his back

Taking the spikes that tore,  
Forgiving them o'er and o'er.

They thought he was fodder for spitting and taunts,  
Target of vilest of rage from hell's haunts,  
'Til one saw the sign and reversed all his thoughts:  
"Lord, remember me!"  
"I trust all I am to Thee!"

They thought that his silence within deepest dark,  
Riddled with cries that gasped forth from his heart  
Were lunatic shouts of just one soon to part  
And meet his sorry doom...  
Perhaps be done by noon!

They thought that he'd die in the usual way,  
Holding pitifully on to the end of the day,  
And breaking his legs force his death to give way...  
Why was he already gone?  
Dismissing his own spirit strong?

They thought he'd stay dead in cold stony ground,  
To certify death, soldiers posted all around,  
But power unleashed they terrifyingly found –  
Stone cast in might away!  
Men low in comas lay!

They thought he was godless, poor self-deceived man,  
Waste of their time and their hopes and their plans,  
Yet there all alone midst that shadowy land  
As God turned His face away,  
Christ won eternal Day!

They thought that the cross was all about him,  
Beatings and thorns mixed with demoniacal din,  
But, No! There it stands for your and my sin –  
The Substitute took my place!  
The Savior's amazing grace!

They thought he'd be dead behind the great rock,  
Depressed and in grief they made early walk  
To find all their sorrow dispelled by the talk  
Of angels in blazing array,  
Their Jesus alive they say!

They thought all was over as shuffling they went  
Not knowing the stories of the veil that was rent,  
Or overjoyed disciples who'd seen the tomb vacant.  
There! At their side He was!  
There! At His word they "saw!"

They thought that our faith would sputter and die,  
Yet nothing has thwarted our "Jesus Lives!" cry.  
Down through the ages, 'til the sweet by-and-by-  
Jesus lives Forever!  
Death's grip fully Severed!  
I will perish Never!

All they thought is naught – soon we'll see HIM on High!