



It Was A Miracle

*He died one day on Calvary;
his body pierced and laid bare.
Tears streaming down His face;
felt His Father no longer cared.
"Why have you forsaken me?"—
were the final words upon His lips,
but His father's heart was aching,
as from Christ's side His blood drips.*

*The gift of a loving father;
a sacrifice so complete.
No earthly understanding—
for those at Jesus' feet.
He died in a few short hours—
of a completely broken heart
Following the blood and water—
resurrection soon to impart.*

*He slept upon the Sabbath,
as He rested from the world.
But arose early Sunday morning—
this miracle to unfurl.
Mary searched for His body;
Saddened by the empty scene.
When she heard His familiar voice—
Her face simply beamed.*

*She was so excited—
She wanted to embrace Him so.
"I must ascend first to my father—
to the disciples you must go.
Go tell them I am living—
awoken from death's sleep.
My father's resurrected me—
there's no need for you to weep."*

*Mary ran to tell the disciples,
but Thomas would not believe.
Jesus' mother filled with great joy;
her broken heart relieved.
She'd experienced much anguish—
to see her son so cruelly taken.
Seeing all of the injustices—
And her beloved son forsaken.*

*When they were finally all together
Thomas saw His Saviour's hands.
All his doubts fell away,
as water on the sands.
So happy to be reunited;
Even for such a short time.
Then the Holy Spirit—
fell upon them all like wine*

*Jesus told his disciples their mission
and that his work on earth was done;
how they must tell of His story—
how over evil He had won.
How Satan had bruised His feet,
but the head of evil will fall;
for victory came at the cross—
t'was no tragedy at all.
Instead it was a miracle
by which the world is saved.
For those who choose the Savoir—
delivered from an earthly grave.*

