

## WHAT DO I GET FROM JESUS?

### Assurance...

The firmest, yet the most gently held, handshake which easily becomes an embrace with no trace of embarrassment from him. Each embrace becoming and being the most important as it is *the one happening now*.

### Mystery...

Question upon question each revealed as inarticulate against the strength of Love. Questions falling away in new revelations of Love. Love actually occurring in me and thus around me.

### Acceptance...

In the wilderness, my own Omega point, I meet Alpha. Un-self-consciously losing my distressed Sam-self in the shape of the cross which I instinctively weave in the air in front of me. As I was was then, completely broken, about to be cast out from my own mind, Jesus came and stood beside me and I was saved.

### Inspiration...

"...and out of his mouth came a sharp two edged sword." Revelations 1:16

In reading the Gospels, learning of his actions, the miracles, I am enthused to be fearless, tell truths not facts. I feel the desire to have those words in me engraved, to become what he promises I can be, to serve in his name.

### Peace...

If I am experiencing sickness or despair I remember what happened at Calvary. That all the worlds Sin, Pain, Hate and Evil was taken upon his naked dying body.

"I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are thy works and that my soul knoweth right well." Psalm 139:14

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Jesus is my bridge to the awesome mystery of God. Jesus is where can cross to that 'other' side.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me." Phillipians 4:13

Through Jesus 'I get...' IT!

Through Jesus 'I get...' HOLD OF LIFE!

Through Jesus 'I get...' EVERYTHING!

'From you I can receive goodness.

But I can give you nothing.

Therefore I shall stay with you.'

Martin Luther

In May 2013 I was literally struck dumb upon seeing an image of The Passion and was moved to write a song.

DISCIPLE SONG.

Bloodied friend upon the floor,  
Face all swollen beneath a crown of thorns,  
I struggle to recognise this man,  
As the one who promised and gave us all we can.

How could you take a world of Sin?

In each nail hammered in?

In each crack of the slicing whip?

Your chest laid open by a spears tip?

To give us back all we have.

We make mistakes, and laugh, be glad.

Forgetting what it cost you Lord.

My heart it breaks, where once it soared.

I know it was the price of Love.

That you came down from high above.

That you came back to bring some peace,

To all us sinners lest we fall beneath.

But I hate to see that wicked pain.

That you endured just so I could live again.

Thank you Jesus for saving me.

Now I know what it costs to be free.

Samuel Humphrey