

He saw all the way to me

"since you were precious in My sight, you have been honored, and I have loved you; therefore I will give men for you, and people for your life." isa 43:4

on the balcony of space,
perched a pure and holy God
a trinity of Oneness,
and power of a gentle nod

consent was held within that nod,
power of His spoken Word
a force that speaks to naught
commanding, "form what is now heard"

twas not one faint star
to give Him light
just endless rolling
blackest night

but somehow thru the darkness
that lingered at the start
He envisioned light, creations,
all the wonders of His heart

within a patterned space of time
lay valleys lush and green
mountains reaching to the sky
just beauty waiting to be seen

still brooks and fragrant flowers
and robins who could sing
a hoard of new creations

who had heard of such a thing

as His wonderment continued
in His self, He thought to see
among His new creations
another, "just like Me"

as joy over took His thoughts
He saw a perfect family
Self and kingdom, both He'd share
what a wonder it would be

but suddenly in great sorrow
He saw darkness creeping in
though perfect when created
they rebelled and chose to sin

His heart now filled with sorrow
pain and darkness could He see
and glancing into troubled times
oh, the horror sin could be

a lonely and forsaken one
no hope to ease their pain
one wandered in their darkness
off the path which He had lain

then stirred a strange compassion
as close to pain as love can be
and seeing past tomorrows
He caught a glimpse of me

one bound in heavy chains
longing to be free

for me to be as Him again
He must become as me

so wonder of all wonders
He beget His Word as Son
thru a sacrifice of sinless blood
redemption could be won

reborn again to mirror Him
through glass darkly now i see
i'm pure and clean and holy
sinless once again, as He

Jesus gave His all for me
i couldn't pay the all i owe
a crimson stain was left from sin
till He washed me white as snow

now born again, by faith alone
and quickened from the dead
i watch, i wait, i worship
His coming rescue, a great moed

that day now lies within our sight
He cometh, trumpets forth the call
the bride price has been fully paid
He calls to one and all

- a humble composition by linda jennings

yes, He saw all the way to me, and He saw all the way
to you. "behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened,
that it cannot save; nor His ear heavy, that it cannot
hear." isa 59:1 call unto the Lord all ye that are

weary and heavy laden. there is a rest awaiting you
have not yet entered into.