

SOMETHING TO CHEW ON

If all the things we ever said were written in a book. And all our thoughts were on display so all could take a look; I guess there's not a single soul who would not hang his head, and feel ashamed before the Lord and wish that he were dead.

There is a record book, I'm told, with every deed and word. It even keeps a record of our thoughts that can't be heard. The good, the bad, and every sin, not one thing has been missed; It really makes me feel ashamed to think what's on my list.

And yet, the pages of the past shall never bother me. For Jesus nailed them to his cross one day on Calvary. And now I stand in him complete, redeemed from sin and strife; For with his blood he wrote my name in the wonderful Book of Life.

It was June 18, 1815, the Battle of Waterloo. The French under the command of Napoleon were fighting the Allies (British, Dutch, and Germans) under the command of Wellington. The people of England depended on a system of semaphore signals to find out how the battle was going. One of these signal stations was on the tower of Winchester Cathedral.

Late in the day it flashed the signal: "W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-O-N - - D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D - -." Just at that moment one of those sudden English fog clouds made it impossible to read the message. The news of defeat quickly spread throughout the city. The whole countryside was sad and gloomy when they heard the news that their country had lost the war. Suddenly the fog lifted, and the remainder of the message could be read. The message had four words, not two. The complete message was: "W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-O-N - -D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D - - T-H-E - - E-N-E-M-Y!" Sorrow was turned to joy, defeat into victory. So it was when Jesus was laid in the tomb on the first Good Friday. Hope had died even in the hearts of Jesus' most loyal friends. After the crucifixion, the fog of disappointment and misunderstanding had crept in on the friends of Jesus.

They had "read" only part of the divine message. "Christ defeated" was all that they knew. But then on the third day - the fog of disappointment and misunderstanding lifted, and the world received the complete message: "Christ defeated death!" Defeat was turned into victory; death was turned to life!

IF I HAD BEEN THERE

By Mike Toms.

1. If I had been there
I would have heard your little cry
As Mary bore you in the stall
I would have watched your anxious mother
When she lost you at Passover
I would have seen the spirit dove
Anoint you from above
And heard the voice from heaven
If I had been there

2. If I had been there
I'd have heard you preach the sermon
To the crowd upon the mountain
And watched the healed leper leap for joy
I'd have heard about the servant
Of the Roman centurion
Who came to you when you were in Capernaum

3. And if I had been there
Would I have sought to heed
The lessons that you taught
And have noted what to say
When you told us how to pray
Would I have strived to fulfil
The things that are the Father's will

4. If I had been there
Would I have laid a palm leaf in your path
As you rode upon the ass into Jerusalem
And would I like all the rest
Have called "hosanna in the highest
Here comes the king from Nazareth"
If I had been there?

5. If I had been there
I would have watched your sweat like blood
Fall to the ground
As the hypocritic mob came round
Would I have realized as you, what they were about to do
If I had been there?

6. If I had been there
I could have heard the cock bring in the morn
And just like Peter I would have sworn
And hid my eyes and known that I had told those lies
If I had been there

7. If I had been there
I would have watched them terribly perform then
And seen how silently you scorned them
And yet you asked God to forgive them
As they cruelly fixed you to the cross
I would have felt the tragic loss
And as I watched you wear my burdens on that tree
Would I have known twas how you set me free
If I had been there?

8. But as for me it's here and now
And yet still I wonder how
I shall ever last until that wondrous day is past
When in your glory you return
To take with strength what you did earn
And raise your saints with trumpet sound
Then the crown that you shall wear
Will tell the world - no more despair
That love has come to stay
And now I humbly ask
That I shall be there.

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