

## He Died For Me

I had been to the cross many times.  
I went again today, but it was different.  
I looked up, and for the very first time  
My spiritual eyes were opened.  
I could see where the crown thorns  
Pierced of the flesh of brow and scalp.  
And the hair that had been blown  
By the gentle breezes of the Jordan Hills  
Was matted with spit and blood.  
I'm sure they must have thrown stones,  
For his face was marred more than any man's.  
It had no comeliness.  
There were spaces in the beard  
Where hair had been pulled out.  
I saw the nails in His hands and feet.  
And the gaping wound in His side  
From which blood and water flowed.  
I didn't walk to the back of the cross,  
But I know He gave His back to the smiters.  
Whom shall I blame?  
It doesn't matter, because He forgave them.  
As I turned to go back down Golgotha's Hill,  
I stood, eyes filled with tears;  
Hands clasped tightly beneath my chin  
And pressed so hard against my chest  
That I could scarcely breath;  
I whispered –  
He died for me.  
He died for me.  
I know he died for me!  
I did not end my walk right here,  
But went to the tomb.  
It was empty now. The debt was paid.  
The grave was not His home.  
Then on to the Mount of Olives  
To relive what others saw.  
The living, resurrected, ascending Christ,  
My hope, my joy, my all.  
I now stand gazing, hoping, waiting,  
For He's coming back one day.  
To claim His Body, His Bride, His Church.  
The faithful few, the saved.

Written by Marie Scott – 1969

When the Spirit of God filled my heart  
with the true knowledge of the Son of God.

