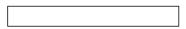
## For Jesus Christ For Whom I am a Prisoner

FOR JESUS CHRIST, FOR WHOM I AM A PRISONER

By Beatrice Ofwona



I never knew the meaning of love Until you filled my heart with your love

I never knew how beautiful you are Until I gazed into the serenity of the moon And sat with you in tranquil silence

I never knew how bright your truth was Until the darkness of my life was dispelled And the breath of your life was inhaled

I never believed in the promises of the saints Until you revealed to me the beauty of salvation And the sanctification of all who believe

I never knew how lost I was Until you snatched me from the debris of sin And laid me on your breast

I never knew how much you cared Until I saw how much I hurt you with my actions And saw the tears you had in your eyes for me

## For Jesus Christ For Whom I am a Prisoner

Written by admin Saturday, 16 July 2011 23:23 - Last Updated Tuesday, 02 August 2011 05:38

I never knew the beauty of the word Until I met you headlong-in the Word And knew you were made flesh to dwell among us

Though the days may be long gone I know that they are but like an hour to you

Though the tears may sometimes fall I know that you will wipe them away

Though I seek to justify these mercies I know that I could never earn them

Because all you ask of me Is that I simply accept you

And be drawn into the love of your mercies. Because the one that I serve, the one that imprisons me

Has granted me a second stay in eternity

My writing is my calling and I use it to honor God. More on:-<u>http://expertscolumn.com/content/you-are-salt-earth</u> <u>http://expertscolumn.com/content/you-are-light-world-where-are-you</u> <u>http://expertscolumn.com/content/replicating-nature-sin</u> contact: <u>-bofwona@yahoo.com</u>

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