

On The Road To Emmaus

"Blessed Lord Jesus,

Before thy cross I kneel and see the heinousness of my sin,
My iniquity that caused thee to be "made a curse",
The evil that excites the severity of divine wrath.

Show me the enormity of my guilt by the crown of thorns,
The pierced hands and feet, the bruised body, the dying cries.

Thy blood is the blood of incarnate God,
its worth infinite, its value beyond all thought.

Infinite must be the evil and guilt that demands such a price.

Sin is my malady, my monster, my foe, my viper, born in my birth,
alive in my life, strong in my character, dominating my faculties,
following me as a shadow, intermingling with my every thought,
My chain holds me captive in the empire of my soul.

Sinner that I am, why should the sun give me light, the air supply breath,
The earth bear my tread, its fruit nourish me, its creatures subserve my ends?

Yet thy compassions yearn over me, thy heart hastens to my rescue, thy love endured my
curse, thy mercy bore my deserved stripes.

Let me walk humbly in the lowest depths of humiliation, bathed in thy blood, tender of
conscience, triumphing gloriously as an heir of salvation."

The above prayer is taken from "*The Valley of Vision*" edited by Arthur Bennett published by
the Banner of Truth.

A Fellow Disciple