



The Gift That Awaits

At greatest cost His Life he gave
So you and I from death and sin
No longer bound to them as slave,
Blood-bought victory, costly win.

Such magnitude so hard to grasp,
That pain He suffered on that day,
But to his Love my heart shall clasp
The Promised Gift guiding my way.

In retrospect I see Him there
Upon that cross, that awful tree;
He gave His All with naught to spare,
Assuring promise yet to be.

When I may breathe my final breath,
Upon my lips my words of praise;
He saved me from vile sin and death . . .
Awaiting me? Eternal days!

Henry W. Gurley