

January 19, 2014

Mostly Personal...

Loved Ones,

Sunday evenings were very special at my home church, especially the music. Few things were used by God to cement my faith like the songs we loved so much. They were rich with testimony and deep in theology. One of my favorites was called *At Calvary*. It's an Old camp meeting song and we sang it several times a month - maybe you've heard it:

At Calvary by William R. Newell

Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me He died on Calvary.

Mercy there was great, and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

By God's Word at last my sin I learned;
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul imploring turned to Calvary.

Now I've given to Jesus everything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul can only sing of Calvary!

Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!
Oh, the grace that brought it down to man!
Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span at Calvary!

Wow, on Sunday nights we would often sing this song over and over and over again. We'd sing it until everyone began to

understand the beauty of what happened on the Cross. We sang it until it seemed we'd pulled every bit of glory out of it, but then we'd sing it again, because someone else's testimony was remembered!

We discovered we could never get over the indescribable gift of God that was. Poured out upon us *at Calvary!*

When I remember those days, I begin to understand a little better why Jesus said, "Don't rejoice just because demons are subject to you. Rejoice rather that your names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life!"

Remember Calvary!

I love you,
Pastor Stephen