

What Kind of Kindness

September 13, 2014



I stand beneath Your Cross today, on which Your blood and water flowed.
Though I see, I never really know how much You love me.
I see the jeering of the crowds, watch You struggle all along the way,
I remember what You said about Your love for me.
What kind of kindness made You stand beneath the blows?
What kind of holiness kept You true to die this way?
I stand upon this hill today, and I grow weary from Your pain,
Though I feel I really never know the awful price You paid.
I see the faces of the dear ones, so etched with grief and bitter tears,
And I'm constricted in my sorrow. Why can't I love You like they do?
What kind of kindness made You stand beneath the blows?
What kind of holiness kept You true to die this way?
I stand beneath Your Cross today, on which Your blood and water flowed.
Though I see, I really never know - how much You love me.

Heart Dwellers

<http://heartdwellers.org/>

<https://www.bitchute.com/channel/still-small-voice/>