

Now It Is Done

The world is good, but man does not right
Who shall I send to show them the light
Who shall I send to carry My Word
Who will retrieve the last of My herd
I will go, Father; You can send me
Once I am there, then man will see
My Son, it's not that easy – you see
It's through your death that man will be free
Father, I beg you, please let me go
Your glorious Word man will soon know
So to the world was born His only Son
He sighed as He whispered, "Now it is done"
He knew that His Son must suffer much pain
But the price must be paid for man to gain
When they nailed the Son to the cross that day
The sky grew black and the Heavens gave way
A voice was heard from that sky with no sun
The voice thundered out, "Now it is done!"
His body was wrapped and laid in a tomb
His followers left from there in a gloom
Three days passed; they returned to the cave
No body remained to make it a grave
At His right hand was returned the Son
The angels rejoiced, "Now it is done!"

About The Poet

Marie Rice is the founder and editor of PartOfTheWhole.com - wellness for body, mind, and spirit. She enjoys helping others reach their goals. When she's not online, Marie's spending time with her family, gardening, doing crafts, or **most likely** – reading a book!

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