

A Roman Soldier

Written By Alvin Ray Kessinger

03/17/2011

Copy write Registered B M I

I am a Roman soldier; my duty here is clear.

To make this man a prisoner, and torture him severe.

What has He done that He should die? Nothing I can see.

Still I scorned and whipped him, like it was meant to be.

I made a crown of thorns, and placed it on his head.

I nailed him to the cross; He looked at me and said.

All of the things you do to me, won't change my love for you.

For if you believe in Me, that's all that you must do.

Then I hung Him on the cross, and pierced Him in his side.

Cast lots for His garments and watched him till he died.

I'm told He was the Son of God, don't see how that could be.

Why would the Almighty God, send His Son to die for me?

What did they say about three days, that he would rise again?

That time has passed the tomb is open, there is no sign of Him.

Who's that man in the garden? The caretaker I suppose.

Maybe I should question him, to see just what he knows.

Now He's gone. Where did he go? I wonder could it be?

Could He have been the Son Of God? And did he die for me?

He said He would set me free, if I believe in Him.

He said my sins would be all gone, He would take all of them.

Thank you Lord for my salvation, that you love one such as I.

To shed your blood upon the cross, and that for me you died .

Now I give my life to you, that you may lead my way.

And bless me with undying love, to this oh Lord I pray.