

# *God's Eternal View*



*It was willingly He left Me,  
When I asked if He would go.  
Fully trusting what I see,  
Looking at the world below.  
He left robes and endless riches,  
He left splendor, power and more.  
Now the "Bread of Life" for nations,  
Was the feed for gossip-lore.  
As I looked across His shoulder,  
I could see the hurting faces,  
Looking up at their Beholder,  
Who hung dying for all nations.  
With His crown of thorns compacted,  
And His arms stretched open wide,  
He His followers impacted,  
By a choice to stay, not hide.  
But He spoke, as though like thunder,  
He forgave, in spite of pain,  
He could see that this, their blunder,  
Would be turned into great gain.  
And My Spirit rests upon Him,  
Yes, today as it did then,  
When it breathed life back into Him,  
As He lay within grave's den.  
Now We look across your shoulder,  
As you choose a cross to bear,  
And We fill you with Our Spirit,  
As you shine for us down there.  
For, what seems so bleak and hopeless,  
When the crowds jeer unbelief,  
We will turn into great witness,  
When your joy outweighs the grief.*