

“I’m building this bridge for him”



An old man, traveling a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream held no fears for him.
But he turned when he reached the other side,
And builded a bridge to span the tide.



“Old man,” cried a fellow pilgrim near,
“You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
And you never again will pass this way.

“You have crossed the chasm deep and wide.
Why build you a bridge at eventide?”



And the builder raised his old gray head;
“Good friend, on the path I have come,” he said,
“There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way.

“This stream, which has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.”



Someday

Someday I'll hold that blessed hand in mine
And feel the wounds from which my healing flowed.
Then I'll remember it was love divine
Which paid in full the debt of love I owe.

How glorious will be that wounded side
wherein there lies the hiding of His power.
Then I'll think upon the crucified
and all the pain of Calvary's darkest hour.

And when I see the thorn scars on His head
I'll know His love was greater than the pain.
Then I'll remember how the blood flowed red
to wash away my awful guilt and stain.

Those wounds will ever tell as ages roll
of that great sacrifice so freely given
to banish death and make secure the soul
for life, and joy, and peace with Him in Heaven.



**The more of Heaven
there is in our lives,
the less of earth
we shall covet.**

There are two ways of being rich.

The one is to have all you want.
The other is to be satisfied with what you have.

**Only one life, 'twill soon be past,
only what's done for Christ will last.**

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life;
and he that winneth souls is wise. - Prov.11:30