

Tom Hutcherson (Spoken word/ poem) – January 1, 2012

King Jesus

All praise is due to Jesus the Christ.
Born of a virgin, only by God's might.
Fully God and fully man, no sin was on him.
People already searching, the stars were shining for Him.
He humbled Himself, came to earth a helpless babe.
The true King of glory entered the world He came to save.
Grace became a person and took His first breathe.
The Prophet, Priest, King: the Truth became flesh.
Jesus the Christ, a small baby to a man.
The Messiah foretold, come to fulfill God's plan.
Baptized by the Spirit, confirmed the Holy One.
The Father boldly proclaimed, 'This is my Beloved Son'.
Jesus chose the twelve and went to the streets.
Preaching and teaching, miraculous feats.
Blind people see, lame people walk.
Many people following, the Pharisees started to talk.
They're plotting to kill, Jesus is speaking the truth.
Divine wisdom and power shown, but they refused the proof.
So they beat Him and mocked Him, threw Him up on a cross.
Jesus took our punishment, His perfect life was the cost.
Jesus died, was buried, in the tomb for 3 days.
The sacrifice accepted, Jesus was raised.
Faith in Christ and you share His perfect life.
Once for all sin, but by the Spirit we fight.
The divine plan accomplished, the spotless Lamb slain.
All hail the conquering Lion, King Jesus reigns.