

A Solemn Reminder

by Samuel Cushman

Our world.
It's become a sad world and a mad world.
With a sightless gaze, I've been spending my days lost in a craze,
Blinded by the haze and benumbed by the ways
Of our World.

I am cold. What is this chill?
It is a fear of being trapped and trampled by sin.
Yet I am given a solemn reminder handwritten on the wall with the blood of my
Savior
As I am forlorn, urged to conform, and enticed by this world
I am reminded that I am loved,
Of the gifts I have been given,
And of the purpose to which He has called me:

I am an artist and a sculptor of minds
I build empires with words and conquer worlds with the lines
Of truth that I inscribe upon the pages of Time!
I am a lover of wisdom and a bearer of the Light
I have been blessed with the knowledge of the ages
God grants me, His child, to bathe with radiance so bright,
The Body of Christ, so that it will the stars outshine!

Upon His Word I stand - those letters of Love!
I hold them close and lift them high. They are my Light!
They are the spark that ignites the reviving flame
They are feathers of foresight on wings of wisdom.
I call upon the Christ, Lord Jesus, I exclaim His name
As I, upon the wings of angels, soaring ever higher,
Am given the power, when His might I proclaim,
To burn this world with ice or to freeze it in fire!

His grace wraps around me, evaporating the chill
And the holes that purveyed my heart are now filled,
Though to have faith means to doubt, a blessed assurance is instilled
For by his love, this child of God will never be killed!
So bring on the trials and unleash the tribulations
For it is in the center of the storm that He needs me to be
Sharing the gospel as I go unto the nations
In becoming His slave I am at last set free!

Satan, you're a fool if you think to contend
With my Awesome God, who reigns on high!
By your pride you are blinded, how can you even pretend
That you can sway the heavenly course and ascend
To the throne of the Almighty who transcends
All thought and time and washes away my Sins
With the ocean that is His crushing love?

I take hold of the nail-scarred hand of my savior, my Christ,
And I'm reminded that he bore every burden there is to bear.
And if I take up my cross and follow Him, His love will suffice
And soon every knee shall bow and tongue declare
That my God is king of everything everywhere
And we will lift up His name and the trumpets will blare
As the sound of our praises forcefully tear
Down the Enemy's stronghold and end the warfare
And that accursed Worm, the serpent, the most insidious and the sliest,
Will fall to his knees and burn as we sing glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the Highest.
Glory to God in the Highest.