



Key Notes



I'd almost given up all hope
Of finding ways to help me cope
With this great chasm, broad and deep,
That breaks my heart and makes me weep;
This gap that's there for all to see
Between what is... and ought to be.

On one side, Lord, I see Your power,
That gives me grace for every hour:
Your blood that cleanses from all sin,
Your Spirit giving strength within,
Your Word that guides me in the way,
And feeds my soul for each new day.

But here on this side, Lord, I see
An opposite reality.
For when I try to do what's right
I find the will... but not the might.
This inner turmoil makes me sore,
I am a walking civil war!

Is this gap forever there?
Mocking me with empty air?
If Your Gospel, Lord, is true,
Is this all that grace can do?
Humbly now, I must confess;
Though I'm Yours, I'm still a mess!

Then You turned to me and said,
"Victory comes when you are dead.
You will never be set free
Till you're crucified with Me.
Then My power you'll understand,
And this cursed gap be spanned."

The gap today is still a part
Of truths that often break my heart;
But now its breadth is not so wide,
And crossing to the other side,
Is simpler; for I've found the key:
"More of Him and less of me."

Pastor Stan