

The Wonderful Story

Tell Me the Story of Jesus
Write on my heart every Word
Tell me the Story most Precious
Sweetest that ever was heard.

In the very first verse of the Bible we read:

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” Genesis 1:1 In the original Hebrew this word “God” is plural—it means the Godhead—the eternal three members of the Godhead, that we know as the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit were all involved in the creation of this earth and the forming of Man. We see this even in the English of Genesis 1:26; “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness:” Yes, all three members of the Godhead are eternal, they always were and they always will be.

But the Bible shows us something even more wonderful in John 1:1-3. “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.” The WORD here refers to the One we know as Jesus—yes Jesus was the active agent of the Godhead who created this earth and human-kind. Jesus was our Great Creator.

Man was made with the freedom to choose, either to love and serve God, or to rebel and serve himself. Eternal life was promised only on condition of obedience. Many have asked “Why did not God make man so he could not sin?” Because God did not want a race of puppets. There is no pleasure in the love of a puppet. True love only comes from freedom of choice.

So God made a simple test of man’s loyalty, and man chose to disobey, thus bringing the race into sin and death. There seemed to be no hope; but the Godhead had foreseen the possibility that creatures with free will might make the wrong choice. A plan had existed from all eternity that should this happen, the great Creator Himself would act as surety for the race. Jesus, our Creator, was the only one who could offer this surety—the only One who could redeem man from his shameful fall.

So it was Jesus who was the “Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world”. Revelation 13:8. Man’s sin put the Creator on Death Row so that Mankind could have a second chance.

Tell how the angels in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed His birth.
“Glory to God in the highest!
Peace and good tidings to earth.”

Yes in the fullness of time—the very time that was foretold in the prophecies of the Old Testament—Jesus was born in human flesh. He, like us, was subject to the law of heredity, He was in all points tempted like as we are. Hebrews 4:15. Yet without sin. Satan tried every trick to get Jesus to sin by word or act, because he knew that if he failed—his kingdom on this earth would one day come to an end and he, himself, would be destroyed. No human being will ever be called to endure temptation as terrible as that which Jesus endured for us.

Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He past.
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.

Christ’s victory in the wilderness ensures us of power through Him to overcome all sin—He won that victory for us! But this was not the only time He was tempted; the devil hounded the steps of the Son of God and man, never missing a chance to harass and tempt Him. He was indeed a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Isaiah 53:3. But His victorious life opened the doors to eternal life for every child of Adam that chooses to surrender to Jesus and accept Him as their personal Saviour for both forgiveness of sin and victory over it.

Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrow He bore.
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.

The Jews, and even Christ’s own disciples, looked for the Messiah to come as a great King with armies and set up a kingdom on this earth—but Jesus told them; “My Kingdom is not of this world.” John 18:36. And so many, in fact most, of the people turned away and walked with Him no more. During His years on this earth, there was not one human who really understood His mission—even His mother doubted at times.

Then came Gethsemane—and the cup of the woe of a sinful, perishing world trembled in the hand of Christ. He had lived a sinless life in spite of the storm of temptation and distress that Satan had heaped upon Him—now the sins of the whole world were to be placed upon His innocent shoulders and He was to bear this heinous burden to the cross

and perish there, thus paying the penalty of the broken Law of God—so that guilty man could, each one, personally, choose to accept His death on their behalf and accept His life of obedience in the place of their sinful, lost condition.

His humanity trembled at the prospect; and three times He prayed from trembling lips, “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.” Matthew 26:39. The horribleness of sin pressed upon His innocent soul and His humanity cried out; “Father, isn’t there any other way, Father?” “Is there any other way that mankind can be saved?”

He got up and staggered to where He had asked His three dearest disciples to watch and pray with Him—but what did He find? They were sound asleep. Sorrowfully He asked, “Could ye not watch with Me one hour?” No human being seemed to care that everything trembled in the balance for the human race. Satan pressed his darkness upon the Son of God—telling Him that if He went through with this, the separation from His Father would be eternal—He would perish forever.

Yes, the plan was known to Him from eternity—but as the darkness of this terrible woe pressed upon Him, His humanity trembled and He could not see through that awful grave that awaited Him. But He thought of those little ones who would be saved by His great sacrifice—He thought of you and He thought of me—yes, He thought of those who would accept His salvation, bought at such a terrible price, and would take Him as their personal Saviour, and one day stand victorious on the sea of glass to sing praises to God and to the Lamb forever. And the decision was made: “O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.”

He fell dying to the ground from the awful strain, and would never have even made it to the cross, but an angel was sent to strengthen Him to drink the cup of woe to its dregs. He arose and went forth to meet the mob that already was heading into the night—led by His betrayer; one of His own disciples.

Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell how He liveth again.

Yes, the darkness of the cross, the hiding of His Father’s face, and the weight of the sins of all the world, crushed out the life of Jesus—this suffering was so great that He barely felt the physical pain of the beatings and the nails. It was not physical suffering that killed Jesus—it was the weight of our sins and the hiding of His Father’s face that broke

His heart and crushed out His life. And He died there, not knowing in His humanity, if He would ever come forth from that terrible death; He clung to His Father by faith alone.

But He did come forth! Mighty Victor over sin and the devil! Satan had hoped to keep Him forever sealed in that grave and so he put his agents, both human guards and evil angels all around that tomb—but one mighty angel came down and the evil angels—yes even Satan himself—fled in terror and the human keepers fell as dead men to the ground.

Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.

Oh reader; delay not to accept of this great sacrifice, made in love for you! Tell Him, “Yes, dear Jesus I accept Your death on my behalf and I invite You to live Your life in me. I know there is no hope for me except for your great sacrifice made in love for me. Lord, I come to Thee! I am that sinner you died to save!”

Look upon Jesus, sinless is He;
Father, impute His life unto me.
My life of scarlet, my sin and woe,
Cover with His life, whiter than snow.

Deep are the wounds transgression has made;
Red are the stains; my soul is afraid.
O to be covered, Jesus, with Thee,
Safe from the law that now judgeth me!

Longing the joy of pardon to know;
Jesus holds out a robe white as snow;
“Lord, I accept it! leaving my own,
Gladly I wear Thy pure life alone.”

Cover with His life, whiter than snow;
Fullness of His life then shall I know;
My life of scarlet, my sin and woe,
Cover with His life, whiter than snow.