



Full Agreement

J. E. Bernard

**... "To the only God, our Savior, through
Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory,
majesty, dominion, and authority, before
all time and now and forever. Amen."**

- Jude v. 25

FULL AGREEMENT

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INTRODUCTION

We can begin to understand our Triune God better here and now by giving consideration to Him in His Word, and praising Him in our hearts and minds and spirit. Though we give much to this, it is at best a meager beginning. Our Savior, our Friend is an ETERNAL Being. Because He and His qualities are eternal, though we devote all of eternity, we will forever be coming to a better, more full, and joyous understanding of Him.

I am presenting to you in these verses a meager beginning. I hope that you search for Him and find Him in His Word, and have lively interaction with Him.

Yes, I am praying that these verses will provide motivation to turn elsewhere. That's right. My hope is that you will search the source of these verses in God's Word and taste the goodness of the LORD.

When we open our hearts to God's word, and speak with Him regarding what He says to us in His Word and abide in His word, there is a re-generation of our spirit by the Spirit of our Creator, who speaks to us, and washes us, and thrills us with His life energy. A song rises in our hearts, and these poems are set forth in the hope to reflect a bit of that song, and prayerfully, hopefully motivate the

reader to seek out the fountainhead in God's Word itself, wherein the Spirit speaks and experience springs of living water.

In today's splintered culture, prose articles on any subject, though the intent may be to be inspiring, edifying and pure, they may not always so readily be taken that way and unfortunately can easily be dismissed.

On the other hand, there is something about poetry which is disarming to many. In my estimation poetry has an uncanny ability to capture thought and imagination, and is disarming, whether the reader is in agreement or not.

So, my sincere hope and prayer in setting forth these verses then, is that the LORD will be honored, glorified and lifted up, and that you will be motivated to interact with Him in His Word.

Though some lines of scripture may find their way into these poems here and there, it is not my goal to always quote scripture. Likewise, it is not my intention to make paraphrases of Scripture.

In this volume I have also made use of inspiration from other sources most especially classical sermons found in the public domain from the "Christian Classics Ethereal Library" and which can be read at: <https://ccel.org/> . There you will find the writings of John Flavel, Charles Spurgeon, Jonathan Edwards, George

MacDonald, Martin Luther and others. I would recommend visiting this site if you have the time.

And, as always, these free-verse poems are also inspired by Scripture, and you will find those Scriptural references below the poems pointing to the applicable portions of God's word.

If you like, you may Email me directly with any inquiries or comments to: YustJim@Outlook.com.

My prayer is that our Lord's name will be honored, that you will be blessed, and that a song of praise to the LORD will swell up in your heart through these poems.

– J.E. Bernard

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THROUGH JARS OF CLAY

I opened my Bible, Genesis 38,
I wondered why this tale's revealed,
What purpose could be so concealed?
I prayed, "Lord, why's this story here?"
God spoke, and answers did appear.

Tamar's plan was to disguise,
And Judah failed to recognize.

Their union brought a shocking twist,
When Judah called her actions missed.
Yet he was shown as being flawed,
And faced the truth before his God.

Through Tamar's line, the seed would flow,
To bring forth Christ, as we now know.
In sin and shame, God's grace persists—
Through brokenness, His plan exists.

But why this mess to bear the line?
Because God's love is so Divine.

In every heart, in every flaw,
He works to build His perfect law.

Genesis 8 and twenty-one, says all hearts lean,
To sin from youth, both felt and seen.
No man or woman stands up pure;
We all need grace, that's for sure.

Yet God shapes His plan through jars of clay,
And molds His work in His own way.
He takes our mess and makes it whole,
Through Jesus, saves the sinner's soul.

For Judah changed, his heart renewed,
From slave trade's sin to something true.
His story shows how God redeems,
The grittiest and wildest dreams.

So Genesis 38, I see,
Reveals God's love and grace for me.
Our God can take the worst of things,
And crown them with redemption's wings.

Through Judah's line, the Savior came,
From sin and mess, yet free from shame.
And so through jars of clay that we are,
Shines Christ's own light like a beaming star.

Dear friend, no past can hide His grace,
He offers love to each embrace.
Genesis 38, a tale of sin,
Yet through its cracks, His light shines in.

Scripture References: Gen. 38; Gen. 8:21; Rom. 3:10; 2 Cor. 4: 7-9; Gen. 37: 26-27;
Gen. 49:2-7; Isa. 66:2; Mk. 2:17

HAD HE NOT LOVED YOU

From Proverbs eight and verse thirty,
A truth we find so pure and worthy:
Of Jesus with His Father, we see,
They shared their love in eternity.

Before all time, beside Him there,
Like a master craftsman, skilled with care.
Daily His joy, a wondrous sight,
Rejoicing with Him, day and night.

Here this speaks of Christ the Son,
Before our time had yet begun.
The Father and the Son in bliss,
With the Spirit shared delights that none could miss.
For long before our form was made,
In joy eternal is how they stayed.

Twofold delights, they did partake,
In love Divine, no soul could shake.
First, they rejoiced in love's embrace,
No creature yet to share that space.

In Proverbs eight and thirty-one,
They rejoiced in what was yet to come,
Though the work was not complete,
Still, they found the joy so sweet.
But that's a tale for another rhyme,
To be told another time.

But now we turn to that sweet joy,
The Father's love for His Dear Boy.
A mutual bliss they did sustain,
In endless joy, without refrain.

Behold the glory of Christ before His birth,
God the Son, of matchless worth.
Described as being "with" or "by,"
In closest bond with His Father Most High.

As in John's words, it's plainly told,
The only Son in love's strong hold.
Within the Father's heart so deep,
Where perfect love and peace do keep.

In the Father's bosom, Christ did dwell,
A love no words could fully tell.

In God's embrace, so pure, so near,
In sweetest intimacy, sincere.

Christ declares, "I was His delight each day,
Rejoicing before Him in every way."
No moment came when this joy was restrained,
For constant their love and joy remained.

The Father and Son, in perfect delight,
Poured into each other, day and night.
Their bond unbroken, a love so pure,
Eternal joy that will endure.

Before He came as man to earth,
In heaven's joy, Christ knew His worth.
In perfect bliss, He took His place,
Before His Father, full of grace.

In John, we read He did abide,
Close to the Father's loving side.
Not just leaning, but within,
Where love and joy could not grow thin.

Isaiah speaks, with words so bright,
"My chosen one, My soul's delight."
In riches vast, He dwelt on high,
With God, in glory, none deny.

In equal power, majesty shared,
All the Father's wealth He bared.
Before He took on human frame,
He held this glory, just the same.

We can explore Christ's joy and grace
In distinct and clear ways trace:

Let's reflect on the past,
Before the incarnation came to pass:
He wasn't yet brought low to be
A man with no Divine glory to see,
He had no reputation to forgo
As Philippians 2:7 lets us know.
He wasn't yet under law's demand,
Nor felt its curse, nor its command.
He hadn't yet known sorrow's weight,
Nor griefs He would anticipate.
He wasn't yet poor, nor lacking in need,

Like when He said, "No place for My head".
He hadn't yet felt rejection's sting,
Or the shame that many would bring.
He hadn't yet faced temptation's snare,
The devil's deceit wasn't yet His care.
He hadn't yet borne pain's cruel scar,
Nor spiritual wounds that would stretch so far.
He never yet felt the Father's retreat,
Nor cried, "Why have You forsaken me?".
And finally, death held no sway,
Till He took our sins that day.

Before His birth in earthly guise,
In Heaven's realm beyond the skies,
The Father and the Son did share
A joy unmatched, beyond compare.
For God, the source of joy divine,
Made Christ in endless bliss to shine.

Not merely near, but one were they,
In perfect unity each day.
Their nature, will, and love were pure,
In seamless bond, their hearts secure.

No flaw or fault could taint their love,
Unlike what humans falter of.
Their joy was full, unbroken, bright,
For Christ was daily His delight.

This joy was not in part or few,
But whole, complete, through and through.
As Hebrew shows, He was, indeed,
The very joy that hearts may need.

Before His birth, Christ's joy was vast,
Far greater than love that we hold fast—
The bond of parent, child, or friend,
Whose finite love must reach its end.
Christ's joy with His Father was pure, infinite,
No earthly love could match its height.

Though God delights in what He's made,
In stars that shine and trees that shade,
His joy in Christ stands far above,
For in Christ alone is perfect love.

And even joy that saints may feel,
Though deep, is changeable while real.

It pales beside the constant flame
Of joy the Father and Son proclaim,
For theirs is perfect, never fades,
A bond of joy that never shades.

What love from God the Father shown,
To give His Son, His own, His own,
For sinners lost, for every soul,
A gift of grace that makes us whole.

No words can grasp, no heart explain,
The depth of love, the weight of pain—
"For God so loved the world," as said,
He gave His Son to die instead.

Which one of us could bear the cost
Of giving what we love, and lost?
Could we let go our only child,
To save the world, though reconciled?

Like Hagar weeping in despair,
She could not watch, she could not bear
Her son to die, her heart so torn,
As Ishmael faced the coming storm.

And David cried for Absalom,
Though rebel heart, still David longed
To take his place, to bear his fate,
Such grief that no time could abate.

Yet none has known a love so true,
As Father, Son—one heart, one view—
Yet still He gave, without a pause,
His dearest Son for sinners' cause.

Oh, marvel at this boundless grace,
A love that took our sinful place!
Both Father, Son, in glory share,
For all salvation's work laid bare.

Had He not loved you, deeply so,
He'd never let His own Son go.
So praise the love that made a way—
A love that shines beyond the day.

Let's journey from one truth that's truly divine,
To Jesus' love for sinners, so perfect, so kind.
How wondrous that He left His Father's side,
Where joy and intimacy did there abide.

His love has no bounds, no height or depth too wide,
Its length and breadth no measure can confide.
Look to Romans, five, six through eight, and see
The love He shows in boundless mystery.

Would you leave comfort, peace, and all you know,
For even a friend, through highs and through lows?
Our souls cling to life, even when joy is rare,
But Jesus left heaven's own perfect care.

Imagine divine communion so near,
Would you leave that behind for anyone here?
Yet Jesus, with God, so closely entwined,
Left it for you—such love you will not find.

As the Father loves Him, He loves you the same,
John seventeen, twenty-two speaks His name.
What love like this? Who else could so endure?
Who sacrificed as Jesus, so pure?

To be connected to Christ is the key,
For blessings in Heaven, rich and free.
If you long for God's love and delight,
Come to Jesus, walk in His light.

Just as Jacob took Joseph's own,
God claims Christ's followers as His own.
In life, success by connections is shown,
And in Heaven, by Jesus you're known.

Your standing with God, it's clear to see,
Depends on Christ, His Son, the key.
Jesus in Heaven holds favor true,
And when He's in you, God smiles on you.

Jesus is worthy, beyond all compare,
Of our love and devotion, a treasure so rare.
If the Father delights in His glorious Son,
Shouldn't our hearts be enraptured, each one?

I present you a Christ so lovely, so pure,
Full of grace that forever endures.
Any soul who beholds Him with eyes full of light,
Will be filled with His love, both day and night.

Once you glimpse the beauty of this Holy King,
Your heart will long, and in love will sing.
He alone deserves your deepest affection,
So turn from all that leads to distraction.

Why waste your love on things that fade,
When Christ is the treasure for which you were made?
It's like using gold to dig in the sand,
When the riches of heaven are close at hand.

May the Lord guide your heart to His love,
A gift from His grace, sent from above.
Embrace the One who left heaven's throne,
For you, He gave all, and made you His own.

Though your love may seem humble and small,
He deserves it, for He gave His all.
He left God's embrace to win your heart,
So give Him your love, for He played the part.

If Christ is so precious to God up above,
Think how it wounds the great Father's deep love.
When people reject or despise His dear Son,
No greater offense to the Father is done.

Unbelievers trample the One in His heart,
Who's been there with God from the very first start.
They strike at the apple, the joy of His eye,
And judgment from heaven will surely apply.

The parable tells us in Matthew's own word,
That judgment will come to those who have spurned.
Rejecting His Son is the worst you can do,
The insult to God will bring judgment on you.

As written in Corinthians, clear and concise,
To love not the Lord brings a terrible price.
O sinners, one day, you'll understand well,
The weight of the sin that will lead you to hell.

But Jesus, with love, can still melt hearts of stone,
He calls you to turn, not to face death alone.
I pray that today, your heart starts to mend,
In Jesus, your Savior, let hatred now end.

For no one will offer so much for your love,
As Jesus, the gift from the Father above.

To all believers, hear this call,
Since Christ left Heaven's throne for all,
Be ready now to sacrifice,
And leave behind what you hold nice.

For Moses, too, gave up great wealth,
The riches, power, Egypt's health,
The apostles left all things behind,
For Christ, the Savior of mankind.

But what have we to leave or trade,
Compared to what our Savior laid?
He gave His life, His perfect grace,
The truest form of love we face.

Let this thought lift you when you pray,
For Jesus pleads for you each day.
Loved by the Father, He's the One,
Who prays until His work is done.

Though you may feel unworthy here,
Take heart in Him and banish fear,
For Jesus lives to intercede,
And in His worth, your prayers succeed.

To those who doubt and don't believe,
No matter what burdens you may grieve,
No matter your guilt, or the weight of your past,
Embrace Jesus, in Him love will last.

To God, you'll be as dear and near,
As the most faithful who've served Him here.
But if you reject this Savior's call,
A greater judgment quite surely will fall.

Today, may Christ's glory be revealed to your soul,
And may His love make you whole.
Turn to Him now, with a heart full of grace,
For in His arms, you'll find your place.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: Prov. 8: 30, 31; John 1:18; John 13:23; Isaiah 42:1; 2 Corinthians 8:9; Philippians 2:7; John 16:14; John 17:5; Rom. 8:3; Gal. 4:4; Isa. 53:3; Matt. 8:20; Psalm 22:6; Matt. 4:1; Heb. 4:15; John 1:1; Psalm 16:11; John 10:30; Gen. 44:30; 1 Sam. 13:1; Deut. 13:6; Zeph. 3:17; Isa. 62:5; Eph. 1:6; Psalm 73:25; John 3:16; Gen. 21:16; John 5:23; Rom. 5:6-8; John 17:22; Gen. 48:5-9; Eph. 1:9; John 12:32; Heb. 10:29; Matt. 21:37; 1 Cor. 16:22; John 17:24

FULL AGREEMENT

Though here the story speaks of Two,
In truth, it's always not so Few—
Not One alone will bear the strain,
But Three in One will feel the pain.

Yes, the Three, together, One,
In all that's done, till all is done.

Now let THIS story be told!

In Isaiah fifty-three a truth foretold:

In this chapter, the gospel shines so bright,
The death of Christ unfolds in purest light.
Its glorious end, a tale so true,
The Eunuch read and found life new.
The Jews as well, with hearts once cold,
Through this great truth, to Christ can hold.

Yes Christ for us, so surely came,
To bear our guilt, to take our shame.
God's justice stands, His wrath was stilled,
For verse six tells: His plan fulfilled.

Before the world began its way,
In verses ten through twelve, they say,
The Scriptures tell with words that stay,
The Father and the Son were aligned,
In perfect unity combined,
Full agreement we do find.

Christ's promise with His Father near,
To bear our load, His love sincere,
To take our place, our sins erase,
And save us by His boundless grace.

Here, three themes are found,
His work, reward, and how they're bound.

His work, a task so great,
To bear the burden, meet his fate.
He poured His soul out unto death,
Numbered with sinners 'til His last breath.
He bore our sins, the chosen few,
In meekness, mercy, carried through.
With transgressors, He chose to stand,
Interceding with a gentle hand.
This was His work, His duty done,

The heavy load He bore as one.

His reward, the promised gain,
A portion with the great, to reign.
The spoils of war, a victor's prize,
Riches, honor in Heaven's eyes.
As conquerors once took their share,
He too shall claim what's just and fair.
The captives brought in chains would come,
Adding to His kingdom's sum.
This triumph gleamed with glorious light,
A conqueror, adorned in might.

The bond between His work and glory,
Some call it just a passing story.
But others see a cause, a thread,
Between His cross and robe stained of red.
Not mere sequence but deserved,
His rise from pain was well observed.
The Father's promise, clear and true,
To Christ, whose task He saw through.
For when He chose to bear the cost,
The triumph came from all He lost.

Thus, in this work, reward, and tie,
His victory soared, no more to die.

From all eternity, we see
Man's salvation came to be,
Full agreement, firm and sure,
Between Father and Son, to endure.

In this pact of redemption, it's God who decrees,
With Christ by His side, they agree on these pleas.
Christ must shed blood, His sacrifice made,
And we must believe, for our sins it's been paid.

God the Father to Christ a name He does give,
It is above all names, and in Him we live;
And Dominion wide from sea to sea,
To us, He grants grace and a share in His story,
A part in His kingdom, a taste of His glory.

In Isaiah forty-nine we see,
The agreement's truth and mystery.
Christ speaks, the Father hears His voice,
Called from the womb, He makes His choice.

"My mouth, like sword, shall pierce with might,
My words, like arrows, take their flight.
Prepared and polished, sharp and true,
To save the souls from sin's dark view."

With the Spirit of Wisdom filled and crowned,
His power in preaching shall abound.
From distant hearts, He draws them near,
With words that strike, yet bring no fear.

For in this task, He's set apart,
To win the lost, to heal the heart.

Having told God how ready, and how fit
He was for His service, prepared to commit,
He asked of the Father what the reward shall be,
For the work He must do, for His blood isn't free.

In verse three, the Father did start,
Offering Israel's elect as a part.
Bidding low, as one does when they trade,
A remnant small, for the price to be paid.

But Christ was not pleased with such a small prize,
His blood, He knew, was of much greater size.
In verse four, He cried, "My strength spent for naught,
Such a small reward for the suffering I'll have wrought."

"My blood's worth more than Israel's fold,
It's enough to redeem all, both young and old,
Even the Gentiles across distant isles,
Not just those lost from Israel's trials."

Then the Father raised the offer's weight,
In verse six, He opened the gate:
"It's a light thing to raise Jacob's tribes,
To restore Israel that still survives."

"I'll give you as light for the Gentiles too,
Salvation for all, the whole earth through."
Thus the treaty between them was made,
A greater reward for the price Christ paid.

Between them lay the business clear,
The task to bring the chosen near;
To save, redeem, and to restore,

God's elect, forevermore.

Eternal joy before them stands,
Our fate held gently in their hands.
Though we, not yet, had drawn first breath,
We were seen in plight and death.

Fallen, lost, and full of woe,
How could they lift us from below?
To save us just, in truth and grace,
Without God's honor losing place.

This, the weighty task they bore,
The path to joy forevermore.

Each person here a promise makes,
To walk the path that he partakes.
The Father vows to guide the way,
His hand will hold us, come what may.
Isaiah speaks, the Word is clear:
"He'll guard and keep you, never fear."
The Son responds with willing heart,
To face His suffering and His part.
Isaiah tells, He will not flee,

But faithful in His pain shall be.

Each one holds fast the other's vow,
The Father claims His due, and how!
When payment came, no less He sought,
Not one small coin, not one was bought.
For Romans writes, the truth is shown,
God spared not even His own Son.
The full price paid, no part was spared,
For us, His love was fully bared.

As the Father stood firm on the covenant's way,
So Christ, too, was faithful, through night and through day.
In John, seventeen and verse forty-five,
He spoke to the Father, the truth still alive:
"I have glorified Thee on the earth below,
The work Thou hast given, I finished it so.
Now, Father, I ask, as we once did agree,
Glorify me with Thine own majesty."

As though He had said, "The task is complete,
Now where is the promise, the wages I seek?
I call for the glory, as rightly my due,

As the laborer claims his reward when it's through."

Let us see how deep the Father's care
For sinners lost, beyond despair.
Five promises to Christ He made,
If He would come to give them aid.

First, He promised Him the right
To hold three roles of might.
For sin had barred the path to grace,
And kept us from God's holy face.

If man were ever to be restored,
His mind and soul must be outpoured—
From blindness freed, from guilt set free,
From sin's strong chains, captivity.

So Christ, in wisdom, leads the way,
In righteousness, our debts does pay.
Sanctification, pure and bright,
Redemption's power, shining light.

As Prophet, Priest, and King, He came,
But not by His own self-acclaim.

For had He claimed without decree,
His work would lack authority.

Yet God declared, "Thou art my Son,
High Priest, the Chosen, Holy One."
With the Father's seal, Christ takes the throne,
And leads His people as His own.

And second, for He knew full well
The task his Son must do would swell—
A work too great for all to bear,
For angels high or men to dare.
It was a weight so vast, so steep,
That none but He could stand the deep.
So then the Father made this vow,
To guide, assist, and strengthen now.

As written in Isaiah's word,
"My hand shall hold," thus speaks the Lord.
"I'll grasp you firm and lift you high,
When burdens make you faint and sigh."
For when the weight did press Him sore,
As told in Mark 14 and more,
His human strength began to fade,

Yet God's great power lent its aid.

The prophet too, in chapter first,
Proclaims the help for which He thirsts:
"My servant, see, whom I uphold,
Through trials great and anguish bold."
A strength Divine was His to claim,
No less than God's eternal flame.

Thirdly, He promises success,
To crown His work and onward press.
Isaiah speaks, His word is true,
"He'll see His seed, and days renew."
The Lord's delight shall prosper there,
Within His hand, beyond compare.
He shall not start and leave undone,
Nor shed His blood for naught begun.
But like a mother, joy unbound,
When life within her arms is found.

Fourthly, the Father will embrace,
His work, though millions lose their place.
Isaiah tells, "My work's with God,"
Before His eyes, He'll walk unflawed.

In glory He will be adored,
His faith rests on the Father's word.
For when on earth, God's voice proclaimed,
"This is my Son, beloved, named."

Fifthly, reward beyond the skies,
His work complete, He shall arise.
The Lord declared in Psalm so clear,
"My Son, today I hold you dear."
The day He rose from death's dark night,
Restored in majesty and light.
As if the Father's voice had said,
"Your glory now is fully spread,
This day's a birth anew for thee,
Thy work is done, and now you're free."

These promises, rewards were laid,
Before Him, in the price He paid.
The joy ahead, His steady guide,
Endured the cross, all shame denied.

And so, in like manner, Christ makes His decree,
To the Father in heaven, He bends faithfully.
On these terms, He consents to be made man,

To set down His glory, fulfill God's grand plan.
Under law's curse, and its weight to endure,
He faced every trial, steadfast and pure.
No suffering too great, no burden too tall,
He'd bear what His Father decreed for us all.

As Isaiah foretold in the prophet's own word:
"My ear God has opened, my heart has not stirred
In rebellion or turning my back from the strife.
I gave them my back, they lashed with their knife;
They plucked out my hair, and spat in my face,
Yet I stood unmoved, upheld by God's grace.
For the Lord God will help me, I will not fall,
My face like a flint, I will answer the call."

With meekness and love, He answered the plea,
Saying, "Lo, I come, to do Thy will gladly."
In Psalms it is written, so clearly expressed:
"Thy law is within me, it dwells in my breast.
To do Your great bidding is my heart's delight,
Your will is my joy, my soul's guiding light."
And thus, hand in hand, the covenant sealed,
Both Father and Son in unity revealed.
Like echoes that answer, once, twice, and again,

Christ's heart to the Father resounds, "I'll remain."

"I come, O my Father, I'll do as You ask,

In joy, I embrace this glorious task."

The Son, with willing heart, agreed

To take upon His destined deed.

He donned a body, and righteous soul,

Fulfilling law, both part and whole.

In every way, He took His stand,

As Matthew says, by God's command.

At last, His life, for sin, He gave,

His work complete, mankind to save.

And as He said in John's report,

"Father, I have fulfilled the court.

On earth, Thy name I've glorified,

Thy work in me is satisfied."

With joy and grace, He bore it all,

Obedied each step, both great and small.

And all the while, the Father too,

Was faithful, holding promise true.

He sent an angel from above

To strengthen Him with timely love.

In Luke it tells of heaven's care,

When Christ, in sorrow, found despair.
The Father, pleased, declared His worth,
Through resurrection and rebirth.
"This is My Son," the heavens cried,
"In Him, My joy is magnified."

The promises were kept indeed,
The Son would see His righteous seed.
His birth like morning's dew did fall,
And ever since, His blood touched all.
Rewarded, raised to highest height,
In glory's name, supreme in might.
As Philippians makes it plain,
He bears a name none else can gain.
The articles were all fulfilled,
As God the Father had willed.

Lastly, when was this compact made,
Between the Father and the Son displayed?
I answer this, its date we find,
Is set in realms beyond mankind.
Before the world had taken form,
His love for us was rich and warm.
Though yet we lived not in this place,

We dwelled within His boundless grace.
In God's great mind and purpose, grand,
Our fates were carved by His own hand.
Decreed in Christ, as Scriptures show,
2 Timothy makes it known:
What grace was ours, before all time,
In Christ, salvation so sublime.
Before the world's first dawn had shone,
Redemption's plan was long foregone.
The council of peace, serene, divine,
Betwixt them both, for us did shine.
Some read Zechariah to say,
Their consultation paved the way.

Now let us turn and take this thought,
To all the truths that we are taught.
For here, a truth shines bright and clear,
God's promise brings salvation near.

Not just a promise made in grace,
But in redemption's firm embrace.
A covenant with Christ was sealed,
And in this pact, all faith is healed.

God's single word would be enough,
But grace and promise make it tough
To doubt the pledge that's firm and sure—
The covenant stands evermore.

We do not doubt that God is true,
But on our part, there's much to rue.
Yet look beyond our frail estate,
For Christ's obedience makes us great.

In Him, our faults are washed away,
Though weak, in Him we're whole today.
The Father and the Son unite,
In trust and love, they hold us tight.

The Father leans on Christ, his Son,
Saying, "Behold, the work is done!"
He trusted Him to bear the cost,
For all who in the past seemed lost.

Old saints who longed for Christ to come,
Were saved by faith in what He'd done.
And as the Father trusted so,
The Son, in turn, does likewise show.

Christ trusted God to keep the rest,
All those who would in time be blessed.
For though He left this earthly space,
He trusts his Father's boundless grace.

To keep the ones who still remain,
Till heaven's glory they attain.
The Father will not fail His trust,
For He is faithful, good, and just.

So let us too, in Christ, confide,
And in His perfect work abide.

Moreover, hence we do infer
The truth that Christ's success is sure.
His intercession, without cease,
Brings to believers perfect peace.
You read in Hebrews, chapter seven,
He pleads for us in highest heaven.
His blood, it speaks of better things,
Of grace, redemption that it brings.

That blood shall gain what it implores,
For in the covenant, this ensures—

The Father's promise stands secure,
Made long before the world was sure.
What Christ now asks, the Father gave,
In equity, His Son to save.
As wages earned are justly due,
So Christ's reward is righteous, too.
No doubt remains that He'll receive
From God's own hand what we believe.

And thus, we see how grace given is free,
Yet justice still must fully be.
The apostle writes in Tim's own pen,
That grace was ours before time began.
The covenant made in ages past,
Secures our future, firm and fast.
Though justice's claims must be fulfilled,
God's grace in Christ is richly spilled.

Grace and justice intertwine,
A wondrous plan, a work divine.
What Christ has earned is grace to us,
A gift from Him, so wondrous thus.
So when you hear, "Forgive me all,"
Remember Christ has paid the call.

We're justified by grace alone,
Through redemption Christ has shown.

Consider now, the love of God, how old,
A friend to us, more precious than gold.
He loved us first, before time's early dawn,
When stars were young, and the world not yet drawn.
Our joy was planned from ages long ago,
In seeds of grace that still in us do grow.
Ancient and free, His love was ours to claim,
Not for our worth, but for His glorious name.

So judge, how right it is for us to bear
The hardest tasks, the cross we're called to wear,
For Christ endured such trials on our part,
To save our souls, He gave His life, His heart.
For at the Father's hand, the cost was steep—
To pour His soul in death, our lives to keep.

Thus, hear the Father speak in heaven's height,
When Christ for us made sure His costly plight:

Father: "My son, behold these wretched souls,
Who've ruined lives with heavy tolls.
Justice cries out for debt unpaid,
Or ruin falls where sin's been laid.
What shall we do, these souls to save,
From justice, wrath, and endless grave?"

Son: "O Father, such is love I bear,
For these poor souls in deep despair,
That rather than they suffer loss,
I'll take their place upon the cross.
Bring forth the debts they owe to thee,
Let all be charged, and laid on me.
No reckoning shall come once more,
I'll pay in full, the total score.
Thy wrath I choose, their debt I'll meet,
Upon me, Father, be complete."

Father: "But, my dear Son, if this you choose,
Prepare to pay, you must not lose.
The final mite, the utmost due,
If they are spared, it falls on you."

Son: "Content am I, so let it be,
The debt is mine, lay it on me.
Though all my riches turn to naught,
Though every treasure must be bought,
Though wealth and power I release,
For love, I'll bear their cost in peace.
(For rich I was, but chose the poor,
That they might live forevermore.)"

Ungrateful hearts, now blush and see,
Has Christ not earned your loyalty?
Do trifles make you shrink or cry,
When for your sake, He chose to die?
If only you knew the grace He gave,
You'd see His mercy, strong and brave.

Lastly, how deeply should we care,
To know if we were counted there—
Among the souls the Father gave,
Before the world, for Christ to save?
You ask, "But who could ever know,
When none were there, no sign to show?"
Yet heaven we need not ascend,

Nor secrets pry to comprehend.

For if in faith you stand today,
You're one of those the Scriptures say—
The Father gave to Christ, His Son,
Before the world's course had begun.

Do you know God through Christ the Lord,
In Him your knowledge is restored.
For those who know Him have their part,
Written deep within His heart.

Are you not of this world's mold,
But seek a life more pure, more bold?
As Christ was not of earth's design,
So too, your soul should thus align.

Do you abide in Christ's own way,
And keep His word from day to day?
His truth within your heart must live,
And perseverance will you give.

If these signs on your soul are found,
Then know your name was heaven-bound—

Given to Christ, by God's own hand,
In covenant, by love's command.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: John 7:38-39; Isa. 53:12; Isa. 45:14; Judges 5:3; Isa. 49; John 17:45; Heb. 5:5; Psalm 110:4; Heb. 7: 16-17, 24-25; Isa. 42:6-7; Psalm 2: 6-8; Isa. 42:5-7; Mark 14:34; Isa. 53:7,10; Isa. 49:4; Psalm 2:7; Acts 13: 32-33; Heb. 12:2; Isa. 50:5-7; Psalm 40:6-10; Matt. 3:15; John 17:4; Luke 22:43; Luke 3:22; Phil. 2: 9-11; 2 Tim. 1:9; Zech 6:13; Isa. 42:1; Heb. 11: 39-40; Isa. 53:10; John 17:11; Heb. 7:25; Heb. 12:24; 2 Tim. 1:9; Rom. 3:24; 2 Cor. 8:9; John 17:8; John 17:6; John 17:16; Gal. 6:14; Heb. 11: 13-14; John 17:7; John 15:7

**"... I will make You as a
Light for the nations, that
My Salvation may reach to
the end of the earth."**

- Isaiah 49:6