

The Stand

As we view the news each day,
The world is all a chatter,
War, earthquakes, disasters,
Are all that seems to matter.

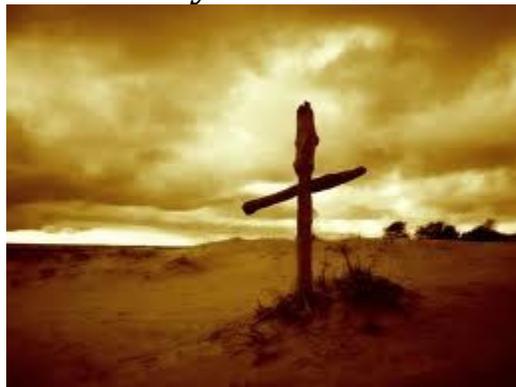
Everyone can see the end,
Is ever so plainly near,
We lives our lives selfishly,
Not feeling any fear.

Our hearts and minds calloused,
Conditioned and acclimatized,
To death, bloodshed, destruction,
Claiming to stand on Israel's side.

Where exactly is this place,
This stand on which we stand,
As daily, Israeli's die,
Children, women, and men.

Have we yet to lift a hand,
To stop what is taking place,
Are we so insensitive to death,
That it has not a face?

We proclaim ourselves Christians,
Proudly waving our banner,
More Jews have died under our sign,
Than ***any other banner.***



We proclaim a mighty message,
The gospel of the cross.
Salvation for all mankind,
While Israel suffers loss.

It is time to ask a question:
If Jesus was a Jew?
If He came today,
What would Jesus do?



Would He stand with Israel,
And do nothing at all,
To save those He claims to love,
While simply watching them fall?

Would He be much too busy,
With Kingly life's daily chores,
To lift a hand to save a man,
A brother in troubles sore?

Will His love be stronger,
On that great final day,
Than all the words we proclaimed,
But the price unwilling to pay?

Will He say to you and I,
"With my people you did not stand,
You did nothing at all to save them,
You lifted not a hand."

Will our mouths be empty,
Of mighty words to say,
Will that cross save us,
Upon that revealing day?

As our Master stands beside us,
Loving us ever so,
While pointing to the lake of fire,
“Depart from my face, and go!”



Average Joe93054--11/21/10