

IMPACT

I **M**ust **P**ersonally **A**cknowledge **C**hrist **T**oday
Trust in the LORD with all your heart, And lean not on your own understanding; *in all your ways acknowledge Him* and He shall direct your path.
Proverbs 3:5-6

Passage: II Corinthians 8:9 “For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that you through His poverty might become rich.”



A **m**ighty **G**od, Thy written Word grants a faint glimpse of Thee. Though dim, the image floods my heart with deep humility. I marvel o'er that glory so unique to Thee, Most High, Whose beauty and great wonder flaming seraphs magnify.

Transcendent and most holy God, garbed in a robe of light, Thy purity and righteousness puts pretense into flight. I yearn for words as yet unknown-- for language to proclaim Thy greatness that assaults all pride, and

sets my soul aflame.

Thy blinding light, like raging flame, surrounds a sapphire throne, reflecting off a glassy sea like polished crystal stone! A panoply of colors dance in rainbow-bright array with splendor inconceivable that pales the glare of day.

Heav'n's chorus drowns the thunder crash of lightning from Thy throne with tributes to Thy majesty in rich, harmonious tones. Their symphony of worship bathes my ears with holy praise, o'erwhelming me with joy fit to astound and to amaze.

There, seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, With KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS the name upon His thigh, is Judah's Lion, God the Son, Thy sacrificial Lamb Who in my stead fulfilled the Law as perfect Son of Man.

Thy Spirit left this sacred place to bless the virgin's womb. Ancient of Days, the mighty God, as Prince of Peace would bloom. A Man of Sorrows, Christ embraced the cross, reproach and shame. Forsaken by His God, His grief eclipsed Gabbatha's pain.

I will rejoice, dear Father/God, o'er faith's sweet gift to see the sacrifice of Thy dear Son Whose blood atoned for me! Thy holy wrath exhausted, life for me my Savior gained by drinking of sin's vilest cup that He completely drained.

Immanuel! Immanuel! The babe! The Christ! My King! With “Worthy is the Lamb,” and “Alleluia” I will sing. Enraptured by His presence, I will bow and e'er proclaim praise to the King of glory--

Jesus, name above all names!