

**If you confess with your mouth, “Jesus is Lord,”
and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead,
you will be saved.**

**For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified,
and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved.**

Romans 10:9-10

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat – and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet –
“All things betray thee, who betrayest me.”

“Unless I see the nail marks in his hands and put my finger where the nails were, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe it” – John 20:27.

“The horror of the Christian universe was that it had no door marked “Exit.” . . . But, of course, what mattered most of all was my deep-seated hatred of authority, my monstrous individualism, my lawlessness. No word in my vocabulary expressed deeper hatred than the word *Interference*. But Christianity placed at the center what then seemed to me a transcendental Interferer. If its picture were true then no sort of ‘treaty with reality’ could ever be possible. There was no region even in the innermost depth of one’s soul (nay, there least of all) which one could surround with a barbed wire fence and guard with a notice No Admittance. And that was what I wanted; some area, however small, of which I could say to all other beings, ‘This is my business and mine only.’” (C. S. Lewis, *Surprised by Joy*, 171-172)

Fear (knew) not to evade as Love (knew) to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat –
“Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter me.”

“One thing you lack. Go sell everything you have and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven. Then come, follow me.”

At this the man's face fell. He went away sad, because he had great wealth.

Mark 10:21-22

“Early in 1926 the hardest boiled of all the atheists I ever knew sat in my room on the other side of the fire and remarked that the evidence for the historicity of the Gospels was really surprisingly good. ‘Rum thing,’ he went on. ‘All that stuff of Frazer’s about the dying God. Rum thing. It almost looks as if it had really happened once. To understand the shattering impact of it, you would need to know the man (who has certainly never since shown any interest in Christianity). If he, the cynic of cynics, the toughest of the toughs, were not – as I would still have put – ‘safe,’ where could I turn? Was there no escape?’” (ibid., 223-224)

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noisèd Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet –
“Lo! Naught contents thee, who content’st not Me.”

“So then, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the vision from heaven” – Acts 26:19.

“You must picture me alone in that room in Magdalen, night after night, feeling, whenever my mind lifted even for a second from my work, the steady unrelenting approach of Him whom I so earnestly desired not to meet. That which I greatly feared had at last come upon me. In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed: perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England. . . . The Prodigal Son at least walked home on his own feet. But who can duly adore that Love which will open the high gates to a prodigal who is brought in kicking, struggling, resentful, and darting his eyes in every direction for a chance to escape.” (ibid., 228-229)

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
“Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou (drovest) love from thee, who (drovest) me.”

**Do not say in your heart, “Who will ascend into heaven?”
(that is, to bring Christ down),**

or

**“Who will descend into the deep?
(that is, to bring Christ up from the dead).**

But what does it say?

**“The word is near you;
it is in your mouth and in your heart.”**

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For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified,
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Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lacked anything.

“A guest,” I answer’d, “worthy to be here”;
 Love said, “You shall be he.”
 “I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee.”
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 “Who made the eyes but I?”

“Truth, Lord; but I have marr’d them; let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve.”
 “And know you not,” says Love, “who bore the blame?”
 “My dear, then I will serve.”
 “You must sit down,” says Love, “and taste my meat.”
 So I did sit and eat. George Herbert

And now:

I come expecting Jesus to meet me in this place.
 I come expecting to receive His mercy and His grace.
 When I eat the bread and drink the wine,
 It will be a holy moment in time.
 I come expecting Jesus to meet me in this place.

Before us the table is spread.
 Here awaits the wine.
 Here awaits the bread.
 This passage of hope,
 The bread and the cup,
 Here where our souls our fed.

I come expecting Jesus to meet me in this place.
 I come expecting to receive His mercy and His grace.
 When I eat the bread and drink the wine,
 It will be a holy moment in time.
 I come expecting Jesus to meet me in this place.

Remember the price that He paid,
The beautiful gift that He gave.
Come and receive the healing He freely gives,
Here where His love awaits.

I come expecting Jesus to meet me in this place.
I come expecting to receive His mercy and His grace.
 When I eat the bread and drink the wine,
 It will be a holy moment in time.
I come expecting Jesus to meet me in this place.