

Shall I Crucify — Again?

by Robert F. Turner

When Jesus Came To Birmingham

When Jesus came to Golgotha,
They nailed Him to a tree,
They drove great nails through His hands,
And made a Calvary.

They crowned Him with
a crown of thorns,
Red were His wounds, and deep;
For those were crude and cruel days
And human flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham,
They simply passed Him by;
They never hurt a hair of Him,
They only let Him die.

For men had grown more tender
And they would not give Him pain;
They only just passed down the street
And left Him in the rain.

Still, Jesus cried, "Forgive them, Lord,
They know not what they do:"
And still it rained the winter rain
That drenched Him through and through.

The crowds went home and left the streets
Without a soul to see;
And Jesus crouched against a wall
And cried for Calvary.

— by Studdart-Kennedy, English poet.

We first read this poem many years ago, but it impressed us so we have never forgotten it. We searched long to find it, and present it in this issue.

PLEASE read it several times and make a mental picture of the neglected Jesus, who "crouched against a wall, and cried for Calvary."

The greatest enemy Christ has today is not violent opposition. It is not some foul-mouthed woman and her self-serving tirade for Atheism. His greatest enemy is within the ranks of those who claim to respect, and even to serve Him. We blush to acknowledge —

His Greatest Enemy Is Indifference!!!

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