

All the Way Home

By Jill Briscoe

Jesus said, "Take up your cross and follow Me!"

Matthew 16:24

One day in India after a traumatic and wrenching ministry visit, Jesus asked me a hard question. It happened like this:

Shaken, drained, discouraged, sickly
Tired and troubled and depressed,
Glad the time of serving over,
Now I'll go home and rest.

Hot and humid was the weather
Sad and needy was the crowd,
Feeling I had done my duty,
Earned the time of rest allowed.

Soon I could return to family
"Yes," tomorrow I'd be gone,
Sitting in the last hot meeting,
I tuned in to what went on.

Listened to my husband preaching,
My, it was a great last talk,
All about the call of Jesus,
All about our life's "faith walk."

Stuart opened up the Scriptures
Talked of Jesus' pain and loss,
How He who was our great sin bearer,
Bore our guilt upon His cross.

What a great word for the students!
Hoped "they'd" listened, yield their hearts,

They were young, their lives before them,
Now their turn to do their part.

Time for prayers of dedication,
I was tired, so late at night,
Shut my eyes and wished it over,
When a picture sprang to sight!

Saw a cross alone, discarded
Lain at rest against a wall,
Who'd lain down such holy symbol?
Who'd abandoned life's "faith call"?

Then a voice so dear—familiar,
Asked a question—pierced me through,
Who is it that you're expecting
Carrying it home for you?

How could I lay down that crossbeam?
How to think that no one saw?
Who did I expect to lift it,
Carry it to heaven's door?

"Jesus, Jesus, please forgive me,
Carried Thou your cross for me,
All the way to hell to save us,
Help me carry mine for Thee!"

"I'm no hero—special woman
Just a lady, old and gray,
But my cross, Lord, I will carry,
Home, Lord, home, Lord—ALL THE WAY!"

Spoke His voice so quiet—but clearly then:
"All the way home, Jill; all the way, all the way home!"

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