

Dare I reach to touch his wounds?

Dare I reach to touch His wounds,
See blood that's bought release?
Or feel my Father's hand upon
My soul which seeks Your peace?
Glimpse a heart so Spirit filled
Its very life it gave,
As pierced for my transgressions
Jesus came to heal and save?

*Crushed for my iniquities
And punished in my place,
He calls now to my soul,
"Accept God's mercy, take His grace"*

Jesus wounded healer, come,
"Shalom," peace leave with me,
Immanuel, who dwelt with us,
Knew pain, despair and loss,
My wounds opportunities
For Spirit balm to flow,
The place God's mighty power, love
And healing grace can show.

Crushed for my iniquities.....

*Written for a Maranatha retreat weekend at Boars Hill in
Oxford called "Jesus, our wounded healer". See Isaiah 53:5-6,
Hebrews 4:15-16, John 21:26-27, 1 Peter 2:24, Matthew 1:23*

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