

Upon That Hill

I sit upon the hillside
and let my thoughts climb higher—
higher than the wind,
higher than the noise of men,
higher than the restless world below.

My mind rests on Him—
my Lord Jesus Christ.

The most important moment of our lives
happened
before we ever breathed air,
before we spoke a name,
before we understood our need.

On that Hill—
nailed to wood,
pierced through flesh,
crowned with thorns—
He was dying.

For us.

For me.

With my name before Him.

My future failures.

My hidden fears.

My yet-to-be-confessed sins
in dreadful clarity.

He saw every time I would run.

Every moment I would doubt.

Every hour I would choose myself
over Him.

And He stayed.

The Son of God

absorbed the wrath I deserved
so mercy could be given
where judgment belonged.

Justice was satisfied.

Mercy was extended.

The Cross is not decoration.

It is not distant history.

It is not a religious emblem carved in stone.

It is substitution.

It is rescue.

It is redemption written in blood.

A holy exchange

that altered eternity

before I ever took my first breath.

Because of that Hill,

everything else rearranges.

Dreams bow.

Money fades.

Comfort loses its throne.

Even family and ambition

find their proper place.

Identity is no longer built

on what I gain,

but on who I follow.

Look at the Cross again.

Not as a spectator.

Not as a student of history.

But as someone
who was saved there.
Your story changed
upon that Hill.

Mine did too.

Where Jesus Christ
died for our sins—
yours and mine—
and secured grace
through His sacrifice.

The question now
is not what He has done.

That is finished.

John 19:30

The question is this—

Will we live
as those who were rescued?

Or will we trade
eternity's gift
for the fading applause

of a dying world?

The Hill still stands.

The Cross still speaks.

And grace still calls
your name—

not softly,

not vaguely,

but with authority

purchased in blood.