Still Jesus

A Baby born—outcast and obscure

You are still Jesus

Master Craftsman of the universe

born a carpenter’s Son.

You are still Jesus

Walking in the wilderness 40 days without.

You are still Jesus

In a borrowed tomb, the casualty of my sin.

You are still Jesus in the middle of my struggles,

In the center of my life.

In my dreams, tears, brokenness and fears

You are still Jesus.

Comforting, guiding, loving, filling

You are still Jesus.

When an upside-down world quakes and trembles

You are still Jesus.

In the silent nights and fragile days

You are still Jesus.

~