

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

BLESSED LORD JESUS,

Before thy cross I kneel and see  
the heinousness of my sin,  
my iniquity that caused thee to be 'made a curse',  
the evil that excites the severity of divine wrath.

Show me the enormity of my guilt by  
the crown of thorns,  
the pierced hands and feet,  
the bruised body,  
the dying cries.



Thy blood is the blood of incarnate God,  
its worth infinite, its value beyond all thought.  
Infinite must be the evil and guilt that demands such a price.  
Sin is my malady, my monster, my foe, my viper,  
born in my birth,  
alive in my life,  
strong in my character,  
dominating my faculties,  
following me as a shadow,  
intermingling with my every thought,  
my chain that holds me captive in the empire of my soul.  
Sinner that I am, why should the sun give me light,  
the air supply breath,  
the earth bear my tread,  
its fruits nourish me,  
its creatures subserve my ends?

Yet thy compassions yearn over me,  
Thy heart hastens to my rescue,  
Thy love endured my curse,  
The mercy bore my curse,  
Thy mercy bore my deserved stripes.

Let me walk humbly in the lowest depths of humiliation,  
Bathed in thy blood,  
Tender of conscience,  
Triumphing gloriously as an heir of salvation.

Excerpt from *The Valley of Vision: A Collection of Puritan Prayers and Devotions*  
Edited by Arthur Bennett

## CRIMSON

*One choice*

*One tree*

*One fall for humanity*

*One lie*

*One liar*

*One bite is all death required*

*One great regret*

*One squandered chance, and yet*

*One hope*

*One day*

*One name above all other names*

*One bridge between then and now*

*One way to discover how*

*One price*

*One tree*

*One drop of crimson covers me*



Nichole Nordeman  
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