

Daily Devotional, April 14, 2020 Sunday's Comin'

I had been watching the news of the Covid-19 reports again this morning and my thoughts kept drifting to the future, of a time when we would be past this time of confusion and anxiety which has besieged our nation and other nations throughout the world. Thinking towards the future caused me to remember this meditation that I heard some years ago from S.M. Lockridge (1913-2000), pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in San Diego from 1953 to 1993. It struck me that, although this is a Holy Week meditation, it is one of the best examples I could think of that brings hope at any time, most especially to a Christian's heart.

It's Friday,
Jesus is praying, Peter's a sleeping, Judas is betraying,
But Sunday's comin'.

It's Friday
Pilate's struggling, the council is conspiring, the crowd is vilifying, they don't even know
That Sunday's comin'.

It's Friday
The disciples are running, like sheep without a shepherd, Mary's crying, Peter's denying
But they don't know
That Sunday's a comin'.

It's Friday
The Romans beat my Jesus, they robe him in scarlet, they crown him with thorns
But they don't know
That Sunday's comin'.

It's Friday
See Jesus walking to Calvary, his blood dripping, his body stumbling, & his spirit burdened
But you see, it's only Friday
Sunday's comin'.

It's Friday
The world's winning, People are sinning, And evil's grinning

It's Friday
The soldiers nail my Savior's hands to the cross, they nail my Savior's feet to the cross
And then they raise him up next to criminals

It's Friday
But let me tell you something
Sunday's comin'

It's Friday
The disciples are questioning what has happened to their King
And the Pharisees are celebrating that their scheming has been achieved
But they don't know
It's only Friday
Sunday's comin'.

It's Friday
He's hanging on the cross feeling forsaken by his Father, left alone and dying
Can nobody save him? Ooooh.
It's Friday
But Sunday's comin'.

It's Friday
The earth trembles, the sky grows dark, my King yields his spirit

It's Friday, hope is lost, death has won, sin has conquered and Satan's just a laughin'.

It's Friday

Jesus is buried, a soldier stands guard, and a rock is rolled into place

But it's Friday, it is only Friday.

Sunday is a comin'!

We know the outcome. And our final outcome has been cemented in Jesus' ultimate victory over death and the grave—the same victory that has been promised to all believers who trust and have faith in Him. This period in history will have its own Sunday, a day when we will all break out of our “homey tombs” and will greet the day with Halleluiahs! Relief will come and we will rejoice when we will finally leave our Friday behind. Can you imagine the celebration we will have?

I'm sure that we will be draining a massive sigh of relief, but I want you to just imagine what that joy and relief will feel like when we enter heaven's gates. Now THAT will be some kind of Sunday to look forward to!

Prayer: Holy Spirit, fill me with your heavenly calm. May my soul be filled with the outpouring of your presence. Let me feel relieved in the knowledge that you, God, are ever present and in total control. There is no threat, nor evil that can touch me. There is not a single place I can go that you are not there already. Teach me how to trust in you completely. Lord, I ask that you keep me always clothed in your perfect peace. In the name of Jesus Christ, I pray, Amen.

"I am leaving you with a gift--peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn't like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid." (John 14:27)