



# Discovering Calvary

By

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# *Discovering Calvary*

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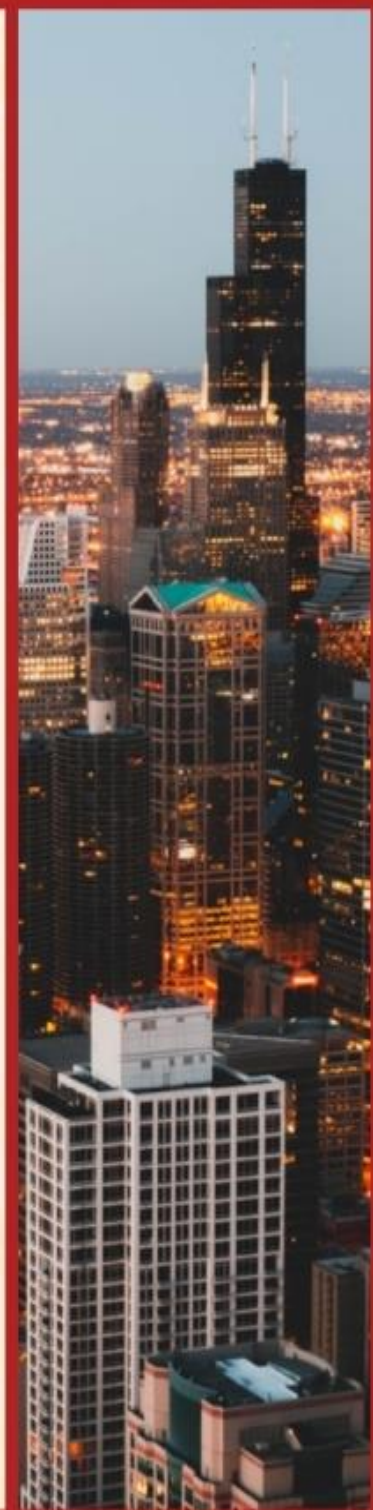
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## Trapped

The World is full of aching hearts,  
Full of fear, dulled hope and pain;  
People afraid to count the cost,  
Merely hoping it's not in vain.  
So many are trapped in emptiness,  
They're the lost in hot pursuit  
Of imagined prizes and worthless goals,  
Idols held in high repute.  
How God must weep as He watches  
While they seek as their common goal  
The riches of a transient World,  
Not Salvation for the soul.  
When will they see the futility  
Of their endless toil and strife?  
One day they'll see what their idols cost...  
The Gift of Eternal Life!

Sylvia Darling





Discovering Calvary...it sounds so simple, but often due to bad life experiences, engrained prejudices and a few personal 'hang-ups' of our own, many of us end up travelling a long and tortuous road *before we will even consider the possibility* that the Bible just might be TRUE, and that perhaps Jesus Christ truly **WAS** the Son of God who died to take away the sins of the World. But is it not *absurd* in a Society in which 'spirituality' or religious beliefs of *any* kind are openly ridiculed and disparaged *that it is nevertheless AN INDISPUTABLE FACT that millions and millions of people all over the World have actually FELT, seen or experienced a spiritual revelation of some kind?*

Scientists, *who cannot explain any of it* simply dismiss *all these things* as 'figments of over-active imaginations' but those who have actually *had* these experiences most certainly KNOW that is *not* the case! *Who* is 'pulling the wool' over *whose* eyes here? **Are we supposed to deny** the very essence of our being, *our spirituality* just because Science can't explain it? *We would be foolish indeed to do so...there are very many things Science cannot explain but they exist nonetheless!* Do we not therefore *owe it to ourselves* to embark on our own *individual* quest for truth? Surely we *cannot* and *must not* allow the vain philosophies of MAN to prevent us from discovering the existence of our Wonderful Creator!



## The Lost

A tormented heart cries out in pain,  
Unseeing eyes search The Heavens in vain,  
Tear-stained cheeks a story tell,  
Of a mis-spent life on a journey to Hell.  
Caught in a vice from which he cannot escape,  
It's your hand he needs for the step he must take.  
Your lips must tell him that Christ paid the price,  
That He bought us Salvation with His Sacrifice.  
Your love must help him discover The Cross,  
And your heart must bleed, with God's for the lost.

Sylvia Darling

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Most of us have been there at some time in our lives, most of us have had those days when we've felt lost and afraid: *days when we knew there had to be a BETTER way to live and yet had no idea what it actually WAS, or where we could find it.* Days when we knew we *NEEDED* to change, *HAD* to change, but didn't know *HOW* to, or even if we *COULD*.

I well remember one such day in my own life when I looked up in torment and despair at a dark stormy sky and with tears rolling down my cheeks cried out, "If there's anybody there, *PLEASE HELP ME!*"

My tears were not in vain. It turned out that there *WAS* Somebody there, Someone Who *CARED* and *HE DID help me!* A short time later a man I barely even *knew* came to see me at my office and to my surprise started to talk to me, softly and sensitively, about God. *I was extremely resistant at first...*for many different reasons, but I saw him several times over the next few weeks *and something began to stir inside me, something I didn't really understand at the time,* and then one day 'right out of the blue' I decided to go along to the small fellowship this man and his family attended. Not too long after that, and purely as a result of this man's gentle guidance and concern *I finally met once again the God I had known very briefly as an extremely young child, but had totally lost sight of and subsequently FORGOTTEN because of the never-ending stress, anxiety and turmoil of my childhood years. God however, had quite clearly never 'forgotten' about me! He had heard my cries to Him that night and answered!*



***Look To The Sky!***

**If you're unhappy or frustrated  
And don't know *why*,  
If you're angry or confused  
*Lift your eyes to The Sky.*  
There IS a God *Who Listens*,  
There IS a God *Who Cares*,  
If you're unhappy or frustrated  
*Look to The Sky!***

**If your heart is full of Sorrow,  
And your eyes are full of tears,  
If you think there's no Tomorrow  
*Turn away from all your fears.*  
Look for something *deeper*,  
Look for something *real*,  
If your heart is full of Sorrow,  
*Look to The Sky!***

**Sylvia Darling**





Most of us hide our sorrow and despair from those around us, feeling that it's an immensely *private* pain we can discuss with *no-one*, share with *no-one*, *not even God*. Sometimes we carry the weight of emotional angst and even GUILT for things that happened in our lives *over which we actually had no control WHATSOEVER, yet for some reason we BLAME ourselves. We ACCEPT the guilt, the responsibility just because we were THERE, subjected to it, witnessing it...‘a part of it’ and yet, in reality not a part of it at all!* Deep down inside there is always *anxiety and uncertainty*, we torment ourselves with unanswerable questions...was there *something else we could have done, should have done? In our hearts and minds we remain TRAPPED THERE in that place, THERE where that situation arose, where that pain began.*



## Heartaches



We look across our troubled lives  
And see so many tears,  
So many different heartaches,  
So many different fears.  
Often we've never given God  
A chance to make us well,  
But kept locked up within us  
The truth of our private hell.  
And so we accept as inevitable  
That we suffer for this and for that,  
That's why we look for the slap in the face,  
And the hand that keeps pushing us back.  
But didn't Christ die to deliver us  
From these tormenting prison cells,  
Or is it that though *He's forgiven us,*  
*We've never forgiven ourselves?*





In Luke 4:18/19/21 there is a wonderful prophetic Scripture that Christ Himself reads in the Synagogue at Nazareth “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: *he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord...This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.*”

Whatever has happened in our lives *we have to learn to FORGIVE OURSELVES, to LET GO of the past, LET Christ HEAL our broken-hearts, DELIVER US from that which is holding us ‘captive’. We have to ALLOW Him to free us from the ‘bruises’ that are holding us bound UNABLE to ENJOY our lives, unable to ‘LIKE’ ourselves because of what other people have done to us. We can walk in emotional FREEDOM, we can be TOTALLY FREE, HEALED AND DELIVERED FROM ALL THE PAINS OF THE PAST if we will only TRUST IN HIM, BELIEVE THE TRUTH OF HIS WORDS and ALLOW His Healing Power to flow through OUR MINDS, through our BODIES, LIBERATING US in EVERY aspect from ANY TRACE of our former human bondage. He whom Christ sets free is free indeed!*



## **The Redeemer**



**Behold My nail-pierced Hands child,  
See the holes in My Feet,  
Realize what I suffered for you  
To free you from Satan's deceit.**

**Look for Me in the Word child,  
If you seek you will surely find,  
I offer you not enslavement,  
But peace for your troubled mind.**

**In Me you'll find fulfilment,  
You'll discover Compassion and Love,  
Turn your back on the lies of a sinful World  
And reach out to God above.**

**You need not suffer the emptiness,  
Nor feel alone anymore,  
Your Messiah stands here waiting,  
I'm knocking at your door.**

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**We need never doubt the LOVE OF GOD or the efficacy of Christs' Sacrificial Death on the Cross. He paid the price ONCE, *for all time*, to take away the sins of the World. He bore our sicknesses and diseases and died that we might be free. Praise His Holy Name. Hallelujah!**



## Calvary

When you hung there on that Cross at Calvary  
It was the generations ahead that you could see.  
Men and women, girls and boys,  
All deceived by Satan's ploys,  
And crying out, alone with their misery.

When you hung there on that Cross you bled for me,  
Your heart ached for the pain that you could see.  
You saw that desperate need,  
And with your death you sowed a seed  
That would lead me straight to God through Calvary.

Despite the blackness of our hearts that you saw then,  
You still cried 'Abba, Father - I'll die for them!  
In your compassion for man's loss  
You went so meekly to the Cross  
And gladly paid the price at Calvary.

Oh, My Saviour! What a joy should fill our hearts,  
For in your Master Plan we each have parts!  
We all can play a role!  
We too can help men to be whole,  
Through the Victory won for us at Calvary!

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## Hallelujah!