

When Holiness Walks Among Us

The purest light, in silence came,
To stir the depths of guilt and shame.
A flame of truth, both fierce and bright,
Unveiled the shadows cloaked in night.

The priests in robes, so proud, so high,
Their whispered schemes a brittle lie.
For when the holy walks the land,
The power-hungry cannot stand.

Pilate's hands, though washed and bare,
Still dripped with fear he could not share.
He chose the path to bring them peace,
And let the cry for justice cease.

"Crucify!" the masses cried,
As mercy stood, untouched, denied.
Barabbas freed, the Righteous chained—
And evil thought it had regained.

But holiness does not depart;
It pierces through the hardened heart.
Though nails and wood may break the skin,
Love's kingdom rises deep within.

For light will strip the proud of ease,
It brings the mighty to their knees.
And in its glow, what can remain?
Not wealth, nor lies, nor selfish gain.

So when the world demands you sway,
Stand firm—let truth not drift away.
Though storms may rise and night grows long,
Through love, like Christ, we will be strong.
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