

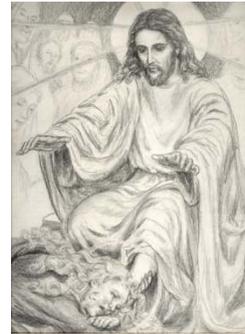
# Our Savior At Work

By Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

Prostrate on the stable floor  
the wise man humbly prayed.  
"Who'd expect to find his God  
on straw, in manger laid?  
But You have come to cleanse and save  
not merely sinners small  
but even those who fault is grave;  
they'll need You most of all!  
And so you've borne our humble form;  
with us now You are one.  
You rest in manger made of wood,  
and not on ivory throne.  
To show all men your heart-felt love  
You came as infant poor.  
Yet here bejeweled in costly robes  
Your greatness I adore.  
My crown of gold is almost mocked  
by Your dirt stable floors.  
My costly gift of frankincense  
pales when compared with yours.  
And so I give a gift worth more:  
my prostrate, humble praise.  
O Savior, count me with the blest  
upon the End of Days."

Stretched out on cross of knotted wood  
a thief looks on His Lord.  
"You are the one the people praised,  
the One the crowds adored.  
Yet here you are condemned like me  
to die the traitor's shame,  
in place of one who earned this fate,  
who played the treason game.  
My death is just, my crime was true,  
I've earned this costly throne.  
But you die here to save my soul,  
accursed, abused, alone.  
Ah, now I fathom your great love!  
I see now what you do.  
You die for me to cleanse my sin  
my innocence renew!

And all my sins, though great they be,  
my Lord, please take away.  
Oh Jesus, Lord, remember me  
upon your Victory Day!"  
And then from Holy lips he hears  
his glorious fate foretell:  
"Today, with me in Paradise -  
My Kingdom - you will dwell!"



On bended knee in box of wood  
a sinner seeks his Lord.  
"Oh, Jesus! How my sins have hurt  
Your love I once adored.  
Yet every time I try to change  
and leave behind my sins,  
my weakened flesh fails to comply  
and then my shame begins.  
Oh, how I wish to change, dear Lord,  
and holiness admire,  
but best intents so often fail  
to bring forth my desire.  
And so the well-worn cycle runs;  
I fall again in sin.  
I fear a life in virtue spent  
I never will begin.  
My only gift to offer, Lord,  
is my repentant heart.  
Please save me in your mercy;  
give my soul another start!"  
Then from the priest's lips come the words  
he constantly repeats:  
"...and I absolve you of your sins..."  
You're free, now go in peace!