

The Road Beyond Emmaus

To the Glory and Honour of God



Painting: Robert Zund's — *'The Journey to Emmaus'*

By Hugh Gilliland (March 1991)

The Road Beyond Emmaus

At this time of deep sorrow and sadness,
When the heartache bringeth much pain
Let those teardrops of grief fade away
And bring back a smile once again
Remember how Gran had to suffer
The toil and the sickness to bear
But now the angels her have carried
To the Kingdom of love and care.

We know not the reason
When our Lord says it is time
By His chosen season
All things work to line
Rest a while and just listen
To what Jesus had to say
To Gran He told the story
Of the Jubilation Day

“My daughter you have suffered
Your trials are now complete
Come walk with Me in the garden
And kneel here at My feet
Could you ever imagine
Such beauty you would see
Or hear chords of sweetness
As the Angels worship Me
Look upon these souls so pure
Their garments shining white
Your family in Christ Jesus
In Me they saw the light.

Long ere the world of My creation
I had fond thoughts of you,
I also chose a nation
By the name of Israel, too
My first son he was Adam
I gave him a wife he named Eve
But there in the garden she listened
To the serpent, who did deceive.
For this sin the world had to suffer
The woman to travail in pain
The serpent would crawl on his belly
For bringing My plan to shame.

In the days of Moses I brought the law
I was there God Jehovah
From Egypt to Canaan I guided My tribes
The true Jehovah Jireh
But My people rebelled
Their worship withheld
And from Me they did turn.
When they sought other gods
I said "It is enough" and caused their cities to burn
With troubles I smote them
With perils and snares
For I am a jealous God
My glory I will not share.

Disobedience and sin provoked Me to wrath
I blinded Israel, My nation
In order to be just and compassionate
I brought forth the Gentile dispensation
By the virgin birth the Word was made flesh
I took the name of Jesus the Son
In him I made known all My attributes
That mankind to Me would come.

In My love I thought of salvation
That a Saviour I might be
There was no other way to redeem My flock
But to die at Calvary.
Could you know the agony I suffered
In the Garden of Gethsemane
How the priests and soldiers abused Me
Before they nailed Me to the tree?
I cried out "My God release Me"
But for My flock it had to be
Alone I stood before My captors
Despised and rejected of man
They never knew I was God in the midst
That Salvation was part of My plan.

In their blindness they scoffed and scourged Me
With many stripes they lashed Me too
A crown of thorns they gave Me
And hailed Me "King of the Jews"
As a lamb I went to the slaughter
To speak I did not choose
My disciples they were scattered
Some friends stood there forlorn
To the tomb they carried My body
All bruised and pierced and so torn
But no grave in this world could hold Me
In power and triumph I came forth.

On the third day I brought victory
The resurrected Christ
Henceforth, My saints, the way is sure
My word is plain and clear -
Now Satan is defeated
Of him you have no fear
The blood that flowed from My wounded side
Cleanses man, all sin to hide.

To complete My task before ascension to heaven
In an upper room at Pentecost I directed the brethren;
For their anointing was My Holy Ghost sent
To carry My Message where they went
And tell of My promise that a comforter would share
All sadness, sufferings and burdens to bear
That all the world would know of Jesus' love
And their prayers would be heard
By the Father above
By My stripes at Calvary
Every sickness was healed
Satan's power over believers
No longer he'd wield.

Of course you know the story
That's the reason you are here
Through days of danger and darkness
To Me you are very dear
The seed by which I foreknew you
Was struck by the light of the Son
By faith you received My teaching
And now the battle is won.
I watched every moment of gladness
Each moment of heartache and pain
I said I would never forsake you
And forever with Me you shall reign,

For a while I must return to My duty
A task of such joy and pride
The table must be made ready
For the banquet I have prepared for My Bride
That day you will see all your loved ones
The Prophets and Patriarchs too
Hear singing and praise, oh so glorious
As heaven rejoices anew
Whilst here you will feast at My table
And for all there is a great celebration
But on earth, dreadful fear
Torment and destruction
Borne of mighty tribulation.

Now comes My moment of glory
My brilliance shall fill the skies
People on earth so filled with awe
With terror and agonised cries
With all My beloved I am coming
For a thousand years to reign
To rule with the rod
Satan I'll bind
And the Earth once again I shall claim."

I saw My Lord in His garden
I know not by dream or by vision
I felt the joy in the heart of Gran
Saved by His earthly mission
For you is left a great chasm
And to grieve is a natural expression
From the bounds of peace and beauty
Who would return to this earthly depression.

With our standards raised we must battle on
Soldiers of the King
Let your heart be filled with gladness
And praise Him in everything.
Jesus knew it would not be easy
When He said "Come follow Me"
Just press on to that higher calling
And God's gift of eternity.
There will be trials and afflictions aplenty
As the narrow way we tread
But the Shepherd said we shall overcome
As by His Spirit we are led.
When He has tried us we shall come forth as gold
In the image of Jesus from the Potter's mould.

We thank our dear Lord for the Prophet
The Elijah of Malachi 4
Without whose Message from heaven
We would never have the key to the door.
Remember his last commandment
“Love thy neighbour as thyself”
Your reward in heaven is far greater
Than all the worldly wealth.
Throughout time and ages
Christ Jesus is ever the same
He said He will never leave us
Oh Glory to His name.

Lord God Jehovah, King of Kings
We rejoice in the blessings your Spirit brings
On us you pour the treasures
That money can never buy.
What wondrous love; O Saviour mine
The Majesty on High,
Lord of Lords and Prince of Peace
May our worship never cease
Bright Morning Star, the Sharon Rose
Our inspiration and for endless prose
O gracious Lord and Saviour
Whose love is beyond our ken
My humble adoration
In Your honour these lines I pen.



Painting: Heinrich Hofmann's *Head of Christ* ca. 33