

A Story of Forgiveness 1

Father,
when shame is all that I deserve and
regret is my daily bread,
 You forgive me –
 simply and
 completely.

When my guilt never stops accusing me
 and I have nothing to reply,
when my punishment can never be enough
 to make me feel right again,
You declare me
 innocent,
 guiltless, and
 pure.
You make me clean!
Between You and me,
 my guilt is gone
 totally and
 forever.

God, if You are for me, who can be against me?

*If You didn't spare Your own Son but gladly gave Him up to save me,
You are certainly won't hold back anything else.*

Who can accuse me?

No one can. You Yourself have declared me innocent.

Who can condemn me?

*Absolutely no one! Jesus Christ, Your Son, died to forgive me and is right
now sitting next to You, interceding for me.*

Who can separate me from Your love?

*Can trouble or hardship or persecution or hunger or poverty or danger or
death itself? Absolutely not! In all these things I am more than a conqueror
because You love me. I know for certain that neither death nor life, neither
angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers,
neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to
separate me from Your love, which You have poured out on me in Jesus
Christ. (Romans 8:31-39, paraphrase)*