



Before the Dawn:

I raise my head and look around,  
at my friends beside me, asleep on the ground.  
Quietly I ponder on what today means for me.  
I will be alone and cursed and nailed to a tree.

Quietly I rise and slip away,  
I need my Father, if I'm to face this day.  
So I make my way into the grove of trees,  
Their shadows graciously spread just for me.

I look at their trunks, gnarled from time,  
at their leaves and their girth and fruit so fine,  
this morning they are waiting, waiting for me,  
and I gratefully kneel at the foot of a tree.

The shadows conceal me; the breeze cools my face,  
Alone in the darkness, my fears start to race,  
calling for surrender, but that cannot be,  
I know that my Father is depending on me.

“Father, oh Father must this day be,  
Is there any way you can take it from me,  
But I was born to do your will,  
And although I tremble, I will do it still.”

“My disciples are like children needing to grow,  
I have fed them your word and they love you so,  
I hate to leave them to a world full of sin,  
Protect them oh Father, protect them from him.”

“Like children they’ll fall and struggle to rise,  
give them my Father a mind that is wise,  
when I am gone they will scatter and run,  
give them oh Father, the strength of thy son.”

Through the trees I watch the last of the night,  
See the embers glowing in our little camp site,  
My friends are waking and calling my name,  
“Shalom my dear Father, I am so glad I came.