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The Gospel Story

By Alicia M. Moglia

I want to tell you
an old, old story,
About a man from glory.
He is over 20 centuries old,
So I have been told.
He was born in Bethlehem,
By a righteous virgin.

His initials are "J." and "C." His name is Jesus Christ, you see.
At 30 He was baptized by His cousin. He performed miracles by the dozen.

For all His good miracles, He had many obstacles.
His own disciple friend, Became the biggest enemy in the end.

Judas offered Him a tree,
Jesus gladly took it for you and me.
His blood is to heal our soul.
His body is our sustaining tool.

Do not be sad,
For the end should make you glad.

On Sunday morning,
All Hell went into mourning.
Jesus in the grave no longer lay,
For death He did slay.
To His disciples He did show,
How in the Holy Ghost they would grow.

On the fortieth day,
Jesus ascended Heaven's way.
Now I will leave you with this hope,
While for another story I grope.
God will send you a Holy Ghost,
To help you to Heaven's Post.