The Soldier

He was just a normal soldier, a citizen of Rome,

Who found that he’d been posted many miles away from home;

And Jerusalem, a city in the province of Judea

Was not the move I’d had in mind to further my career.

My orders are to keep the peace, uphold the Roman law,

That’s partly what the local people pay their taxes for;

The Jewish feast of Passover is our most busy time,

It’s strange to think religious feasts should cause a peak in crime.

The city streets were packed with people coming for the feast,

All leave was cancelled; we were working double shifts at least;

To make things worse the tension on the streets was getting higher

As Jesus came to town and people hailed Him as Messiah

This wound the Jewish leaders up, and so they came to see

The Governor to accuse the Nazarene of blasphemy;

“He claims to be the Son of God” they said “and that is why

We ask you sir to punish Him, for He deserves to die.”

Next morning I was in the troop that took the prisoners three,

And forced them up the narrow streets to die at Calvary;

As each was stretched out on his cross for me to drive the nails,

I looked into their eyes, for that’s the test that never fails.

The eyes of the condemned would always help me judge their case,

And see if they deserved to be in that most awful place;

Some burned with anger, some showed hate, others filled with fear,

But never had I seen such love as Jesus showed me here.

As Jesus hung the sky turned black although it was the day,

And then the earth was shaken as its Lord had died that day;

I turned around and looked toward the leader of my squad,

And heard him saying “Truly this man was the Son of God”

(NOTE)

This was originally written for two readers, but may be adapted for one by changing it all to first or third party as required.