



Case Dismissed

By Lucy Wall

There are three main areas of inspiration for my poem "Case Dismissed." The first is a particular verse from the Bible which is 1 John 2:1 and it reads:

"My dear children, I write this to you so that you will not sin. But if anybody does sin, we have one who speaks to the Father in our defence- Jesus Christ, the Righteous One."

The first time I read this verse the message really jumped out and hit me. The power of the words made such an impact on me that I stopped everything I was doing and thought about what I'd just read.

What this particular Scripture did was it really personalised my Saviour to me. It told me that not only does Jesus know my name and exactly who I am but He also takes the time to defend me in spite of all my flaws! He cares for me so much and His Love is so great for me that despite my sins and failures He takes the time to defend me to the Father. This just amazed me! It filled me with a new level of adoration for Him and helped me understand how great His Love for me is.

When I heard my Pastor give a teaching on this particular Scripture it really brought back all the initial feelings I'd had when I first read the passage. What it also did though was it gave me a much deeper knowledge and understanding of exactly what goes on in the realms of Heaven between Jesus and Satan, thus equipping me to put my thoughts and feelings down on paper. These two areas of inspiration have very much influenced the second half of my poem.

The first half is inspired by something I heard the following week at my church during Praise and Worship. The Praise and Worship leader sang one of his own songs and one that I hadn't heard before. He sang the lyrics "Only You could endure the Cross I nailed You to." I replayed those words in my mind and thought about what I'd just heard. "Only You could endure the Cross I nailed you to!"

Now obviously as a born-again Christian I already knew that Jesus died on the Cross for me but what this particular wording did was it personalised the Crucifixion scene. I realised it had been too simple for me before to picture other people in that scene. I had imagined crowds taunting Him and men nailing Him to the Cross but now suddenly I was right in the centre of it! What I could see in my mind's eye now was me physically nailing Jesus to the Cross! Considering it was because of me and for me that He went through such horrendous torture I knew it might as well have been me driving the nails through His hands and feet.

What hit me the hardest however was the realisation that in spite of the pain and anguish I put Him through, Jesus still loved me. So yet again I was driven to my knees in humility and was bowled over at the knowledge of exactly what it was my Saviour went through for me. It was then that I thought of how this complemented the feelings I'd had on the 1 John 2:1 passage the week before. For me to fully appreciate what it is that I have in Jesus as my defence I have to first understand what it is He's done for me by dying on the Cross. Getting to grips with what He's already done I could then start to properly appreciate what it is I have in Him now, what He does for me and will continue to do. With these thoughts and feelings in place I decided to write "Case Dismissed."

I picture God the Father as He sits upon His throne.
I praise the Lord and sing His name, He does not sit alone.
For to His right, just by His side there sits the Righteous One;
My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God's one and only Son.

I think of how He bore the Cross, forsaken on the tree.
He hung with shame and paid the price and died thinking of me.
Though He was pure and lived a life completely free from sin,
The cup of wrath Christ took as His and did not pass from Him.



When soldiers came with grasping hands my Lord did not resist.
He did not flee or turn away when by a traitor kissed.
He knew the purpose of His life, the reason He had come;
To save the likes of you and me, a work that must be done.

When questioned by authorities my King did not proclaim
His innocence or righteousness, instead He took the blame.
So silently He stood condemned and shamed for all to see.
He took the guilt that I deserved and with humility.

I wonder, as they flogged His back what pain He felt within.
The whip that tore away His flesh was coated in *my* sin.
My lustful heart that ripped His beard, my lies spat in His face.
The vanity in me so vile instead was *His* disgrace.

My selfishness laid on His back, He carried up the hill.
They kicked and mocked my mighty Lord and yet He loved me still.
My envy crowned upon His head, it pierced His gentle skin.
The injudicious crowd threw taunts as blood dripped down his chin.

As jealous whispers tied him down my Lord did not retreat.
My greed, the force that drove the nails into His hands and feet.
In tortured isolation and exposed for all to see,
My King endured shame on the Cross and died thinking of me!

His death was ignominious, it leaves no room to boast
For Christ became the essence of the thing He hated most!
The Father separated them, be under no pretence.
This torture burst the heart of Christ the pain was so intense.

Full willingly He hung with shame, a ransom paid for many.
There is no debt beside my name for Christ paid every penny.
My vindication bought through Him, set free from every wrong.
Forever more I'll serve my King, to Him I now belong.

But in the realms of Heaven there exists a battle fierce
For day and night with fiery darts there Satan tries to pierce
My righteous standing with the Lord and have it over thrown.
His fallacy is thinking that this standing is my own.

Venomous and vituperative he vilifies my name,
Listing my iniquities and highlighting my shame.
He cogently will state my flaws and criticise my life.
Insisting that the Lord should judge my every woe and strife.



"She has no right to come to You!" he'll hiss through putrid breath.
"If You're so "Holy," judge her now! The wages of sin is death!"
This vile, pernicious creature knows my every flaw to tell.
"The fiery pit's where she deserves eternity to dwell!"

I flee to Christ in penitence and fall down at the Cross.
I realise my sentence had He not suffered such loss.
Expedient was Jesus' work, His task though onerous,
Makes Satan's claims so fallible and so erroneous.

He stands in Heaven's courtroom and attempts hit after hit.
I will not fear for there is Christ, celestial advocate.
Destructive words from Satan's mouth reveal his fervent hate.
I know with Jesus there I stand complete and exculpate.

Absolved through Jesus, Christ my Lord, my Saviour, Heaven sent.
Authority so ultimate, His work preeminent.
Although God's Law declares my death, I know I've been set free!
Propitiation held in Christ, it's there for you and me.

The debt is paid, the work complete, there need not be another.
There is no cause beyond His reach, no sin His blood won't cover.
No longer do I stand condemned for there at Calvary,
Unlimited atonement bought imputed onto me.

So now there is no record of my sins beside my name.
They're blotted out forever for my Saviour took the blame.
This work the Devil cannot touch, he cannot take away
What Jesus Christ achieved for us on Crucifixion Day.

So when accused by Satan though I know my name is mud,
The covenant that Christ provides is written in His blood.
What happens then when Satan dares bring out my sinful list?
Christ lifts His palms, His scars on show, announcing "Case Dismissed."

1 Corinthians 15:21-22

"For since by man came death, by Man also came the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ all shall be made alive."