

God Knew My Name

by James T. Lochridge, Jr.

Before the first words of creation were spoken,
God knew my name.
Before the first commandment in the garden was broken,
God knew my name.
Before that glorious night in Bethlehem
when Christ was born to dwell with men,
God knew my name.
Before that horrible Friday when Christ was crucified
while most of His disciples ran to hide.
God knew my name.
Before that first Easter Sunday when the stone was rolled away
and the empty tomb was put on display,
God knew my name.
And before I was conceived and came to be
that rebellious sinner, God's enemy,
deserving of hell for eternity,
God knew my name.
Then on that night when I was but six,
yet a broken sinner in need of a fix,
not a bad person with evil intent,
but none the less lost who needed to repent
of my sin, to turn away from the path I was on,
to receive God's grace gift, my sin debt to atone
by putting my faith in Jesus alone;
who paid my sin debt with His death on Calvary,
cleansed me of my sin and set me free.
And now as God's child I'm heaven bound,
for once I was lost, but now I am found.
And since that day when I was born again,
I've never, no never been the same.
A lost sinful beggar became a child of the King
so you see it's no wonder His praises I sing.
For He not only knew me, He loved me and again and again
My Creator, My Redeemer, My Lord called me by my name.
And so my dear friend, I can assure you of this.
If you want abundant life now and one day heaven's bliss,
Repent of your sin and call on His Name.
He'll save you and cleanse you of every sin stain.
I know, for the God who called me, also knows your name.