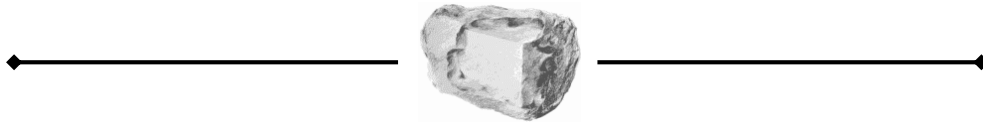


THE MAN WHO TOOK MY PLACE



A Masonic Education Piece

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Danny Fisher, PM

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THE MAN WHO TOOK MY PLACE

My name is Barabbas and I lived a long time ago
At the same time as Jesus Christ; His story, I'm sure you know.
I'm here to tell you my own account and this is the truth
About a good man who laid down His own precious life, for me and you.

You may think that you are better in God's eyes than me
But I'm here to prove to you just how wrong that you can be.
Jesus Barabbas is my true whole name
And I don't deserve any glory or fame.

The first born son was named Jesus in my day
It means "Son of the Father" and until now, it remains that way.
My life was not an easy one, may God help me
I killed many Roman soldiers so that my people could once again be free.

You see, I was Jewish, just like the man that took my place
But unlike Him, I thought that war was the only way to free my race.
I killed and stole from the Romans who held my people as slaves
Then I heard the story of the One that would fight our war, in His own way

They said that He would be a soldier, just like me
That He would at last, set my people free.
The word was out that he would come to our world
To kill all of our Roman enemies, every man, woman, boy and girl.

Our priests said that He would crush the Romans with His own mighty hand
That He would be the one to lead us all, to the Promised Land.
But then I heard that he was not a Warrior like me
He would not fight to make our people free.

He only wanted to talk to my people about following Him
And the life after death that they could win.
From my cell in Jail I heard that he never took a wife
And He said that He was the way, the truth and the life.

It was near the Passover Holiday when the Romans finally caught up to Him
And it was our custom that one prisoner be released, to live again.
The land of Judaea was governed by Pontius Pilate, a man was mean and cruel
Who saw the entire world, under Roman rule.

The Passover law allowed one of us criminals to be free
And on that night the Jewish crowd mocked Jesus and picked me.
Pilate said "I find no guilt in this man, what has he done
Why should I sentence Him to be the one?"



To die a painful death on a lonely hill called Calvary
Hanging crucified on an old Ironwood tree?
The Jews like me back in our day
Had Chief Priests in charge of showing us the way.

The Priests thought that Jesus was there to take over their power
And show my people that He was the man of the hour.
But they were wrong and as the Romans untied my hands
I turned to look in the eyes of the man

Who took my place that cold and cloudy day
On the hill that we called Calvary.
What I saw in the eyes of Christ Jesus that day
Changed my life forever, in a Glorious way.

The Romans took off my chains and set me free
But instead of running, I hid in a ditch to see
The man who took my place on the cross that night
And what I saw was a truly horrific sight.

The Roman soldiers drove nails into His hands and hung him from that tree
And I couldn't help but think that this man should have been me.
He didn't deserve to die that night and the Romans never had a case
But I watched as that good man took my place.



That's my story and every word of it is true
About the man who took our places, me.... and You.
So listen to your heart and hand it over to Him
And you too, will have a Mansion in paradise to win.

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