

## The Old Rugged Cross

I'm a little behind the times. But what else is new? ☺

Easter was a month ago, I bet you already knew that. For me it was a busy day. Church in the morning and 17 of us for Easter dinner. And, the Easter Egg Hunt!

The past 3 years we didn't have a yard, so no hunt. The grandkids were excited to do it this year, even the teenagers. Before the hunt, there is always the telling of the Easter Story using Resurrection Eggs. If you aren't familiar with Resurrection Eggs, they are numbered plastic eggs with little things in them, each a hint to part of the story of Holy Week, Jesus last days. Crucifixion and Resurrection. The last egg is empty to represent the empty tomb. Both adults and children get an egg, open it in order and explain what the clue is and why it is important. I've been doing this for many years, but it's interesting to see who remembers what the hints mean. (Sometimes the kids remember more than the adults.) By the end, when the empty egg is opened, I get emotional. The empty egg is the most important of them all and sharing that with these eager minds moves me to tears. Knowing that He is risen. That Jesus came, died and arose to take away the sins of the world, well, I just get emotional. Let's leave it at that.

Let me back up a little in my day though. As I said, in the morning I went to church. Talk about getting emotional, one of the hymns was "The Old Rugged Cross". As I started to sing, my heart swelled. Joining in the hymn were many other voices. Not just those who were physically standing around me, but the voices from years gone by. The voices of my grandparents, aunts, uncles, mom and even dad. I especially remember my mom's funeral service. Most of that day was a blur. Hymns were being played in the background as we sat moments before the service began. However, as the music continued, I could hear humming from those familiar with the tune. Then, at the final chorus, if very soft voices, whispering almost...

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
And I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown\**

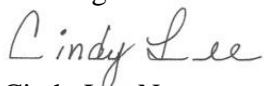
Though others may not have noticed, or remember it now, it has remained with me even after 24 years. It brought me comfort then, it brings me comfort now. The words reminding me that, no matter what my trials in life are on this earth, I will one day lay them all down and have a crown of glory.

What I must remember, what we all must remember, is to continue knowing that Jesus is with us every day of the year. 24/7/365 - He remembers us, even when we don't remember Him. He is with us when we mourn, when we are distraught, when we are broken. He brings the joy, the comfort, the repair.

Yes, I get emotional telling the Easter story, singing hymns at church and just about any time I see God working in my life and the lives of those around me. My time on this earth equates to 554,856 hours. Every hour, no matter how dark or how bright, He has been with me. If that doesn't stir emotion, I don't know what will.

What stirs your emotions? Drop me a line, I'd love to hear from you!

Blessings from the heart,



Cindy Lee Nonnemacher  
Author

\*Read the full lyrics From [Hymnal.net](http://Hymnal.net) Lyrics & Music: [George Bennard](#) (1873-1958)