

## **“The Middle Man”**

**Bobby Gawthrop**

“The robbers who had been crucified with Him  
were also insulting Him with the same words” (Matt. 27:44)

My fate was sealed, ‘all’s lost’, said I,  
my heart was black as pitch,  
as I perchanced to lift my head,  
I saw the far man twitch

A thief be he, his life condemned,  
my comrade in the dark,  
and thus we hung, beneath the sky,  
all was grim, all was dark,

To the middle now we cast our hate,  
our eyes thus fixed on Him,  
the soldiers truly earned their keep,  
His body! O, so grim

The venom spewed from our hearts black,  
sly tongues we pricked the mark,  
yet, the middle Man just hung there, red,  
His blood amidst our bark

As the far man hurled his hate,  
to the middle I did seek,  
His outward form was bruised and beat,  
yet in my heart He now did speak

My soul awake! Tis beauty now!  
I spoke... ‘remember me’,  
from outstretched arms I heard Him cry,  
“Today, you shall be with Me”

This article is provided as a ministry of [Third Millennium Ministries](#). If you have a question about this article, please [email](#) our *Theological Editor*. If you would like to discuss this article in our online community, please visit our [Reformed Perspectives Magazine Forum](#).

### **Subscribe to Reformed Perspectives Magazine**

RPM subscribers receive an email notification each time a new issue is published. Notifications include the title, author, and description of each article in the issue, as well as links directly to the articles. Like RPM itself, *subscriptions are free*. To subscribe to [Reformed Perspectives Magazine](#), please select this [link](#).