

# THE THIEF

I am the thief, the criminal.  
I am a scoundrel, a swindler, and a worker of evil.  
I was scourged for my sins and crucified for my crimes.

While hanging between Heaven and Earth I saw the broken and bloodied body of a King nailed to a Cross. I watched the soldiers hoist Him high and then drop His instrument of death into a hole dug beside me.

I had heard of this Man; I had known of His works— how He fed the multitudes, how He healed the thousands. And how He offered forgiveness to them all. I watched the nails being driven through His hands, those merciful hands which had extended to sinners comfort and compassion— to the last and to the least, to the weak and to the worthless. I wondered in *this*, my *final* hour... could He forgive me, could He give this grace to *even* me?

And so, as I looked up to Him once again I said, “**Jesus, remember me when You come in Your Kingdom.**” His reply was, “My friend and my brother, I *already* have... **Today, you will be with Me in Paradise.**”

*That is grace.*

— Ric Webb  
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