

## JOSIAH REMEMBERS

2 Chronicles chapters 34 and 35.  
Deuteronomy 5:9,10

I tremble still whenever I recall  
the terrors of that Coronation Day.  
Eight summers of my living, that was all  
I'd known. Timid and shy, too young to say  
a countermanding word to anyone  
of older years, too weak to hew  
the ironwood trunk of politics alone,  
my greatest task was how now to be true  
to God's commands.

The shophar's rousing call,  
the dance, the song, the thronging crowds, the din,  
the wine, the feasting in the palace hall  
whirled round me like a blurring desert wind  
and I, intimidated, could not laugh.  
I felt alone.

Eight years I held my peace,  
slow, sluggish years of foggy palace craft,  
with ponderous elders powerless to cease  
their buzzing consultation, droning on  
of laws and statutes, policies and plans,  
while silently, in meditation,  
my thirsting heart reached out imploring hands  
to David's God. And so I sought for Him,  
until that day my passion surged so far,  
I blessed the God Who dwells between the cherubim  
and cursed the false, impostering Asherahs.

I tore them down. I smashed their pagan poles,  
their altars and their images of Baal.  
I ground to dust their idols. Nothing whole  
was left, no semblance anyone could hail  
as god, in all the land. Jerusalem  
and every town as far as Naphtali  
was purged.

Yet still the city where God set His name  
was tarnished by the temple's injury  
through ignorant neglect and selfish greed.  
I funded the repairs. Hilkiah's men  
were faithful to their charge in word and deed.  
The temple rose resplendent once again.

This greatest of all tasks—or so I thought—  
would please the God of Israel; till I read  
the terms of holy covenant which He taught  
in scrolls Hilkiah uncovered long since hid.  
I summoned all the people, great and small,  
and read aloud the warnings of our God.  
Together we repented. Standing tall,  
we vowed allegiance to His holy Word.

What celebrations we enjoyed that year!  
No Passover was ever held like this.  
The paschal lamb, the sprinkled blood, the fear,  
the trembling awe, the songs of praise. We missed  
no single regulation. As the smoke  
above the altar rose like evening prayer,  
my heart was finally at rest. God spoke  
sweet peace—His Word is now no longer rare.

Manasseh may have sacrificed to Baal,  
but Yahweh's promises can never fail.  
Four generations feel His judgment's weight  
who wallow still in bitterness and hate;  
a thousand know the blessing of His grace,  
who love and worship Him with open face.

*Want to read more by Barry Chant?*

*Easy. Just go to [www.barrychant.com](http://www.barrychant.com) and browse around. There is something for everyone – Bible studies, children's stories, articles, devotional materials, poems, short stories, Christian resources, pioneer Pentecostal research and more. And mostly it's free.*

## **About Dr Barry Chant**

Barry Chant is Senior Pastor of the Wesley International Congregation in Sydney, Australia. He is a regular speaker at church services, seminars, conferences and conventions. Hundreds of thousands of his books have been sold around the world. He has degrees in arts, theology and ministry, a diploma in education and a PhD in history. He was the initiator and former president of Tabor College, Australia.

## **Terms of Use**

You are welcome to read, download and print this document without cost. If you want to pass on copies to others or use them in your local church Bible study group or Christian fellowship, please acknowledge the name of the author (Dr Barry Chant), the copyright date and the source of the material ([www.barrychant.com](http://www.barrychant.com)).