

From a greater hand
than mine

By Russell D. Holder

FROM A GREATER HAND
than mine

russell d. holder

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PREFACE

It is a great source of joy to be able to see a goal achieved. I have wrestled with this body of work for years... just like Jacob wrestling with the angel. There were days I felt like giving up... that I couldn't and shouldn't complete this particular undertaking... and the spirit within me would not let it rest. I'm glad my hands were guided to face what my lips promised God years earlier... this would be my first fruits, as a poet, dedicated to Him.

I hope you'll find inspiration in these writings and read with an open mind... reflecting on the altruism's of the spirit... intrinsic to each and every one of us. It is my version of a cornucopia... a palette of many colors and flavors to sample, providing the feast from two fish and a loaf of bread... comfort in a time peace can feel so elusive and yet desperately needed. I would like to thank everyone for their input and patience.

I thank you... from the heart,

Russell D. Holder

Via con Dios

Guest Comment:

"Russell's writing has a vibrant immediacy that truly captures the reader's imagination coupled with the unique ability to activate the reader's own thinking processes to stimulate theory, outlook and idea. He has the true talent of all great artists to paint pictures in your head as he deftly uses words like brushes to cover the canvas of his ideas and beliefs."

Jenifer Whyte

I was waiting for a guest comment... to come from a dear friend of mine in Scotland. As soon as I got the comment above, I was deeply humbled by her graciously kind words... as I respect her as one of my peers, being a poetess, as well as a darn fine photographer... taking most of her shots from around the Isle on which she lives. She reminds me of "a Scottish Ansel Adams." See if you don't agree with me! You can find her work on red bubble (www.redbubble.com)... just enter her name, on the top right, once you get to the Home page for the website... Jenifer Whyte. By the way, you can find me there also, that is how I met my dear friend... whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude to for her kindness shown. Thank you, Jen!

Russell D. Holder

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(Latin for "Draftee of truth... not even")

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Chapter 1... A Hand For Faith, Faith builder

"One morning I'll wake up"

Can we believe one day we'll
be in heaven...
of the glory to be seen,
and the story to be heard of
the difference we've made as
we walked upon the earth,
to actually meet someone who'll
remember what we did...
doing things as we should, as we
all should be doing now...
there will be the knowledge
and here we prove our worth.

"Oasis of man"

The torrent of tears
by mankind couldn't feel
more through the ages
than when Jesus wept.

"Always there"

My life
is as a bird
in my Father's hands
when I'm down
He lifts me up
through the strength
of a gentle breeze
when troubles are about
He guides my path
through gift of flight
well within ease
He lets me soar
and fly so high
but when carried away
He brings me down
to stand on earthly feet
with a firm understanding
He's always there

"Light the window eternal"

I have no time
to bother with doubt,
I have no time
to dash after worry,
for I know it's time
to clean my window.

I'll stop no moment
to hesitate on love,
I'll stop no moment
to falter from hope,
for I see it's time
to clean my window.

Remember... light is eternal,
when darkness surrounds you,
but you have the power
to brush it aside forever,
stay cheerful and bright...
from night comes a new day,
from night comes a new day.

Let me so pause
to comfort the lost,
let me so pause
to restore the faith,
for I feel it's time
to clean my window.

"Light the window eternal" cont.

I shall not lull
my time to waste,
I shall not lull
my life undone,
for the time has come
to clean my window.

Remember... light is eternal,
when darkness surrounds you,
but you have the power
to brush it aside forever,
stay cheerful and bright...
from night comes a new day,
from night comes a new day.

"Showing hope"

Love doesn't show itself as a
harsh word from the lip,
and never snaps at people, even
on the worst of days,
love wouldn't think of jumping to quick
off the line of any race,
which just goes to show all involved
that all involved should learn to pace,
love hasn't come into being to deny
certain people over any other,
and the truth of the matter is
that we're family to one another,

"Showing hope" cont.

love has spoke these same words
and shall come to proclaim it again,
which goes to share with all concerned
there is one way for man to win,
love is the way that shows hope

"Gifted by grace"

He who has a gift,
Knowing it is a gift,
Shouldn't ever say that
He has earned it, which
Is exactly the way
We need to approach
The gift of grace,
Provided by Lord Jesus.

"Our little shoulders"

When you give up hope
is when you need not life,
for there's nothing to hold
onto but a constant strife,

"Our little shoulders" cont.

when you give up faith
is when you need not truth,
even though you see you'll
never believe the proof,

when you give up love,
the kind we get from others,
is the time we lose sight
that all men are brothers,

when you give up charity
to say it is all my own,
is simply put to say that
the truth was never grown,

so when will these return:
charity, love, faith and hope,
with no God to believe in
you bathe without the soap,

when all is said and done
we need God's relationship,
to remove from our little
shoulders a very heavy chip.

"A slice of wisdom"

How do people find their own space
and forget about others,
have we not yet found the vision
to see all men as brothers,

in these days of war on earth...
technology boasts it's best,
should we not grasp each person's hand
and then stand up to the test,

when we can do this upon the earth
and feel God's mighty word,
we as people will come to see
the need to drop the sword,

what we need has been given freely,
the change within our hearts,
believe strongly on all His grace
in the light of a new start,

each new day we should praise His
name and read our daily bread,
for in the end, I pray you'll not
say your life by men was led.

"Tread lovingly"

With the sandals of man
we must tread the
spiritual waters, on
the path of our lives,
to be fully aware of
the reason we are
here on earth...
to love our LORD,
as well as loving others.

"Straightened out"

The anvil of time rests in God's hands...
sometimes we take quite a beating;
because, we've many dents or troubles
to be straightened out. Rest assured,
when we strive to stay in God's hands
we will be fired and fired again...
and again, until we come forth like
pure gold and pure in heart.
May we be forged in truth,
tempered by faith
and crafted in love.

"Stand trusting"

Lord, your servants
stand trusting in
 You,
though the road
which we take may
 get dreary,
we will stay strong
in our faith of you,
 Jesus,
even when our legs
and our hearts grow
 weary,

"Stand trusting" cont.

for we've come to
face this day you've
 given,
knowing that you provide
the truth and the
 life,
and even when we
can't see things
 clearly,
You're already
removing all the
 strife,
You are the way to
be sustained,
 Dear Lord,
for we know the
path surely
 narrows,
and with You we
find true protection,
from old Satan's
would be harmful
 arrows.

"In love's sight"

Kindness is but one of the branches
on the tree of life,
gentleness is another to be seen
and felt by the spirit within,
both are to be understood as they
are gifts from above,
and when we walk to the tree
seeking truth love will begin,
the tree has been chiseled pure
by the carpenter's hand,
the light from the tree shines
throughout the ages,
only through the grace of love
does the ability come to stand,
and our breath is paid toward
our life, so praise the wages,
all people who come gather
in love's sight are supplied,
the pathway to truth we must seek
and never shall we be in hiding,
He has told us all that peace is near
to the people who have loudly cried,
and to those that sought His grace...
from the heartless you'll see dividing

"Steppin' stone"

The rock of truth, the hope of life,
will cause both good and to some strife,
the lessons come for us to grip,
don't turn away or then you'll trip,
as you must see He is the Lord,
as you shall know He is the word,
so you should come to seek the truth,
to learn and grow... our lives as proof,
when truth is lived as it is heeded
life will fulfill all that is needed,
seek steady ground and truthful voice,
in heaven's sight may all rejoice,
stand firm on rock... the rock is true,
and know full well He created you,
He's our footing through troubles all
and by our faith we'll hear His call,
you're to believe the word as guide
then ask Him in your heart to abide,
when times get low and feelings are down...
realize this... He's always around,
so stand up for the truth so plain...
we're all God's own, may all catch rain,
the rain is giving growth to the needy,
though never to the ones so greedy,
"Be as Me," our Dear Lord has said...
that is the way... by water and bread,
the water of spirit is learning thought,
the bread is action when living is sought.

"Sounds like"

Can you distinguish the sounds of God
from the sounds of man?

When talking... do you hear yourself?

Are you bitter or forgiving your
neighbor of his opinion
that may differ from yours?

Constant change is required
to allow growth a chance.

Find comfort of soul with an
allowance of acceptance... we
are all different, but may we hold
high our hands in praise of
our God who sent us... so we might
learn through the problems of this world
and understand wherein our strength
truly comes from.

"Loving ingredients"

Love lives where hope resides,
there you befriend your neighbor,
but when greed comes creeping in
what remains is what you remember,

so live your life for now,
for here and not for then,
one day you just might say
there was a time of when,

I've lived for a wagging tongue
is what you shouldn't say,
it doesn't matter what the
Jones's up and do today,

love lives where trust abides,
kindness shows love savors...
the time to face believing
of love's quite special flavors.

"Don't give up"

Remember my friend,
when you're:
in a glen,
on a hill
standing still,
hiking a valley,
in the city
by an alley...
it's not true
that you're alone.

Haven't you heard,
everyone includes you,
we have a shepherd
so don't get uptight,
take a breath...
it's a guiding light,
even when you fall
and you've no plan,
don't give up hope
there's always a hand,
just walk upright and
take a little pride,
it's pleasing in His sight.

Remember my friend,
when you're:
in a glen,
on a hill
standing still,

"Don't give up" cont.

hiking a valley,
in the city
by an alley,
it's not true
that you're alone.

"The gift"

What man could ever throw away
a gift when it was given,
which would hurt the feelings
of the giver when not believing,
not believing the gift was given
freely and from the heart,
the gift of eternal life is
from God for man to start,
when man can accept the gift
of love and cherish it through life,
God has known man would learn to...
believe and see beyond his strife,
and all we must do is believe
that the Lord is always true,
so believe in the gift of love
and find the change in you.

"Where stands"

Where stands the light of the Lord
rests an individual full of happiness,
an individual who wishes to build and
not destroy due to loneliness,

where shines the love of the Lord
shines a pathway bearing wholeness,
the pathway providing direction and
a way out of emptiness,

where yields the truth of the Lord
yields the strength and hand of kindness,
the hand sent to guide and
not to judge from selfishness,

where grows the life of the Lord
grows a spirit understanding receptiveness,
the spirit gifted of vision and
not casting sight of blindness,

where stands the wisdom of the Lord
stands intelligence held by tallness,
once learned bringing depth and
insight of our smallness.

"Shepherd's pocket"

When we think of Jesus
let us not focus on where He went,
who saw Him, when He talked,
why all the miracles; but rather
how He was filled with the spirit...
the spirit unyielding to anything
but the truth... to the point
of self denial, only to
rise above earthly problems...
showing us there is a way
and not to dwell on things that
ruin your here and now.
When you're in the Shepherd's fold
will He not keep a watch on you?

"With Him or without"

The good in life is found with God,
the bad in life is found without Him,
and there is no in between to see...
either you're with Him or without Him,
when you're with Him you're in the light
and when you're not there's only dark,
those that stumble and grope for truth
are like the sighted blind... left so stark,
the truth to know is that Jesus is Lord...
He is the King over all that is known,

"With Him or without" cont.

and unless you bow your head to Him,
to Him you will remain the unknown,
the truth will be seen soon returning
and those that believe in Him will find,
when He comes back for His their earning,
the good in life is found with God,
the bad in life is found without Him,
and there is no in between to see...
either you're with Him or without Him.

"Tread lightly"

How can christians keep asking for more,
what the Lord takes away He will restore,
just keep strong in your faith each day
and train your ear to hear what He'll say,
for it is more important to hear of His plan
than anything that's said on earth by man,
so put your trust in Him on high
and know that His own will never die,
and seek out His peace, He brings you such calm,
do remember the King that rode on the palm,
don't ever look on another with hate...
the Lord's path is true and He'll set you straight,
so take heart in all the things that He said
and be mindful of how, on this earth, you tread.

"Left question to answer right"

Why must we bicker (?)
When God gave us
What makes us special,
Where we pray matters little, or
How different our views and beliefs are, for
Who we pray to loves us all.

"Thank you Father"

For being there when we need You,
for being there when we're down,
You supply the strength we need
to help us come around,

when You do pick us up
it's always with a gentle hand
we also feel and know Your strength
when at last we finally stand,

firm feet do stand on THE ROCK,
the HOLY GHOST we'll never fear,
we'll welcome You in this household
each day and every year.

Chapter 2... A Hand For Life, Life Lessons

"Hellos end stranger-ship"

There is no greater stranger to meet
than the stranger within ourselves,
will you punish yourself for not being
able to understand or forgive my life,
accept me for what I can, for what I
cannot you will never see to appreciate.

"Only the spirit knows"

When grace touches your shoulder
and you feel it to your toes,
who knows where the heights will lead
you when only the spirit knows,

when compassion crosses your brow
and you can feel the spirit move you,
you can believe you'd better listen
to the message that it gives you,

it's when you feel hot flashes
and the feeling sort of grows,
who knows where the heights will lead
you when only the spirit knows,

"Only the spirit knows" cont.

when hope embraces your being
and your feet begin to dance,
is when the spirit has you
and you feel it's your last chance,

when love sweeps through your body
and your face on fire shows,
who knows where the heights will lead
you when only the spirit knows.

"Share the caring feeling"

I have no power in these two hands,
but the power of love,
and when I raise these loving hands
the power reigns above,
and I know as I extend these hands
I'll then begin to share,
and when I feel I've helped someone
is when I'll feel care.

"To solve it... resolve it"

Would you fight me now, to
prove your manhood, only to
walk away after and not realize
the fight you faced was with
yourself; because, the reflection
in me you fought would be that
in your nature you didn't approve of,
and sought blindly to solve it.

"In me"

The Cherokee in me
despises the white man,
the Irish in me
chokes on the English,
the English in me
restrains the Irish,
the Dutch in me
is very hard-headed,
the German in me
is willing for change,
the Scotch in me
has quite a sweet tooth,
the Jewish in me
cries at the wall,
the Christ in me
clears up all the confusion,
and beholds all of us
as children of God.

"A choice is made"

As another day dawns
on the choices life contains,
to eat from the banquet table
or simply scrap that remains,
the tug-of-war continues,
the tether frayed from the strains...
a choice is made to live on.

Every day a new beginning
and even it shall see an end,
we should be careful of our tongues
for the messages unmeant to send,
when lives by courtroom bench
will not be straight, but turn to bend,
a choice is made to live on.

When life's door finally closes...
through death's door we depart,
and those of us left behind
find again we need to start
to push past petty differences,
to seek the purpose of the heart...
a choice is made to live on.

"Catch it"

Anger is the minor infectious
feeling that mankind is bound by,
Love is the major feeling that
frees us all so infectiously.

"Time to think again"

When painful memories are
all we think about,
it's time to think again
about all we've been thinking,
allowing new thoughts an opportunity
to rinse free the past.

" ... IN EVIDENCE OF... "

To be young is to be over
Concerned with appearance;
But,
To be wise is to be aware
Of the inner needs of people...
That appear quite evidently.

"Mirror image"

When a man,
with blinders on,
speaks of love
he sees only
what's in front
of himself, and
not the horizon
that stretches beyond
man's limited
understanding
of the flesh.

"Should be you"

When man creates an image
and calls it Oh-so great,
and when that image crumbles
he writes it off to fate,
he'll keep stumbling along,
even though he tries,
because it's the glitter and pomp
that will surely catch the eyes,
open the eyes of the heart
if you truly want to see,
then you'll start to rearrange
the way that you should be.

"Patience"

Still water comes to the one
who waits with patience,
true love spans
the gulf of time,
to dissolve the height of fear
or depth of worry,
never a better wonder
will you find.

"Hand of a friend"

Oh you, who know not a poet's thought,
or would you find truth in all that's sought,
and should song emerge from idle thought...
can the sound be heard by all,

"Hand of a friend" cont.

for we must make a difference now,
do you see why and even know how?
It takes a hand of a friend,
a friend whose made a stand,

we who are only human-kind,
when kind humans are hard to find,
though the path maybe long and hard,
true friends... there's the treasure.

"Cozy warmth returns from the cold"

So many people misplace
the potion of emotion,
an elixir so near
that we could touch it,
the feeling of touch
some seem not to grasp,
the clasp of a hand, or a smile,
'in just awhile I will,"
is what is said,
but off to bed they do lie,
remaining to try for
this sensation called feeling,
yet unrevealing of themselves
so nothing changes,
caught by the rigid-frigid
hands of selfishness,

"Cozy warmth returns from the cold" cont.

and quite defenseless they
whisper in my ear
screaming of their sorrow,
I long not to borrow
for the course of my day,
but there's a way to
melt down that mind, I'm
sure you'll find it comes
from warmth, plain and
simply... just from warmth.

"Found to be cutting teeth of wisdom"

True spiritual growth comes to those
who've endured the tests and trials
of their life with: faith, strength,
hope, assurance and kindness, but
most of all... love.

"How else"

The idea that we should aspire
to is to live and learn,
how else can we say in life
we've truly lived to earn,
and we should never measure
our life by how low we did go,
we should always try to go higher
than what we've come to know.

"Do be"

Don't be
worried what people say you should be,
Don't be
concerned why they titter and laugh,
Don't be
frustrated where they say you should be,
Don't be
confused when they are too,
Don't be
troubled how you live your life,
Don't be
disturbed who says this or that,
Do be yourself.

"Don't turn away"

Life is the horse
we must climb back on,
even when we fall off
amidst sorrow and pain,
to truly develop the taste
for the meaning of life.

"When you can"

Can you forgive me
of the way I am,
and the way I have
done things before,
if you can do this...
with truth in your heart,
heaven knows all your
treasures you've in store.

"In our weakest moments"

It is only after we've made mistakes
the Lord will bring us through,
for when we acknowledge our failures
and ask forgiveness we can be true,
we find out in our weakest moments
our Lord is our source of strength,

"In our weakest moments" cont.

and when we drink from the water of
life, peace the Lord does bringeth,
so remember, when you truly need
peace and calm you'll seek and find,
Lord Jesus has a way to comfort you
when you need His hands so kind.

"Real key to reality"

When men or women
profess unto their importance
from difference alone,
to any other person,
they lock themselves out
by the very door so necessary
to distinguish real importance,
forgiving-acceptance.

"Can you be no other"

Can you be my brother, a young
man or another,
who will know to show concern
and bother,
just like I was blood kin,
a part of you, and should be
treated as no other.

"Obstacles of the moment"

Have you ever run into a wall?

It will make you stop all progress,

but you have to pick yourself

back up, shake off the indifference

and continue: over, under, around

or through until you're back on the

path or road you have chosen.

"Guidance necessary"

When you cover me in a
blanket of ignorance, I'm
not suppose to see the
many injustices with which
you try to belittle me or
feel the stinging reality
of your slap to my intelligence...
thinking on the truth.

"In the spirit"

I was rocked, shaken,
twisted, twirled, moved
and tossed... and my
feet never left the ground.

"The feelings of driftwood egress"

Feelings are often
hidden beneath the surface
of calm cool collected
facial expressions,
just like the ocean's surface.

Surprisingly so,
for you never know what lies
at the bottom... ready
to rise up through the
muck to the surface once more.

Currents of feeling
sweep the shoreline of ego to
render its buried hulls
of discontentment
about the facial landscape.

Turbulent action
strains against the coral-like
sheath of behavior we
call our own, daily
displays of ebbing tossed

"The feeling of driftwood's egress" cont.

Emotions; which are
remnants of scuttled problems
never taken care of.

Submerged errors
may make a man hit the rocks.

Chapter 3... Reach For Your Goals, Goal Oriented

"His own, He will say"

If a man has not
the love of God
and proclaims to know
love as his own,

I'll share a man
for you to see, and
he will receive all
of what he has sown,

you'll hear me a lot,
along with I too,
so lend an ear to
hear your friend,

as well as others,
people need people
who will be there
down to the end,

one man stood here
once, upon this Earth,
and when He returns...
all men will proclaim...

Lord God, my friend,
I hope they say,
they'll see He lives
and on Earth He'll reign.

"I knew you not"

From east, west, north and south
the people came to hear His word,
and wherever He would go He'd talk
so that people could say they heard,
when He spoke, He spoke only the truth,
the kind that penetrates to the soul,
for... you see that saving lives
was indeed His only goal,
and though He spoke to all the people...
the people chose to see Him not,
the man was our heaven sent Savior
and in time the message they forgot,
so strive to remember the words of the Lord,
those words of faith were filled with love,
for truly the Father sent forth His Son,
the Lord Jesus did come from up above,
so carry each day the truth in your heart,
in temptation's net be not caught,
or else when on the Earth's last day
the Lord will say, "I knew you not."

"The way is lit by truth"

Thank you, Jesus, for
sharing with me
the way I should go and
the way I should be.

"The way is lit by truth" cont.

Thank you, Jesus, for
sharing with me
the light for my path
enabling me to see.

Thank you, Jesus, for
sharing with me
the truth of the spirit,
eternal and mighty.

Thank you, Jesus, now
I'll share with them all
that you are my Lord God...
I'll answer your call.

"For all to see"

O' little light,
wherever you may be,
though the wind makes you waver
shine your light for all to see.

O' little light,
wherever you may go,
shine your light brighter than bright
so the unknowing will truly know.

"For all to see" cont.

O' little light,
whatever you may see,
though darkness attempts to surround you
keep your hop in the Lord of light.

O' little light,
whatever you may do,
though times may make you flicker
know the Lord is always there for you.

O' little light,
whenever you may dim,
won't you look up to truly see
the light of heaven is your coming home.

"Love raised"

When you call me, Lord,
may I be standing with you
when you do,

for when you've called me, Lord,
I know I'll be standing
there with you,

and then there'll be no call, Lord,
to shed tears, except for praise...
of love raised.

"Give your hearts over"

The next war on this Earth
shall be for power,
and who knows the day or
even the hour,
so let not these things
bog you down today,
for the power exists in
the Lord's hand, I say,
so when troubles befall us...
there is yet hope,
His peace and comfort will
help us to cope,
and we should strive to
live up to His call,
He will call home His
children, yes... one and all,
before these problems can
tell us they'll win,
give your hearts over...
give them over to Him.

"Protected by grace"

All the King's children are
hidden by mercy,
yes... they've found protection
by grace,
for when the day of the wrath
of the Lord comes,

"Protected by grace" cont.

they'll not have to run
from His face.

All those who have trusted
in Him
will surely through faith
at last stand,
for the Lord knows who His
own are
and His promise is He will
lend a hand.

Every knee shall be bowed
to the King,
everyone will behold the
Lord's call,
either willingly or un-
willingly,
the Lord's will shall affect
us all.

"Did you know"

When you hear the name
of Jesus Christ,
you must come to know
it's no story,

"Did you know" cont.

for the ones who know
Him in their hearts,
when He returns will
see His glory.

When you're standing in Him
He will be near,
nothing will tower over you
in His way,
and as the truth touches
you in life
you'll see a path clear
and not stray.

When you believe in Him
raise your hand;
but don't you do it
just for show,
for He must know you
as a friend,
when He comes again...
did you know?

"Wake true, wake straight"

Diving swimmers can
sometimes cleave
the water true,
leaving little splash
behind them.

"Wake true, wake straight" cont.

When a man awakens
to realize the rippling
wake he leaves in
the waters of his
life.

To every affect there
exists a cause, often
not the one that's
seen to be from
God's hands.

Will the wake, less of
truth be too wide,
in most cases a narrow
gate will not accommodate
width.

"Have you ever thought"

Have you ever thought
on the beauty, the calm
and serenity humankind
will have... to be able
to enjoy. The freedom
and beauty of a garden
abundant. A garden
never ending with peace
and calm that wells within...

"Have you ever thought" cont.

unlimited by nagging man,
unaffected and unworried by
things that man creates.
The ease and serenity
of flowers and trees
of grandeur, the glory
of things made by the
hands of God. Eden too
was adorned in its flawlessness,
save for the tree that
brought humankind down. No such
tree will exist in the garden
of plenty this time around.
Oh... for the harmonious
moment when Heaven and
Earth become one. Have
you ever thought dreams
would come true, a chance
to stroll in Paradise. God
hopes we all become a
part of Him now,
that way we can become a beneficiary
of the blessed Kingdom to come.

"They've always been children"

Higher than the highest man
sitting on his throne...

"They've always been children" cont.

is the Lord who sees us all,
we're so very small...
after all,
and His call will be heard,
for He's the word
that fills the world
and the true hope for tomorrow.

What will you say
of your life and way,
and will you still stand
to hand truth to late;
which bars the lock
on Heaven's gate...
think, now my friend
before rolling your dice,
you were bought with a price.

Does your wrong thinking
start you sinking,
you can't face life
unless you stop
the blinking...
open your blind eyes
to the truth,
Jesus rose to provide proof
that He loves us all the same.

"To reach home"

I need them in a better
place,
although I understand
your sorrow,
but hold on strong to
your own faith...
and we will see you
just tomorrow,
the space of today, as
the Lord says,
is His to reward or to
continue...
was the Lord's fruit
grown and guided,
no matter our street
or avenue,
to reach home at home
the Lord resided.

"Life... breathing"

A breath...,

the very beginnings of
memory tumbled back in place,
from back in the catacombs
of being...

A breath...

"Life... breathing" cont.

she had freckles, the girl I
used to sit across from in
Mrs. Chamberland's class...

A breath...

the new paint job was so
important, I remember, I
had to wax it before the game...

A breath...

to realize the hell of it all
was to be there with more
than words buzzing past your
ears, Sam takes the green...

A breath...

I turned my head to see an
older daughter staring back
at me, from where a younger
one had stood...

A breath...

I caught mine, as I felt it
slip from the grip my
lungs had easily achieved, before,
in the past...

"Life... breathing" cont.

A breath...

life came rushing at my mind,
the experiences experienced...

A breath...

as my family neared the bed, I
understood, I understood life,
as we know it to be... is truly
the gift given and found in...

A breath.

"Contains the following"

What will our
manifest so contain,
from the passage of
our life?

To journey
through life abundantly
proclaiming either
good, or...

all in the
life-long process of true
vision and foresight
to know.

"Contains the following" cont.

When belief
causes reaction in
life, we can learn to
pick well,

fulfill the
statement of our lifetime
with light becoming
others.

Everything
in life is recorded
down, to help recall
all done,

and at the
time of our calling home,
we will be held
to account.

Chapter 4... Clasped Hands, Prayerful Thoughts

"a mustard seed"

I'll give up not my morning,
I'll surrender not my day,
I'll relinquish not an evening
for what mankind will say,

I'll retreat not by an inch,
I'll forfeit not a mile,
I'll withdraw not a single step
and strive to wear a smile,

I'll take back not an oath,
I'll revoke not on a promise,
I'll reverse not on the word
when people act dishonest,

I'll yield not to prattle,
I'll concede not for some lies,
I'll lose not due to gossip
or truth that's in their eyes,

I'll retire not in darkness,
I'll fall not down in doubt,
I'll sow not indecision
so man can run about,

I'll return not any jealousy,
I'll respond not free with greed,
I'll forgive not myself if I don't
plant a mustard seed.

"Humble salt or mankind's pepper"

Some times we shake, being
human-like by nature, the
difference wherein either
the shaking of God or
the shaking of man is felt,
and recognized as such.

It is the tongue some
seek to glorify, instead of
the word, presuming way to much.

Our strength comes from within
when remembered it can be taken
away by the one who gave it.

Place not yourself to high
least you find out there
comes a time for shaking, once
more, life's learning instruction.

"New life dining"

It was at the last supper,
when the Lord was still here,
the meaning so present-
the message quite clear,
it was in the Lord's presence
that denial resided,
in the people, God's chosen,
and doubt also was sighted,
the Lord knew it all...
in their hearts He could see,

"New life dining" cont.

He came to prove love
and to set all men free,
to train children of Abraham
and seekers of peace,
in His way, not mans,
that the old ways should cease.

"Realize the blessings"

Who could foresee,
who would want to know
the events of the future?

Let it surprise,
then to realize
the blessings shared together.

Love has power,
long passing the grave...
splinters from wood caskets.

Standing so still,
you recognize things
that pass by other eyes.

Gardens remain,
some fragrant... some not,
the memories cast in stone,

"Realize the blessings" cont.

but life breathes on,
the path winds on past
the trials life brings us through.

When back on path,
a way begins fresh...
even Morning Glories fade.

"Those timely tests"

If you can trust in the Father,
His every word you'll understand
and the truth will be in your heart,

for the truth to indwell
you must invite the Lord inside,
and trust Him for everything to come,

have joy over your heavenly treasures
and put the Earthly things aside,
the importance of a Kingdom to come,

Jesus is Lord God and Holy,
and to accept Him as your Savior
will have you treat others the same,

do you have those sharing hands,
forgiving someone of their differences
and extending forth your own?

"Those timely tests" cont.

Which will show that love's understood,
and shall set firm foundations
well enabled for the tests of time.

"It's that easy"

As a gardener in a garden
trims along the growth,
he also aids in discarding
what would have stunted abundance,
that all would achieve completeness.

This is Jesus, cultivator of spirit.
He died for us, each and every one,
and having belief in Him
all the sins we may have committed
should no more stop our growth.

Think on Him as your gardener
for your life, and let Him:
trim out the pain of the past,
cut off that which won't grow
and change you, "it's that easy."

"Paid in full"

Lead me, Father,
lead me,
by the word of
your Son,
for there are
none like Him,
"He is the Holy One,"
the lamb you sent
from heaven,
the sacrifice that
was made,
He paid the price
of sin
and then the debt,
in full, was paid.

"Crystalized love"

Love is a crystal,
a crystal of many sides
and many facets...

hard, through the soft light,
colors of the rainbow dance
along the prisms that
magnify every color seen.

Which view is the best, many
sides shine of the beauty within,
or can it be said, "all sides
glorify what is within,
though different."

If difference is needed to
learn of the beauty in all
of us, let our differences
pull us together, to share in
our light within,
as it was meant to be.

"Like a child"

Stand up tall,
pick up your chin
and take in the Lord today,
helping to bring in the flock
and chasing the blues away,
the peace that wells within
that's there each and every day,
so stand up tall,
pick up your chin
and take in the Lord today.

Remember friend,
hold on tight,
shake free old dust in new light,
always strive to help another out,
when darkness comes know what you're about,
a child of the King-
let heaven and earth sing praise.
Remember friend,
hold on tight
and shake free old dust in new light.

Open those eyes
like a child
and you shall see through His eyes
a different world, to your surprise,
one that feels for concern and hopes
to learn to heal the past mistakes.
The answer was, "come believers all,"
for every one calling will be called.
Open those eyes
like a child, like a child of the King.

"What we need"

When God directs someone into
your life, is it wrong?
When God pulls you to someone
like a magnet, don't you feel it?
When God sees we are lacking
what we need, won't He fulfill it...
won't He?

"Love; a drop of"

From a single drop of love
in a pool of life,
the splash felt ripples
across the macrocosm
illuminating a life time.

"Through miracles"

Jesus walked on water.

This isn't surprising
when teaching that comes
through the flesh is used
for a spiritual message.

As the hesitation and doubts
increased in the boat, so did the sea.
Man's consciousness held them back,
or a lack of faith.

Jesus was able to still the sea,
along with the doubts and hesitation.
He walked above man's consciousness,
answering only the Father's calls and
not His own, showing us
there is a higher way of life
we can enjoy and participate in.
It's only when we limit ourselves that
we limit others, as well as loving
ourselves before we can love others.
Loving wisdom truly sets us free.

"It is better"

It is better to be wrong with man
than to be wrong with God,
for to be right with God is to often
be wrong with man and his way,
it is better to strive for peace and
calm in the face of hate and discontent,
for the Lord was peaceful in everything
He did, the truth He would say,
it is better to be with God than
to have to live without Him,
for what good is life without the
living water that helps us grow,
it is better that we learn the
lesson now than be shown later,
for the way to life is Jesus and we
are much better off when we know.

"With what will you water me"

Water me with greed
and I will wither,
water me with hate
and I will die,
water me with kindness
and I will thrive,
water me with patience
and I will try,
for if you water
me with love
I will grow root-deep.

Chapter 5... Lifted Hands, To Raise Us Up

"What I can't do He can"

Dear friend, I can help you,
I can tell you of Lord Jesus,
I can tell you of love so living
and the feelings that He gives us,
but I'll tell you what I can't do
is to help you through the gate,
for the Lord wants you to help yourself,
trust Him before it's too late,
you see, you must believe in Him...
would that I could do it for you,
you must let Him in your heart
and then you'll live to be true.
Dear friend, I can help you,
I can lead you right to Jesus,
who can clear up your confusion
and in time you will not fuss,
but for now... just come to know
that Jesus you shall come to claim,
and do it willingly from the heart
so you can be a child who knows His name.

"No short servings"

You can't take a piece
of a halo
and glorify it...
you must take it all,
which in the end... with
all to see,
will give the Lord the glory.

"The past went before"

Light breaks, bends and travels
around, over and through
the things that this life establishes
to be found as true,
but the truth is found in the light
and not the things now dear,
and to see the difference between the
two is when eyes can see quite clear.

It's just like the light in and of
us, as people, and our life,
some light... some dark, the steps
we take and to each of us our strife,
but could we discover a pivot-point
we might find easy a brighter way,
what path will show us all the things
to help us through our day.

"The past went before" cont.

The truth of God, the light eternal,
the Son of God, the gift of light,
the difference is between our wants and
needs and His, the power and the might,
therein draws the need to see that
a shadow is what man does cast,
away from God the shadow leads, but
before Him, unseen, it will always be last.

"Age old wisdom"

Knowledge, acquired by experience or by
institutions of learning, cannot compare
with the teachings of the spirit, taught
by God our Father. Only through Jesus
can there ever be hope: growth from drift-
wood, wholeness for shavings, resurrection
for residuals, breath from ashes and life
from dust. The time for studies is given
freely, for utilization and for growth,
but if it's shunned... it will be taken back,
by the one who gave it so freely.

"Looking kind men"

Kind men, of many faces,
tend to dig
their own understanding
in the hills
of intellect,
some times in
their enthusiasm
digging to hard
and to fast,
often not looking up
to realize
they're in a pit,
a pit of their own
understanding,
whose sides allow
no growth, only descent.
Strive to yield to
a higher perception...
free of bindings,
old ways and problems.
It's better to
dig a little
and retain something
than to dig a lot
and remember nothing.

"True shade"

You can walk for miles,
in any direction, on
this desert of a
world we're on before
someone will provide
penance of a parasol-
the shade of friendship.

"For all craving water"

In the eyes of Christ
wells kindness for all mankind,
His tears
shed for one and all,
His joy
is felt when another returns,
His sadness
when one chooses to live alone,
His light
is shared by all seeking truth,
His love
etched in our hearts,
His life
a controversy throughout time...
for the reluctant few,
those whom remain thirsty.

"Buds of truth"

May awareness blossom
and strength increase,
in the Master's task
let me not decrease,
through continual growth
may I continue to share,
as for the world
let me not have a care,
open up my heart, Lord,
to all I may feel,
that way I'll know what's
false and what's real,
may peace of mind
come with the spirit,
forever to remain
my being so near it,
so pop on the overalls
and tend to your garden,
making sure that never
your heart will it harden.

"Use (not abuse) your judgement"

Judge someone on the
good they have inside,
not to the point of saying there's
a little bad and step aside,
for what tastes bad to you
may taste right for another,
understanding is the key
to realize our Brother,
and when you go and offer
your neighbor out your hand,
extend it out of sincerity
and not to place a brand,
so offer all your help,
don't let your eyes go blind,
utilize the past so
the future will be kind.

"Everyone needs to be... "

My young friends (known and unknown)
don't get caught in the web of ritualism,
you see... even Israel felt the snare,
the trap and the prison of the prism,

all people must come forth to see,
though rituals look like growth is there,
the sad truth remains so plain to see...
that rites without love leads nowhere,

love fulfills and sustains all of us
and thus completes the laws of God;
which is the reality for men to learn,
that rites and rituals can lead men to sod,

people must come to understand love
and to love others more than self,
showing everyone a shining example
from which to base their life for wealth,

love is the only wealth of this world,
as you'll always find more once it's given,
and the truth of love is the ability to see
and feel that everyone needs to be forgiven,

our Lord God has died for our sins
and we should come to know His way,
for only with His love can we stand
to obey His will and help find those who stray.

"Past reflections, present memories"

Look... look and look deep
into the pool of the past,
the reflections you'll see
may set you aghast,
you may find yourself
seeking to lose today's pain,
and the prophet said, "let
it go or know no gain,"
you may find a reflection
of others looking at you,
and come to see that they
will watch all you do,
you may find, with heart,
the time to feel your own care,
the bottom line is you
must make the time to share,
you may find over your shoulder
a chip too large to toss,
but should you choose to face
it you'll then again be boss,
you may find something that
you thought would feel great,
but look again before
you see that it's too late,
will you come to the pool
and gaze at the surface alone,
or look deeply to see life's mysteries
and declare "men brothers" as shown.

"Children always"

Don't let this mortal
flesh get in the way
of your spiritual awareness,
awareness so necessary
to flourishing faith.
When the flesh starts
to say we are more
than mere children,
no matter our age,
look at it this way...
in the eyes of our Creator:
who has been here, is here
and always will be here,
can we be any less than
spiritual children always?

"Lift up. not put down"

We should learn to never
put another down,
only to raise up our own
beliefs or crown,
for the Lord has said to
"love your brother,"
how can we treat a man
as any other,
for when we've done this
it leads to shame,
and then the Lord shows us
it's not a game,
so we should never drink
of a bitter cup,
and we should try to lift
one another up,
to see that we all deserve
God's loving grace,
to hold His hand will lead
to see His face.

"All to see a rainbow"

I was sitting in a field, daydreaming,
with my back to a sturdy old tree...
when I saw a rainbow settle down over
the field. The rainbow whispered to me,
saying, "look at my many different
colors- all are seen with their own
separate beauty and are quite unique."
I thought and concluded... the blessing
was the common bond the colors all shared...

UNITY.

"The truth be known"

No thought, no action, no deed
goes unseen,
there are no corners
big enough to hide in,
there are no hedges
large enough to obscure us.
Every-little-thought has
it's ripple and is known.
Every action is not just
felt on the wind of a
breaking tongue.
Every deed will be tallied
for its nature and measured
for its content.
Before we speak,

"The truth be known" cont.

let us shake the begrudging
thoughts of man free
from our clothes, in
exchange for the flowing
robes of Jesus Christ,
wrapped around the truth.

"More than is told"

We should not build upon our
own thoughts and precepts,
in order that our Lord's will
be done and fulfilled,
for it is only by grace that
there has been made a place,
and it's the Lord's thoughts we
should yield to as so willed,
so in the course of our day...
may we find time to say
that our Lord is first on our
hearts, to Him goes the glory,
for should we find ourselves
thinking that we deserve praise,
we will find that there is much
more than is told to the story.

"So shines a sibling"

New moon peeking-ly
astride the windows edge,
above the hedge,
stares back a tear of
light to pierce a night
of heaven's glow,
airs edge nestled among
the stars for our
womb of a world,
moonlit pacifier on through
and past times twilight,
a gleaming reminder
to our window of sunlight
stretching over the horizon,
lunar brother subsides
into ebbing skies as older
brother steps up the attention.
it's when only the moon sheds
a tear until tomorrow.

"Looking to"

Don't let your situations of life
prevent you looking to the gates
of heaven...

don't let your inability to cope
drop your hope, on the run... bread
without leaven,

stop and take the time to realize
God is always there... to give us
the things we need,

what stops us from receiving His
blessings He has in store for us
is our greed,

souls that are greedy are not with the
spirit of love... and alas, will not
make it through the gate...

so change... let the spirit fill you
with love, to replace that which is
evil and full of hate.

"Choice has been given to you"

When strength cries there is no disguise
to the pain endured or that yet to come,
it's when the path before us is seen
as the road to victory... we must succumb,
no matter what physically befalls us or
the torment of knowing this is true,

"Choice has been given to you" cont.

we shall know not the easy path, unless
turned away... but we must see it through,
you see... our weakness is found if we
give in to our fear... with life so near,
it is the only life we have here... the
now is precious... but see this thing clear,
this life is the temporal, the temporary,
and not the eternal, for all eternity...
of the two, which has more importance?
True devotion should yield to your serenity!

"The three sides of both issues"

Love was the grand beginning of
everything we know to be... that matters,
to complete love... along came faith
and hope, completing the triangle...
love was the base, being the greatest.

From love... the exact opposite was
evil, and evil evolved into evil,
after knowing evil worked best when
affecting a person... an "I" was needed
to then effectively begin to spread.

Once evil began to spread... it formed
a triangle too... power and prestige
then rested on evil, power was the
glitzy side to enamor and catch the eye,
importance to ego... triangle complete.

"Come forth from the tent of intent"

From within the tent
of the "owner of old camels,"
a path is provided for faithful
to follow... beholding to the light,
darkness is found away from this
enlightenment, instruction is no
good unless it will be followed...
short sighted if an altruism is
amiss, like any other religion-
coming from men is where the
interpretational difference can
be hardest to bare... even catholicism
failed to see the horrors it committed
during "the inquisition," the pointedness
overlooked to demand conformity...
when your eyes get accustomed to the
darkness... any light you see, however dim,
will seem brighter than what you had...
and will still make you squint
in the natural light of the sun...
the difference between man made or
God made... the altruistic truth, God gives
man the choice- where man forces his God
on those not the same... however dark or light.

"In the time of God's choosing"

Dispensational theology... means
different things to different people,
Moslem dispensation... apportioned time
to the faithful for an expected end,
Catholicism... authority held by the church
and information disseminated to the fold,
the comparison here is to see one held
where as the other is meant to send...
I feel a different dispensation to this
practical theology is coming in our time,
one where God will be the one in charge...
and He comes to exact on us His will,
there will be no more doubt as to who's
desires mankind will fancy any more...
man, as creation, will be forced to concede
to God's hand and not man's biased thrill.

"Life You'd share"

You would have been born a bantling,
by all known standards used in the world,
but you were claimed by a man named
Joseph, and yet... had an angel for a herald,

You were raised up by a humble carpenter
whose hands were used to things so rough,
to sand and smooth the wood so hewn
that bore a product... practical and tough,

into this apprenticeship You were handed
by Your Holy Father... God Most High,
to learn men one-on-one and hand-
to-hand... how we struggle before we die,

O' bantling, sweet bantling,
precious bantling dear and sweet,
to this world You have come...
sharing salvation from Your feet.

From these humble beginnings as a
man, You strove toward the temple wise,
You faced the wisest and confounded them
with Your wisdom, You hid behind no disguise,

You then provided us with miracles, plain
for everyone present to openly see...
You made the deaf to hear, the blind to
see and the dead to rise and let them be,

"Life You'd share" cont.

the hardest task Your Holy Father gave
You was the cross, this You chose to bear,
from there You conquered death and made
a pact... an everlasting life You'd share,

O' bantling, sweet bantling,
precious bantling dear and sweet,
to this world You have come...
sharing salvation from Your feet.

"Created He man"

To be graced by humility... goes the
humble, being contrite by soul at night,
this is the kind of thing that will bring
you to the presence of God... His sight,
mankind would be forever lost in a sea
of selfishness... to have to suffer so...
without God we have no chance to change,
to exist, to learn, to thrive... or even grow,
that would be absolute hell to some of
us... unless you like living at the asylum,
to then render forth a whole new type
of man... a new species, genus... or phylum,
but God created He man... in just the
way He ordained and wanted man to be,
gave He man a brain to use... and eyes...
that man would take time to stop and see.

"Even when we think we're right... we could be wrong"

There is a funny thing about knowledge
and the things we can learn, you see...
there will always be something more
to learn... should be our responsibility,
if we don't strive to learn... we lose
capacity to inspire us in our life,
to find nothing ahead of our lives...
nothing but solid set-backs to our strife,
if we learn and then stop trying... there
might be a supplement to what we're taught,
and then we'd miss out on its windfall
of information... cause to be distraught,
and the last view... the one where we
keep learning as we finish out our days...
to desire to always keep things fresh
and new... an embellishment to our ways,
this is but an ego filler to those that would
teach us the thoughts of men... from before...
but that, in turn... can lead to perpetuating
man's failures over and again... so sore,
everyone striving to show their brilliance...
of what they learned... of what they know...
and it will all look like rags to burn, as
trash... in God's eyes His teaching we must show.

"Spoken to mean more than is heard"

What power to invoke the use
of the words, "I love you,"
to embrace the concept and
go beyond the words... to live,
in living the words is the
truest treasure to be found,
where found is the depth of
love... whereby we give,
in giving we then practice
the very truth of love itself,
the lesson Jesus taught us
is still the same... even today,
this is the living word He left
us... that we might come to find,
where living the word is the
truth of love... not just to say.

"And I stood"

As I found the strength, I stood,
and it really didn't come from outside...
I found it came from the inside-
from a calm place of need I found,

and it really didn't come from outside...
it had nothing to do with company,
from a calm place of need I found,
but the need could not be denied,

it had nothing to do with company,
a compulsion uplifted my soul,
but the need could not be denied,
my feet moved as if by reflex,

a compulsion uplifted my soul,
I bowed, knelt and accepted Him-
my feet moved as if by reflex,
my soul renewed, brimming over, full...

I bowed, knelt and accepted Him-
I found it came from the inside,
my soul renewed, brimming over, full...
as I found the strength, I stood.

(this style of poem is called a "pantoum")

"As I stood"

As I found the strength, I stood,
and it really didn't come from outside...
I found it came from the inside-
from a calm place of need I found,

it had nothing to do with company,
but the need could not be denied,
a compulsion uplifted my soul,
my feet moved as if by reflex,

I bowed, knelt and accepted Him,
my soul renewed, brimming over, full...
to feel complete, not empty... still,
in a world that drives us forward,

in my life I've faced many trials,
and in each and every time called,
when I felt I could take no more...
as I felt the strength, I stood.

"Lest we forget the cost"

As auburn gilds the edge of night,
such natural splendor of the sight,
appeased release of day's clear light-
to yield to hues of red...

to twain the heights tinged red of eve,
clouds forgive light and bow to relieve,
a spectral feast released... for faith to receive,
the day is nearly dead...

bounteous sweet scarlet billows free,
an antithesis detained amenity,
passing guard rendering serenity
where night by day is led...

it's only a sunset, some would say...
and it happens each and every day,
to cherish love, I kneel and pray,
symbolic... why Christ was bled.

Chapter 6... Other Hands, Be Not Misled

"Status quo ante"

Mirrors have existed throughout
all time...
and beyond the sinful efforts
men contain,
secrets manifest themselves
to the open
despite the best intentions
and refrain,
duplicity causes mimicry to
shield intent,
to mislead... a misgiving by
need to task,
however unscrupulous or
improper... uncertain,
from the masses the sure
show a vulgar mask,
ill-equipped as deceived and
unprepared
for the truth as known; which
is a turning point,
the fulcrum to upset designs,
echoing warning...
the antithesis of love... vendetta-
the reply out of joint.

"Justice for the meek"

Seek the justice of the meek,
who rightly know wrong from right...
good from bad, reasons for remorse
if guilt should bear its weight. Having
a spirit light enough to hold no dark
corners... cowering to no authority, as
there are no reasons for misgivings
or misdeeds to be shameful for...
fullness of a light soul is such bounty.
Innocence lost is enough to carry
shame from for a lifetime, the guilty
would know remorse so strongly as
to understand the consequences of
actions taken... the steps to which
justice walks must be equal to the
measures dispensed. Justice to be
seen by all as the ideal to respect
and revere. For those that have no
remorse for dark deeds achieved... the
darkest corners of the darkest dungeons
would be too good... and not harsh enough.

"In common with"

What is the one thing we should
have in common with saints?
We are to live like saints...
without fear,
if there has ever been any
lesson you have learned...
may it be this, earned and
understood quite clear,
how else can you affect change
or implement clear thought?
Learn from the people who have
entered heaven's gate,
don't be idle in your actions, brash
or arrogant at all...
if you are then eternal burning
will be your sad fate.
What is it the saints have done
to earn heaven's grace?
They have been true to the faith
of Jesus and His way...
be honest in your dealings, be true
to yourself and others,
and seek the truth in what you
do and what you say.

"Turn and face the truth"

Turn again that the glory of the
Lord would cause your face to shine,
turn again for the quickening to
truth, the well of your soul divine,
those that would turn you to face
darkness will forever feel its despair,
to know nothing of the warmth of
compassion... to know nothing of true care,
defend not the wicked hand or their
deeds for they are truly the unjust...
seek not to offend the poor, fatherless
or needy... true treasures will not rust,
know full well the ungodly strive for
all their treasures found to be seen,
the gifts of God are such... the things within
and shall not be found unsightly or obscene,
the weight of truth and its yoke
is the glory and measure we must bear,
for it is by this measure God counts His
own, the burden light... the gift to share.

"Rise above the evil within you"

You've never been so exposed as when
you have felt true cold opinion...
an opinion different from your own-
caring not for love or its yearning...
subjected to biased ridicule for the
sake of demeaning and nothing more,
when you understand its naked capacity
to hate is the moment you'd call learning,
the nature of its base desires can
be nothing more than be called evil,
and though some would have a scent of
it... they cannot actually know its course,
still, the ability to be used by it is
what lingers on in the souls of men,
and it makes the difference between men
of heart or those that steal without remorse,
so shall you desire to rise above the
ruinous destruction of flesh and spirit,
you will begin to soar above these base
desires which can build to rule your soul,
and though you may have your residual
moments that can and will impede you...
you must know it is God alone who can truly
fulfill you and you'll see heaven is your goal.

"To the failure of principle"

What purchase has the man with
nothing in his hand,
or to drool from want... receiving
not but a dream,
still finding freedom in the air, he
breathes without care,
to realize the truths he held
weren't as they'd seem,
living on credit was the trial
for life's denial...
of being incapable to pay as
money comes in,
toward the old ways of this
came an accounting,
a judgement of it... the wages
of our sin.

"Pride is best found on our knees"

Can we live knowing it's only
on borrowed time,
stumbling at times as though
losing stride...
the pride to realize as our
own will fail,
frail as the shoreline subject
to ebb of tide,
what life brings us... deposited
at our feet
can often bring us down
upon our knees,
and no matter how strong
we think we are...
only God will hear our sorrow
and our pleas.

"For God's sake"

Forget not the ear of God...
He hears you as you sleep,
the voice of the soul as it
stirs... a respite of the deep,
but even better still to
find His ear as you're awake,
to let Him know the body sees
what is important for His sake.

"To hear the winds"

Scarred beyond recognition... the
burning man cannot be restored,
the mere thought of such a thing
even staggers ability... underscored,
once deformed, skin melted... frozen
in a time of scorn and pain of woe,
found in a pool of blood, flag was
shredded nearby... a loss to show,
but the burned man knows he is
not the same man you and I see,
what keeps him going is the wellspring
for life... the good in you and me...
it is this same desire, in every man,
which wishes good will for a son...
it is the spring in the step of a
child, autumn colors as summer's done,
hope shall never give up... no matter
the condition or season for a man...
it is by this resilience hope is fed,
whereby pain of birth to man God's plan...
some lessons come easy, to those of ear
to hear the winds of change lighten souls,
but you will have your spirit, none can
take it from... but God, when on your shoals.

"But for footprints on the sands of time"

Be we not great in being humble...
for we are not the highest of creation,
we've never been that lofty, except
in minds of their own machination,
so will you be of the humble kind
with calluses on both your knees...
will you strive toward great importance-
to end in failure... bailouts and pleas...
but deceive not yourself to think we,
as people, do not see your want of deceit,
can you not believe we would see
through the guile... guilt so damn replete.

(Inspired by a line of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's
poem "The Psalm of life.")

"The worst thing man did... "

The kindest and best thing God
gave us was choice... free will,
the harshest and worst thing man
did was to stand against Him,
when man chose to go against God...
it was easy to then oppose man,
first... looked at as competition...
second, as inferior... choice of whim,
the need to be the best by rival...
to reveal superiority as a truth,
God was already dealt with, defiantly...
that leaves nothing but the task,
the job of undoing what has been
done... to know how things work...
to know the mind of God work here
with a political smile... ungodly mask,
science to use as this tool to poke
and prod at the genetic mysteries...
the last vestiges of creation seen
through windows God locked... strong...
the plans to undo everything made,
created from love... undone by evil...
darkness from light... having waited so
many years, centuries past to long,

"The worst thing man did... " cont.

forced to be in the merciful sight
of God, watching and waiting... both,
for this very moment where man
was sure God wasn't looking any more,
to frolic with such evil intent and
desire... destroying what was made
by perfect hands, Creator of the
whole universe... time to now deplore.

"Gasps that realize"

From the sighs of dignity, should
integrity fail,
to the gasps that realize our
breath so well,
the lungs supporting our bodies,
desires behind them...
would life then expire... no one
to tell,
no one to tell on this side of
the veil that separates this
life from the next,
yes... there is life beyond this
one,
open up your Bible... and read
of the text.

"Chose to be away"

Can there be nothing worse than thinking
this world is the epitome of man's glory,
to then revel in its evil, as though reaching
for nothing but the darkness to this story...
where what is found is found to be nothing
but the glut of sensations and a drain,
as tortured souls sear and burn, to be
subject to this reality... nothing more than pain,
to look around and hear the screams of
destruction, the sounds don't stop or go away,
the echos simply mount back up... to rever-
berate within your being... day after day,
the wrongs of all man's existence to be
filled, contained and throbbing as a source,
the smell of burning flesh will stay forever
with you... the scent so memorable, of course,
there will be nothing you can clean your
hands from as it's guilt that stains your hand,
since you gave yourself over to that feeling
you now are reeling... as though you can't understand,
but you thought you knew what you were
doing when you helped to kill and maim...
you were snookered to believe you were
doing the right thing, even bragged to claim
you were fighting terrorists... and yet it
was you who tortured and killed with glee,
so how is it that you became what you
said you were against... as you then killed me,

"Chose to be away" cont.

I was once like you... thinking I was right
to do as you have done, and asked forgiveness...
Jesus... God the Savior, He is the Forgiver
of sins, ask Him before time reaches fullness...
it is when time is full that finds man then
cast to hell to gnash his teeth and wonder...
wonder why he didn't repent of his sins-
why he chose to be away from God and splendor.

"Have no clue"

"Man up," I hear, on a daily basis...
"man up," people say... as if to impel,
to then run to ruin and disgrace...
not so likely then to repel,

to late to avert our direction...
committed by cost of lives and trust,
"man up," they said, on the road to
destruction... so we'll all go bust,

if that is what's meant by "man up,"
then they don't see it as I do...
it makes me wonder, from the blunder,
if they understand they have no clue.

"Ubiquity of judgement"

Another dawn comes... but unlike the many before it from millennia past, this one will be different than those countless mornings, to set some aghast, gone will be the day like any other day we will have ever experienced before... this day will bring to an end, a close, of the heavens and the earth... some to deplore, gone will be the separation of the two-joining forevermore... God will walk the earth, the days to end where vile men treat others with harm and wrath as a source of mirth, shall we not see or feel the presence of the four horsemen, sixteen hooves on air and ground, there will be no escaping the intent of the momentous occasion... spectators of the sound and sights of God's wrath as He bathes this world and purges man's evil heart... cast to ruin, all mankind subject to God's existence at hand... ubiquity of judgement for what man was doing.

"Question not the way or the truth"

The circle of life is agonic (1),
without the form of ambiguity...
no amaranth (2) offered where
imaginary never fades...
life is not that way-
good and evil will continue
to struggle until one
holds complete control... man
or God, which do you believe
will be the ultimate victor?

(1)... without an angle (2)... poetic, an imaginary flower
that never fades

"The chapel of calm"

I recommend:

crawling from the crystals,
running from the radio...
screaming from the sounds of
civilization... the things that
cause vibrations, emit low
level frequencies... penetrating
the soul, full of spiritual
inhibitors to dull the growth
of the eternal being we
can and should become...
get to nature... far from
what man has created to the
chapel of calm... the Gospel of
God... the creation itself...
nature in its au natural,
to clear up and build to
the stillness you need to
hear again the Master's voice.

"All to thee"

It is better to kiss the feet of "the Lord
of peace" than release your soul to the
god of hell,
one allows you to reach the heights of
your potential and the other thinks his
passions are so swell,
so base... animal instincts to: sleep, eat,
fight when in a corner or cower... and
screw anything of choice,
better still... to love the one you're with,
with mutual respect for your brother and
to God your voice,
give your heart to God, the God of peace,
on bended knee and pray for strength in
your time of need,
there is not a day you won't need Him,
and His seeds when planted and watered
grow indeed,
your actions for His love are the actions
beyond belief, to show you know Him...
alive is He,
He will make your life, not take it, as
you dedicate your all to Him... God gave
His all to thee.

"No reflection of love"

When the deceived have been betrayed...
freedom fed will then be used,
not to know the truth from a lie...
led by fear to see any man abused,
torture would be only a tool...
the fool will never see himself as
the next in line,
the banners and speech would comfort,
supporting the belief and actions taken,
love will then be impossible...
all mankind silent and complicit,
our bloody hands unwashed and marked.

"Conscriptus veritas... ne quidem"
(Latin for "Draftee of truth... not even")

All is kabbala, for all...
to all cabala... through all,
kabbala for all.

This mantra to living belief,
to cause relief of ideals by
deception for the sake of power...
gain from countries losses,
stolen from willingness to
secure hope offered for one,
unselfishness is seized upon and
taken advantage of... to think
we are doing the right thing
is our collective weakness...
offering of our selves that
which would not be given to ideas
if the weakness was realized,
it is only from this fact, alone,
blinded to secrets untold...
would you leave your home unlocked
by request of a stranger...
stranger still to the idea of security
that we do such a thing...
blind faith is not without honor,
simply a condition we find
true of the vulnerable... the
Trojan horse of our beliefs
to prosperity, handing the keys

of our future off... assuming
we are in a race, baton handed
off to the next person in the
race... trusting the goal is the
same and shared by the team.

All is kabbala, for all...
to all cabala... through all,
kabbala for all.

To what end is this cabala... from
out of Rabbinical thoughts, an
esoteric interpretation of Hebrew
Scriptures, an occulted theosophy,
this confidential stereopticon of
belief, speculation of religion
dealing with the mystical apprehension
of God... having the qualities that
mystify, bewilder the common man,
unable to know the rites of initiates...
small group of believers to behold
secluded mysteries of dark secrets,
the enlightenment comes from
knowing that which has been
hidden from the multitudes...
transferred to those selected
as special and found worthy to
reveal these truths from secret...
to be known... so conspiratorial,
to think select and above all others.

All is kabbala, for all...
to all cabala... through all,
kabbala for all.

From out of seclusion... seen by
all as a source to be reckoned
with, the attributes of power,
thoughts to separatists and the
historical grand struggle of
vying for mysteries as fluid
as smoke, deciphering puzzles
to meaning... left ambiguous in
nature to con and confuse true
intent, mirrors to truth... slipping
good with evil and meshing them
so as to make distinguishing one
from the other unattainable...
by design to propagate the
dark desires by those unknowing
in the folds of the tallith...
sure that noble is to the cause,
the case to be settled in time...
until time itself runs out... at end.

All is kabbala, for all...
to all cabala... through all,
kabbala for all.

To lay ones head on a prayer
carpet with a hand on a talisman,
to speak of the mysteries of

faith, the practice of hope and remain blind to the occulted images seen in the temple... a ritualistic symbolism as ancient as the deceit that caused man's fall from grace... serpents on spears, jewels to embroil desire and envy, pentagrams used as a design for purity and honorable tasks to confuse the nature of true intent... to make one accustomed to seeing an image... and thinking it harmless, benign, as it floods our souls and permeates us... and we not affected by its dark presence, we think.

All is kabbala, for all...
to all cabala... through all,
kabbala for all.

To burn from the closeness in proximity to evil... and not see or realize the cursed intent from an inner circle, the circle within the circle of those that guide with steady hand and offer support... face value, to embed the ideas represented to be just... just ideas, and the ideas can be tweaked to right or wrong,

however slightly... without thought
from the familiarity and comfort
brought... to think these symbols
are, even now, thought of as our
own... a part of who we are,
like our own hand and as in-
separable from our own being...
the lie ingrained to be true...
then, and only then, betrayal is
not looked for to be seen in
front of our eyes with a smile,
this unique occulted facade to
deaden our senses to the truth.

All is kabbala, for all...
to all cabala... through all,
kabbala for all.

The philosophy of demonstrative
rituals to represent supernatural
influences, secret... concealed by
its nature and hidden from view...
whereas God, Himself, walked in the
open... performed acts in the open...
talked in the open and instructed
those that would follow His
examples... to do so in the open,
observed and seen by all with
no questions to allegiance or
shadow of doubt occulting the
efforts of true light, glory to

be given to God in the highest,
God the Father and not god the
liar... the two as different as
night to day, both showing light,
enough to deceive anyone who
would think they know truth, and
not know to know truth, known
by truth as one of His own...
the fruit of one's speech and actions
being where to look and exercise
discernment... should you fall into
the arms of temptation, the arms
of philology... the hands that
offer you a secretive meaning
to the truth you know to be sound-
but: seductive is the voice, vanity
does it advance toward and appeal
to, to add in your specialness as
unique... sparing you from the
masses, a brotherhood to offer
and a hell of confusion... this
is cabala... man made, not of
the God of truth but from the
father of lies himself... from
another that knows the Talmud
backwards and forwards, to hang
on man's existence as his own...
to burn for an eternity from loss
and conspire against man's Creator.
Mirrors... the mirrors are everywhere.

"Einstein understood relativity"

If time is truly relative... to the energy experienced and the motion we are exposed to as it is experienced... then the motion we individually feel can be mutually felt only by another that is in motion at the identical rate... or the experience should be separate, since a difference exists... to our own experience, an understanding which eclipses us in as much as referencing the thoughts of God and the meager failings of man... yet striving to control the understandings we have of God, allowing man a control he was never meant to have... relative to the time God returns to regain that which is rightfully His alone, the original relativity between Creator and creation.

"Abandonment not love"

Love will never abandon it's
life, hope or dreams,
never would love even think of
doing any one of those things,
love, true love, knows no failure
to provide for whom it knows,
and always for the little ones-
on whose faces the effect shows,
love knows no evil deeds and
seeks to do no wrong,
love does not set up to abuse
and, by patience, lasts quite long,
love hopes to share its goodness
with all people within its grasp,
but love will never place on its
own, so chained, an end or a clasp,
which means... you can leave love
and by doing so run to hate,
should you ever do such a thing
then, in truth, you'll seal your fate.

(In the President's first Inaugural speech [George W. Bush] is this line, "... abandonment and abuse are not acts of God, they are failures of Love." I say, "abandonment and abuse are acts of men, having abandoned God, that know not love.")

1 Thess 5:21 Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Chapter 7... Last Prayers, Last Thoughts

A good friend of mine, named Clint, related to me a dream he'd had years ago. This poem is based on that dream, after I obtained his permission to use it... as long as he liked it... when I was done. I'm hoping he will like it, since I wrote it based on memory of his recounting of it to me, and I'll be able to share it with everyone else.

"Acting on our behalf... in our defense"

In the dream, I was on trial... the prosecuting attorney was the devil, the public defender was Jesus... and the judge was Father God, He asked the prosecutor, "ready with your case?" The devil stood up, cleared his throat... and started by saying, "this man has been found in violation of the first commandment, by...," and I thought, well, this won't take long... sitting in this place, it was five years later, and the devil was only up to the fifth commandment, I leaned over to Jesus, and said, "but what about the times I taught Sunday school and helped all the kids?" Jesus said, "patience my child," not saying anything more and allowed the devil to continue on with his ramblings, now... more than at any time, even during my life... my hope waning and on the skids, after ten years the devil finished presenting his argument against me... finally rested, it was now time for Jesus to begin my defense, He rose and said, "may I approach the bench?"

"Acting on our behalf... in our defense" cont.

As He was close to the judge, He said, "Abba...
Father, how are you?" The judge said, "fine Son,
do you feel ready for your defense of your client?"
Jesus said, "I feel confident the decision I'll clinch!"
Jesus then walked back to where I was,
as the devil looked on and gloated... feeling
confidence, arrogance pure and simple, over all
that he presented against Jesus for my defense,
God the Father then asked Jesus, "do you have
anything to say... on behalf of your client?"
Jesus spread His arms... palms out, pierced, and said,
"not guilty." Father God said, "case dismissed, no offense."

"The release"

To say things that cut to the core of
someone's beliefs will place you in peril,
even when what you say is essentially
the same... of love, then viewed as evil...
and the damage to come will not endanger
your beliefs, it comes from the release...
the release of someone else's... but know the
love that gave inspiration shall grant you peace.

"Suffer the little children who would grip the hammer firm"

Hallowed is the grip Jesus has on
us all...

precious is it to the ones who've
heard the call,
hard to understand the depth love
sees for all of us,

comfort found is hard to give up...

what makes some men cuss,
even worse to think our sin is why
dear Jesus died,

and why men still turn away from Him...
contentment then denied.

Can't understand why Jesus still holds
us all so tight?

Listen to a Mother's tears of worry
each and every night,

for the love we cherish and feel so
strongly as it's known,

this is why He died... so we could live life
as we were shown

but what will really take your breath
away and pale...

is to find within your own hands the
hammer and the nail.

"Time's ripples"

In space... time is relative,
in time... space is infinite.

When the past goes before us
is a time when things repeat...
as in a continual cycle-
n'er to ever be replete,
a harmonic of time's ripples...
a fractal we did find,
a residual of vibration...
the tuning fork of God's mind,
solar winds make no sound-
light is eternal day,
time here seems forever-
the space where men do play,
the grandeur of the heavens-
to the stars we'll reach and find
a residual of vibration...
the tuning fork of God's mind.

"Maybe"

From within the lightest atom
found
are the sounds of moving space...
were we to blink and miss
the photons
as light zoomed by our face,
each proceeds past the
vibration that is there,
and the there if here-
indeed...
would be the space therein
we share,
it is found in the thought of
time...
this fluidity immersed to be,
to the wonders of the infinite...
maybe we're just too small to see.

"To touch the effects of stardust"

From the mighty and magnificent to the
mundane and mediocre...
to be uncommonly common or to do the
common so uncommonly,
either can and would be stellar in and of
such unique placement,
where the spirit would rise, and yet...
has the body remaining humbly,
the stars can be reached for and then
also caressed... no distress in sight,
whereby the harvest leaves our dusty fingers...
gilded bright our hands from mystery.

"Pale by comparison"

Can you imagine being
engulfed by love...
a sensation unlike any you've ever felt,
the deepest love you feel now
would surely pale by comparison-
even when you proposed and knelt,
the baby you've held with your
two hands couldn't cause it...
or the loss of a fallen brother
in a time of war,
the feeling would caress your
being... locked in embrace as no other,
and then to have it ripped from
you... and you'd feel lost,

"Pale by comparison" cont.

like someone pulled away your soul...
and you'd never be whole again,
wanting more... now overcome with grief
of its loss... to feel it again your only goal,
where but in an instant you felt
complete... now a void, devoid of anything
real, having experienced God's truth...
the truth of His love... all encompassing
in reality, harboring a fulfillment
unmatched... your desire for it as your proof.

"For moisture dry ground yearns"

The very irrationality of hate...
of indifference... of uncertainty
will propel and, instilled, can
nudge others, those weak minded
individuals... having no set direction
or the proper nurturing and sense
of true family values, over the ideals
they know to where there is no
value to the vitality of life, without
discrimination for peace and love...
misdirection can only lead to disaster
in the making, a place where instability
lies ahead, unsettled, the destination
manifest of dark purpose... an attempt
to tempt fate and undermine hope itself.

"Encased in serenity"

The warranty of Your favor comforts
the permits of my soul,
it is this that aids my freedoms...
I see no peril of Your goal,
I'll know no disenfranchisement...
no matter where I'm sent,
the cost incurred leaves dispensation
unceasing, it never will be spent,
it is from Your endurance and steadfastness
I now feed on in the main...
it is just the place I find I need,
peace and calm I can attain,
even when confusion and destruction would
have me quake until I expire,
I will remain intact, unclouded, Your solemn
grace my true desire.

This poem's title came from a dear friend, Melanie, and
is dedicated to another friend... Brother Curt.

"What fardels men bear"

To what burdens men carry for wages
and the learning of earnings to bear,
for the tasks of toil, sweat and dirt to
furrowed brow, lament of life to share,
as this too is shared by widows or women
without a man to help her and the pain...
past winter's ebb and spring's defenses
despite tears felt in the pouring rain,
this is the lifelong struggle of humanity-
to bear the strokes of work and chore,
the encumbrances known to wear us down-
uncaring to results, the effects do age us more,
the load day-in-and-day out to benefit the
one to buy the tired soiled hands worn away,
from this charge of bounty, born of necessity,
the price given bargained life in form of pay,
what boxes lifted... what cases moved, chests
transported or containers undertaken often,
knowing full well the passage will lead us to...
directly to one sole destination... our coffin,
so it is from the approach of our conduct-
the trade of our labor to provide a day's wages,
it is the doer in the doing, the exertion to the
action of the daily grind, all throughout the ages...
but one question has begged for man's attention-
why have we turned to slacker, by calling, as we have plod?
To end up being stunned, so unexpected, when the
bundles that need carrying, it turns out, belong to God.

"The man-ape controversy"

When man, by humanistic theory alone, came up with the idea called "evolution" he came up short, this new alignment or way of thinking takes or would remove God from the picture... to actually abort, to suppose that humans are, in essence, a man-ape... in order to lend credence to this theory, placed in a linear graduated time-line and, at the time, this produced by deduction men's fury... from the church, a bitter battle ensued that gave rise to the belief in creation vs. evolution, the nerve of man to beggar this claim, put forth... as though it was gospel truth, such prostitution, since that time there remains nothing but the controversy itself... the halls of science or of faith, take it or leave it if you will... but I think man already existed, created by God too... as a wraith, from out of Eden came Adam and Eve, their sons both Cain and Abel, "the Adamic line" to man's story, this lineage was to be used solely for the purposes of God... the result to see His glory, once Cain slew Abel, he went out to the land of Nod, took he a wife... not of the same line, this in turn fashioned the pure lineage of God... from one creation with that of another, if truly God created man then He created all men, here we see the truth of men as brother, it matters little to argue or bicker... there could be evolution from after the creation, I'm sure but to say or to believe but in one or the other is then a mistake... God's truth is for man to endure.

"Wisdom comes from simple things"

To end the plight of human suffering...
to lift the spirits of those contrite,
this is but part and parcel to the reason...
the very reason why most poets write,
to aid the masses to significant insight-
gained inch-by-inch... the way to truly be,
whereby wisdom comes from simple things
and to see it so will set you free,
I shared in such a blessing bestowed...
as it turns out, told by my friend one night,
how at the end of the life of her Mother-
a mystery made simple, revealed to her sight,
the beauty seen and found from beginning to end...
that being what we have, life, here we call it living,
and since her Mother was now in a coma,
Teresa was there for her, her time of giving-
friends, family and contacts all said what to do...
read to her, hold her hand and comfort her,
all of us, as humans, need contact and touch...
without it we shrivel up... disassociated, shunned for sure,
what Teresa read to her Mother was my poetry,
christian in nature, speaking of love and the Lord,
since she felt the words, my inspirations and not even bored,
when the decision was made to pull the plug, from compassion,
while holding her hand... her Mother just awoke,
and what unfolded by the scene of the event
can not be heard, since no one ever spoke...

"Wisdom comes from simple things" cont.

Teresa's Mom did, on her last breath, open her eyes
but from looking forward she then looked up...
it was then she expired, as Teresa told me with full
eyes of her welling tears... tears to fill a big old cup,
it is my prayer that I follow in her shoes,
the simpleness to the lesson shared a treat,
can't you see it... what was she looking to or at?
To the dying here on earth... heaven must look so sweet!

[This poem is inspired by my friend Teresa's relating to me
the events of a very tender and personal moment. I have
been blest from this experience.]

"We shall understand"

When we are nestled in the hollow
of the palm of His hands,
we shall understand the Psalms
as a continuity of life,
we shall be as the ripening fruit
in the vineyard of men...
we shall be called sons of God, peacemakers,
not led by strain or strife,
we shall be blest for being merciful...
truly mercy will be known,
we shall know that with strength comes
also the ability to be gentle,
this is the very reason we will be
persecuted... for His name's sake,

"We shall understand" cont.

for it will be by His righteousness
that we must remain humble,
we shall be subjected to insults...
cast by men without love,
men who would lie for their own
gain, silver will be their leaven...
we, to them, would be the poor in
spirit but they know us not,
for ours will be to rejoice, to be
glad... ours is the kingdom of heaven.

"Be yea goat or lamb"

Two intersections concerning both
God and man have come...
one past and one quite near,
the first placed Jesus on a cross
for man's salvation,
the other draws close... do not fear,
the second would place man before
God by evil proxy...
when God will shed a tear,
and once the tears have dried
stand clear...
God's hand to come and shear.

"What pictures we see may not be our neighbors"

Lessons... the lessons this old life shows
us with the passing of our days...
the knowledge that comes from living-
be they good or wicked ways,
we all experience times so jumbled,
feeling out of sorts, almost hodgepodge...
still etched within our memories, daily, as
life seems to spin us in a personal montage,
the snapshots when placed in truest order
give the viewer glimpses of our past,
and if they are arranged just so... quite
telling in the truths meant so to last,
as if by realizations firmed through the
swirling twirling actions of our day,
where we've bumbled, stumbled and grumbled
when we shouldn't have... we often say,
"I'll do better, I'll try harder, I'll do more
than I did yesterday," this a human thought...
and the truth is we all can falter but what we
do beyond our failure is what is sought,
life is meant for us to learn from... to
understand the meaning to it all is not,
when this understanding is achieved is the time
to improve our ways and not be fraught.

"Do right and be noticed"

What God notices and responds to
is not what man desires...
it is not man's choice, not
man's call... tools in different fires,
it is not the man yelling loudest
on highest mountaintop,
and yet God hears the whispers
of a child praying harm will stop,
God hears all our prayers, although
some are vain, impure,
these are not the ones God answers...
taxing the limits for man to endure,
it is from the peeled layers and
from trials God wants for us to emerge-
where learning comes from desire
and love and not a selfish urge,
the motives of the heart lay
transparent for God to see...
and God notices and responds when
we are as we should be.

"Being inside us"

The spirit being inside us all would
choose to live beyond this shell...
the blessings untold and unseen are
the greatest to come, so choose well,
find true the important things of this
life: love, friends and family, be stable,
full enjoyment meant to be shared and
understood while seated at the table,
these are the decisions that truly matter
these are the days that matter most,
have you ever made a conscious effort
to know your maker... the heavenly Host?

"Time mankind is free"

When we step outside will the
inside then be exposed...
to what mankind calls society,
the greater portion that knows
just what they think is going on...
their truth they then perceive,
since all the things that man has
done extends from what he'll believe?
It seems we all struggle to get the
outside in and not the inside out...
it all appears so backwards, as if
we don't know what it's about,
this life we live... the here and now
is mostly extemporaneous, you see...
if everyone would strive to let their
love out is the time mankind is free.