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Praising While He Tarries: Storyteller

By

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~

*“For you have need of endurance,
so that after you have done the will of God,
you may receive the promise:
‘For yet a little while,
and He who is coming will come
and will not tarry.’”*

(Hebrews 10:36,37)

~

Prologue

Who knew this diversion into faith-based poetry would turn into such a journey of its own? I hope those of you following along this artistic rabbit trail of mine are having as much fun as I have been having! Recently, I noticed my pen is still teaching the Bible even though poems are the content. The original, explanatory intentions of this author's spirit have remained the same, only the venue and prose have changed. Another insight which struck an odd chord one morning was realizing the fact that most of these poems are simply stories – hence, the subtitle of this book. It seems there is a bit of an old-world bard living within this crazy heart of mine!

From my perspective, if an author were to wax poetic about things he or she has not felt, thought, or personally experienced, their words will surely ring shallow and thin – like an empty tin can painted shiny gold, which, when hefted carries not the weight of gold and thus, is misleading and worth nothing. I think poetry is much the same, for if the words or thoughts are not born of experience or real emotion, the verses would also carry no weight and no depth of soul, offering little value to the hearer or reader of such. I've nothing more important to offer the world than God's biblical truths, and I've nothing more deeply personal to share than my own thoughts, experiences, and stories. I pray this combination of teaching and storytelling through reflective verse and simple rhyme will continue to inspire, bless, comfort, encourage, or even convict those who read the following pages.

Meanwhile, let us all live out our days in praise, thanksgiving, and purposeful action; glorifying God and redeeming the time wisely while we await His return. It may seem to us He tarries overlong, but it is His great patience with us and His love for the lost that delays His coming. Make no mistake; the wheel of time will one day roll to a stop. I surely want to be found glorifying Him and His Word while He tarries, and ready when He comes!

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While He Tarryes

*Though the Lord, He may tarry
Yet in His will, let me be found
Persevering, never weary
Fighting on faith's battleground*

*They that wait, shall not falter
In His strength, will be renewed
On eagle's wings swiftly mounted
Constant hope steadfast pursued*

*While He tarryes, I am waiting
Standing watch on high ramparts
Listen to what the Spirit's saying
I meditate within my heart*

*Though the Lord, He may tarry,
Our confidence is not let down
All our troubles He does carry
As He wears heaven's crown*

*Faithful hearts remain unbroken
By storms of life so often cruel
Sandy soil not our foundation
Christ the Rock is where we dwell*

*Behold the Lord, He is coming
And I shall not be ashamed
His victory I hear drumming
The deed to earth fully reclaimed*

*A shining horse He'll be riding
His reward is in His hands
With His Sword He is smiting
Heaven's armies He commands*

“Surely I am coming quickly.” Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!” (Revelation 22:20)

The Master Artist

*The Lord our God, He wove
The universe with His voice
A weaver's beam was His light
From it He formed Day and Night*

*Extravagantly woven lives
He's still weaving for delight
Master Artist, His love paints
And we all breathlessly await*

*Completed portrait of our souls
His image in us shining gold
Until revealed, eyes only see
Unfinished canvas and tapestry*

*Colored threads hanging awry
Brushstrokes not yet fully dry
But the beauty of His art
Is displayed within our hearts*

*And one day in eternity,
He'll shout our names joyfully
Take each child upon His knee
I'll finally see His masterpiece in me*

“But we all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are being transformed into the same image from glory to glory, just as by the Spirit of the Lord.”
(2 Corinthians 3:18)

Citadel of Christ

*Safe inside heart's citadel
I sit in peace at Jesus' well
I will not fear when storms arrive
He'll hold me close, deep inside*

*No enemy shall overcome
Foundations built with love so strong
Divine fortress of His grace
God fights for me, stands in my place*

*This is my claimed Jerusalem
Conquered soul, His vast kingdom
Gates of stone which none can pass
Thwarting each devious attack*

*The greatest foe is that of self
Storing fear on hidden shelves
The love of God will decimate
Soul's persistent, greedy claims*

*As I remain under His throne
I shall never fight alone
Flesh and Hades launch their siege
But peace remains in Christ my King*

Keepers of the Light

*Beams to part the mist
And show the way
Glowing lamps of love
God's heart displayed*

*Lighthouse on the rocks
Keep ships safe
Cities on a hill
Lampstands blaze*

*We are broken vessels
Of earthen clay
Cracks reveal His fire
Bright as day*

*His burning light within
Spirit portrayed
Shining through the lives
Of those in faith*

*We hold the only spark
Of truth today
In a world shaded dark
Morally decayed*

*Drawing to the Father
Souls gone astray
Lanterns radiant
Of His work conveyed*

*Guards on a tower
Armor arrayed
Keepers of the light
We shall remain*

“You are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hidden...Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven.” (Matthew 5:14-16)

Silence

*There's gold to be found in silence
For the prayerful, noise is violence*

*Like a knife slicing through peace
Distressing to those on their knees*

*The quieter moments are precious
Solitude and stillness refreshes*

*There's a promised rest we all need
Take note and slow down the speed*

*Perspective thus seeks higher planes
Patience and grace the soul gains*

*Thankful hearts turn toward the sky
Calm surroundings needed for flight*

*As we worship in spirit and truth
In silence we shall all be renewed*

“But the LORD is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him.”
(Habakkuk 2:20)

The Colors of Creation

*This world's pigment lies faded from the fall
Original hues are unimaginable now
Perhaps the great sky now spanning the earth
Was a cobalt so blue, violet rays shone forth
Or the bright yellow sun of today's worn world
Was formerly aglow in shimmering white pearl
And maybe roses bloomed so vibrantly lush
They dripped scarlet dewdrops whenever touched
Prisms magnificent beyond comprehension
Gleamed from waterfalls torrents descending
What if breeze and wind carried visible color
When Eden reigned holy, pure and full of wonder
Her rivers pouring water surpassingly clear
In partaking the clarity, like drinking a mirror
Did the first wild streams taste richer than honey
While herbs and trees grew astonishing bounty
Heavens gates will open upon God's holy gardens
Each gem and color revealed by the Artist
We'll surely be graced with divine eyes from His throne
As redeemed vision beholds eternity's vivid tones*

Drawn Closer

I think it must be, You are drawing me closer

The further I walk down the path of my years

You reign in my thoughts, refine my composure

Not a minute passes when You are not near

Your mysterious ways I'm unable to decipher

Yet this shining truth does not stumble me

Your expanding Presence reflects ever brighter

Turning eyes inward to gaze upon Thee

Time spins so quickly, will I redeem wisely?

Hours are expensive, the day has grown evil

I find in the quiet, my heart holds You tightly

Your living water strengthens what's feeble

Flower on the Wall

*Look at you, sitting quiet on the wall
Shyness of action, clinging to safety
The world looms threatening and you're so small
But God is calling, you hear Him faintly*

*Pressing on your spirit is His best will
A King's errand of sorts, given to you
But fear of failure leads one to stand still
For how can this flower unearth and be moved*

*Fear not, says the Lord, for it is My strength
And I shall lift you, on wings you will soar
Trust and obedience are what you'll bring
Through your willing heart My Spirit will pour*

*Stretch stunted roots, reach wide through the earth
His purpose is so much more than you planned
Through rugged terrain He'll show you your worth
Whole meadows blooming as your faith expands*

*We were not saved to sit meekly on walls
Flowers are meant to blossom and prosper
Impossible is surely proof of God's call
There's no true growth in what's easily proffered*

*A time to wait and a time to venture
Which season for each, God's Spirit will show
Dig ever deeper or bloom brightest splendor
But do not be idle with nothing to sow*

“But this I say: He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully.” (2 Corinthians 9:6)

Content in His Hands

*Yesterday done, stopped hands on a clock
Tomorrow lies ahead, its wares unseen
The here and now is where faithful feet walk
As the years keep stacking up in between*

*Ready for anything or a season of nothing
My spirit rests contented with either
It's in God's hands who I am becoming
My will decreasing as His sinks deeper*

*The steady work of His fiery Spirit
Burns night and day unfelt by my soul
Always dispersing that which is dearest
The reign of myself upon my heart's throne*

*This work is a task I cannot perform
Only my Lord has the wisdom required
I've tried and failed many times to reform
He, and He only, fulfills His desires*

*In learning to rest on God's promises
I'm finally receiving His peace and grace
As He works far beneath my consciousness
Transforming my image and mending my ways*

Amen

“For it is God who works in you both to will and to do for His good pleasure.”
(Philippians 2:13)

My Hallelujah

*Within my spirit heaven's music plays
An upward praise for His marvelous ways
Thankful is the rhythm these heartbeats raise*

Hallelujah to the Ancient of Days!

*A hymn of relief, sins faraway cast
He says they're distant like east from west
Heart's melody holds this hope steadfast*

Hallelujah to the First and the Last!

*So many prisoners to His hand released
God's endless love sets captives free
How can I grasp all He's done for me*

Hallelujah to the Prince of Peace!

*Matters not what storms shall brew
Secure in Christ, He'll see me through
Refreshing my spirit like the morning dew*

Hallelujah to The Faithful and True!

Faith On Pause

*Faith must claim patience
Or the fires of hope dwindle
God's vows He does ration
Thread rolls off His spindle
He pulls proper tension
Life's garment unwrinkles*

*His time not our own
A challenge endured
Each piece of faith sewn
As trials rend it pure
His Word makes this known
God's child perseveres*

*He wields holy needle
Each prick seems to destroy
Untried faith falls feeble
He sews troubles into joy
For hearts to remain peaceful
Trust His still small voice*

*Our faith seems on pause
When struggling through pain
Growth can be the cause
Nearer to Christ is the gain
He corrects every flaw
Into His image we are changed*

“My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into various trials, knowing that the testing of your faith produces patience.” (James 1:2-3)

Bedouin Story

*A Bedouin shepherd crosses the sand
Negev sun bakes his scarf-bound head
Leathered face is wearing time's hand
And a desert tent provides his only bed*

*The air is dry, and the wind blows hot
He forges a path across arid dunes
Of other lifestyles, he knows not
Spends his nights under light of moon*

*A saddled camel with blankets bright
Plods beneath his master's weight
His nomad's heart, born for this fight
He treasures the freedoms of desert fate*

*Herding his trade and source of life
He guards his family from every foe
Living by vows and a sharp-edged knife
Wilderness walking is a hard man's road*

*His cookstove, small campfire burning
Every meal he has raised or traded
Family law, his only source of learning
His notions of modern life hang jaded*

*At times he earns a few worthy shekels
Offering foreigners a seat on his beast
He waits at roadsides, as traffic echoes
They stop for the photo and the memories*

*The long day starts to close again
Dead Sea breeze shifting brisk and chill
Time to mount and head for his tent
He briefly pauses, for a while stands still*

*I stare out through my tour bus window
Watching the shepherd as he ponders
A lone desert man in momentary limbo
What were his thoughts? I still wonder*

Bedouin Shepherd at a roadside gas station in Israel, 2006



(Picture taken from my tour bus window)

In the Calm Before Storms

*When evil is silent
The threat grows loud
Hell is most violent
Concealed in a shroud*

*Unforeseen daggers
Spawn deeper wounds
In shock we stagger
Not discerning the truth*

*Quiet times can lull
Our spiritual senses
The sword becomes dull
Weakening defenses*

*We must remain vigilant
Watchmen in towers
God's Word, our instrument
Defeats Satan's powers*

*Try not to be fooled
In the calm before storms
Let your spirit be ruled
by Christ to thwart harm*

The Sword of God

*How sharp His shimmering Sword
Brightly discerning like no other
So powerful His precious Word
Dividing spirit and soul asunder*

*Forcing joint and marrow apart
There is no creature who can hide
From deep piercings of the heart
All lays naked in God's holy sight*

*A radiant, living, torch of fire
And lamp to His children's feet
Righteousness, the blade inspires
God's written Word is bittersweet*

*What endless strength we wield
When His Sword is firmly gripped
All other weapons formed will yield
As the mighty Spirit of God convicts*

“For the word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the division of soul and spirit, and of joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. And there is no creature hidden from His sight, but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him to whom we must give account.” (Hebrews 4:12,13)

From the Rising of the Sun to its Setting

*Early I seek Your holy countenance
By the spirit within I learn Your ways
In Your strong presence each day shall commence
My soul is prepared with prayer and praise*

*Your great Name is my tower and stronghold
And in Your care my whole being resides
From the break of dawn until eve unfolds
You keep my steps straight and matching Your stride*

*The day rolls past like a train on its track
I know You travel the hours with me
At each sun's rising You chart my own path
Direct my heart to stay on course with Thee*

*As the rays in the sky turn gold and glow
To the setting of the sun, You are known*

“That they may know from the rising of the sun to its setting, that there is none besides Me. I am the LORD, and there is no other.” (Isaiah 45:6)

Building in Silence

Your great work in my soul never ceases

Still renovating in places most secret

While I sleep, Your hands always building

Virtue and peace in my spirit You're filling

Tis nothing I am able to feel or behold

Yet behind the scenes You refine me to gold

A lifetime of change is surely required

As embers of faith, You continually fire

How quiet is Your constant construction

Gently removing my every corruption

Your Spirit inside my heart does not sleep

Aligning my thoughts to Your will far beneath

Though I bustle about in noisy existence

My mind is at rest knowing You build in silence

Amen

The Altar

*The stones that make for my life's altar
Have not been touched by human hands
His hidden work in me won't falter
Unhewn rocks stacked on holy land*

*He forms each layer from what's been laid
At the foot of His throne for Him to bear
Each trusting step, all prayers I've prayed
Of spirit and truth, the worship I share*

*Gathering moments faithful to Jesus
And parts of the soul submitted to Him
He arranges these, my low earthen pieces
Humble altar I offer, my life to the King*

“I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.”

(Romans 12:1)

Time for New Strings

*It's been so long since I've touched these strings
Instrument deserted, hollow echoing
Shadows of talent faded and dusty
This aging voice strains fallen and rusty*

*Who knew without use I'd forfeit my sound
Powerless whispers, I've lost so much ground
With guitar in hand my mind reaches back
Familiar chords, old fingers make tracks*

*Strum rings dull, just a trace resonates
Ability regained may not be my fate
The urge awakened desires to pursue
Path of melody once traveled in youth*

*I placed the Martin into the backseat
Drove to the music store just up the street
Acoustic strings in need of replacing
Waiting, I ponder the challenge I'm facing*

*In former times I sang clear and strong
To the radio's tunes and my favorite songs
But this past decade I guess I've grown quiet
Seems with the years the gift became private*

*How in the world does one restring the voice?
I must strip off the silence, start making noise!*

“I will sing to the LORD, because He has dealt bountifully with me.” (Psalm 13:6)

God's Saving Work

*He ponders each soul so lost
Weeps for minds tarnished by dross
He looks to see what will revive
Defiant spirits not yet alive*

*Troubles birthed from innate sin
Or deceptive evil they've let in
Whatever route will pave a way
To soften hearts of hardened clay*

*Wielding any worthy tool
To bring about His light and truth
If sorrow would open blinded eyes
He'll pour it down, changing a life*

*His ways higher than our own
We've no conception of His throne
Our joyous yielding is His desire
Bringing in Holy Spirit's fire*

*Flaming tongue alights the head
Reckoning former life as dead
New birth unfolding in His hand
Renewed soul now understands*

*Peace and purpose fill the heart
From there on God's will imparts
A salvaged life now in unity
And safely joined to eternity*

Praise God!

“For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost.” (Luke 19:10)

The Quiet Walk

*There are days
I'd like to go for a walk
Without myself along*

*It'd be nice
To stray from my thoughts
Their incessant, noisy throng*

*I'd stroll free
Drift away from me
Setting all feelings down*

*To just exist
For a moment of bliss
In the quiet of God's strong arms*

*And be glad
Of His silent love
As He guides me back to my home*

“Then they are glad because they are quiet; so, He guides them to their desired haven.”
(Psalm 107:30)

When the End Comes

*When the end comes will you know it
Is your faith strong, can you show it
If the wind blows, will you stand it
Are you prepared, or empty-handed*

*When God calls, will you hear Him
Do your feet rush to be near Him
Are you walking a narrow path
Is it clear you fled God's wrath*

*Do you dwell in the living Word
When you send prayers, are they heard
Test yourself, make sure you know
Christ is in your heart and soul*

*The time will come, the hour is late
Decisions made will seal your fate
Heaven's not yours til you choose
There's all to gain and all to lose*

*If you remain without God now
In eternity you will still bow
Not at the foot of His blazing throne
But tormented and all alone*

*Your discontent can be divine
If it leads you to the Living Vine
Be convicted and repent
Trust in the Son our God has sent*

Amen

Both Sides of Life

*If the storms of life don't wail
Fair weather's joys would fade
And without rain the living fail
Death and famine on parade*

*And should the night ere be gone
With its cloak of dark abolished
We'd lose the glory of rising sun
Moon and stars impoverished*

*Dual faces of life are needed
Sun and rain or light with dark
Not for wish or mere convenience
Should their places here depart*

*Without a backdrop black with evil
Righteousness can shine no meaning
For when injustice brings upheaval
Truth and love become worth seeking*

*Just as pain shows need for healing
But its absence calls no warning
Thus, when sickness does its speaking
Mindfulness halts deeper harming*

*A world without defining lines
Loses function, depth and purpose
Like a watch not marking time
Resting shallow, dull, and worthless*

*God's great wisdom gives two sides
The good and bad, the dark and light
His brilliance brightest in our trials
Just as the dawn transcends the night*

Will You Walk with Me

*Child, will you walk with Me today?
Well maybe later, I say
And so, He went away
His quiet voice beckoned my heart
But without Him, I did start
I never heard Him depart
Come, abide in Me for just a mile
And with a careless smile
I answered, in a little while
Child, will you read with Me tomorrow?
An hour of yours to borrow
In this, I caused Him sorrow
Let us talk together this morning
He said with tones adoring
Which I ended up ignoring
He asked me softly, do you believe?
Yet His Spirit, I chose to grieve
And once again, He did leave
Child, bring your burdens to My throne
No need for you to groan
Yet I carried them alone
And still, He patiently queried
Asking, how long shall you tarry?
I began to feel so weary
This godless life I'd been leading
Neglecting His every pleading
For this, His Son died bleeding
So, I asked Him, are You still waiting?
He said, yes, and I'm glad you're praying
Child, you are worth chasing*

“We love Him because He first loved us.” (1st John 4:19)

Powered by the Wind

*A sailboat rests on peaceful blue waters
Bright colored cloth lay slack and closed
Silently waiting til breezes grow stronger
Contented calm, the boat faithfully floats*

*A sudden wind fills brilliant sails
Billowing forth, the vessel glides forward
Graceful power carves watery trails
Its source of movement, unseen Author*

*It is no different in the Spirit-led life
The faithful rest and await God's leading
Without warning His Spirit arises
Moving believers by strong interceding*

*He fills our sails, empowers our passage
Displaying His strength, God is glorified
Obediently we bring forth His message
Lowly vessels set sail, Spirit-fortified*



Sailboats in Ephraim, Wisconsin, July 2023

“Holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.” (2nd Peter 1:21)

Strong Tower

*Deep within, a tower soars, wonderful and high
A mighty shelter, to which I often, run and hide
With parapets, rising tall, encircling my life
Protecting me, from the fiery darts Satan lets fly*

*Ivory walls, shield my soul, from every enemy
Sword of truth, gleaming bright, battles endlessly
Hidden in Christ, I shall rest, He is my true peace
Holy Spirit, and Word of God, are my weaponry*

*The narrow gate, to my tower, is God's only Son
Living water, a sparkling moat, actively surrounds
Heart and soul, the treasury, cannot be overcome
Holy fortress, Most High God, stronger than stone*

*Tribulation will not steal my spiritual refuge
It's Noah's ark, this tower of mine, raised above deluge
Sanctuary, God's inner room, shall never be subdued
Set above, on spires of love, where nothing can intrude*

“The name of the LORD is a strong tower; the righteous run to it and are safe.” (Proverbs 18:10)

Origins

*I came from captivity, a prisoner in the dark
A shadow hovered over me, my soul headed for harm
I could not really see, veiled eyes made it hard
To view my true eternity, conscience dull and scarred
Living in hostility, from God I stood apart
Rebellion sought unknowingly, drawn by the devil's charms
Ignoring my mortality, while chasing all my wants
A season of negativity, led to feeling worn
Losing all my dignity, my plight I surely mourned
Questioning life's tyranny, pricked by holy thorn
Then I heard He died for me, because I missed the mark
The gospel in its simplicity, brought me to God's arms
A higher life unknown to me, convicted naïve heart
I started to think differently, Word of God pierced sharp
His love stretches to infinity, surpassing moon and stars
His Word is now my ministry, I spread it near and far*

Hallelujah!

Fallen Leaves

*Leaves upon a tree, they wither and fall down
Once full of life and verdant, now a faded, tired brown
Forced to fly as the winds blow, scattered and forlorn
Skating cross earth's surface, forfeiting true home*

*Can God reverse the failure of those fallen leaves?
Can they be grafted in and dwell on the living tree?
Would that there could be a way to revive spiritually
Turning death into eternal life is the Lord's specialty*

*Vines are only nourished by the brook of His holy Word
To flourish vibrant branches, truth must be absorbed
The way all can be fruitful is to believe and put God first
Brand new leaves on thriving tree, life slowly shall unfurl*

*Blessed be those abiding in the living blood of Christ
Shriveled foliage, now surrendered to His sacrifice
Softening and filling up on His love and shining light
Born again, we cling to Him, our souls He paid the price*

*Dwell on the living vine, contend for the gospel faith
And in the end His glory shines out from hallowed place
Golden or magenta, bright scarlet or the orange of flames
We are leaves of His harvest, precious blazing praise*

*Come, Lord Jesus, quickly, from heaven's vast distance
Forever may we reflect Your wondrous brilliance*

Amen

“I am the vine; you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing.” (John 15:5)

The Earth is Full of His Praise

*Did you pass a few minutes in God's creation today
Spending time, making moments, to quietly survey
All God's myriad wonders, both small and very great
Filling up our senses on His spectacular displays*

*See the tiny grandeur of hummingbird's bright robe
Flitting through the air, while dancing to and fro
Swiftly and fleetingly, he's delicately sipping
On fragrant blooms, a regal feast, so sweetly dripping*

*Have you brushed feathery grass or cupped fertile soil
Did you notice fawn's innocence happily unspoiled
Can you hear lively chattering of birds in the trees
Will you pause and enjoy, the caress of summer breeze*

*Do you ever lift your gaze to drink in marvelous skies
As clouds drifting lazily, wave soundless goodbyes
Can you find God's peacefulness speaking in your ear
When a needed walk is taken just to silently revere*

*His creative, divine forces carry forth endless motion
From driest, sandy desert to vast rolling blue oceans
Much beauty and solace, can be found upon this earth
Step outside the front door and find its precious worth*

*Creation shouts His glory, all the earth ardently praises
Standing in its midst, hearts swell with God's kind graces
For our pleasure He formed this world, so let us not forget
We're created for His own, to give devotion and thankfulness*

“His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise.” (Habakkuk 3:3)

On the Brink

The curtains of this land are due to tremble

The mighty hand that sews will toss its thimble

In God's great wrath, rebellion trampled

Judgment so fierce it'll make the hills bow

There will be no excuse uttered from the lip

Of this coming dreadful cup, many will sip

The tents of the faithless His arm afflicts

Stumbling in vast darkness, lamps unlit

Why must this country love insurrection

Bloodlust of the heathen refused correction

Yelling mouths sneer loud in moral rejection

Society has erased natural affection

Strong deceiving spirit, fueled from below

Blind minds and veiled eyes, no one knows

Freedom is hijacked and so, too, the souls

Language turned on its head, science let go

*Destruction has crept in over generations
Bony fingers claw at governing stations
Twisting problems, false solutions, no salvation
Bribes are hell's currency of intimidation*

*Voices of the righteous have been silenced
Justice and authority topple in violence
Lawlessness reigning, streets flood with sirens
My homeland denies God's gracious guidance*

*The fig tree will not blossom, nor fruit on vines
Fields cease to yield crops, food redefined
Herds will disappear, the world gets in line
Self-inflicted famine is the devil's design*

*What will you finally do when you reach the truth
I pray the scales fall from the eyes of the confused
Before all is shattered by He who made the rules
Time running short, there is everything to lose*

Deceitful heart

*This heart of mine has wandering speech
Telling me so many random things
Hopeless notions entice my soul
Wistful tides always ebb and flow*

*Rhyme or reason dwells not there
Emotions flicker like faulty fire
To act upon its drifting ways
Only a fool would run that race*

*God proclaims the heart beats wicked
Not to be trusted a single minute
Who can know of its devious trails
Misdirecting as judgment fails*

*Give no weight to wayward feelings
A deceitful will rests in such dealings
It fights against our holy God
A treacherous path not to be trod*

*When hearts are held up to His Word
The depths and corners He does search
Revealing bitter roots and vice
Unveiling all that is not wise*

*His lamp shows where feet should tread
Mute the heart, heed His voice instead
Lest we're tossed like ships in the ocean
God's wisdom conquers heart's emotion*

“The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; Who can know it?”
(Jeremiah 17:9)

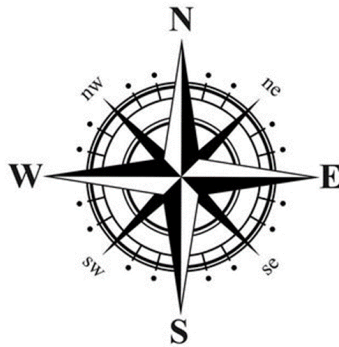
Compass

*The tool to navigate this dusty road
Wears not a face of glass or magnet pin
Nor rounded metal jacket dipped in gold
The way to life's true north is set within*

*Instructing roads of travel day or night
Abundant with direction as life's guide
Sustaining pilgrims in God's glorious light
He whispers, "go this way, don't turn aside"*

*This instrument I hold will never fail
And many holy words live in its scrolls
It's worthy for commanding narrow trails
Informing the good way and paths of old*

*My soul is resting safe behind faith's shield
And blade bright as the rising sun I wield*



“And ask for the old paths, where the good way is, and walk in it; then you will find rest for your souls.” (Jeremiah 6:16)

Do Not Fret

*How easy the fall
Into worry
We forget it only
Causes harm*

*Unfolding so fast
Life is hurried
We fail to recall
God's strong arm*

*He's reaching down
Always working
So do not fret –
Tis a grievous wrong*

*Whatever transpires
He leads the journey
Guiding through night
Til break of dawn*

*Anxious soul, let go
To grasp God's mercy
He is ever reigning
Rest in His palm*

“Rest in the LORD and wait patiently for Him...Do not fret—it only causes harm.”
(Psalm 37:7,8)

Prayer for Humanity

*My heart weeps for humanity
Sinking so low in sin's gravity*

*Souls lay empty of God above
Shallow feelings mimic true love*

*Vows carry no lasting meaning
To those who live for selfish gleaning*

*Grabbing all that can be taken
Desolation will soon awaken*

*Empty eyes reveal empty hearts
Striving for things that tear apart*

*They satiate each fleshly urge
God's best will commands a purge*

*When shall these lost souls be found
And learn this life is hallowed ground?*

*Not much time left to repent
Give homage to the One God sent*

*I pray for chains to fall away
Releasing slaves, the hour is late*

*When God's kingdom reigns steadfast
May the last be first, and first be last*

Amen

Can You Hear

*Listen, can you hear that sound
Rumbling beneath heart's ground*

*Steady thrum of greatness coming
Spirit's ears detect the humming*

*A sense of King's return arises
Echoes of His drum break silence*

*Sealed within all renewed souls
Prophecy speaks ancient scrolls*

*Impending hymn of victory
Marching through eternity*

*Those of faith will never fear it
Strain with careful ears to hear it*

*Rhythm of God's heavenly host
Shofar calls out Christ's approach*

*Believers' spirits hearken first
Increasing joy, hearts fit to burst*

*We know our Great Redeemer lives
And His return is soon fulfilled*

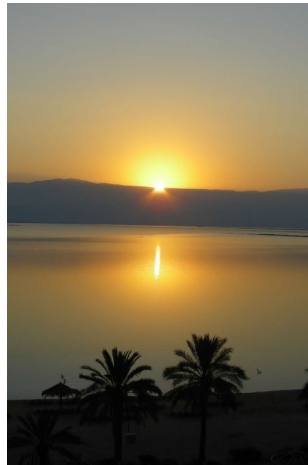
*My spirit listens for His song
Growing loud as time counts down*

Maranatha!

“For I know that my Redeemer lives, and He shall stand at last on the earth.” (Job 19:25)

Nightfall

*Sun slipping behind trees
Rustling silhouettes
Day murmurs goodbye
As dusk softly crept
Wearing dim shadows
Flowers bow to rest
Nightfall announces
Celestial vignette
A flickering garland
Stars and Moon duet
And the world slumbers
While hours are swept
Spokes on a wheel
The spin of time kept
Quiet sleep of souls
Night's gentle blanket
The loving hand of God
Covers and protects
Cleansing pause of darkness
Tomorrow wakes refreshed*



Spiritual Nightfall

*Truth slipping off the vine
Souls in shadow
Justice whispers goodbye
As evil quietly gathers
Wearing a cloak of lies
Hatred vows to scatter
Nightfall announces
The earth's final chapter
Light is flickering out
In the eve of Satan's laughter
The nations slumber
While hours spin faster
Prophecy on a wheel
Doesn't seem to matter
Faithless lulled to sleep
Eyes closed to disaster
The loving hand of God
Steals away true believers
Before wrath's cleansing pause
Destroys the wicked forever*

“I must work the works of Him who sent Me while it is day; the night is coming when no one can work.” (John 9:4)

~ *The End* ~