SPECIAL WORDS

FROM GOD'S WORLD

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1984 through 1991

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BUT ONCE

We live here but once, so His glory proclaims
Tell all the world the wonders of His love.
Fill all men's hearts with your spirit-filled self,
Your days walk with Jesus, blessed from above.

I AM A WARRIOR FOR MY LORD

I am a warrior for my Lord, I speak what He says - it's right!
I have no fear, for He is near; He leads this earthly flight.
Hell and the Devil, these are the foe
That lead men to Hell, damnation and eternal woe.
Men walk blindly, following Satan as their lord;
I will strike with the blood of my Saviour - strike with His mighty sword.
I am a warrior for my Lord; God speaks to me in my every day.
He speaks to me along my way.
God shows me the right path; He shows me the wrong;
God fills my heart with heavenly song.
I obey God's will and His command.
When, before Him in judgement I will stand
God will look at me and say: "Did you follow me,
"And tell all the words I gave you?
"Did you speak with conviction true?
"Telling sinners of my Son,
"Of the battle for mortals He won?
I will humbly answer: "I was your warrior, while in your world,
"While all of the powers of Satan unfurled.
"Yes, my God, I truly tried
"With you, triune God, on my side,
"To obey and tell most all men your cause,
"Of your loving kindness, and your laws.
"Many listened, and sadly turned away;
"Some said maybe, another day.
"There are those that accepted you as their Lord;
"They believed, and claimed the blood of your Son;
"They rest in you, the battle is won.
"Praise you, forever, my God, I remain a warrior now in the heavenly sphere;
"Now, for endless time, you are my blessed God; I am forever near".

OUR DECISION

Our Jesus was taken up into the sky
He is there to prepare our mansions on high
We are to believe in His resurrection and birth
The only salvation for mortals on earth.
We cope in this life with dangers from Hell
With stories of promise
False teachings they tell.
The Devil runs wild, offering material riches and fame
False prophets appearing under his name
Strange cults and potions, temptations, much wealth
Eventually leading to unhappiness and bad health.
The Devil and his angels offer greatness for all,
The old, the young,
He wants them to fall.
Go with him and you will endlessly roam
In a fiery furnace, and this will be your home.
Only believe, God sent His only Son
Raised up from the dead -
Your battle is done.
So now the triune God in His wondrous love
Is waiting for us in the mansions above.
With the spirit of God, His love is your life
You are free of Satan, Hell, worry and strife.

I'VE HAD

Three faces I've had: Bette, Anne and Beth
Two of whom were Satan's couriers to death
They blocked me out, pushed me aside
With powers of darkness, God's light to hide.
The demons of Hell screamed, screeched in my brain,
In my body satanic behavior began to reign.
The Savior's love fast left my heart;
The Devil had plans for two demons to start.
My world of reality became an unbearable maze,
My plans, life and goals became a haze.
The world's importance and materials became a must -
Where was God? My faith and my trust.
The three roamed the slimy abyss of Hell,
Wallowing in witchcraft, falling deeper in the deep well.
Many years back, God sent me a son
Whose work for the Lord caused the demons to run.
He pled the blood of Jesus on this wretched soul,
The two demons fled - my person made whole.
I praise God for Randy, my own precious boy,
Who through our Savior made Eternity my sure joy.

MORNING PRAYER

A morning prayer your child now prays -
Keep me safe all through my days;
Put an angel shield round me tight,
All day long, and all through the night.
From the devious Devil keep me free
So I may spend all my days with Thee;
Those I love, keep them free from harm
In the protection of Thy loving arm;
Send us the angels then, at last
When the earth becomes my past,
To Heaven ascending with the Heavenly Host,
Praising forever, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

GLORY TO GOD (song)

Glory to God, now on high
Glory to God, when we die
Glory to God, in our strife
Glory to God, in our life
Praises exalting on high
Praises now drawing us nigh
For His wondrous love
Coming to us from above

God in His glory we praise
Anthems to Him now we raise
Love to our Father we sing
Praises and glory we bring
Now and forever we are
Children of God, praise the Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord

Refrain:
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise our Lord
Praise His name.

LEARN FROM A CHILD

You will learn from a child, my dear friend,
Let your barriers down, to their height descend.
If you watch them very closely, you will see the love of God
In the precious moments of waking or in the slumber's gentle nod.
A child is simple in his play, he is generous with his love,
He radiates his actions through his Creator, up above.
The happy way he asks you the why's -
The endless care of worry and sighs.
He lives each day so happy and free;
Through his works of love we should also see
It's a merrier situation, so you'd better act your best;
Following your good example, your child will do the rest.

GRANDMA AND GOD

Grandma, I want to go out in the field today,
In the ridges and rocks and holes - to play
With the little bunnies, mice and moles.
But to cross the street is a mountainous worry,
'Cuz my little body is small and all the cars are in a hurry.
So if you will come and take my hand I can go across
And on the other side stand real nice and safe, 'cuz you were there
And the big problem I had with you I could share.
So it is for big ones, a hand we need to hold
When our souls tremble, and our world seems to fold;
As a child looks to Grandma in his simple love and need,
We look to our Heavenly Father, bodies and souls to feed.
In the great love of all ages He sees His children's woes,
And in His love He harbors us from all our earthly woes.

THE CROSSING

I stopped at a crossing the other day,
There were two ways for me to go:
A sign to the right said Heaven, above,
To the left it said, Hell below.
I hesitated not a moment, but hastened on to God -
This was the straight and narrow, the path my fathers trod.

The Lord commands us to remain on the vine bearing fruit.
As Jesus said in the garden:
They are not of the world,
As I am not of the world.

EASTER

Our Lord knocks at your door -
Are you home? Are you home?
Our Jesus calls you by name -
Do you answer? Do you answer?
As Jesus walks with the lowly -
Are you there? Are you there?
Our Jesus walks in rough places -
Are you there? Are you there?
The Savior ministers to the sick and dying -
Are you there? Are you there?
Our Savior leads down the straight road -
Do you follow? Do you follow?
Our Savior died on the cross for us -
Were you there? Were you there?
Our Savior rose triumphantly -
Do you know the joy? Do you know the joy?
Our Jesus prepares now our home on high -
Will you be there? Will you be there?

THE VINE

The Lord commands us to stay on the vine and bear fruit,
Not to falter and fall, nor weaken at every turn.
Be strong - on His mighty name to call.
When life becomes rough and trials seem to overcome
Think of the Cross of Calvary;
You'll recall where you're coming from.
Stay on the vine and bear much fruit
From morning till eve,
Knowing the Savior holds your hand - He nevermore will leave.
If you start to shrivel and dry up fast,
Say: "Get behind me, Satan!"
You will win the victory, at last.

NOT OF THIS WORLD

As Jesus said concerning us
They are not of this world
As I am not of this world.
So being here, dear friend, do as you must,
Leave your heart with the God you trust
Knowing that He has placed you down here
and watches you always, and ever is near.
Do His work gladly, that's what we must do,
Labor morning and eve till His work is through.
Suffer trials gladly and murmur not at woes -
The Lord will destroy all imagined foes.
You only walk as a vision through this veil of tears;
In God's life eternal you will have many years.

THE GARDEN

There is an earthly garden that is planted here below
In rocks and dirt and hard spots,
It's rough for seeds to grow.
It's dry, and weeds are all about,
Yet there are quiet waters that flow,
Flow through God's earthly gardeners
On this, the guarded sight.
Go forth and tend this garden, lest
Thieves come in at night.
Water, weed and faithfully work in love.
This is the Father's garden - He watches from above.
God will place a special blessing on His
Gardeners and their deeds.
Just like the garden's bounty,
He supplies all our earthly needs.

MY FRIEND

My friend lies dying in the night
I shed no tear, for I truly know
There is a day, a glorious day that follows after night.
There are no tears,
There are no tears.

My friend had no God the other day,
No one for her to share the way.
I came there for a reason,
To lead her to God.
There are no tears,
There are no tears.
Salvation is near.

You are in God's plan to lead men to God;
Only you can fulfill this plan -
It was made through God.
Do as you must,
Do as you must.

My friend is in Heaven to be with our God.
I truly know there's a glorious day
That follows the night; and there are no tears,
God wipes them away.
Wait on the Lord,
Wait for that day.

WHY, LORD?

Help me, Lord, that I might see
The reason this trial is laid on me.
It is a time to walk by Your side,
To follow as You gently guide.
Talk to me, Lord, that I will know
The path it is Thy will to go.
Let not anger or despair e're cross my path,
It shall be warded off with righteous wrath.
Help me, Lord, this quiet time to ponder
Lest I stray and from you wander.
Help me, Lord, so that with all my might
I trust in Thee and thus trial light.

YOU'VE BEEN INVITED

I've invited you many times to visit the House of God,
It won't be many years until you're lain under the sod.
I've asked the pastor to meet you and make a friendly call,
You answered him politely, made reasons to stall.
You feel you have your own cup of tea,
You are not included with what the Lord says: "Sinners, come now unto me."
Okay, my friend, I'll tell it to you straight: The clock is ticking fast,
Only your obedience to Him will to your credit last.
He died on the cross and rose for you and me,
Yet you find a barrier, the Devil won't let you see.
Go your merry way, find all the excuses you possibly can,
Only remember on earth or Hereafter, you will not escape God's plan.
Then that day of final judgement you'll stand there and say, I realize, dear Lord,
But I had reasons when the pastor came to pray.
I didn't want him to push me or tell me what to do,
Because I knew so much better how to live my life through.
The Great Jehovah will sadly turn to you and say:
My house lay open, but you turned the other way.
Go now, and you won't be pushed - we told you what you must do.
I've sent out all my invitations, and no more will come to you.

TO HEAVEN

I see in the distance a beautiful glow
It is the Cross of Calvary, way down that path.
I close my eyes and truly know
The anguish Jesus suffered, the horrible wrath.
My sins caused all this, and yet I see
The beautiful Cross there, just for me.
I close my eyes and truly I know
My Jesus loves me, loves me so.
I walk down the time I'm given below;
The clock makes me ever aware.
I close my eyes, I love the Lord so,
I'll be with you soon, Heaven will share.
I see in the distance the force of my Lord,
The world seems to fade from my sight.
I close my eyes and see the blood on the sword.
I'm redeemed, I wake from the night.

SOME DAY

I suffer no cold when the weather is drear,
I am warmed by His love, ever so near.
I suffer no fear when the heavens shake,
It's only the Devil, a deceitful fake.
I suffer no drear when my end draws near
For I will then see my Jesus. Oh, so dear!

JUST THANKING

Thank you, dear Lord, for this place down here,
For the people we meet and love so dear.
Thank you, dear Lord, for the privilege to share
Your redemption with children on earth everywhere.
Thank you, dear Lord, for letting me be your child;
Keep me ever humble, meek, loving and mild.
Thank you, dear Lord, for giving me a place,
Make me worthy through the lamb when Thee I face.

I WAS THERE

There was a strong gust of wind, an eerie, chilling sound -
On a distant mountain, the Devil had me bound.
Chained and cruelly fettered in an aura of sin,
My heart was closed, God could not enter in.
The mountain stood amid the cloud, and
Covered me with dew.
I cried in pain and anguish -
My voice would not come through.
I suffered endless trials,
My life raced through my head.
I traveled in these years
In the Valley of the Dead.
There was a gentle breeze that rose
And brushed my sweating brow.
The Lord took all my anguish,
And has shown me how.
No longer chained and tossed about
In endless, hopeless pain.
I am triumphant through His blood
And in His courts will reign.

GET THEE HENCE

Back into the pit I command you now
My God is here, you dwell below - SO GO!
Get far from me, oh demons, be aware that
My God is here, you dwell below - SO GO!
He died for me, you have no hold
You stand now told!
My God is here, He rose again
And dwells within.
You have no hold - you have been told!
My God is here, you dwell below - SO GO!

THE MASTER PAINTER

The master painter works from His studio, above.
With His brushes and pallet
He paints the world through love.
The canvas is eternal and glows with endless strokes
of tender love and beauty.
The subject is us folks.
We are painted in our story of happiness, toil and greed
In genre, still life and portraits,
He's our truth and need.
The hand that directs the brushes flows color on, in glaze.
Neither sin, nor storm, destruction
Will ever these paintings haze.
We follow His example in our feeble works below.
Be humble in your efforts,
Lest He asks of you a show.

THY SHIP, OH LORD

I am waiting for Thy ship to come, oh Lord
For Thy servant here waits patiently to board.
To serve on that glorious voyage to glory
Which ends this sad, sad earthy story.
From time to time I hear a distant fog horn
I see in life the elderly and the new born.
The splash of a wave or the spill of the sand,
The thunder of the ocean, as waves spill o'er the land.
I wait on the shore and look upward to the sky,
Thy ship is slowly coming, I see it as I die.
Take me, Lord, aboard Thy ship, and calm my troubled soul,
Gently I lay my head on Thy breast; now the bell on Thy ship will toll.

PAIN

An accursed pain wakes me in the night.
I battle alone, and easily forget God's might.
A thorn in the flesh makes life so dole.
Forgotten is heaven, and my eternal goal.
God takes me and eases my miserable plight,
Rocks me gently in His arms through the night.
I lay my suffering at the cross and know
My God sent His son, and loves me so.

THY WORDS

I open my heart and the words You impart,
Oh Lord, Thy servant doth hear.
I open my book and write what you say,
Oh Lord, Thy servant will obey.
To give Your message, with others to share -
Letting them know how greatly You care.
As Thy words come either day or at night,
I obey Your commands; I will quickly write.
Please walk by my side and gently hold my hand,
I listen, Lord. Talk. I obey Your command.

SHOUT IN ONE ACCORD

Shout, in one accord - I AM FOR THE LORD
Shout, in one accord - I WILL DO HIS WILL
Shout to Heaven, above - GOD GUIDES US IN LOVE
Shout to Heaven above - GOD FILLS EVERY NEED.

Thus, I will praise Him, praise Him
Praise His Holy Name!
Thus, I will praise Him, praise Him
His Holy Name proclaim!
Thus, I will praise Him, praise Him
His Holy Name proclaim!

HIS WONDROUS LOVE

As I dwell on His wondrous love,
A tear slides down my cheek.
As I feel His mighty presence,
I feel so terribly meek.
I stand before the great God, above
Feeling His great kindness and His love.
Knowing that someday He'll call me home,
Earth no longer will I roam.
It's all more than I understand,
So I'll leave it all to God.
This is His world and
His earth He has planned.

BOW DOWN

Get down, bow before Him, be meek and obey
Your Lord comes before you, as in that day.
You will be shopping, minding life's earthy chores,
Many will be complaining, slamming life's doors.
Beware, for He comes any one of these days,
Each person on earth accounts for his ways.
Get down, bow before Him, be meek and obey
Your Lord surely cometh, just as in that day.

MOTHER'S TRIBUTE AND PRAYER

A tribute now I offer for my wonderful little boy,
With memories of long ago - he was really quite a joy.
He was born a ten, a wonder, with teeth that numbered four;
A hungry little fellow, whose first word was more.
He was kind, sweet and good, not the material for a hood.
He played hard, and ate hearty, I had no problems with a smarty.
The only problem I ever had - he grew up far too fast.
My precious little David is so far in the past.

A tribute now I offer for the man my little boy became,
A man I couldn't be more proud of, if he were in the Hall of Fame.
He grew up tall and solid, with Jesus as his friend,
The Lord guided him from boy to man, and will guide him to life's end.
A tribute now I offer to the girl God sent to be my boy's bride,
A dear person, who will ever be by his side;
Through life they will walk with God as their guide.
Thanks now I offer to my Lord and Heavenly Friend,
For sending me my David so many years ago,
For letting his life flourish, allowing him to grow,
Becoming the man he is today, helping him so many times along life's way.

Thanks, dear Lord. Just, Thanks.

THE TINY VOICE OF JESUS

Awaken to a tiny voice that gently calls your name.
You listen, and wonder from where the tiny voice came.
A concept comes to life in the depth of your mind:
It is the voice of Jesus, so gently and so kind.
We mortals hurry on our road in life, too busy to listen and hear;
Yet Jesus talks to us, telling us never to fear.
In the beauty of early morning to the sun's very last rays
Jesus' tiny voice talks to us in many, many ways.

AS I ARISE, LORD

Each morning as I rise, I look up to the skies -
I know you are there, Lord.
I take a breath that's full and deep
Thanking you for your precious sleep you have given me.
Thank you, Lord.
I feel the happiness in my heart,
This will I my new day start.
I feel your love, dear Lord, the Holy Spirit is in me,
This I will mirror Thee.
I know you are there, Lord.
Thank you, Lord.

DEATH

Why is everyone so afraid of death?
Is it the omnipitus name?
Death is only a stepping stone
From here to the heavenly place.
We suffer fear, we suffer pain,
It's all in a day, all in a game
Called living, below in this worldly play.
Tomorrow in Heaven we'll begin our new day.
People freeze with fear at the word "death".
Think of a veil, a very thin line as a well -
It extends from the earth to the sky.
When our final time is drawing nigh
We step through the veil, the web breaks, then we die.
We shall then see the glories of God
The shining bright heavens, the love of the Lord.

DEATH

We'll then wonder why we cling to the earth,
Holding on with fear, not wanting to break the cord.
To be with Jesus, to live in His home,
To share all the glory, no more to roam.
Don't fear the word "death", just prepare here, below.
Walk with Him now, hold His hand, He knows where to go.

POSSUM

I woke up late and looked out in the yard,
There sat a plate all filled with food the cat was too full to devour.
As I gazed out into the night, a small creature timidly appeared.
He started to eat, happy to find food at any hour.
A lonely little possum, a creature of the night
Too fearful to venture out in the day
Had a lovely, good meal and was happy for the crumbs Kitty threw away.
God shows us, even in the heart of the night,
Lessons in how we should be.
He talks to us on a sight-filled voice;
Listen, open your eyes, you will see.
God cares for this tiny creature of the night,
Providing him his food and his needs.
Thus, God provides for His children here below,
Even though they are so filled with greed.
Thanks, Lord, for showing me this dear little sight;
How caring You are, I thank you tonight.
Let material possessions not dull out sight,
Just thank you, God. Thank you, tonight.

ARE YOU WALKING WITH THE LORD?

Are you walking with the Lord in the long walk He's taking?
Are you feeling the load of your sins as this sacrifice He's making?
Do you realize the anguish as God gave His only son?
All for us, so that Heaven for us mortals would be won?
Do your material possessions mean so much to you?
That you forsake His call and your missions forget to do?
Do you run blindly here and there searching for worldly pleasures?
When your dear Savior hangs dying there.
Are you there? Do you care?

OSCAR AND THE PREACHER

A tale I'm telling of my wonderful bird,
His name was Oscar, or so you've heard.
He was king of the turkey clan,
A beautiful bird, and faithful to man.
I raised him to be a pet and friend,
But loyalty to men met him his end.
We moved from the farm to the city, one day
I couldn't take Oscar there with me to stay.
We sold to a preacher and begged him to spare
The life of Oscar, and keep him there.
Old Oscar will be fine, don't worry, my friend.
We'll keep Oscar; he won't meet a bitter end.
So said the preacher and his fine wife;
Soon as we left, Oscar was under the knife.
The story goes that Oscar turned wild,
And clawed the preacher, his wife and child.
Oscar would hide, and attack with his bill;
What a dangerous weapon - what a chill!
His feathers he'd rustle, and then charge for fun
The poor family panicked and away they would run.
Oscar wasn't aware of fun and humor, they had none.
That soon in an oven, poor guy, he'd be done.
Preacher and his wife cam home from church on that fateful day,
Wife screamed and hollered for turkey to get away.
Preacher had people all around, and forgot what he'd said:
That Oscar would be a pet, and not shot dead.
Preacher called a friend instead of us that day,
Our precious pet, Oscar, was on the way.

The man came out with gun and great might,
Into the yard, against this great threat he'd fight!
He took careful aim, against my turkey and friend,
He fired just once, and Oscar met his end.
I pay my bird great homage, he meant no one harm,
He just didn't have the character people call charm.
It's like this in life, when you work and you play
If people prove a threat, do you shoot them away?
Do you take time to cultivate their actions and plight?
Or do you take the easy way and turn them to night?
Do you keep your word in life and never let it bend?
If not, dear friend, like Oscar you'll meet your end.
This tale is a sad one, and leaves me with disgust.
If you can't trust the preacher, who in the world can you trust?
The preacher is only mortal, and from his obligation did flee,
The turkey meant nothing - that is, only to me.
There is one who is immortal and one that we can trust
No matter what we ask Him, His word is always a must.
We ask Him to keep our loved ones under His care and love,
To keep all so safely until we meet above.

A SPIDER

A spider appeared upon my door, a gorgeous creature he was.
A large black and yellow, with long legs to soar.
He chose a bad place, his food to obtain.
The inner part of the door would only protect from the rain.
He sat on a leaf from morn till eve, hoping for a moth or a fly to retrieve.
But not on the door, as I told this poor fellow,
He looked at me then, and reflected his yellow

m far away.
will be dead. I then saw a broom.
n safely consume.
my task.
ider walked on board,
Thank you, dear Lord.
ad taken his leave;
nto the least of these and you do unto me.
these stories you'll understand.

Then that voice spoke to me fro
Move the spider, it said, or he soon
Move him where his food he ca
The morning came fast, and I begar
I held the broom up and the spi
Across to the hanging basket.
I looked out today and the spider ha
A voice then said to me: Do u
Listen to the voice of the Lord, and

BE PATIENT

If you are patient and wait, the Lord prepares your way.
He holds your hand gently, and leads you every day.
It seems at time that He is far from you
Just pray, and He will see you through.
If you ask the Lord, know you will receive;
It may take awhile, you only must believe.
He is our precious Father, and we thank Him for His love,
We wait for Him to take us to our heavenly home, above.

AS ONE GROWS OLDER

As one grows older, one should feel just great -
You've passed many a test up to date.
Many hurdles you've jumped and landed just right,
Many trials you've had, and mastered the fight.
Why get depressed as wrinkles come, and aches worse each day?
It's only life's pattern. Be happy as you work and play.

CHURCH

Don't stay away from church because of no clothes to wear;
The Lord looks at the spirit within, not at your earthly fare.
Material possessions are like the dust of the earth;
In the mansions of heaven, they have no worth.
You stand before God bare of this earthly realm,
You stand where the Master is ever at the helm.
Before God the Almighty we are all clothed in white,
For Jesus on Calvary our battles did fight.
Go to church tattered and torn, if you must.
He looks at our hearts, and in Him is our trust.

THE CITY IS AWAKING

The city begins to stir with a gently rustle and soft, steady purr.
The lights in the block begin to come on,
The street cleaner gives a yawn.
The cars drive by in a steady stream,
The city awakens from its dream.
People are standing on the corner waiting for the bus
Frantic hurry begins, such a fuss!
The restaurants now open, people half asleep wander in,
Stare into a paper, their hand holds their chin.
The trucker goes by - his "Jake brake" we hear;
The half asleep drive in his path, people shudder with fear.
Now hurry, now scurry, the city's awake!
The skies in full beauty, the new day will break.

THE POOR ARE OUT IN THE STREETS TONIGHT

The poor are out in the streets tonight, in the doorways they huddle and lie
Yet you, in your finery and earthly wealth hurriedly pass them by.
The wind has a howl and a dreadful chill, the ice and snow are on the hill.
The poor are out in the streets tonight.
The clothing they wear is out of the past, the shoes on their feet will not last.
Their stomachs are empty, their throats are dry,
Their lives are a mess, we wonder why.
The poor are out in the streets tonight.
One reason or another their lives have gone astray,
God wants us to help and show them the way.
The poor are out in the streets tonight.
We are not to judge and put ourselves above
We are put on the sandals of Jesus and walk in love.
The poor are out in the streets tonight.
This month we are to give thanks, feast
Praise God, and help these that are the least.
The poor are out in the streets tonight.
Open your hearts and listen to the still safe voice of our Lord:
Do unto the least of these, and you do unto me.
The poor are out in the streets tonight.

TO MEDITATE

To meditate is to quietly be with Jesus, with thoughts about the day.
To meditate is to block the mind, let Him teach you how to pray.
Close your eyes, think thoughts from above.
Give Him your hand, walk gently in His love.
Let your mind travel to the castle in the sky;
See the great beauty of our home, when we die.
Think of your love for your sister or your brother,
Or the wonderful rapport that we have for one another.
Be quiet, be still, take that time,
That half hour to the abundance of gifts our God doth daily shower.

GRIM REAPERS

The grim reaper has for years been known as grim.
He actually is the vehicle that takes men from earth to Him.
Why does He pose to you such a threat?
It's because you fear, you haven't made the journey with Him yet.
Grim reaper will come when the clock ticks up your time.
You will follow his lead, dance to his tune and rhyme.
At the gate of heaven he will let you stand.
There the saviour will meet you and take your hand.

WITNESS

What happens to our voice when we should witness for our God?
Does it melt away like dirt? Rained on, muddy sod?
When men deny Him who died and rose for us,
Do we tend to stand dumb, hoping desperately not to make a fuss?
People cuss and people swear, His precious name is defiled everywhere.
We wander around, oblivious to sin, acting as if we really didn't care.
It's easier, by far, to avoid an issue than cause a religious debate.
Yet when you want entry to the Pearly Gate,
God may also forget you and say, my friend, you acted a bit too late.

VOICE OF JESUS

I hear the voice of Jesus, so precious and so dear.
Like crystals on a mountain, so bright, so strong, so near.
I feel the love of Jesus, so great, so soft, so kind,
A better friend than He, I will never find!
If I only could but once please my precious friend,
As He daily pleases me, from day's start until its end.
He gives me strength to see the perspective of my life,
Gives me hope and courage to battle daily strife.
I hear the voice of Jesus, my Master, I do try;
But falling short I realize my sins are why.
You were nailed on the cross and for me had to die,
I thank you, precious friend, and when I hear your voice
The spirit in me jumps. I pray then. I truly rejoice.

THANKSGIVING

This thanks I give while here I live I feel from the depth of my heart;
It comes from within, from a soul feed of sin,
By that grace and love of my dear Lord.
The same old words from beginning of time, I return to Thy throne, dear Lord
For the gift you've bestowed, the blessings by the load.
I thank you so, dear Lord.
The food we eat; the guests we greet; the home you've lent, the money we've spent.
Our clothing and gifts, all we have from above.
All gifts of Thy love. Thanks, dear Lord.
Our treasures below all given by Thee, as numerous far as the walls in the sea.
The friends we do love and hold so dear,
Are but one expression of your love, ever near.
Once a year is not enough to share this great thanksgiving.
We will try, dear Lord, each day, by our living.
We love you, dear Lord.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Count your blessings, one by one.
Count them quickly, here they come.
There's your wife, husband and child;
The blessings began, now have them filed.
There's your home, your cute city, and sea, the abundance of the earth -
All material possessions; it's called - what we're worth.
Your health, your friends, your utmost desire,
Your ability to inspire.
You have work, a place in the community to belong,
A free voice to worship, the choice of your song.
Freedom is great - many blessings we take -
Count them, they come quickly.
The best of all blessings is the love of our Lord,
Who sent His son, Jesus, to die for us men;
To rise from the dead and our souls to free,
This heaven is there for you and for me.
I've counted them, Jesus, I want you to know.
I thank and love you, love you so!

MY EARTHLY DADDY AND HEAVENLY FATHER

The earthly daddy you gave me was a pleasure and a joy,
I'm sure he loved me dearly, even though I wasn't a boy.
We were pals down here through his life and days,
Together we passed through many a faze.
We laughed and were serious, even quiet at times.
A closeness existed, just like in poetry rhythms;
I loved daddy, so dearly, right to his life's end.
I know he waits for me above, until my invitation you'll send.
I will close my eyes and my heavenly Father will appear,
He will take me up to heaven, my earthly father to be near.
Thank you, Heavenly Father.

MY MOM

My precious mother, in a wheelchair and pain,
Waits patiently for our heavenly Father to call her name.
Her struggle these three years has been long and trying,
There is even an art in the word called "dying".
Mom's life has been long, she has served her Lord with love,
Now she silently, not speaking, waits for Him to call her name, above.
Mom raised me to love Jesus, and taught me His will.
She loved her family, and their souls did fill
With the salvation of our Lord.
Now she waits the heavenly ship to board.
Not complaining, just waiting, day by day slips quietly and silently by,
One day my precious mother will die.
Mom will join my earthly daddy and her family, up above.
Best of all, she'll join the Lord and live with Him, in love.
I will miss them both, my dearest Lord,
I, too, wait for the heavenly ship to board.

THE NURSERY IN THE SKY

The nursery in the sky opened four times in my life;
Four precious babies came from above
To be raised for your service, dear Lord, and your love.
They grew far too fast, and have gone on in life's way,
I loved them so dearly, day after day.
I prayed for their lives to be only for Thee.
They are truly a joy, Lord, for you and for me.

MY CHILDREN FOUR

They now have families with babies of their own.
You are generous beyond our reason.
Your love You have truly shown.
We are blessed by our heavenly Father,
And we will all truly stand
Before our heavenly Father, in the Promised Land.

MY EARLY MARRIAGE

When I was a very young girl, I was given a man to wed.
The Devil took over and led me astray, to ruin my life -
Marring the vows I had so long ago said.
The marriage was over, a great sin forgiven,
My life I mended and began again to
Pick up the pieces and go on with livin'.
Another change I was granted to love and be loved in this earthly play.
The Lord blesses our lives.
We serve Him in great humility and a love that will never go away.
If it were not for Jesus' death on the accursed tree, my sins would not be forgiven,
I would haver have been set free.
I plead the blood of Jesus for my loved ones and for me.

JEHOVAH

With wonder and awe we manifest great Jehovah, above.
With gifts and blessing He showers us with love.
Blessings of food, of life and loving care
Are in abundance everywhere,.
The love of our parents, our family and friends.
The happiness we feel at each day's end.
Our walk and our play, our lives and our all
We owe to our Lord. We thank you, and happily await your call.

I STAND ON THE BEACH

I stand on the beach and feel the pulse of the sea,
The waves pound on the beach. I sense the power, oh Lord, of Thee.
The sand slips slowly back from whence it came,
It is like my faith, Lord, a very slippery game.
Sometimes I'm so inspired to do thy will,
But the sea at once stands still.
I move like the water of a quiet lake,
Afraid and timid, the first step to take.
Get off the beach and the safeness of the shore.
Get into the surf, where the might waters roar.
Speak to the world of the greatness of the Lord,
Tell all men of His mighty sword.
Stand on the beach, but be mighty and firm.
By your example, your fellow man will learn.

THE FINE LINE

I tripped over a fine wire in the annals of our time.
I heard beautiful music, the organ and the chime.
I walked the path to Heaven, and felt the closeness of the Lord.
I put away my earthly armor, gave an angel there my sword.
I stood at a radiant gate and waited for awhile,
A man with glowing raiment greeted me with a smile.
Were you called, my dear friend, to meet me at the gate?
I tripped over a wire, I came over to this side.
Is it the end of my sojourn there? Are you my heavenly guide?
The man spoke not a word to me, but gently took my hand.
My earthly world was over, I had pled the blood of the lamb.
I walked with the angel of Heaven who had met me at Heaven's door.
I will go now straight to Jesus, whom I will evermore adore.

I FEEL

I feel the cool of the seasons, and I know the warmth from above.
The fires are gently lit; now we are secure from the storms by His love.
The rains come down in torrents, the winds screech and wail.
We know the love of our Saviour ever will prevail.
The snow will fall from the heavens like the manna fell so long ago.
We gently dwell in Jesus and know we love Him sol
I am warmed by the inner spirit that dwells within my heart.
The triune God is mine - I accepted Him from the start.
When the warm days of summer return,
The seasons silently come and go.
The constant thought remains - we lovingly for Thee yearn.

I LOVE YOU, SWEET JESUS (song)

I love you, sweet Jesus, I love you so!
I love you now where the quiet waters flow.

You are mine, sweet Jesus, mine from the start.
I love you right now from my heart.
I love you, sweet Jesus, I love you so!
I love you now where the quiet waters flow.

I will bend and adore you here this day,
I worship and honor you all the way.
I love you, sweet Jesus, I love you so!
I love you now where the quiet waters flow.

I will tell all the world of your wondrous love,
Like angels in Heaven who sing from above.
I love you, sweet Jesus, I love you so!
I love you now where the quiet waters flow.

I will thank and praise your precious name,
I will remember, always, from whence I came.
I love you, sweet Jesus, I love you so!
I love you now where the quiet waters flow.

THE NAME OF JESUS

The very name of Jesus just sets my spirit free.
His death and resurrection; all for a sinner like me.
The very name of Jesus makes all living worthwhile.
The trials and rough roads we can meet with a smile.
The very name of Jesus calms a troubled breast,
Wipes earthly tears away and gives our spirit rest.
The very name of Jesus is music to my ears,
It quells all my problems and quiets all my fears.
I hold the name of Jesus all day in my heart.
I love and hold it sacred, I'll never from it part.
I speak the name of Jesus to tell all I chance to meet
From the lady with a carriage to the beggar in the street.
I share the name of Jesus for all the world to know.
It's music to the sinner' ear that Jesus loves us so.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is not just one day of the year,
But a daily worship to the one we love so dear.
Our thanks we impart in the early morn
From the time we, as mortals, were ever born.
Begin each day with thanks and praise
For endless bounty, we anthems shall raise.
The food we eat. The clothes we wear.
The gifts He gave, His world to share.
The friends we meet, the souls we greet.
Send praise and give thanks daily to the mercy seat.
Not just this day, Lord, will we praise and love
Each day we will offer our praise, above.

I KNOW NO FEAR

I know no fear when Thou art near.
Be quiet, my fainting heart.
Tho the night be dark and stillness bleak
I know the one I will ever seek.
Be quiet, my fainting heart.
Tho the Devil prowls outside my door
I will never let him in!
My Jesus won the victory, I am free from harm and sin.
Be quiet, my fainting heart.
The evils around me like a musty shroud,
My heart pounds ever so loud.
Be quiet, my fainting heart.
Riches and evil seek to lure me in.
I could so easily give up to sin.
Be quiet, my fainting heart.
I know no fear for Thou art my guide
Through all the streets of woe.
Be quiet, my fainting heart,
For I love my Jesus so.

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND

I hear the voice of Jesus, so precious and so dear,
Like crystal on a mountain, so bright, so strong, so near.
I feel the love of Jesus, so great, so soft, so kind.
A better friend than He I will never find.
If only I could only once please my precious friend
As He daily pleases me, from day's start until the end.
He gave me strength to see the perspective of my life,
And gives me hope and courage to battle my daily strife.
I hear the voice of Jesus, my Master I do try -
But falling short, I realize my sins are why.
You were nailed on the cross and for me had to die.
I thank you, precious friend, and when I hear your voice
The spirit in me jumps and I pray and truly rejoice.

A LETTER TO GOD

Dearest Lord, a letter to Thee I write.

I am on bended knee for all the times I've grieved Thee, and all my mischievous ways. I feel the guilt of all my sins - the sorry mess of my plight.

Forgive me, Lord, for my thoughtlessness and the many times I forget to do for others in the portion I am met; the people each day I could extend my hand to; the many kindnesses You would want me to do.

A word about You and how Jesus was sent to atone and I could tell it from the steeples or just even the telephone, but I recall I became sad; then, I remember a Christian should be glad. So, I write You a letter. I know You understand. I am included in the mastery of Your plan.

I thank You in this letter, and I just want You to know I will always love You, dearest Heavenly Father; I will always love You so.

TWELVE MIDNIGHT

Twelve midnight, not the Devil's but the Lord's.
Not the enchanting hour, but a time our God affords.
The Devil can claim not even a minute, for they all belong to God.
For you who worship Satan this will all seem odd.
As the minutes go by and turn into hours,
Think upon your soul and the gifts our God showers.
Twelve midnight is not the Devil's but the Lord's,
Not an enchanting hour, but a time in God's world.

TINY BIRD

A tiny bird fell at my door, such a precious little fellow.
A warm gray-white with large dark eyes and pretty cap of yellow.
I had an old strainer to put him in, as old at the hill.
A medicine cup held water and food for his little bill.
The outside is so cold and warmth he will need
Until he revives from his plight and can once again feed.
A stranger fell at my door, just like the tiny bird.
A sad sight, all abandoned and forlorn. A quiet knock I heard.
I had only my home to offer, and the food we had to eat.
But I offered, and he accepted. He also his Lord will meet.
The outside is so cold and cruel and oblivious to God's son
Who for me and the strangers our earthly battles has won.

GIVING

When you give to the Lord, whether it's gifts or your work, do it from the heart.

You are needed to do this work with all that is within you; in this world it is your part.

You may want to receive praise and notice from your friends; this is not God's way.

Be humble, your righteousness is as filthy rags.

This is the Lord's way. Do His work gladly. Your crown will be in Heaven with God, above.

Your right hand knows not what the left does. Do for Him in quiet love.

When you give to the Lord, whether it's gifts or your work, do it from your heart.

You are needed to do this work with all that is within you; in this world, it is your part.

You may want to receive praise and notice from your friends; this is not God's way.

Be humble, your righteousness is as filthy rags.

This is the Lord's way. Do His work gladly. Your crown will be in Heaven with God, above.

Your right hand knows not what the left does. Do for Him in quiet love.

CHRISTMAS

Once again I listen to the story, so dear.
It makes life so simple and tears away fear.
The story of my Savior and His wondrous birth
As an infant He came down to our earth
In a manger, so common, so earthly and small;
He came down from Heaven to save us all.
We hear of the wise men, shepherds and kings;
We know how glorious the chorus of angels sing.
The night of His birth many wonders unfolded.
Patterned after His life our lives to be molded.
The bells, the smells, the Christmas in our hearts,
For the Christian, Jesus' birth was the start.
We accept this season and the gift of His son
Whose birth, death and resurrection our eternal life has won.
Our precious dear Lord, we adore you and praise
To the highest heavens our anthems we raise.
It is our duty to serve and in love we obey,
As we listen to the Christmas story, we await Heaven's day.

CHRISTMAS (II)

The beauty of the season, the joy of the year,
The closeness of the people we love so dear.
The sprays of green boughs: Fir, cedar and holly.
The atmosphere filled with everyone jolly.
The cards in the mail from near and from far,
Relatives arriving by train, plane and car.
Cooking and cleaning, making everything nice -
No expenses spared, no thought of the price.
Wait now, examine the joy that you feel.
Is the preparation for the Christ Child, real?
Before all the frills and the glitter of the season,
Do we know why we ar joyous? The reason?
The birth of baby Jesus is for celebration.
The only motive; at His feet we bow in adoration.
How humble and lonely He came to this earth.
In all the commotion, realize the true worth.

CHRISTMAS EVE

We celebrate the birth of our Lord,
This is the long-awaited night.
With angels above, open your hearts;
Sing with all your might.
Our Heavenly Father sent down His only Son,
A blessed holy child.
Sent Him to a sorry world,
With sin, filth and evil defiled.
This precious baby, Jesus,
So wondrous, beautiful and small.
Come to be born of the Virgin Mary
In a lowly, manger stall.
The stars shown brightly
That night, so long ago.
The night our Heavenly Father
Showed us He loved us so.
To give us a gift of eternal life
By sending His only Son.
Be joyous, praise Him!
Our battles He has won.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Do for God daily, live your life completely by His command.
Then, when your earthly work is ended, by His throne you will stand.
Be happy this Christmas Eve, send your praises to the sky!
God is lovingly looking down on you from His mansion on high.
He hears our voices when we pray, when we sing Alleluia;
Hail, Hosanna! Let the portals of Heaven ring!
This beautiful night I've waited for so long.
I will be joyous, thankful and humble, praising you with my song.

MY DESIRE

It is my true desire,
The whole world to inspire
To know the love of our dear Lord.
It is my only care
That people everywhere
Know the happiness of a Christian.
It is my rightful goal
To help save every soul
So mankind might know God.
It is my lifetime work,
My duty (I can not shirk)
To be an example to my brother and sister.
Thus, while I'm below
My great love I will show.
My wondrous love of God.

NEW YEAR

The New Year begins, the old year ends; there has been happiness, joy and sorrow.
There has been love that only God sends - I wait now for the new tomorrow.
In the old year I tried hard to serve the Lord;
This new year I will do as He tells me: I will fight the Devil with a warrior's sword.
Desperately try to set the captives free, I will work in love with my sisters and brothers;
Realizing they have needs, as I do; knowing in my heart the trials and cars of others.
Seeing people's wants and helping them through sorrows,
The sick and needy need my love for happier tomorrow.
The old need my words of hope for their souls,
I will be there eternally to help them with their goals.
I'm a sinner, Lord, and saved only by Thy love.
I fall so short in my earthly work, I need Thy help from above,
Trying hard to do Thy will; I will not shirk; so, Lord, I forge ahead in the new year,
Bungling, stumbling, but doing in my way, for Heaven is my goal; I go forth without fear.
I will succeed and come to you one day.

DEPRESSION

There is a cloud that flies overhead;
Once in a while, it will light.
It is a cloud called "gloominess",
It bothers us, especially, at night.
The little cloud is black as doom
And makes my head like lead.
My body gets tense, I begin to fume,
I cry - and hurry to bed.
That little cloud is sent from above,
To upset and spoil my life.
Get Away, Satan!
You'll not cause strife.

BUILD ON A ROCK

We shall build on a rock, for a rock is stable.
It will not falter, and thus we are able
To rest secure and worry not, tho the storm rages and the wind howls.
We shall build on a rock, for endless time.
It wears away slowly, and tho we are lowly we are able to secure a feeling of safety
While we sojourn here in this insecure world.
The rock is our God; we build on His love;
The triune God reaches from above.
He has given us our home while we toil here, below;
We are happy in His care. The Rock of Ages is our guide through our life.
It is our beacon to follow life's path through all strife;
Our rock is our God, we are safe, for we know He gave us His son for He loved us so.
Salvation through Jesus is the lasting rock.

LOVE LIFTED ME

Love lifted me, to soar above trouble,
To ride on a cloud, not on a bubble.
Love lifted me, to love my sister and brother,
To love everyone, and especially each other.
Love lifted me, to help the lowly and the sinners
So they could reach Heaven, and be winners.
Love lifted me, to better my own personal being,
To see in myself what others are seeing.
Love lifted me, to serve my God much better,
To do as He wills, serving Him to the letter.
Love lifted me, to walk a straight and narrow path,
To seek love and kindness instead of hate and wrath.
Love lifted me up, so I will work for the Lord.
I will serve Him here, below, and above I will receive my reward.

THE CLOCK

I hear the clock on the wall, as the time I hear ticking away.
I wonder what have I done to help Thy kingdom today.
Have I given a word of love to a friend
Or counseled a sinner concerning his end?
Have I prayed as I should
For the downtrodden and hood?
Have I asked forgiveness for the sinner that I am?
Or have I been haughty, just living a sham?
I listen as the clock continues to tick.
Have I given in to the demands of old Nick?
Do I reject, and plead the blood of my Lord
To purge off evil, will God's mighty sword?
How much time am I granted to spend here on this earth?
Till my journey's end?
I pray that I make each moment count;
Then when the heavenly stairs I mount
And the tick of the clock will be over at last
I will rush to my Saviour's open arms. All sorrow will be over. It will be in the past.
Praise you, Lord.

TO MIRROR THEE

I pray, dear Lord, that I might be
An image on earth for others to see
Through the mirror of love a person within
That strives to be like Thee, in a world of sin.
Each day, in the mirror I will look and ask
Dear Lord, help me with whatever the task.
To mirror Thee in all I do
And cleanse my heart with love to You.
Each night the image I will analyze
And say I truly realize
The responsibility it is for me
To truly even try to reflect Thee.

HEAVEN

There is a city in the valley across the great sea
In a misty, heavenly country, where my home is awaiting me.
The tables are prepared and all are arrayed in white;
There is endless beauty, always day and never night.
Angels sing the songs of praise unto the Lord most high;
Life goes on forever; we nevermore will die.
People are all one in love; they are true sisters and brothers
Working labors or love for God and all others.
The harps resound, the organs play from early morn for timeless day.
The anthems ring to God our King, in blissful harmony.
We know no grief, we will shed no tears;
We will only know His eternal love down through the years.
We will laugh, not cry; we will only then know why when we arrive at the Pearly Gate
And have been meted out our fate.
Surrounded in the city's bright glow,
With our Lord's arms around us, we will truly know
The love of our great God.
Show me the way to my home.

GIFTS

I receive Thy gifts, oh Lord, to do Thy work on earth;
With each gift you bestow, let me truly be of worth.
The gift of tongues to talk through the Spirit, direct,
In the language that the Heavenly Father will never reject.
To commune through the Spirit with God Most high;
Words to the throne of God will fly.
The gifts of recording Thy wondrous love.
The gifts of compassion, sent from above.
I receive Thy gifts and thank Thee, dear Lord.
In deep humility, I use them as given.

MY ANGEL

An angel stands here by my side and gently watches out for me
As I go along life's way, each morn.
I ask him to be right there and if I should stumble and I should call
I would know God would tell him to be there and break my fall.
If on the way down the path of life I turn and go the wrong way,
The angel would tug my arm, and gently would say:
"Follow the Lord and do His will, for this is good and right;
"I am here beside you, sent by God to spare you the terrors of night.
"I help you when you tend to stray;
"I watch o'er you, both night and day.
"I serve the Lord, and on earth do His will;
"So go with me, let your soul be gentle and still".

HOW GREAT THOU ART

In the splendor of the seasons,
In the handiwork of God's love,
In the beauty of the universe,
In the magnitude of His works.
In the vastness of space,
The heavens and the earth.
We stand so small and lowly
We only with awe can utter the same words over and over:
"How Great Thou Art!"

STRANGER NO LONGER

A stranger I met the other day; He was gentle and kind.
He spoke softly to me of prayer, telling me of the love of His Father.
How He was with me, on earth, everywhere.
This stranger walked a long with me; as we walked
He told me of the triune God, the part they played in my life.
The three were one, and He the son of the three. He was the Son of God.
This gentle stranger is no stranger now - He lives within my heart.
No longer along, I will always walk with Him, for of Him I've become a part.

BURDENS

A burden is no longer a burden, if you cast it on the Lord.
Strife is no longer strife, if you cut it with His sword.
Hate is no longer hate, if you plead the blood of the lamb.
Anxiety becomes a joke, and you will laugh with other folk
When you finally live unto Him, who gave His Son for our sin.

PRAYER TIME

It's precious, my friend, to take time for prayer, a moment to be with God.
It really matters not where to commune with our Lord, your wondrous friend.
To tell Him that you care; begin your day at noon; also pray, even at day's end.
Go into a corner, no prayer is too small. Have quiet respect, talk to the Lord.
He listens to all.

THE DIFFERENCE

You teach your children, when they are small, in the doctrines you were taught.
They suddenly are adults, who are searching in ways they should naught.
Seeking to improve the laws of God, long ago laid down for all;
Rearranging, restating, fitting words in new places; leading to a fall.
God's words were given straightforward, sound and true.
It's up to us simply to follow; it's such a simple act to do.

ANGEL'S MESSAGE

An angel brought a message from the heavens, so far above,
It came from my sainted mother, a message she said in love.
A man had been her pastor and guided her spiritual life;
He had helped her in her lonely hours, and made peaceful her days of strife.
Once a week he had been in her home, to talk of her dear Lord.
He was there waiting with her, the heavenly ship to board.
As he said the benediction, her eyelids already were closed.
Her hand went up as he finished the words; her spirit to God arose.
The angel told me mom sent her love; to tell him she loved him so.
The strength he imparted in her dark days of weakness only she and the Lord know.
To wish him the best, and to send him her sincere thanks.
To tell him she will see him, someday, when he joins the angelic ranks.

IN LIFE

In life we go ten steps forward, then we go ten steps back.
We stumble on our way, we lose the heavenly track.
Along the way we hurry, scurry, we go we really know not where -
Fretting and complaining, eventually we hope to get there.
Where is it that we are going, in what direction and where?
Suddenly material dimensions will die,
We paint our path home to the sky.

NOT ONE MINUTE

We know not even one minute beyond the right now;
Live each second in His love, he has taught us how.
If any unkind word we have spoken any time this day
Pray quickly for His forgiveness - then He will show the way.
If our hand withdrew from the needy, we turned and shrugged away,
Think of our dear Saviour, for us what He had to pay.

THOUGHT

When we enter the world, we enter in sin
What a wretched way to begin!
As we trudge along, we do so in error.
We are, to God, a miserable terror.
He looks down from above, even so, in love.
We pray for forgiveness to God, above.

THE PRELUDE

Illness is the vehicle to Heaven,
The test of our faith is while we live.
Dying is blessed; to God our souls we give.
We are carried to our eternal rest.
Strength comes from our Heavenly Father.
We talk to Him as to one another.
He knows our needs better than sister or brother.
This is His world; this is His world, for us He gave His son.
A kingdom He is preparing for us above;
Our vehicle takes us eventually there.
We are no longer concerned with this worldly fare.
Our preparation here takes us to Him.

THE NEW DAY

I wonder tonight what the new day will bring,
Will I be here to listen to the birds sing?
To appreciate what God does for me;
Or will worries blind, so I can not see.
Will the sun shine tomorrow, or will it rain?
Will I help a friend in sorrow, or obtain an earthly gain?
Will I struggle, fret and grumble,
Or boldly tell Satan's kingdom to crumble?
I wonder tonight what the new day will bring.
Will I hear the chapel bell, or tug the rope that leads to Hell?
My faith will be strong; I pray the Lord to guide me from harm.
Will the clouds part, and His beautiful face I'll see?
Will this be my tomorrow? In Paradise I'll be.
So, I shall be prepared, Lord, for my new day.
I will mirror your image, the best I can in every way.

I ANALYZE

My restlessness and discontent leans heavy on my soul;
I strive too much for earthly things; I seem to lose my goal.
I take into my own hands, Lord, what really belongs to you;
Rushing about I forget my sights; eventually I become blue.
I want this and strive for that - the best is yet to be had.
Instead of praising you, dear Lord, I end up being sad.
I will forget myself, dear Father, for you sent your own dear Son
From this world of greed, He fixed my need; salvation for me He won.

TINY FROG

A tiny frog hopped from crevasse to crevasse
Until he scaled a very tall wall.
He sat there exhausted, realizing he was so small -
Not a giant any more, at all.
He wondered if he should just jump in one leap
Or quietly do the think called creep.
Maybe he could roll down; of course,
Then he would be the talk of the town.
The other frogs surely would frown.
He sat and worried from night till dawn
Then, looking down he saw a little fawn.
The fawn looked up at frog, so high, and said:
"I'd give anything if I could fly".
He turned around and waved good-bye.
A bear looked from our his den,
Saw the frog way up high and wondered how and when
The frog climbed a ladder, so much like men.
Tiny frog wondered what had made him
Strive to attain such a goal,
When he could have stayed alive, and been on earth, like a mole.
So st the frog at the top of the heap
Fearing now the height, and afraid to leap.
So, he sat at the top of the world,
As the cool air around him swirled.

WORK TO BE DONE

There's work to be done in Thy world, dear Lord;
We ask for the insight to see it.
Let us feel the pangs of the needy along the way,
So our eyes are open, and we see what we should do each day.
Give us the gift of patient time and wondrous compassion,
So we give to your world, in a very full ration;
Hep us to serve with love and selfless care;
Let us bring souls to your kingdom from everywhere.
Let us bring our emotions to feel the reason for the women with tear;
Telling her, with confident truth, you have nothing to fear.
God is great, you will meet Him someday
At the heavenly gate.
There's love in our hearts for you, dear Lord,
But we sometimes just don;t see,
So open the world for us now,
So a better worker for you we will be.

THANKS (BENDED KNEE)

I thank you, dear Lord, on bended knee,
As before Thy throne I bow.
I am Thy lowly and unworthy servant.
Please teach me how to better follow Thy command,
And worship Thee outright,
Always walking in your love, never losing sight
Of the Cross of Calvary.
I pray that I might better see
The wants of my fellow man
And, thus, enrich his life and mine in the destiny of Your plan.
Let me exhort the downtrodden
And fill their hearts with hope;
Rendering in depression your ever-standing vision; then they will cope.
Life will then have beauty, they will feel the Holy Spirit's expectation;
They will wait on the Lord in holy anticipation.
Hopefulness will fill their lives, and their pot of gold will be found.
The King of Glory in their lives will ever moire abound.
Dear Lord, let me look on the bright side of life,
Putting a good construction on the item called "strife".
May I be of good cheer, thus drawing others near;
By my love, an example, may all around me sample.
I am a sinner and filled with much guilt and despair;
Depression, rejection, comes around me everywhere.
If I am to fill the lives of others with the oneness of Thee,
Help me, Lord, to mirror Thee.

PAIN

Pain comes in one form or in another;
I trip, I fall from the pit;
I call - then I face reality.
It all comes from the darkness of my wretched inner self;
To plague, to torment me, so Thy glorious face I can not see.
Get behind me, Satan! I reject thee through the blood of the lamb.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE LORD TODAY?

Have you seen the Lord today?
Have you seen the brightness of His love?
Felt the warmth from Heaven, above?
Has your inner self radiated His spirit,
Filling your heart with desire to be about His work below?
Does your world now glow?
Have you seen the Lord today?
Have you seen the Lord today?
Perhaps in a stranger along life's way?
In a flower, or a tree?
In the beauty, all for free?
He is everywhere; open your eyes - you'll see.
Have you seen Him in the eyes of death, as you wait for your loved one to die?
Draw nigh, the Lord is there.
His arms are around you everywhere.
Have you seen the Lord today?
Have you seen the Lord today?
Have you experienced the nearness of the Lord right here?
Open your hearts; receive Him.
He wants you as His child today. Reject not,
You may meet our Lord tomorrow.

WISDOM

Wisdom came down through the ages,
Flying on a triple-winged bird.
The bird said only one word: "Trinity".
In forms of prophets, wisemen and aged
The word "wisdom" was dispelled.
It flowed through the veins and the pulse of time.
The triple-winged bird flies on, saying one word: "Trinity".
Wisdom, deep, well learned, profound,
Realize, understand, and preserves.
The triple-winged bird says only one word: "Trinity".
Wisdom goes on through our time, now and to the end of time.
In the hearts of the wise, in the loved of the Lord,
On the wing of a triple-winged bird;
The bird saying only one word: "Trinity".

LAST NIGHT

Last night I saw my mom and dad in the brightness of the heavenly light;
They appeared together to help me in a trial I was too tired to fight.
I work, dear Lord, for Thy kingdom; I sometimes forget to ask
For the strength of the Holy Spirit to ge my physically through the task.
The Lord showed me in a vision, once again, the glory of the Lord, above.,
Where, with my precious parents one day we will share His love.
The Lord let them tell me to go back to wait patiently for my Lord.
One day, when my mission is over, I will the heavenly ship board.
So, I will praise Him and mirror the brightness of His love;
Reach out, seek out lost souls for the Lord, above.
I will endlessly work with the misery here below,
With the lost souls, the sad hearts, those afraid to die; Jesus loves them so.
We all have our mission here, sent from the Lord on high;
Speak out to Him and save the soul that otherwise would die.
We will suffer condemnation and wrath from Satan and the Pet;
He will rant and rave and shatter us, but the Holy Spirit within he can not hit.
Be aware the more we work for him, below,
The Devil's wrath he will try to bestow.
We are the children of the Lord,
He will protect us with His sword.
Work for God now; the new day is almost here.
With the triune God by our side we will never fear.
Praise the Almighty!

CHILD OF GOD

It's such a revelation to feel the sure salvation
That comes with the joy of being a Child of God.
It eliminates damnation in very one in every nation,
If they turn to the great Jehovah and become His own.
It's a wonderful pleasure to receive love in abundant treasure;
Even though we are sinners in every way.
We should all have condemnation; instead He brings salvation
To the wretchedness of all who will receive.
In the abundance of His love, for us, we oft forget to say:
"Thank you, Lord!" Get on your knees and pray.

MY GRANDCHILD AND BABY JESUS

My grandchild comes to see me, a previous little mite.
I hold her in my arms, and told her of the night
So long ago, when baby Jesus came into the world,
And how we love Him so.
Baby Jesus in a lowly cattle stall,
Not in luxury, at all.
Came in lowly birth to live and die,
Then rise up to the sky
To make a home in Heaven for my precious grandchild and I.
Let all the world see the Christ Child in the manger, lowly;
He is the Son of God, pure and holy.

BELIEVE

Believe, as a very small child when the ledge on the hill is crumbling.
Walk with your hand in His, when the stream is rumbling.
Your faith will grow, but you need to know
All the mysteries above; walk in strength secure, in your Heavenly Father's love.
Believe as a very small child when troubles gather and problems mount;
Walk with your hand in His; He will show you the heavenly fount.
A child's faith does not question and constantly demand.
It is believing and sure; then at your Heavenly Father's throne you'll stand.

LORD'S LOVE

Bask in the love of the Lord.
Put a blanket all around you; surround yourself with His holy word.
A sunshine from above flows down; the pure stream of love captures your soul,
Making Heaven your goal.
The radiance of His countenance shines through the miles of time.
I can truly call Him mine.
Bask in the knowledge of salvation; God sent His only Son
For a wretch like me; my redemption won.

SO SIMPLY I BELIEVE

My friend rejected the Lord yesterday, asking me how I could believe;
Asking me how I could so simply accept the Bible as my salvation.
I answered her quite simply, for God through the ages gave us His guidelines
And gospel in love; He gave His only Son for our salvation.
As a simple child of God I will accept these words in His book;
In the mansions He is preparing I will believe and accept His divine invitation
When He invites me to my heavenly home.

PATHS

There are two paths to follow, one to Heaven, one to Hell;
Two masters to serve, the choice is up to you.
I love you, my earthly friend, but get your act set right.
There is a battle here on earth every soul must fight.
Stand up for your Lord, Jehovah. Great!
Chart men's course, to path their fate.
The Lord talks to you in a gentle voice, but with a mighty hand.
He's kind and good, but you will face stern judgement when before His throne you stand.
You are not on earth to feed your pride or boast of what you do.
It is your duty to serve Jehovah; look what He does for you.
To fuss, complain, and "Oh, poor me!" is all He sees down here.
Those shutters of Heaven would fly shut, if he weren't so loving and dear.
The path that leads to Heaven is very slight and thin;
We never will see and find, if we let Satan in.
The path that goes to Hell is wide, filled with words like "Me, Me, Me";
Ten miles away this path you'll see.
There is no soft peddling the commands of the Lord.
They are there to be obeyed; all His saints to follow in one accord.
We cross the paths of so many in life,
We share with them through joys, through strife.
If we thrive on the "Me" and the "Myself", the human we will then fail;
We portray not the Holy Spirit within us; our voices come out so frail.
You are not to be pampered and begged to work for God, who gave you His Son;
If you are a straggler, get His work done.

Ask for the words; He'll give them to you.
He'll show you how to win souls for the kingdom, above.
Forget yourself; you'll put the "Me, Me" on the shelf.
You'll work next to the person you don't care for so much,
And realize God gave His Son for you, and sinner just such
That we, in love, may work together below.
The seeds of His love, we must sow.
I write in deep humility and Christian love,
As inspired by my God, above.
This is written as a warrior for my Lord.

TEMPTATIONS

Dear Lord, with me abide; I feel the cold abyss of Hell.
The human in me calls to tell
The riches of earthly life;
I forget eternity in my strife.
Shut the voices, let them cease,
The joy of Heaven come through;
I come, Lord, to you.

LISTEN, LORD

Listen, Lord, I walk to talk
To tell You of the path I choose to walk.
To say to You I love you so,
And that I know where I will go.
I'll see you in Heaven, Lord.

MY HUMAN

The human in me is petty and filled with strife;
It has no place in my for my eternal life.
The greed in me fills my human, my inner pride;
There is no place in me for this to abide.
The Holy Spirit in me leads me to eternal life.
I am open, dear Lord, enter in.
It's so simple, His work to begin.

BE HAPPY IN THE LORD

Be happy in the Lord, and lift His banners high;
Sing His praises to the sky.
Let no darkness dim your path,
No harsh words or satanic wrath.
Praise the Lord on bended knee,
Give the world a glimpse of eternity.
Show your light, so people may live -
Sing to God; from your heart give.
Be happy in the Lord; shout His praise from shore to shore;
Tell all kingdoms of earth, adore.
He is our glorified Lord,
Putting forth His mighty sword.
Walk from morn till eve,
This is no time to grieve.
The time is drawing nigh
When this old world will die.
Be happy in the Lord, rejoice.
Praise Him with your happy voice.

THE LORD SPEAKS TO US

It is the day the Lord speaks to us, from high above the universe;
We hear Him with happy hearts; we praise Him with all our hearts and joyous verse.
He speaks of love and salvation for all men,
Telling us the wondrous story of His dear son, again.
Open your hearts, let the Lord's words enter in,
Feel the love of Jesus; you are free from sin.

THE ROAD

The road through life is tough; we wander on, quite blind.
It's so wonderful when we find a friend, who is truly kind!
The greatest friend of all is above,
He guides us on this road, in love.
We falter, we go we know not where;
We go our way, knowing He is always there.
The road is wide, and filled with sin.
Dens of iniquity invite us in.
We resist Satan and onward go
Knowing our Jesus loves us so.
The trials become less, for we cast them on the Lord.
He staves them off with His mighty sword.
This road will lead, at last, to the Lord.
When we go from the road and the Heavenly ship board.
We will be at the gate of the heavenly home,
No more on this earthy road will we roam.
All aches and sorrows will forever be past,
We have traveled our road, and are in Heaven at last.

MY FAITH

I approach, dear Lord, Thy holy altar
As, once again, my faith doth falter.
A trial I again encounter.
The worry seems all too great,
Help me, Lord, to relate
To the promise of your love.

THE VALLEY OF DARKNESS

I traveled deeply into the valley of the unknown
When the needle was put into my vein.
But known to me was my trust in God; His arms secured me tight.
I traveled through the hours ahead, and now with the guidance of His might
I thank Him for the surgeon's skill, and all who support, in love.
I rest completely in His care, my wondrous Father above.
Thank you, Jesus!

THE DEVIL

I saw the Devil today, I confronted him face to face.

I saw the way he distorted a soul, preparing his soul for Hell.

Through this soul he screamed: "There is no God, or sorrow would not prevail!

"The poor would not be on the streets; the homeless would not despair!"

I faced the Devil and told him of God, and of His great love and compassion.

He knew I was right, and he knew my great strength came from the Lord.

He released the hold on that soul.

Confront the Devil and damn him to Hell.

This is our mission on earth.

You will see him as men talk; confront him; never let him talk through a man.

You are working for God.

OUR TREE

I watched our tree, from a tiny start grow.
It grew up so tall and straight.
The summer sun blessed it from above;
The rains poured in such generous love.
The tree grew from baby in to a fine tree; the limbs reached for the clouds in the sky.
Dressed in a splendor of foliage that fluffed out so high.
The fury of winter ripped off all the leaves, yet its pride showed forth from inside.
This tree knew that for a few months the cold of winter must abide.
Then Spring, with its glory and summer in full view
Would place back each leaf; the glory of our tree it would renew.
Thus, in our lives from tender Christian to the one who is mature,
There are many hardships and trials here for us to endure.
Just as the tree stripped of its glory and might
We know that out of the darkness of winter and night
Comes the newness and beauty of Spring.
As the tree is once again dressed in newness and light,
We will stand before God, rewarded in our fight.

GULF WAR (POEM I)

We waited for war to begin for weeks;
The air was tense; prayers ascend; the President speaks.
It's time to go across the sea
To fight an aggression; from tyranny the people free.
The situation is grim, men's hearts are in gear;
The feeling of oppression is great - death is near.
The demonstrators are out in the streets tonight;
Women whose husbands left hold their young ones tight.
Tears flow like water from morn until eve;
The Devil and his helpers are determined to thrive.
The bombers light up the air in a world so far away.
To the people there it's hard to discern night from day.
Terrorists are hiding around everywhere;
Security is high; there is a bomb scare.
Wars and rumors of war were promised long ago -
This happens in our world eery decade or so.
God is in His heavens, He rules His land.
The oppression will fail. People will stand!

GULF WAR (POEM II)

For a person without God, there is a great reason to fear.
The battle rages in the Gulf; great turmoil is here!
Brave men fight the wars going on over there,
Wives and mothers are experiencing a great load to bear.
We can see the bombers, hear the great guns roar;
We can see in our mind's eye the planes - how they soar.
Below, on the ground, Arabs look up in great anguish;
The young dry out; the old will just languish.
Their leader, Hussein, turned his evil heart to stone.
The devastation of his country has not hit home.
Today is the all out assault in this terrible strife -
This could be a matter of many deaths; a senseless loss of life!
Now, as a nation, we must pray to God above
To stretch forth His hand and His heart of pure love -
To soften the leader's heart who has caused this great wrong -
To once again bring to God's world a peaceful song.