

Begin Again

Like it was in the beginning, forming, rising up from the mud,

Taking a breath, perhaps a stretch, in order to find,

My strength, my vision, my reason in time.

Can I walk? Can I talk? Am I not alone?

Whispers as I'm waking, thoughts arising too,

Some good, some bad, some I wish I knew.

Finding my way, still darkness before day,

I begin with prayer, because I begin to hear,

A calling, a purpose, a voice I know in my ear,

"Begin Again".

Princes of the King

Strength arises as weakness fades, under the feet of the sons of

God,

no longer mere men.

They trample on the skull heads of the enemy, cut off with the

Sword of the Spirit spoken.

They are taller because of it.

What is left to conquer?

They rule as Princes of the King, offering Him everything taken.

Fear has been crushed. Death has no rings.

In the spiritual distance, Heaven sings, of the victory and glory over

the

sons of mere men, once been.

In my pride, I want to be God, and then I am depressed when it is obvious, I am not. Let my joy return, let Your praise be heard, when I worship You.

The demon of evil earthy desire says, "Have something else and something more," but the angel of godly heavenly contentment says, "Have something less and something pure."

If I question God's love, then I do not know God very well, since God is love. For of all the things I have been set apart by God to do, the first is to know God's love, and then second, to make it known to others. There is no question about that.

As I find myself wrestling with both God and man, I find that the most difficult struggle is with myself. But this makes sense given that the key to victory is found in self-denial. The battle within is more important than the battle without. When my heart, mind, and soul are right with God, I know this. But nowadays, there is a battle raging inside that doesn't allow me to be content with the basic fruit of the Spirit. Why? Because the fire of the Spirit is not quenched, and the fruit is not reproductive, unless I do His will. I must submit so they may be satisfied.

I hate that patience keeps making me wait. Who does He think He is?

Struggling with Jim

Looking for love in all the wrong places, though knowing well,
will still have to face Him, we bury true friend so we could replace
Him, with a Jesus we never knew.

All aboard rail we act like caboose, forgetting the Judas who
hung on a noose, we climb aboard ship without seasoned goose, and
head on a stormy course.

Our pride fails to ask a pastor or guide, instead we wail jail after
we hide, the choices premade despite the Most High, able to see all
we do.

We relegate low most important debate, to friends we know as
twin reprobates; instead we tend to a wrong master's bait, and end
up playing the fool.

We buy down and try double to lie hypnotized, by a fallen angel
wearing pretty disguise, but the feel-good high is not the new life,
but the low life we thought we had ruled.

Then some more we try hard to disappear too, from the Church's help to maybe rescue, a wayward hitch hiker who heard the Good News, but then slipped off the running board.

Looking for love, again once again, hoping to find the truest of friends, the Jesus the real and not a pretend, that true lovers claimed they knew.

Weathering Addiction

Tormented depths of parental pain, like shards of glass lying on the
windowpane, broken hearts now exposing the weather of life's
effect on what was sane.

The view is not the same. The edges are sharp.

Unable to assist because the mist is too thick to see what will be
received, by the object of our love so blinded by what it feels and is
deceived.

The view has no reprieve. The cloud is too dark.

Solutions squander any true hope for the prescription dope that
has stolen our son. Disunity breeding enmity because there is no
indemnity among those we love.

The view has no sum. The future is stark.

Pleading to gleam from what others have dreamed from their
experiences, knowing the strain and the current ways of rowing
through deliverances.

The view has a friend. The car is in park.

Confronting the choices of so many faces, but not able to settle on
the best places, where they will find help, or even be found,
because they could not accept the basis.

The view will chase us. The patient still barks.

The continual thunder of storms, yet to be, threaten as our present
sky is plundered, we grieve. Forecasts unknown for the days,
weeks, and years ahead, we despairingly wonder.

The view causes ponder. The need for an ark.

Surrounded Servant

Help my eyes Lord, for I am surrounded by what I see and what I
cannot,

Not believing, not perceiving your eyes and arms around me
hot.

One greater in faith must remind me that You are not One to
abandon.

I am a servant and yet I am still learning to trust my Master's
plan,

Trusting disaster will not overcome me because of where You
stand.

Discovering that there is nothing and no one else to fear as I
imagined.

How can I see when I am blinded by my lack of faith and what is
stacked against me?

How can I grow when I am weakened by the dark clouds' thunder
sounding around me?

How can I rise when I agonize under the enemy armies that ground
me?

How can I fight when my might is so small to the giants that
threaten to pound me?

How can I die when there's so much more time designed for me?

Heed me, Lord.

Teach me, Lord.

Be for me, Lord.

See for me, Lord.

My Master prays and my blindness is taken away.

I can see the Lord's armies that now astound me around me!

I can see the horses and chariot sources of fire that empower me!

I am no longer just a servant, but a friend, because My Lord had
shown me everything.

I now know that I will live!

I can see how You surround me.

Avoidance Broken

Delaying, surveying, wants and effects,

Considering all the self-congruence.

Weighing, debating, the results in advance,

Praying whether to leave them to chance.

Knowing, towing, what He wants me to do,

Jarring, sparring, until I break through.

Waiting portraying, the few in the boat,

Wondering when I fulfill what was wrote.

Staying obeying, is not up to vote,

Praying to know if it might be a hoax.

Knowing I'm growing towards what I must do,

Nothing appearing until I break new.

Mulling, dulling, the voice and the call,

I have to be willing to give it up all.

Throwing out reasons to feign and to stall,

Praying for Helper to help me walk tall.

Knowing going, was always in view,

Today, I finally, break and make true.

When the Lord starts speaking to you about something, it's hard to ignore or deny Him. Since Jesus said, "My sheep know My voice", we cannot use bad hearing as an excuse.

The Good News is inherently meant to be shared. If you have believed and received the Good News, yet have no desire to share it, then you don't really understand its meaning.

When an infant son grown, remains clinging to his mother, he cannot accomplish the work his Father has called him to do. Likewise, saints should not cling to the Church, but to God Himself.

The nature of the Gospel is inherently divisive, at first:

It separates us from the world and sets us apart to follow Christ.

It causes division within families.

It causes division among societies.

It causes division between nations.

What it does not permit, is a divided heart.

It causes us to love others but calls us to love Christ more than all others.

It causes us to choose.

It causes us to be rejected.

Biblical Rhymes & Reasons

It then takes those who were chosen from the world to be brought into His Church and works to make them undivided, like God, united with God and each other, never again separated from His love.

If both Church and State are so abhorred by the debasement of women, then why are they both silent about pornography?

Evil does not and cannot hate injustice. Evil is its provocateur and beneficiary.

If Jesus would not entrust Himself to any man, why should I entrust, myself, even to, myself?

One thing we should never say to the Lord is, "I will follow you wherever you go." The truth is that we do not really know if we will go, and He knows our hearts better than we do. It may be our desire to follow Jesus wholeheartedly, but our lips often speak what our hearts are not yet willing or prepared to do. Until we go, we do not know, and then if we do, then what about where He asks us to go next? If any part of our body should speak, it really should be our hands and feet.

How can fear decapitate the Church, if Jesus is the head?

Humor Us

So serious and it is, but,
So weary on our minds.
Too leery to believe, but,
I need another wine.

The news is true, it is, but,
Deceivers still deceive.
The arguments are brief, but,
They never seem to leave.

Could use a little head-butt,
Another crack or two.
Its moments like today, but,
The numbers are too few.

Humor us again, but,
Be sure to aim to please.
The weight is still upon, us,
Until the bad news leaves.

Love Her to Death

The stripes in the flag were designed straight red and white, even when they are wind-blown wavering. How horizontal they go accentuates their beauty's movement, but it seems that the pure and valiant have lost their way. Nobody on earth really knows where they'll be seen until they crop up where God has planted their seeds and God's wind draws our attention to their existence, proving again His persistent faithfulness and that grace is also incarnate.

Those colors striped were not designed for just a woven flag, but for God and man they flow through this land, sometimes bleeding, but sometimes fading, if then, discouraging those who notice. So new hopes need be sown and not old flags repaired, but newly produced and raised high over the land, where fresh wind can stretch out their fabric again. The straighter they fly, their beauty more known, and without shame, they become a true colored peoples' magnet.

The blue space is embarked with many stars, yet the square seems very small, for the authority who created it. The virtue of the earthly office tells how far the nation falls, in times of darkness mated, as when a portion of the stars rebelled from keeping to their places. But we were born in rebellion too, but against a controlling tyrannical view of a worldly power seeking another bleeding. Only a few sought the release to a better royal freedom.

What's to become of so great a land now with wild forests burning, serving as a sign to those who care about just and righteous learning, and through which kingdoms are established? Those who are careless will not notice the beauty lost. Nor will they consider the cost of rebellion against the real King, even working through democracy. But time will tell with new pilgrims' feet if God's people's hearts stop yearning, because of the burning for another god's fun.

The amber grain is lessened still while majestic purple turns beige. God's blessing on the land was willed, but will His hand be stayed, from judging the Miss America contest? Still mostly brave and free, and in portions be, but others shed the blood of preborn babes for idol prosperity, and the freedom of a choice, lacking the morality of the voice of who warns against calamity and ruin, from the many years of disputing true love, which is always put to a test.

How foolish we are to never believe that American dreams might fail, if the nation forgets the right from the wrong and the truth that always prevails, when preserved in God's love. When it's time to write and sing a new song, will blessed words still be told, or will they be carried too far away with great generations turned old, gone and flown off to a better land of promise, where rebellion is not allowed, necessary, or even possibly harnessed.

Biblical Rhymes & Reasons

America, the Beautiful, God shed his grace on thee. Again, our hope remains because He still loves her more than we can even fathom. And He will love her still, despite her death, if that is what comes to be, but we pray God's will and for the best and her true manifest destiny, of being a nation of evangelists from sea to shining sea. May she always remain truly beautiful for many pilgrims' feet, staying in love, not just of Words but also in love of deeds.

Watches in the Night

Words in the night, from the Lord they did come,
Each one was chosen, including the sum.

Derivatives given, but not all receive,
Justice is given, for wail or for glee.

A warning is given, a hard line to tell,
Hope for the hopeless or prison in hell.

The small ones are gathered, the tall ones will fall,
When God's Word is spoken, to few or to all.

Mysteries telling, the meaning to pray,
But God's Word is spoken so some might be saved.

Fires

Fires come and fires go,
Some from heaven, some below,
Wreaking havoc as they burn,
Or saving souls from depths forlorn.
Instrument of god of choice,
To whom you've wed for better or worse.
Eternal dimension as a course,
Gnash with wailing or rejoice.
A pawn of action in his hand,
To scorch or cleanse the forest land.
Measure of trial from the one,
Whose heart he owns as daughter or son,
Who are burned up or consumed,
A willful, waiting, choice of two.
Flames from heaven or below,
Preference of the lord you know,
To fill his purpose and design,
One is devilish and One Divine.

Jesus Knew

Now I believe it,
I had to receive it
Could not conceive it, but Jesus knew.

More than religion,
It was Father's decision,
To let me in with Him, by a Spirit clue.

I had known nothing,
Though I knew something,
But now I know one thing, that Jesus knew.

More than opinion,
Was Spirit's revision,
It was not by precision, but born anew.

Life was a new thing,
Not like the old thing,
Now I am knowing, Jesus who,

Biblical Rhymes & Reasons

Died on the wood cross,
So, I would not stay lost,
Now He's my Lord boss, who I worship too.

How's there such knowledge,
When I finished not college,
My God did acknowledge, that Jesus knew.

I more than believe it,
My Lord had conceived it,
Now I know Jesus, and the Father through,

The Spirit much more now,
Than Dove just above brow,
He's a with me inside now, with Jesus too.

Forever new life wow,
There'll never be Son down,
But there'll always be "know how", that Jesus knew.

Visions of Heaven

Emerald streets shiny smooth like glass,
Framed by tall trees thick with fruit amassed.
Rainbow covers golden throne in distance.

Children run about in joy with fellows,
Fields of rich green grass fill all the meadows,
Healing water pools resting in the shadows.

Peace bounds in the air we breathe God's Presence,
Hearts are truly warmed in beauty's essence,
Time stands still enjoying full luminescence.

Son light beams seen everywhere and regal,
King magnified in His own Cathedral,
God's worship joined by visionary people.