

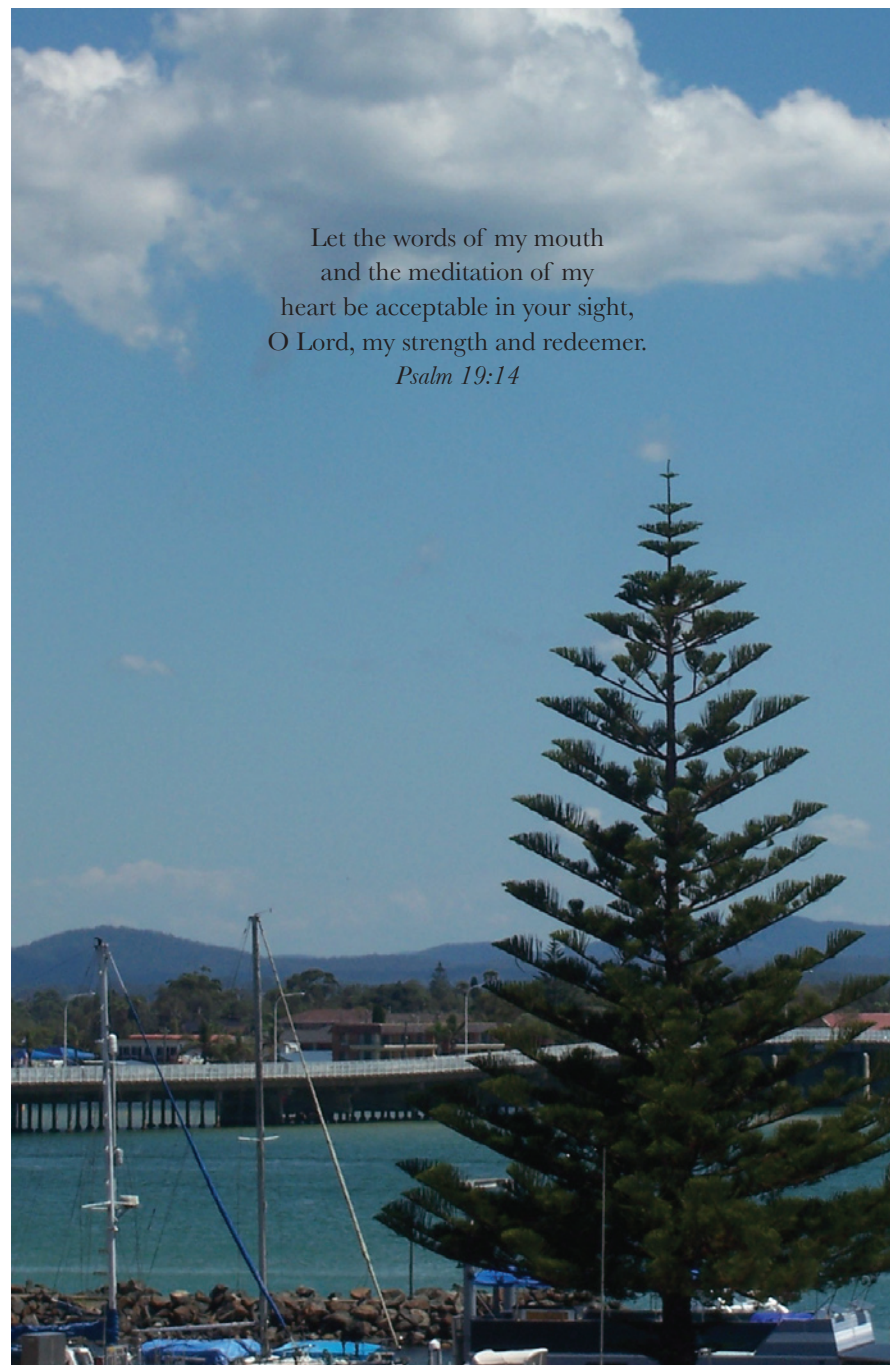


A Pleasant Place

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Answer the Call

High on a cliff overlooking the ocean
Watching the waves breaking hard on the shore,
Awed by the sound of its thundering motion,
Unceasing tumult and deafening roar –
Drowns not the whisper that speaks to my soul.

Played out in nature a drama before me;
I, an observer just watching it all;
Groaning creation's the theme of the story,
Nature in tumult because of the fall –
Speaks to my spirit a voice 'still and small'.

Nations are angry just like the billows,
Raging and roaring and rushing in vain –
Picture the Saviour asleep on His pillow,
Treating their threatening with utter disdain –
Word of His mouth will uncover their shame.

Not for amusement God gives inspiration,
No empty whimsy that pleases the mind;
Nature abounds to confirm revelation
Opens the eyes of the ones born blind –
Oceans of truth a true seeker can find.

Whispers we hear in the world's mad commotion
Easily drown in the sea of despair –
World, flesh and devil, the carnal man's portion
Take your heart captive, your soul they ensnare;
Flee their enticing!! Not a moment to spare!

High on a cross overlooking the nations
One paid a price – God's redemption for all,
Cursed on a tree, breaks the curse on creation,
God's love and justice reverses the fall –
Drown not the whisper but answer the call.

The Hour Is Late

'Wise' men propose to soon impose
Their agenda for progression
They're all convinced it makes good sense--
Borrow more to beat recession!

For climate change, it's all arranged –
There's a guaranteed solution –
All parading 'carbon trading'
As a fix for world pollution!

The great arms race now taking place
Is foreboding conflagrations,
But yet they trade and masquerade
As 'peacemakers' of the nations!

Who counts it gain when babes are slain
With governmental blessing?
Is 'mercy death' the next concept – ?
What!! And we think we are progressing!!

Get on our knees, with urgent pleas,
Before judgement overtakes us,
That God would grant repentant hearts
That His mercy won't forsake us



Vision Of Glory

Atop Mount Hermon's lofty crest,
Peter, James and John are blessed--
Shekinah glory manifest,
Lord Jesus Christ in glory dressed.

Elijah, Moses, both appear,
Speak of His coming death, now near;
On impulse Peter speaks in fear,
"Let's build three tabernacles here".

O'ershadowed by the glory cloud,
Atrembling, to the ground are bowed --
Beloved Son by God avowed --
Majestic voice they hear aloud.

"Hear Him", the Father advocates --
Thus, prominence of Scripture states;
The Word of God alone dictates,
All truth and falsehood regulates.

This Word foretells a future blessed
When we with glory will be dressed,
Forever know eternal rest,
We'll see His glory manifest.

So I Write

To write of a Saviour most worthy,
To speak of His wonderful deeds
Is never a chore or a burden;
It's the news that everyone needs.

Once, I dwelt in a wilderness valley
Surrounded by mountains of doubt;
My life -- a fathomless folly --
He reached down and lifted me out.

He placed me in valleys most verdant
By the banks of a life-giving stream,
By wind of His Spirit resurgent,
By light of His Word all agleam.

It's my joy to speak of His goodness,
My pleasure to share as He leads;
For Christ Who dispelled all my darkness,
Through His riches supplies all my needs.

My challenge -- to be always faithful
To speak out the truth from my soul
In love overflowing and grateful,
And Jesus alone to extol.

One day in the vistas most splendid
May we meet in that wonderful place --
Death, mourning and tears having ended,
When Christ we will see face to face.

So while I have breath I'll keep writing --
May His Spirit supply to my pen --
Forever in truth be delighting
And challenge the darkness and sin.

I write of a Saviour most worthy,
I speak of His wonderful deeds;
It's never a chore or a burden:
Joyful news that everyone needs.



Rush-hour

I'm looking out my window
I see the people rushing past,
About their daily business –
I wonder why they go so fast!

Perhaps they have appointments,
Important things which must be done,
Absolute necessities
To which the teeming masses run?

I see the local graveyard
From out the corner of my eye;
It waits there on the hillside
For all these people rushing by.

Rush-hour from this viewpoint
Has a most sobering effect –
Some things not much considered,
From here command a new respect.

Take time out from the rat-race
To give thought to eternal things,
Life's rushing mad to closure,
Time travels fast on tireless wings.

His Voice

He speaks life to the dead world of men
Bringing hope to the wandering lost,
Sweet release from the bondage of sin –
Lay your load at the foot of the cross.

For it's there He will take up the yoke
Of the sinner who cries out to Him;
There the power of Satan He broke,
Your Redeemer will cleanse you from sin.

Though you walk in the shadow of death,
And the valley is lonesome and wide,
He will lead through each yard of its breadth,
He will tread every step at your side.

When you've safely crossed over the vale
You will see Christ the Lord face to face,
Where no death and no darkness prevail –
How amazing this gospel of grace!

It's a message He gave us to share
With all nations who live far and near –
We're His voice in the world to declare –
“Come to Him all of you who can hear!!”



Prayer Place

His Father's house, a prayer place
Where men were meant to worship Him,
Where those from every tribe and race
Could come and pray and seek His face,
Now bustled loud with raucous din.

In righteous anger Christ expelled
The traffickers who bought and sold;
His holy heart by zeal impelled,
Irreverential trade He quelled –
A zeal the Word of God foretold.

Our hearts become exclusive space
If we by faith are found in Christ;
He's purposed in this age of grace
To make our hearts His dwelling place
The temple of His Spirit's life.

Should not the temple then be clean
Of merchandise that would defile? –
Profanities and things obscene
Should never reign, be even seen –
Cast out the things that would beguile!

May we respond with righteous ire
When traffickers entice our heart;
May we with zealous hearts aspire
To guard our thoughts with holy fire--
To Christ we've set our souls apart.

A prayer place my soul shall be,
A house of constant peace and rest,
A home of holy harmony,
A foretaste of eternity,
Indwelt by my Beloved Guest.

Autumn of The Age

The ordered world of nature's ways
Speaks loud of God's intelligence;
In dark of night and light of days
Through sun and moon and starlight says –
'Creation teems with evidence'.

The seasons come with no fanfare
They keep their order every year
You'd never know that they were there
Save for their workings everywhere –
Their signs to us are crystal clear.

The times and seasons God has planned
At least twin declarations state –
All nature works at God's command
And if it does then so should man –
These things give cause to contemplate.

The Lord Himself would illustrate
With common things the truths He brought;
Through times and seasons intimate
The hour indeed is very late –
From 'signs of times' let us be taught.

Though day and hour cannot be known
We're told to fix our gaze above,
To watch for signs that will be shown
That indicate to all His own
The soon return of our First Love.

He comes as thief in darkest night
On all who're not awaiting Him;
Without announcement, out of sight
Comes the believers great Delight –
Instantly He will rapture them.

Discern the season we are in –
Time races on; the Day is near –
Now bad is good and good is sin!
Look up! Be watching out for Him!
The autumn of the age is here.

Malevolent Mist

Dense clouds of dampness
creep down from the highland
Their grim ghostly gowns all obscuring the sky,
Draping the fields on the west coast of Ireland
In blankets of mist that bid daylight goodbye.

The heather is hidden, colour is swallowed,
enveloping the valleys, lake-lands and bogs,
Enshrouding the mountains, filling the hollows,
Blocking out beauty – this malevolent fog.

A fresh summer wind breezes in from the ocean
Dispersing the shroud of dread clinging dank –
The sun shines in splendour,
the blue heavens open –
The gorse-lands respond in a blazing of thanks.

When times of despairing cloud out my vision,
When moody, depressed,
feeling downcast and dour,
When doubt and dejection mar every decision,
Come wind of His Spirit!
Come Word of His pow'r!

He scatters the darkness; Sun-light is breaking,
Blue skies have displaced the malevolent mist;
He awakens my soul to vistas breathtaking:
In vales of despondence such pleasures I'd missed.

Though the shroud of despair
might want to linger,
Blocking out beauty and beclouding your day,
God's Spirit within's a constant harbinger,
The blue dome of Heaven's a whisper away.

White Millions

From every nation, land and tongue,
Before the throne of God they've come,
A multitude all dressed in white
Who praise the Lamb both day and night.

The elders who're enthroned around,
Arrayed in white and golden crowned--
They represent the raptured ones
Whose reign with Christ has now begun.

While multitudes from all the lands,
White-robed, palm branches in their hands
Are 'Tribulation' blood-bought souls,
Their names inscribed on Heaven's roll.

Their raiment bright reflects Christ's light,
Whose blood atonement washes white--
His ransomed saints all splendid dressed
In His imputed righteousness.

The elders and angelic throng
With all the saints in joyous song
Declare the praises of the Lord--
White millions all in one accord.

Meanwhile all creatures great and small
In earth and sea and sky extol
The Lamb and God in harmony –
A universal symphony!

Oh to belong in Heaven's Choir!
Forever clothed in white attire,
To see The Saviour face to face,
His presence be our dwelling place.



Their Best Friend

Two men trudged down a lonesome road,
Their shoulders bowed by heavy load,
Limp arms drooped loosely by their side
Their faces drawn by tears they'd cried--
Two days ago their best friend died.

They spoke in whispers, hushed and sad --
Gone now the precious hope they had;
They wrung their hands in mute despair --
A hopelessness beyond compare
Seemed to pervade and choke the air.

A man approached them from behind,
Asked could He join -- they didn't mind --
He asked them why they looked depressed;
To Jesus' death with tears attest
And bare their hearts to their new Guest.

There He expounded truth to them,
Proved all the prophets spoke of Him --
How slow they were to understand
This was the way that God had planned --
Messiah's death redeeming man.

At table when the bread He blessed
They realized Who was their Guest --
He promptly vanished from their sight,
Their hearts now bursting with delight
Afire with joy reflect new light.

In mind I see their glad return --
Oh how good news within them burned!
Their faces beaming joyous glow
Imparting hope where e'er they go --
Their best Friend's risen! Don't you know?

Sword of Truth

The regime continues on
Though the child of peace is gone --
He held a sign up -- "Peace!" it read,
Before a tank -- now he is dead;
"Democracy"! The spokesman said.

"All men are equals" -- one insists,
"Comrades all, pure socialists";
But when their day of rule had come
Disenfranchised everyone,
Enforced their writ by sword and gun.

In "Mein Kampf" dark thoughts unfurled
Are foisted on a clueless world;
Swastikas line city streets,
Masses throng when Hitler speaks;
His sword and pen destruction wreaks.

Mass graves bear sober testament,
Which scribes and poets sore lament;
Dupes of war by dogmas led,
Lands destroyed and millions dead;
Since Eden's fall, the earth's run red.

Swords arise in every age,
Impose their will through wrath and rage;
Pens of men, though good intend
Can't reverse the deathward trend;
War's appointed 'till the end.

All vain philosophies of pen
Are birthed in natures ruled by sin:
Pens submitted to the Lord,
Bowed before His holy Word
Know His pen's The Spirit's Sword.

Sword of The Spirit pierces depths
Where secrets of the heart are kept,
Separates twixt heart and soul,
Makes repentant sinners whole:
God's pen and sword achieve their goal.

Vision

In dream I saw an open book
Whose pages long had lain unread;

I felt the urge to take a look
The bookmark said, 'Your daily bread'.

I picked it up with nervous hands
Maybe fearing what I'd find,
Little knowing then the bands
That bound me captive heart and mind.

With reticence I read at first
Could these depicted things be so?
Creation! Fall! The awful curse! –
Was so much there I didn't know.

The Flood! Babel! Then Abraham!
My mind was boggled with the news –
God gave His written Law to man,
He pledged salvation through the Jews!

Much sacrifice and temple rite
Shed blood of bulls and goats and rams;
From sin and evil no respite
'Till there would come the Promised Lamb!

Up to this point I only saw
Men's failings, falls and sinfulness
While everywhere God's broken Law
Demanding final just redress.

But then He came – Immanuel,
Of virgin mother manger born,
Came to the land of Israel –
Almighty God in human form!

He trod the land from east to west –
Disease and darkness fled His sight,
He raised the dead, the children blessed,
Demon powers put to flight.

I saw Him as He climbed that hill
Bleeding, battered, bent and scorned –
It broke my heart to see men kill
The greatest Person ever born.

The emptiness, the sheer despair –
A shroud of hopelessness descends –
Evil's ruling everywhere –
We've murdered Him! Where will it end?

Who moved the stone? The tomb is bare,
No lifeless body to be found;
The empty garments lying there
Suggest a mystery profound;

For God has plans that far transcend
The feeble thoughts of worldly wise –
Through death the reign of death will end –
The death of Christ brings Hell's demise.

His resurrection from the dead
Breaks the curse of Eden's fall –
Wrath due to us He took instead –
Oh the wonder of it all!

My dream's become reality,
On things above my vision's set
'Gainst backdrops of eternity
Anticipating wonders yet.



When Knowledge Shall Increase

Era of knowledge, of travels in space,
Technological boom, nuclear race;
Babylon rising, revolts underway,
Nations and peoples in mad disarray
While they tout 'people power' (mob rule I say);
We need to consider what power's at play.

Amassing of weapons, rumours of war,
Terrorist threatenings from nations afar,
Jackboot formations saluting in sync –
Tyrants and thugs place the world on the brink –
Big budget defence, economies shrink –
Behind the scenes lurks and ominous link.

Angels of light and false prophets deceive;
God's revealed truth most no longer believe;
They prefer teachings that tickle the ear –
Spin and the hype they constantly hear
Dumbs down their brain with a shallow veneer
Preparing their minds for brainwashing I fear.

Rumours of life on new far-away stars;
(Some are proposing one way journeys to Mars)
Extravagant notions born of the lie
Searching for life while life passes them by –
Delusion's the fruit when God's truth they deny –
By name He has placed every star in the sky.

Beware of putting your trust in a man –
One's yet to come with a sinister plan;
This is the era of sin and the curse
And only through Jesus can it be reversed;
Don't let your mind by the world be coerced –
In God's Word alone your thoughts be immersed.

There's an era to come – an era of peace –
Righteousness rules and all conflicts will cease –
Christ on the throne in Millennial reign –
Heir of King David then ruling again
Makes Jerusalem His earthly domain
For one thousand years as God has ordained.

Era of faith, of salvation, of grace;
Glories of Heaven believers foretaste,
Watching and waiting Christ to appear,
Signs of the times make it clear He is near;
Nothing and no one we ever need fear,
Anticipating – I wish He were here!



Her Physician

She stole through town,
Crowds milling 'round;
Though weak from her condition,
Her heart of faith
Could hardly wait
To touch the Great Physician.

Her constant bleed
Would not recede
Despite much medication;
For twelve long years
Through trials and tears
Found no alleviation.

She'd heard, the One
Called David's Son
Was coming to their region;
"This One", they said
"Could raise the dead,
Cast devils out of Legion!"

She could scarce control
Her eager soul,
Filled with anticipation;
That He would cure
She was assured;
How great her expectation!

And there He stood,
The Son of God;
In faith she reached out pleading;
She touched His cloak,
Her bondage broke,
In an instant stopped her bleeding.

"Who touched" He asked—
She was unmasked—
Made public declaration;
Her faith—the cure—
Had made her pure;
"Go in peace"—His salutation.

Be of good cheer
For Christ is near,
Our Saviour and Physician;
Reach out in faith
And contemplate—
His touch is our transition.

Rock Of Zion

The Stone the builders rejected
Over which most stumbled and fell
Was laid as the Lord directed
Deep in the heart of Israel.

Messiah came unto His own,
The Redeemer long awaited,
In Zion God had laid The Stone
As the prophets indicated.

A Stone not formed by human hands
Who would one day rule all nations
Had come as Servant in the Land
And confounded expectations.

Search in His Book! It's plain to see
It's Christ Jesus who's predicted —
Oh Israel! He died for thee!
For your sake He was afflicted!

He longs to gather you to Him,
The Great Shepherd of your nation
He desires to save, not condemn —
He's your Light and your Salvation!



Through Diverse Eyes

What did the local people see?
They saw a man from Galilee,
Who walked on water, calmed the sea,
He healed the sick, set captives free,
Spoke God's Word with authority.

What did His own disciples see?
His everyday humanity,
The stamp of His divinity,
His holiness, humility;
His words and deeds done perfectly.

What did the traitor Judas see?
He was His friend, supposedly!
He must have known 'twas really He,
The promised One of prophecy?
He saw an opportunity.

What did Caiaphas, high priest see?
He saw a man of blasphemy,
A threat to his authority –
That One should die was his decree –
He thus fulfilled the prophecy.

What did Pontius Pilate see?
Towards Him he felt no enmity;
He wished to let their King go free;
He bowed to their insistency,
Absolved himself conveniently!

What did demonic forces see?
They saw Him dead upon the tree;
How short their time of fiendish glee –
Death swallowed up in victory
And captive led captivity.

What does worldly wisdom see?
It speculates religiously,
It bows down hypocritically,
Sees not its own iniquity,
Treats God and devil cynically.

What you and I and others see
In Him Who died upon that tree
Decides our fate eternally;
God's everlasting sure decree:
The debt was paid on Calvary.

All those who come to Him will see
His life in them abundantly,
In heart and soul and mind set free,
Now watching, waiting joyfully –
Behold He comes! All eyes will see!



Ancient Pathway

We tread the ancient path
That tireless feet have trod,
Joyfully we journey
On Jesus' road to God.

Cobblestones worn shiny,
Scuffmarks of saintly feet
Record those who travelled
This narrow sacred street.

Abraham once walked here,
By faith he set his sights,
Counting God as faithful,
This way, his heart's delight.

Moses came this way too,
Chose walking with the Lord,
Saw the reproach of Christ
To be a great reward.

These stones have seen them all,
Too numerous to write,
Who trod on them by faith,
God's city in their sight.

On this ancient pathway
I humbly bow my head;
Through Jesus I am one
With those who've gone ahead.

Though there will be pitfalls,
Some stumbling stones and snares,
Christ's light is our beacon
To safely guide us there.

Cobblestones, all of faith
Pave this sacred narrow way;
Love this ancient pathway,
It never leads astray!

Fruit Of My Lips

By His Spirit's revelation may I find true inspiration
To write some words to glorify my King;
May my times of contemplation fill my heart with jubilation
When melodies of heartfelt praise they bring.

May they lead to adoration of The God of all Creation,
Touch to the core the hearts and souls of men;
May they be a celebration of the truth of God's salvation
As every word and phrase points men to Him.

Should my plain communication give the faintest inclination
To anyone to seek and follow Him,
It's a mighty consolation if my humble presentation
Has borne some fruit to Christ The King. Amen.



Lifeblood

There's a red thread
Of blood shed
Because of Paradise lost;
Sin's awful price
Meant sacrifice
From Eden to the Cross.

For Adam's fall
Sentenced all
To death and separation,
But the red thread
Of blood shed
Promised God's salvation.

Fig leaves won't hide
The sin inside,
For God sees into the depths;
One takes our place –
Amazing grace!
Our atonement is by death.

Both firstborn men
Sacrificed to Him –
One only was accepted;
Abel had through blood
Made peace with God,
But Cain's way was rejected.

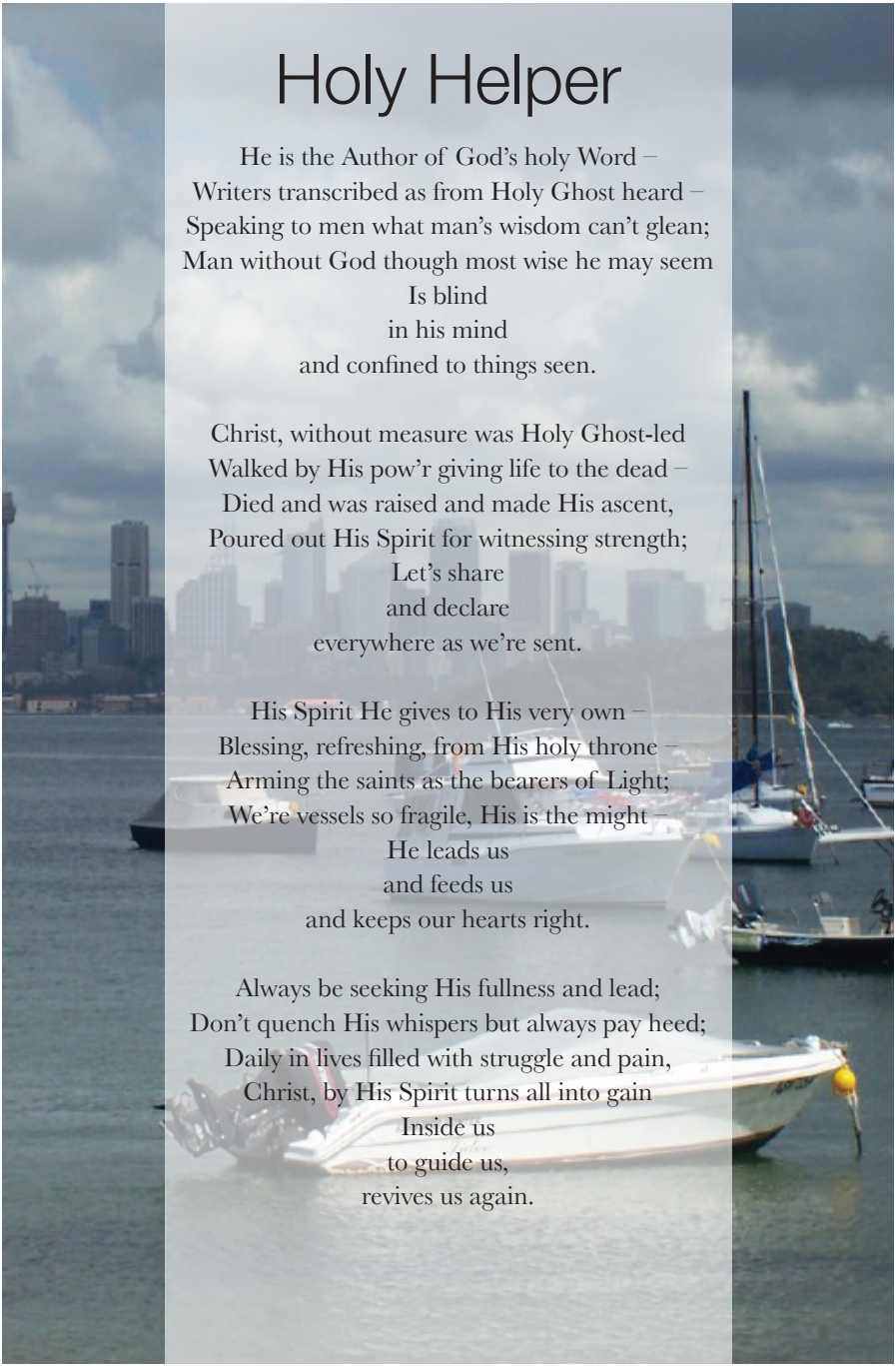
The patriarchs
Knew no good works
Bridged the gap twixt God and man –
Shed blood alone
Could atone
“Life for life” they understand.

Moses is sent,
The Red Sea rent,
Israel's born a nation;
God gives to man
Laws and commands –
The temple dispensation.

Blood flowing red
By High Priests shed
Points forward to the Saviour;
The lives of lambs
Of bulls and rams
Can't change our vile behaviour.

But at the Cross'
For all of us
Who put our faith in Jesus,
His lifeblood shed
Gives life to dead,
Reborn in Him, God sees us.

Let us rejoice!
His sacrifice
Was foretold through the ages –
Red thread defined
Since Eden's time
Is the theme of Scripture's pages.



Holy Helper

He is the Author of God's holy Word –
Writers transcribed as from Holy Ghost heard –
Speaking to men what man's wisdom can't glean;
Man without God though most wise he may seem

Is blind
in his mind
and confined to things seen.

Christ, without measure was Holy Ghost-led
Walked by His pow'r giving life to the dead –
Died and was raised and made His ascent,
Poured out His Spirit for witnessing strength;
Let's share
and declare
everywhere as we're sent.

His Spirit He gives to His very own –
Blessing, refreshing, from His holy throne –
Arming the saints as the bearers of Light;
We're vessels so fragile, His is the might –
He leads us
and feeds us
and keeps our hearts right.

Always be seeking His fullness and lead;
Don't quench His whispers but always pay heed;
Daily in lives filled with struggle and pain,
Christ, by His Spirit turns all into gain
Inside us
to guide us,
revives us again.

Faithful Shepherd

The shepherd goes before the sheep,
They all follow meekly after,
To meadows green and pastures deep,
In the footsteps of their master.

At times the pastures turn to dust,
The hardened ground is sparse and bare,
Their faithful minder has their trust,
They know for sure he'll get them there.

In heat and cold he watches them,
Through seasons friendly and hostile,
He looks on them as one with him,
He shares with them through every trial.

Onward he leads to waters still,
A place of peaceful rest and calm,
They quench their thirst, they drink their fill
In quiet comfort safe from harm.

When little helpless lambs are born,
With tender care he nurses them
Through sleepless night to frosty morn;
They always can rely on him.

From fearsome wolf and roaring lion
The faithful shepherd guards his own;
He'd lay his life upon the line
That they might all come safely home.

Christ Jesus used the shepherd's role
To illustrate His heart of love---
The Lord and Shepherd of our souls
Would always lead, He never drove.



Martyr

“No sun, no moon, no stars, no light,
No colours penetrate the night;
Can’t see my hand before my face,
All is pitch black dark in this place.

A putrid hole; it smells of mould;
The walls run damp, my bed stone cold;
Rats scurry ‘round, bugs big and small
On skin and hair; they bite and crawl.

This dungeon deep is where I dwell;
Some men would say – a living hell!!!
For gospel preaching I’m down here;
I’m not left alone – Christ is near.

Though men conspire to kill the light,
Prefer the black, abhor the white,
Consign our lives to dungeon holes,
They can’t imprison hearts and souls.

All those who’ve come to light in Christ,
Those redeemed through his sacrifice
Are free in Him where’er they be
And none can bind what Christ sets free.

Tomorrow morn the fire I face;
‘God be my strength, supply me grace,
Be with me in the furnace then
As a testament to other men.’”

I write this as an epitaph
To those who trod the martyr’s path;
Unknown to us – to God they’re known –
We are the fruit of seeds they’ve sown.

Random Thoughts

The scientist who dares oppose
The Word of God’s a simple fool;
For all the things he claims he knows
If he believes they were composed
By random chance and no One rules,
What right has he to then suppose
His randomness should be imposed
On all the students in our schools?

What ‘random’ way can be proved best?
This question I now pose to you--
For even thoughts, I dare suggest,
In an unordered universe
Cannot be trusted to be true!
But he who trusts God’s Word is blessed
With the answer to this simple quest –
True science will believe Him too!!



Grandad's Blessing

You lie there sleeping
With your finger in your mouth;
You've no idea
What the fuss is all about.
Before yesterday
No one's ever seen your face;
You belong here now,
From now on this is your place –
You are family,
A gift from God to us all,
Wonderfully made,
So perfect but oh so small.

I can't help thinking
As I touch your tiny cheek
How special you are,
How amazingly unique;
There never was a you,
Never will be one again –
You, my little one,
New-born to the world of men!!
What's your destiny?
What path will life's journey take?
There will be pitfalls,
Like me, you will make mistakes.

May you know Jesus
As your Saviour and your Friend
May He walk with you
From now on 'till journey's end;
I know He's faithful,
He's my Master and my Guide;

Through this life's sojourn
He has always walked beside;
When I have stumbled
He has kept my footsteps sure,
Keeping me on track –
By His strength you will endure.

Sleep on little man,
Rest contented in your bed,
You're just beginning –
All your days are yet ahead;
My trip's well advanced,
I've been travelling awhile,
My steps slowing now
With each long and weary mile.
I wish you God's speed
For those many days to come –
God bless you always –
Grandad's wish for his grandson.

Antichrist Rising

Hear them? Those hoof-beats are nearing;
Are your ears fine-tuned to the times?
Clear sounds to those who have hearing,
Looking for Christ's reappearing
Who watch in His Word for the signs.

Daily the darkness increases;
The blindest are leading the blind
Each one does just as he pleases,
Vileness, the law now appeases
And justice you scarcely can find.

Murder and terror's accepted –
Legitimate bargaining tools –
God and Christ Jesus rejected
As godless men have directed –
Professing they're wise – they are fools.

Falling away was predicted
So don't be amazed or surprised;
This lawless world was depicted
Where the saints would be constricted,
Before Antichrist would arise.

Prophets have long been foretelling
An apocalypse yet to come;
God, through their mouths was compelling
Nations forever rebelling,
To turn from their sin to His Son.

Largely rejecting this teaching,
Most called them mere prophets of doom;
They spurned the Father's beseeching
As useless, negative preaching;
They went with their sins to the tomb.

Shhh! Have the horsemen drawn nearer,
(Those John the apostle foretold)?
Hoof-beats now sounding much clearer –
Soon, enters man's arch-deceiver –
Then, who will deliver your soul?

Blasphemous Imaginations

Can 'shack-led' imagination
Complement God's revelation?
Is God's Spirit not sufficient?
Has He left His Word deficient,
That it needs some alteration
From those of sceptic inclination
To make it relevant to men?
What blasphemy has entered in!!



Final Call

A puff of vapour dissipates,
It vanishes without a trace,
Is borne away as wind dictates
And disappears in empty space.

Man's great philosophies are such –
Vain wisdom formed by finite dust;
Such empty words which promise much
Are blown away with death's cold touch.

But God Almighty's Word is sure –
When all else fails it will endure –
A Word so wholesome, perfect, pure
And everlastingly secure.

The day of wrath can't be forestalled –
This poem might be your final call!!
In God's Word trust – make Christ your all –
All philosophic words will fall.

There Are Signs

Though scoffers scoff and mockers laugh
And sneer at our Lord's returning,
It's as He said – don't be misled,
Although men be ever learning
They'll never find by might of mind
The wisdom they are spurning;
God's Word alone makes real truth known
To all those who are discerning.

With minds astir search out His Word
And desire the Spirit's leading
That He might show all we need know
From prophetic truths we're reading;
With hearts transformed and minds informed
By the bread on which we're feeding,
We've nought to fear – we know He's near:
There are signs!! Let us be heeding!!



A World Beyond

On wings of words I'm carried
Far beyond this place and time
To pleasant climes unhurried
Past the walls of cluttered mind,
My heart in Spirit ferried
To a garden God designed,

To Eden decked in splendour,
Perfect place of blissful rest,
The majesty and wonder
Of creation at its best;
A place where hearts can ponder
On a world so truly blessed.

This paradise perfection,
Home to Adam and his bride;
All things in fond affection,
Harmony on every side;
No sign of sin's infection,
Neither curse nor death abide.

Now all a dim reflection
Since man became enslaved,
I mourn mankind's rejection,
Our appointment with the grave,
A world that's lost direction
That our wisdom cannot save.

Our libraries are bursting
From the pens of poet and scribe;
Whose minds were ever searching
Beyond common diatribe –
Perfection ever thirsting,
Utopian dreams describe.

Thank God there's a solution –
“Let the reader understand” –
The price for sin's pollution
Paid in full by Son of Man;
God grants us absolution –
Faith in Christ – His perfect plan.

On wings of words God's spoken
Of a promised future rest;
Eternal joys unbroken
As the birthright of the blessed –
New life in Christ betokens
All the prophecies expressed.

When Christ your heart engages
You've encountered saving grace;
His truth transcends the ages
Knows no boundaries of space;
Time's hands might turn the pages
But God's Word gives time its place.

The First And The Last

That all people on earth would be blessed by the birth
Of a child in remote Bethlehem
That the nations of men would discover through Him
A great blessing long promised to them:
It can not be denied this was all prophesied
In His Word since the time of the fall;
Israel were to look for the truths in the "Book" –
They were told God would fulfil them all.

His own people alas as the decades went past
Set their minds on the concepts of man;
In their hearts they had strayed from the promises made;
They'd forgotten why Israel began.
When God chose them, His own, they were meant to make known
All His truth and His plan for mankind –
Only Israel knew the one God who is true –
All the rest of the nations were blind.

Not because of their worth was the nation brought forth
But because of God's mercy and grace;
They were part of His plan – the redemption of man –
The great hope of the whole human race.
In the midst of their land there was laid by God's hand
A foundation Stone perfect and sure
The Messiah to come Who was Israel's Son –
Christ Jesus, the sinless and pure.

We now live in the age when the prophetic page
Is being turned at a much faster rate;
Israel's back in the land – Is this God's Sovereign hand?
Is the Son soon to enter the gate?
Are alignments being formed as the Scriptures have warned?
Is apostasy taking control?
It's high time that you look in the depths of The Book
For within it the truth is foretold.

The smart scoffer appears with his 'millions of years'
To refute what God's Word has declared –
Haughty men contradict – God alone can predict –
He will finish the things He's prepared.
He who tells what's to come is the Almighty One--
Who is present and future and past!
Put your faith in His Word, be strong, undeterred –
Trust in Him, He's the First and the Last!



Winterscape

Wild man Winter with his windswept hair,
Frozen features and an ice cold stare
Is painting white the country as he goes;
He doesn't like much variety –
He paints alike every plant and tree –
Maybe white is the only hue he knows.

The little creatures run away from him
Before his brush catches up with them –
They'll hibernate 'till Mr Spring comes 'round;
Likewise all the bulbs and seedlings stay
Snuggled deep below 'till a warmer day
When Mr Sunlight softens up the ground.

Tall and stately trees are bowing low,
Their branches bent by the weighty snow
As they acknowledge wild man Winter's reign;
The frozen lake like a sea of glass
In stillness waits for this time to pass
As if it knows the thaw will come again.

Patient trust is in these scenes displayed –
A quiet and silent serenade
Leaves my soul in wonderment enthralled;
So come winter, summer, fall or spring
Give all glory to our Lord and King –
Almighty God on high Who orders all!

Though your soul might be in winter's chill,
Don't abandon hope – trust Him – be still!
His will is being outworked in all these things;
Situations all so drab and drear
Will be transformed when the Son appears –
The revelation of the King of Kings!

Angels Rejoice

When sinners repent all of Heaven rejoices,
And the angels sing praises in chorals of glee,
The throne-room resounds to the sound of their voices
Giving glory to God for a sinner set free.

Most men see no reason for joyful expression,
This event is to them most unworthy of note,
They see no importance in Christian profession,
For their hopes are all worldly and God is remote.

For years I subscribed to the world's way of thinking,
Separated from God, to truth I was blind;
In quagmires of doubt I was hopelessly sinking
And by willful rebellion my life was defined.

But Jesus the Shepherd, no sheep ever loses--
He searched for me, found me and rescued my soul;
New life through His cross by faith He infuses;
From now on forever this lost sinner's whole.

When sinners repent all of Heaven rejoices,
And the angels sing praises in chorals of glee,
The throne-room resounds to the sound of their voices
Giving glory to God for a sinner set free.



Walk On

While walking with his dad one night
Through the forest dense and dread,
A little lad remarked his light
Didn't shine so far ahead.

Encroaching darkness all around
Filled his tiny heart with fear –
The arc of light upon the ground
Looked all set to disappear.

He tightly held his father's hand,
Moved in closer to his side
As his imagination ran
Amok with each forward stride.

His dad replied, "you know my son,
Though your light seems small and weak,
At times it almost looks undone,
It still shines before your feet."

"Each forward step you take will be
Lit up by that faithful light;
As you press onward you shall see
It will keep your pathway bright."

So hand in hand they travelled on
'Till they came to journey's close;
Through every step that light had shone
Lighting up the path they chose.

Sometimes The Lord shines little light,
Just enough for present needs –
Let us walk by faith, not by sight,
Content where His Spirit leads.

Last Leaf

The last remnant of summer's past day
Clings for life to a lone naked tree;
It pirouettes, then flutters away –
Forever lost in obscurity.

A winter gust brings down the curtain;
Now the show is over; summer's gone;
Times come and go – life seems uncertain –
'Till the trumpet call we must keep on.

Perhaps we think that no one sees us –
Sometimes might it seem we're so alone?
But all who've put their faith in Jesus
Have an audience at Heaven's throne.

Lift up your head and drooping shoulder,
Stir the Gift which God has placed within;
Our outer fades as we grow older
But the inward glows with life from Him.

The dancing leaf of summer's absence
Piqued my lonely heart to think on Him;
Faith firmed, I knew His Spirit's presence,
Through a lonesome leaf on a lifeless limb.



Magen David

I had seen him walking
By the river off and on;
I wondered what his background might have been;
Then we got to talking
And it wasn't very long
'Till he broke my heart recounting all he'd seen.

He wears a small carnation
On his lapel every day –
That little yellow flower hides his pain –
A simple dedication
To those loved ones gone away –
He wears with pride until they meet again.

He lost his cherished bride
To the Nazi war machine –
They parted at the camp and she was gone;
His family had died
In a horror so obscene –
God alone can avenge this awful wrong!

Magen David marked each Jew
A non-person set apart –
Yellow badge which consigned them to be killed;
In a world gone all askew
Void of sympathy or heart –
Why were six million Jewish voices stilled?

So he wears this yellow now
A memorial of pride,
To family, to kinsmen and to wife;
He has made a lifetime vow
She'll forever be his bride,
He'll be wearing this carnation all his life.

Bartimaeus

He never saw sunlight but he felt its glow;
He'd never seen flowers or watched them grow;
He only could touch them; he liked what he felt,
The taste of beauty when their perfume he smelt.

The rain on his face seemed so gentle and kind –
He would give all to see but he was born blind;
He sensed in his heart all the colour around
Through touching and smelling and tasting and sound.

Cool wind softly whispers of mountains and trees
Of far-away lands, barren deserts and seas;
They bestir in his heart a sadness profound;
How blessed are all those who can see their surrounds!

A movement of people? The sound of a throng!
Listens intently – Who's this coming along?
"Son of David" he calls, "have mercy on me;"
He stops and heals him – Bartimaeus can see.

What a change, what beauty, what colour abounds!
Creation is stunning, its glory astounds –
From darkness to light – what a different day,
When Christ heals the blindness and lights up the way!

The Isaiah Scroll

He labours over jot and tittle
With deft and tender care and skill –
A scribe who knows to err a little,
(One tiny false stroke from his quill)
Could compromise the truth's transmittal
And lead to greater errors still.

When satisfied he rolls and seals it –
Transcription of Isaiah's scroll;
He finds a cave and there conceals it,
A neat and compact leather roll,
Stored in a jar that safely shields it
From Qumran's heat and bitter cold.

Two thousand years go fleeting by
Much of Isaiah's words fulfilled –
Messiah came, was crucified –
The nation's waiting for Him still
Just as the prophet prophesied
Who clear foretold the Father's will.

Could this be God? Would He employ
A find like this to interject? –
A simple Bedouin shepherd boy
Should stumble on Isaiah's text –
Did God in ages past deploy
This scroll that has the 'wise' perplexed?

This scroll, two thousand years in age
Concurs with Scriptures still in use –
'Enlightened critics' are upstaged
Who would this prophecy refuse,
Unearthed at a most crucial stage –
The land again, home to the Jews.

For saints a mighty boost to faith
This scribe of old could not foresee,
God uses to authenticate
His inspired truth, His guarantee –
This manuscript discovered late
Is witness to humanity.

No jot or tittle ever fails
All God has said will come to be;
Though years may pass His truth prevails
From Qumran to eternity –
His Word contains the truth's details,
His manuscript of certainty.



Renewed Mind

How like a library the mind,
Filled with varied thoughts and whims –
There, our viewpoints are defined
And every spoken word begins.

How vital then is knowledge stored!
Filed in rows for ready use,
Which impacts our every word,
And formulates our thoughts and views.

Fill up its shelves with things of worth
Which edify and make you wise;
Then worthwhile words will issue forth
When tongue with truth-filled thought complies.

On low down shelves we tend to store
Distasteful things so none can see;
Offensive things, conceal no more
But cleanse them from your invent'ry.

Don't let your thinking be conformed
By worldly modes and fleshy show,
But rather be in mind transformed,
God's will and way to clearly know.

Place virtue as your foremost goal;
Make knowledge of the Lord your aim;
Add to your knowledge self-control,
In patience strong, in temper tame.

Put on godliness, kindness, love;
Abound in these and bear much fruit;
Be wise, but gentle as a dove,
By Spirit led and full of truth.

For if your filing system's right –
Each thought brought captive to the Lord;
Your settled heart will shine His light
Through faith and hope and wholesome word.

How like a library the mind,
Silent, calm and all at ease –
Within its hallowed halls sublime
Catch glimpses of the Heavenly.

A Pleasant Place

The Lord God has a vineyard,
A very pleasant place –
His Word and Spirit keep it,
Hedged all around by Grace.

The entrance way is narrow –
Through Christ alone it's found –
Through faith in Him is opened
The gate to Holy Ground.

Its fruit is blest and wholesome
Joy, peace and love preside,
With holiness the foliage
Of all the plants inside.

Are you within His vineyard,
Growing daily in His Grace –
A fruitful plant of Jesus
Nurtured in His pleasant place?



Why Worry?

Who knows what the future holds?
Can you tell what tomorrow brings?
Yet most are frenzied with worry –
They needlessly fret over things.

Each day has peculiar problems
Which fussing and worry won't change;
Through sleepless tossing and turning
The problems will still be the same.

Our future is safe in God's hands;
Its fulfilment, certain and sure;
His Word's the blueprint of His plans;
Our hope's guaranteed and secure.

Begin, this moment by casting
All your cares and worries on Christ;
His grace brings peace everlasting
And power for abundant life.

Now, live each day as a new day,
Knowing God is working in you;
See problems that stand in your way
As part of His handiwork too.

All things culminate in the best
For those whom the Lord Jesus calls;
In life let our hearts be at rest –
We're heirs of the best rest of all!!

Under The Jacaranda

The jacaranda proud and prim
Wears its purple trumpet skirt,
Fine ferny leaves on gangly limb,
Purple petals quaintly pert.

I rest beneath its speckled shade
Contemplating rhyme and verse,
A slight breeze stirs a mauve cascade
Scribbled notes with blooms disperse.

I gather up my scattered thoughts
From the purple spangled sod;
My words compared to blooms are nought
Pointing seeking hearts to God.

I ponder long where blossoms fell,
Sole witness to their grandeur--
Fleeting moment speaks so well –
Life is a passing splendour.

God's works speak loud from far and near
Throughout all His creation,
For eyes that see and ears that hear
In unceasing revelation.

Don't treat life's blooms with scant esteem
Blindly ignoring witness;
"Our God exists" is nature's theme –
No need to dwell in darkness.

Through purple blossoms and my thoughts
By gentle breezes blended,
What rhymes and rhythms they have wrought!
What truths I've apprehended!



Season Of Hope

Hope is the anthem of springtime;
The sound of new birth fills the air;
All of nature in sequins sublime
Springs to life, shooting forth everywhere.

Winter's cold chill is retreating,
The sun has a smile on its face,
The new buds respond to its greeting,
Snuggle up to its friendly embrace.

The air has smells of revival,
Sweet scents of nature's perfumes
Announcing the season's arrival
Waft from carpets of blossoms in bloom.

In the hedgerows the nestlings are cheeping
Their harmonious glad symphonies,
From shadows more new eyes are peeping
With a mixture of joy and unease.

Spring shouts loud of regeneration,
Of new life bursting forth from earth's womb,
Joyful time of exhilaration
When our hope and assurance resume.

It portrays our merciful Father
To all those who have eyes that can see,
These things testify of their author
Speak of His grace in simplicity.

Our hope is in Christ's resurrection,
His new life that's imparted to us,
Of which spring is a constant reflection –
Our God is a God we can trust.

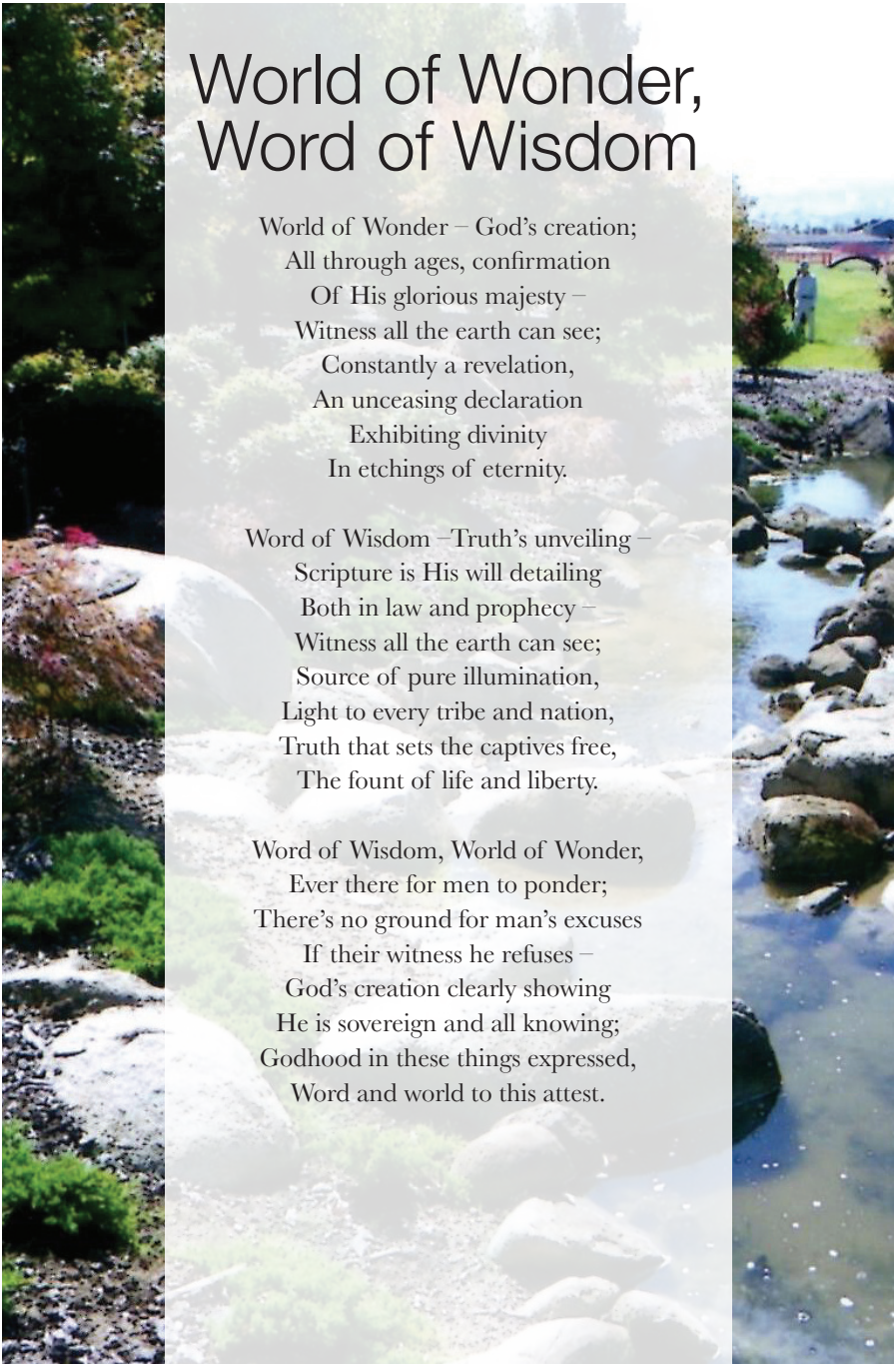
Morning Comes

The last rays of daylight fan out from the skyline
As faint strands of sunlight with night's fingers entwine,
The first sprinkles of starlight which herald the night-time
Now make their entrance at the evening's decline –
Such intricate beauties only God could combine,
For in twilight is pictured prophetic design.

Down the highway of time struts 'invincible' man,
So secure in himself, things all going to plan,
In the high noon of life, filled with visions so grand –
But night-time is coming – is his house built on sand?
His twilight approaches, his demise is at hand –
Like the sun through the sky, man's life has its span.

So likewise the ages are all drawing to close
For the day is far spent, the evening wind blows
Announcing that twilight at the sunlight's last glows
Is quickly approaching as the Word of God shows –
Be discerning the times which God alone knows –
The Great Day is at hand as the Scriptures disclose!

The twilight's not fearsome to those in Christ's fold,
It heralds a new dawn which is clearly foretold;
The darkness approaching will never enfold
All those who to Jesus have entrusted their souls –
The Bright and Morning Star, Christ The Lord we behold!!
Oh give glory to God, bless The Lord oh my soul!!



World of Wonder, Word of Wisdom

World of Wonder – God’s creation;
All through ages, confirmation
Of His glorious majesty –
Witness all the earth can see;
Constantly a revelation,
An unceasing declaration
Exhibiting divinity
In etchings of eternity.

Word of Wisdom – Truth’s unveiling –
Scripture is His will detailing
Both in law and prophecy –
Witness all the earth can see;
Source of pure illumination,
Light to every tribe and nation,
Truth that sets the captives free,
The fount of life and liberty.

Word of Wisdom, World of Wonder,
Ever there for men to ponder;
There’s no ground for man’s excuses
If their witness he refuses –
God’s creation clearly showing
He is sovereign and all knowing;
Godhood in these things expressed,
Word and world to this attest.

World of Wonder, Word of Wisdom,
Point to His eternal kingdom –
Foolish men, vain God deniers,
Hate the true and fete the liars;
Let’s not be deceived like those –
Faith and facts let us propose,
Arm ourselves with God’s defences,
Word and world are evidences.

Word of Wisdom incarnated
Came to dwell midst His created
In the world His hands had formed,
Mostly was refused and scorned –
World of Wonder knows its Maker,
Heeds the words of its Creator;
Sea and wind bow to His will,
Walks on Water – Peace! Be still!

How amazing God’s precision!
Death to glory, His provision –
World of Wonder stands in awe,
Words of Wisdom this foresaw;
Glory, thanks and highest praise
Be to God and Christ Who saves –
Words of Wisdom He’ll fulfil,
World of Wonder praises still.



Different Moulds

Two ornaments I have set
On my hall stand by the door –
One a marble statuette,
One a fragile matador.

The hard marble bears the signs
Of the sculptor's tools of trade –
Pointed, sharp, cold chiselled lines
Define subtle hues of jade.

The matador made from clay
Has marks of the potter's hands –
Soft-worked masterpiece displays
The creativeness of man.

I see a likeness in them
Of God's working in our hearts –
Though He moulds us from within
It's expressed in outer parts.

He chisels at our hardness,
Trims rough edges clean away,
He softens every harshness
Like the potter does with clay.

He uses those around us
As His chisels and His moulds –
While they chip, hone and round us,
God is working in our souls!

Next time someone upsets you,
See the Sculptor at His chores –
When Christ The Lord begets you
You're being fashioned evermore.

Matador and statuette
Which still grace my hallway stand,
Remind me Christ's working yet,
Moulding me by Master hands.

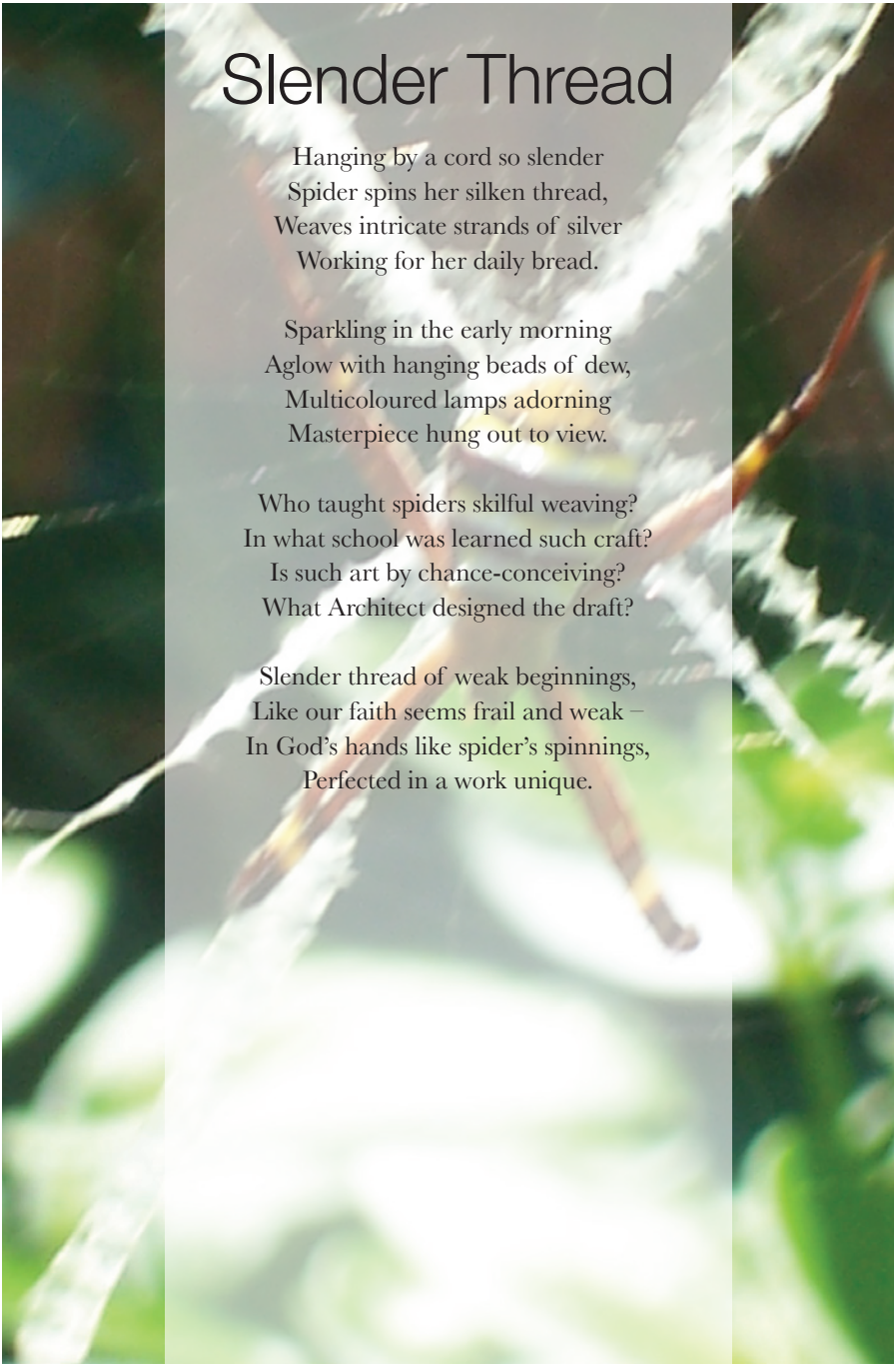
Our Father

Freely the lark ever soars untamed reaches of sky,
Gleefully gliding unhindered the currents on high,
Dipping and dropping with careless abandon and ease,
Suddenly rising on wings newly filled in the breeze.

Silent the dolphin is skimming the shimmering sea,
Cresting the waves and then diving so effortlessly,
Perfectly made to abide in the oceans so wide,
Home in the swell he is always enjoying the ride.

Running unbridled the stallion is pulsing with speed,
Fearlessly gallops—no fences or paddocks impede;
Bounding the hilltops, then skirting the woodland and vale,
Snorts with delight while defiantly hoisting his tail.

Creatures so varied—their Maker's intelligent, wise—
Land, sea and sky, evolutionary thinking belies—
All demonstrate a mighty omniscient author
Wonder of wonders! We mortals can call Him our Father!



Slender Thread

Hanging by a cord so slender
Spider spins her silken thread,
Weaves intricate strands of silver
Working for her daily bread.

Sparkling in the early morning
Aglow with hanging beads of dew,
Multicoloured lamps adorning
Masterpiece hung out to view.

Who taught spiders skilful weaving?
In what school was learned such craft?
Is such art by chance-conceiving?
What Architect designed the draft?

Slender thread of weak beginnings,
Like our faith seems frail and weak –
In God's hands like spider's spinnings,
Perfect in a work unique.

Why Write?

Do I write poems for you or me or Him?
What purpose fuels the passion of my pen?
Are my words all entertainment rhymes,
Pretty little ditties, charming, catchy lines?
My soul desires there be much more to them.

I write to you that you might know Him well,
Seeing more of Him through the truths I tell,
Being built up and growing in His grace,
Encouraged to endure through faith's great race,
Victorious in Him over death and Hell.

I write for me, a faith declaration--
Jesus Christ is Lord of my salvation –
It's my testimony that God is true –
To speak out is the least that I can do--
It's my way of gospel proclamation.

I write to Him my simple poems and songs,
Spirit melodies from a heart that longs
To declare God's mighty words and deeds
To worship as His Holy Spirit leads –
Where He leads is where my heart belongs.

The background of the left page is a scenic landscape. It features a calm lake in the foreground, with a small boat on a trailer parked on a grassy bank. In the background, there are rolling hills under a clear sky. The text is overlaid on this image.

Kingdoms In Time

Built by strength of sword and gun
By stealthy words and battles won,
Great kingdoms of the world have come,
But everyone will be undone,
Smote by the Kingdom of the Son.

Great Babylon in ancient days
Enforced its will by whetted blades,
Turned hapless nations into slaves,
But now the desert marks its grave –
Its might and power all crased.

The Persians and the Medes allied,
The might of Babylon defied,
Reduced to dust its haughty pride
And cast their cruel yoke aside,
Then forced their lords to pay them tithe.

The Greeks attacked with lightening speed,
They smashed the Persian and the Mede
By Alexander's crafty lead,
Who though in battle would succeed
Would perish in his lustful greed.

The Romans came and conquered all
From Persia to Hadrian's Wall;
They vanquished nations big and small,
The Greek, the Saxon and the Gaul –
The Roman system was installed.

These mighty kingdoms paved the road,
Relentlessly to end times strode –
Now bombs and armaments are stowed –
A conflagration could explode –
Enter the kingdom long foretold.

The fiercest ruler ever known
By wiles and stealth ascends the throne –
Now men must worship him alone –
The "mark" is their allegiance sworn –
Man in rebellion's now full blown.

The prophet Daniel knew these things
Before the advent of these kings;
He prophesied that God would send
His Son to pay the price for sins –
He'd die and He would rise again.

His Kingdom's in the hearts of men
Who have repented of their sin,
By grace through faith have entered in,
Whose everlasting hope is Him –
To Israel He'll come again.

Then He will punish all of those
Who would the rule of God oppose;
This present evil age He'll close
And righteous rule He will impose
As the Word of God clearly shows.

On David's throne The King will dwell –
Christ Jesus reigns from Israel –
He's God with us – Immanuel,
The One who conquered death and Hell –
"Praise You Lord, You do all things well."



One Drop at a Time

The moments of life are like raindrops
Which alone we might treat with disdain
But trickles they form on the hilltops
Become torrents that flood on the plain.

The floods make their way to the ocean
Carry with them so much that's debris –
The humdrum of daily commotion
Becomes flotsam that trashes the sea.

The sea is the lasting expression
Of the droplets all gathered in place;
Sea meeting with sky gives impression
Of the vastness of time and of space.

He spans the wide sea at His leisure
He Who counts all the drops in His hand,
And time He designed as life's measure,
Every moment by moment He planned.

So often we fret for tomorrow,
Other times we're bemoaning what's done,
The present is drowned out in sorrow
And we worry there's flotsam to come.

This moment's the one we should treasure;
It's a drop in an ocean sublime;
As life's full of drops for our pleasure
Let's enjoy them one drop at a time.

My Day of all Days

Never the sun shone so clearly
Never the sky seemed so bright
Never my heart was so cheery
As the day when I first saw the Light.

For so long I had aimlessly wandered
Though the road of my travels was wide
On the issues of life seldom pondered,
Didn't see any need for a Guide,
Felt secure in the crowd alongside.

Whenever I came to obstructions
I would follow the surge of the throng –
Surely someone up front had instructions! –
I was mindlessly carried along;
What if those in the lead were all wrong!

One day I encountered a Preacher –
Though a man, He was surely much more –
A Master, a Rabbi and Teacher –
Was amazed I'd not met Him before –
He's the Way, Truth and Life's Guarantor.

As He spoke on, my soul was uplifted,
My heart filled with exuberant praise –
This sheep that had aimlessly drifted
So long lost in the world's wanton ways –
What a day!! 'Twas my day of all days!!

Never the sun shone so clearly
Never the air seemed so bright
Never my heart was so cheery
As the day when I first saw the Light.



From Every Land

Multitudes from all the lands,
A sea of white lift high their hands
And in every language known to man
Adore the Father and the Lamb;

With songs of praise their voices raise,
Triumphant at the throne of grace
From hearts ablaze with love and praise,
A song they'll sing through endless days.

Colour, race all count for nought;
Each chorister by Christ, blood-bought,
Once lone lost sheep whom Jesus sought –
New-born in Him and Spirit taught

A symphony of varied tongues,
From every land on earth they've come,
They sing as one before The Son,
Their days on earth forever done.

Arrayed in robes of righteousness –
In glory's gowns forever dressed –
In perfect peace and happiness –
How marvellous! May God be blest!

All languages in harmony,
In high and holy ecstasy –
Resplendent on that glassy sea –
What jubilation there will be!

Broken Link

Somewhere between my heart and quill
There must be a broken link;
I'm never short on words or will –
It's midnight and I'm waiting still –
Can't express it like I think.

Perhaps a lead has come away
Or I have maybe blown a fuse;
Tomorrow might be just the day
When inspiration comes my way –
I'll go to bed I've nought to lose.

Then toss and turn the whole night long
As rhyme and verse race through my head,
At first a sonnet, then a song –
In my dreams not a word went wrong –
Morning comes, inspiration's fled.

I'll sit and read; it might come back;
Other's thoughts might help inspire,
Might get my thinking back on track,
Supply the wisdom I now lack,
Fix the fuse or broken wire.

Still nothing happens; lines are dead,
My pen and paper wait around;
'Till lyrics birth inside my head,
They must wait, they can't be fed
Until some words of worth are found.

A sudden thought – 'go read the psalms' –
Transformation in a blink;
God's Spirit with His soothing balm
Renews my mind, restores my calm,
His presence heals the broken link.

Inside These Walls

Confined inside these lifeless walls –
Outside her window autumn falls,
Some voices echo down the halls –
No visible response at all.

A wedding photo by the bed
Of her and John when newlywed –
“‘Till death do part” they both had said –
Love knew no fear of things ahead.

He passed away some years ago,
Didn't live to see his wee ones grow –
To her back then a bitter blow –
With aching heart she'd onward go.

A rare disease has wracked her frame;
The blushing bride is greatly changed;
But though the outer shell be maimed
The pearl inside remains the same.

Disease advancing through each limb
Can't touch the person hid within –
Though voice is faint and sight is dim
And every outward sign looks grim.

Behind those walls is treasured space
Beyond the reaches of this place,
Disease and sickness can't deface
And death itself cannot erase.

No ill can mar the soul at rest
Though trials might sorely try and test,
On every side she be oppressed –
She trusts in Christ and so is blessed.

There's nought can kill the hope inside –
Dressed in white, part of Jesus' bride,
John and her ever side by side –
In the Father's house – glorified.

Nearing Shore

To stand alone on the Atlantic shore
And breathe in deep the misty salted air,
To hear again the waves familiar roar,
The spray on ruddy cheeks, the ruffled hair –
But I'll go down to breathe the sea no more.

To sit beneath a mountain ash in June,
The smell of flowing meadows on the breeze,
The cornrake and the cuckoo sing their tune,
The droning hum of busy honey bees –
But summer turns to winter oh so soon!

The crunch of crispy grass beneath my shoe,
My breath turned into fog by winter chill;
It's silent now and signs of life are few,
The leafless barren boughs are deathly still
Awaiting spring to breathe in life anew.

These days my breathing's laboured – I've grown old
And oftentimes I am confined inside,
When pollen count is high or weather's cold –
What is best for me, others now decide,
But I return within to days of old.

But now a nearer shore is calling me,
The day of His appearing coming fast;
I know the Lord of Glory I'll soon see
When snatched away or when I breathe my last –
Maranatha! Come Lord Jesus! Let it be!



An Open Door

What is the everlasting state?
What happens man when breath expires?
Could non-existence be our fate? –
The creed of rabid God-deniers!

To eye unseen, to ear unheard,
Things man by learning cannot learn
But by His Spirit in His Word
The godly-wise His mind discern.

A state that starts where mortal ends
Where living man cannot explore;
Beyond the river's final bend
Begins the everlasting shore.

It's where the east and west converge
It's where the north and south entwine
Where time and space and motion merge
Beyond some line of God's design.

Earth's gravity will loose its hold
And past and future won't exist –
The saved of ages Christ behold
In reverential holy bliss.

Above the awesome panoply
Of countless shining distant stars,
Great twinkling blinking canopy –
Can you see Heaven's door ajar?

John saw that door – was called inside –
Into the throne room of the King!
He saw the saints now glorified,
He heard the hosts of Heaven sing.

He wrote it all down in a scroll –
That we might know eternal things –
A comfort for the anxious soul
Who's waiting for the King of Kings.

He is Nigh

Man's most majestic songs and lines
In sight of Light mere shadows chase;
Who can with words His worth define
Who set the bound'ry line of time,
Who dwells beyond the edge of space?
What value have these words of mine
Save He in mercy grants me grace,
Permits a glimmer of His face?

But should His glory touch my soul
With word and song from bondage freed,
What wonders would I then behold,
New heart aflame which long lay cold
Like sleeping, snow-bound winter seed
Bursts forth in splendour to extol
The worth of Him Whom God decreed
As perfect in each word and deed.

All glory to my God and King
Who left the splendours of 'On High'
May every thought within me sing,
And honour Him in everything
Until we meet Him in the sky
When dead and living saints will wing
Responding to archangel's cry.
Be ready Saints!! His coming's nigh!!

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