



Razed to Raised

BY VINCENT LYONS

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Welcome to my latest collection of poems. I hope that they are a blessing to you and bring glory to God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Vince Lyons



A merry heart makes a cheerful countenance'
Proverbs 15:13 NKJV

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RAZED TO RAISED

*A charcoaled land bereft of green
Denuded trees—a ghoulish scene;
Wildlife fled before there came
The all-devouring raging flame—
This place will never be the same.*

*Deep carpeted in ash and soot
Nothing growing underfoot;
Grey skies magnify the waste
A colourless abandoned place
A thing of beauty is defaced.*

*Apocalyptic, it might seem
But in this world of great extremes
Where life and death are so entwined
A parable by God's hand signed
To bring our minuteness to mind?*

*But hid beneath the ashen ground
The seeds of new life hide, abound;
Unseen by man they incubate
When time is right they'll germinate,
The countryside rejuvenate.*

*One year later bushland blooms
Filled with colours and perfumes
Birds are chirping in the trees
Flowers abuzz with honey bees—
Last year despaired of scenes like these.*

*From death to life by unseen hand
Designed to make us understand,
The bush that bounces back to bloom
The joy that bursts from gloom and doom
Shouts loud of life beyond the tomb.*



J. Asplin

WATCHMAN

*From elevated look-out place
I watch the setting sun
It disappears without a trace—
Another day is done.*

*All day it ruled the sky's expanse
All functioned in its glow
But now as night the light supplants
Life's pulse rate beats so slow.*

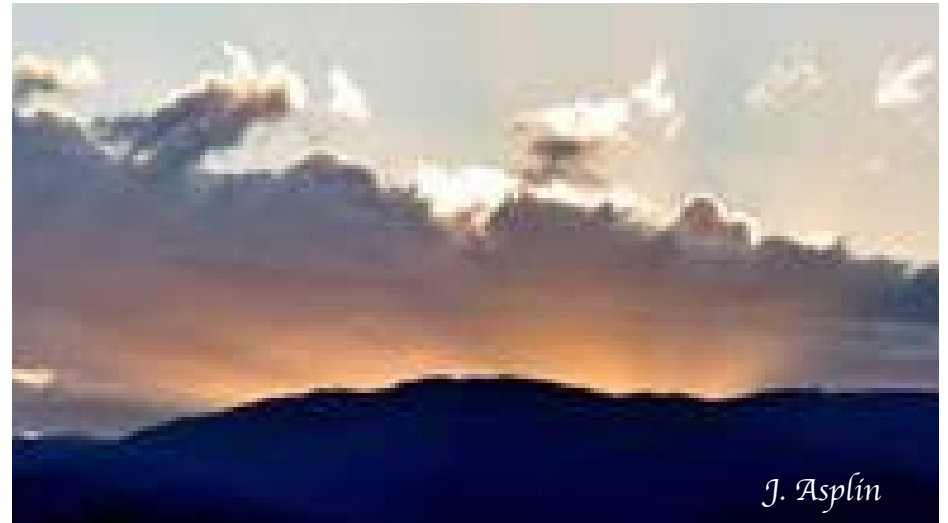
*The weary workers homeward bound
No children on the street
The busy world of sight and sound
Will soon be fast asleep.*

*The doors are shut, the curtains drawn
The chirping birds are still
The final rays of twilight gone
The wind though slight is chill.*

*Much deeper things I see conveyed;
Dark rules at day's demise;
Could life and death be here portrayed
Before our very eyes?*

*So brief's the time of our sojourn
Soon we must take our leave
Day turns to night—'twill be our turn—
There's sudden chill this eve!*

*But deeper still—what of the Son
Who conquered death's dark night?
All those in Him when days are done
Will reign in endless light.*



J. Asplin

BEHOLD HIS GLORY

Oh Lord my God, my Saviour and Redeemer
By grace through faith
You raised me from the grave,
Sent Jesus Christ to bind the great deceiver
And set me free
To ever sing Your praise
And so I raise my voice in glad thanksgiving
As Heaven's joy
Invades my deepest soul,
This heart of mine, long dead, now ever-living
Rejoices as
Christ's glory I behold.

For my soul's sake Christ carried my transgressions
He paid the price,
He nailed them to the tree—
Before the world it's now my glad confession
Christ is my Lord
His Spirit dwells in me
And so I raise my voice in glad thanksgiving
As Heaven's joy
Invades my deepest soul,
This heart of mine, long dead, now ever-living
Rejoices as
Christ's glory I behold.

My eyes are fixed on final destination
I see beyond
To where my Saviour's gone
I know for sure as heir of His salvation
I'll join Him there
When my life-journey's done.
And so I raise my voice in glad thanksgiving
As Heaven's joy
Invades my deepest soul,
This heart of mine, long dead, now ever-living
Rejoices as
Christ's glory I behold.



John 5:24-25 Most assuredly, I say to you, he who hears My word and believes in Him who sent Me has everlasting life, and shall not come into judgement, but has passed from death to life. Most assuredly, I say to you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God; and those who hear will live. NKJV.

THE NAZARENE

*In Nazareth of no repute,
From root in barren ground, unknown,
There grew to Him, a tender shoot,
As humble Man came to His own,
A Rock but yet a stumbling stone.*

*The kings and rulers counsel take
Against the Lord, against His Christ;
Their bonds and cords they wish to break,
But He Whom they as bond slave priced
Would break death's bonds by sacrifice.*

*A Man of sorrows men despised
Esteeming Him of little note,
For they in ignorance surmised
He by the hand of God was smote—
Words long before, Isaiah wrote.*

*The rocks are split, the day is night
The veil is torn by unseen hands
He, of no note to men of 'might'
Upstages ruler's wicked plans,
Events transpire as God commands.*

*And still today though verified
In gospel truth and hist'ry's page
Most men ignore why Jesus died
From facts of God they disengage
As men have done in every age.*

*But note it well a day will come
When earth and heaven will proclaim
The glory of this Holy One
Who once as humble servant came—
The Nazarene as King will reign.*



THE STRANGER

*How come this stranger had not heard
Of Him they crucified?
The monstrous deed that just occurred
A prophet great in deed and word
Of justice fair denied.*

*The jealous rulers had agreed
The Just be put to death
Expedience they had decreed
Would justify their unjust deed
Slew Him from Nazareth.*

*So to this stranger they explained
Thought Jesus was the One,
In heart a hope they'd entertained
By God He was the one ordained
Whom prophets said would come.*

*Their hopes were dashed, their spirits low,
Dejected, sad and grim—
He chided them for hearts so slow—
The prophets foretold long ago
This was ordained for Him.*

*Expounds the Scripture's depths with ease
He opens up their minds
Shows how the cross of Christ agrees
With all of God's foretold decrees—
This truth removes the blinds.*

*For years He was my stranger too
On roads I wandered lost
When all the truth I thought I knew
Blindly made me misconstrue
God's purpose in the Cross.*



TICKING TIME

*The hands of time the Master set
He put its works in motion
And though you hear its ticking yet
Don't be a fool, ignore, forget
Its ticking marks your portion.*

*Its pendulum's slow steady sway
Is dull and hypnotizing
And precious time can slip away—
Perhaps it stops to tick one day
Without you realizing?*

*Tomorrow may not come around
And your yesterdays are ended
Today you hear that pleasing sound
The hands of time still going 'round—
Will the present be extended??*

*Take time to ponder on these things
Before the final curtain;
The pendulum so slowly swings
Yet life flies by as if on wings
Your clock will stop—it's certain.*

*So use the time God's given you
Don't waste one fleeting second;
Seek Him Whose every word is true
He'll fill your life with good to do
Until your days are reckoned.*

*For none can know the hour or day
Known only to the Master
But signs of times I dare to say
Would show this time's not far away---
I think it's ticking faster!!*



J. Asplin

RAGS TO RICHES

*Amid the tombs, long lost, depraved
A naked fearsome soul
By demon darkness bound, enslaved
Shackled to a living grave
Under hell's control.*

*Who could break his iron bands?
What power could set him free?
There's One alone at Whose commands
The demon forces must disband
And even death must flee.*

*Across the storm-tossed sea He came
He stilled its raging waves
To Gadara to proclaim
That Legion bow to Jesus' name;
The demon-bound He saves.*

*The naked man is clothed and sane
Set free by Jesus Christ;
He long had known the world's disdain
Delivered from each bond and chain—
The Word of God sufficed.*

*The One Who set this captive free
Is the only One Who saves
He'll calm the wind and raging sea
To rescue lost like you and me
Long shackled to the grave.*

*From rags to riches by His Word
He hides our nakedness
All we who wretched rags preferred
Stirred to faith by truth we've heard
He clothes in righteousness.*



LILY

How those harried humans hurry
Rushing, racing, really stressed
Wearied with the weight of worry
Down in doldrums and distressed
While Lily lives in languid rest.

Stock shareholders fashion futures
On the money market's gain
Set their sights on 'secure supers'
Able audits ascertain—
So few fear fiscal future's wane.

Waging wars with wicked weapons
Nations gnashing needlessly
Terrorism's tumult threatens
Unsettles state stability
Transforming their tranquillity!

Chasing shadows seems such folly
To Lily lazing by the Loch;
All the lilies of the valley
Far from reach of wretched clock
Mankind's machinations mock.

Solomon though gowned in glitter
Lacked the looks of lovely Lil'--
Bounteous beauty none can better
Matters not man's might or skill,
She's modelling her Master's will.

Not His will that we would worry
Strive and strain like serving slaves
Prone so much to scoot and scurry
Restless 'till the wretched grave—
So unlike Lily man behaves!

Bowed beneath the breeze's bending
Soaking sunlight's streaming sheen
Thriving, trusts the Master's tending
Attests in silence so serene
Omnipotence o'ersees the scene.

Troubled with tomorrow's thinking?—
Seek instead His righteousness;
Tomorrow's taken in a twinkling;
Reside in His redeeming rest
In Heaven's holy happiness.

Matthew 6:28-29 “So why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin; and yet I say to you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. NKJV.

TODAY

*If you're fearful of the future
Or you're dwelling in the past
Chances are you've missed the present,
You need to change your outlook fast.*

*For the fast approaching future
Will be present in a tick;
What was present just this instant
Is now past—time moves that quick!*

*Know the future's full of maybes
And the past will not repeat
But the present is your portion—
Here's where past and future meet.*

*There's a way to seal your future,
Make each moment well worthwhile,
Put the past in right perspective,
Wear the present with a smile.*

*If today you hear Him calling—
'Still small voice' speaks to your soul,
Turn to Him—Christ is the answer—
Past, present, future, He makes whole.*

INSIGNIFICANT!!

*No drop in the massive Pacific
No grain in Sahara's expanse
Is devoid of purpose specific
Came to be by purposeless chance
Is a product of pure happenstance.*

*Each droplet is moulded perfection
Manifesting the Master's design
Dispatched by His sovereign direction
To fill up the sea is assigned—
The ocean is droplets combined.*

*Each granule is chiselled uniquely
Cut out by the Great Sculptor's hand
Then fitted in place, oh so neatly—
Seems lost in a mountain of sand
Yet sits where He's perfectly planned.*

*If sometimes you're feeling quite useless
You see little direction or plan
You look on your mission as fruitless—
Think on droplets and granules of sand—
God's purpose though hidden is grand.*

FROM BUD TO BLOSSOM

*From seeds that through the chill await
The Son light from above
Come buds of hope that bloom in faith,
The product of His love.*

*The blooms attract the passer-by
To take a closer peek
Their beauty pleasing to the eye
Compared to winter bleak.*

*Their pleasant fragrance fills the air
With sweetness and perfume
This place that long was dead and bare
Now bursting into bloom.*

*The garden of the Lord is fair
And fair His planted ones
By Word and Spirit's tender care
They'll bloom despite what comes.*

*He cuts and prunes as He knows best
So we might blossom more
And in our daily lives attest
The One we're living for.*

*Though everyone is quite unique
Yet each one has its place
And all in unison bespeak
The wonder of His grace.*

*All bloom beneath His watchful eye
Not a single one will fail
And though the outward petals die
The inward will prevail.*



TWO TREES

He's qualified to comment, his opinions carry weight
Sought after for his knowledge by his peers,
He wears his title proudly, has a penchant for debate
Men's accolades are music to his ears.

On campus he's the expert every student freely quotes
His arguments entrench in unbelief
Through God-denying doctrines the isms he promotes
Make atheistic thoughts their proud motif.

How little does he know it, but The Expert calls him "fool!"
For saying in his heart there is no God;
Before the One Who made him, his conjecturing is drool,
His dogmas and his theses are a cod.

In wisdom God ensured it, that from fallen wisdom's tree
The truth of God no man could ever know
Through faith in His provision at the tree of Calvary
Would streams of truth and knowledge freely flow.

To Greeks much foolish babble, to the Jews a stumbling stone
But to the called of Jesus, life and light;
To 'foolish' of the world God makes His perfect wisdom
known—
The weakness of the cross displays His might.

God's treasure trove of wisdom is all hid in Jesus Christ,
Don't ever be deceived by empty words;
From here to everlasting will His grace and truth suffice
Which His Spirit by His power undergirds.

In Christ there are no experts, only foolish ones made wise
Who glory in the Lord for Whom we long,
Now looking for the day when fondest hopes are realized,
"Maranatha—Come Lord Jesus" is our song.



SERVANT HEART

*As humble servant Jesus trod
Judea's sun-baked thirsty land
This One Who was the Mighty God
Had come as Man as He had planned;
His great salvation was at hand.*

*Among the lowly made His home
He sought no glory, pomp or fame—
Was so unlike the lords of Rome
Those wanton knaves who craved the vain
And treated subjects with disdain.*

*He spoke of God as One He knew
Which common people gladly heard,
Exposed the false, espoused the true
Here was the living, breathing Word
To Whom the prophets long referred.*

*Compassionate to all who came
To leper, pauper, demon-bound;
He healed the sick, the blind, the lame,
He raised the dead, the lost sheep found,
And turned religion upside down.*

*He taught His own to be like Him,
With humble hearts to live and speak;
He washed their feet to show to them
That they like Him be servants meek
To bring God's life to Jew and Greek.*

*In Christ we see exemplified
God's justice, love and holiness
The great salvation He's supplied
That meets our need of righteousness—
This is the gospel we profess.*

*Let's live like Him with servant hearts
Not lording over those He brings
And show the love that He imparts,
Be faithful in the little things
Bond-servants of the King of Kings.*



SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL

He stood in the gap for me
Bearing my iniquity
Lamb of God was slain to be
The Saviour of my soul.
High the hill of Calvary
High the price He paid for me
On a cross for all to see
The Saviour of my soul.
Oh how great the mystery
Sinless Son should die for me
Burst my bonds and set me free
The Saviour of my soul.

Death's defeat is guarantee
His saints will rise to ever be
United with eternally
The Saviour of their souls.
Holy hearts then filled with glee
In glory's lasting ecstasy
Worship Him whom now they see
The Saviour of their souls.
Glory, glory, glory be
To God the Father, Almighty
And to Christ who'll ever be
The Saviour of our souls.

HOME

Where each one feels they're special
They are in their comfort zone
Where every person matters
Personalities are grown,
In the place that's known as home.

Where mess just means there's action
There's some living getting done,
That space is being availed of
For activities and fun—
To be sorted out by Mum.

While at the dining table
Many lifelong views are born
With Dad as mediator
To instruct and scold and warn—
By his wisdom well informed.

A place to long remember
No matter where we roam
There's comfort in recalling
Special thoughts we'll always own—
Fondest memories of home.

A DEAL

*You say you need some evidence
To show that God is real;
If you could see you'd be convinced
So let us make a deal.*

*If I can show through things you see
His witness is widespread
Would you not then with me agree
To check out all He's said.*

*At common things let's take a peek—
A bucketful of seeds;
Though similar they're all unique,
They could be plants or weeds!*

*Each one within its tiny shell
Has attributes intact;
We, in advance can now foretell
What they'll become in fact.*

*Does that speak random chance to you
Or great intelligence?
I'm sure that should you think it through
Creation makes more sense.*

*The sun and moon and stars on high
Keep their appointed spot;
Such is the order of the sky
Their futures men can plot.*

*Take Venus' transit past the sun
Which science can forecast;
That says to me a great Someone
Once planned it in the past.*

*Now add to that the prophecies
Those to this time fulfilled—
Seems One behind the scenes decrees
According to His will.*

*He's told us things that yet must be,
All written in a Book
Where you and I can check and see—
Why don't you have a look!!*

*That you might seek, that you might find,
Divinity's displayed,
An ordered universe designed—
A truth none can evade.*

*Psalm 19:1—3 The heavens declare the glory of God;
and the firmament shows His handiwork. Day unto day
utters speech, and night unto night reveals knowledge. There
is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.
NKJV.*

EVERLASTING ORDINANCE

Ordinance of night and day
In silence testify—
Someone formed this grand array—
How could one dare deny
The witness of the sky?

Every nation under sun
Can scan the evidence;
Language known to everyone
Speaks simple commonsense,
Cries out—Intelligence!

Man, you are without excuse
If you His works deny
If some bankrupt theory choose
Spurn testament on high
For evolution's lie.

Day and night's familiar sights
Can dull our feeble minds
Apathy becloud the Light
Until the darkness blinds
To seasons, times and signs.

Dark and light highlight our plight
Contrasting bad and good
A manifest in black and white
Meant to be understood
If only mankind would.

J. Asplin

Beware a dreadful night to come!
Beware the light that lies!
The unobservant will succumb
To the 'Liar' in disguise
But he won't fool the wise.

God's own await eternal day,
All those who've seen the Light;
He comes to catch them all away
Beyond the reach of night—
This is my soul's delight.

Romans 1:20-21 For since the creation of the world His invisible attributes are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse, because although they knew God, they did not glorify Him as God, nor were thankful, but became futile in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened. NKJV.

EXODUS

Countless theories advocated
Diverse scenarios abound
Ever feel exasperated?
Befuddled by confusing sound?
The need to find some solid ground?

'End-times' thrills the merchandiser
The fear of the unknown his lure
Speculator, improviser,
The only thing he knows for sure—
It fascinates the insecure.

Minds that dwell on rash conjectures
Are prone to not receive the true
They've been fed perverted Scriptures
By lucre-led who misconstrue
To elevate their point of view.

Prophets wrote as God dictated
Inspired as Holy Spirit led;
Those of faith have long awaited
Fulfilment of the things they said;
These are the truths for days ahead.

Study and you'll understand them,
The Holy Spirit will shed light,
All unfolds as He has planned them;
His Word will set your thinking right
Put every faithless lie to flight.

Though it sees the end-times nearing
To faith the future's fabulous,
Looks for Christ, His soon appearing—
To mansions grand He'll translate us—
The raptured Church's exodus.



LIVING WATER

*"Before the Fountain, Lord I stand
A thirsty soul, my cup in hand
Pour down on me of heaven's rain
So I won't ever thirst again."*

*The lady back at Jacob's well
Met Jesus Christ of Israel
Who told her He had drink to give
That if she drank she'd ever live.*

*Then at the feast He cried aloud
To all the gathered festive crowd
That all who thirst should come to Him---
Life-giving water promised them.*

*This of the Spirit He foretold
Who'd fill the true believers soul
A spring of life to dwell inside
An ever-flowing cleansing tide.*

*I need refilling constantly
Until that Day when I shall be
Translated to that longed-for place
Where evermore I'll see His face.*

*The Spirit gives me foretastes sweet
Of when redemption is complete
And I rejoice exceedingly
As Living Waters well in me.*

*"Lord fill my cup to overflow
To others here that they might know
The life that Living Water gives
That Living Water's Author lives."*



THE CROOK

A day to be remembered in the little village school
When everyone scrubbed up the best, veneration was the rule,
The bishop came with great aplomb and mighty fuss took place
With people tripping over as they tried to please 'his grace'.

With fervour our headmaster introduced him to us all,
(Strait-laced student body all assembled in the hall)—
Arrayed in bishop's finery with mitre and with crook
A most imposing figure with a very pompous look.

We bowed our heads in reverence in hushed and silent awe
Before the most important person pupils ever saw;
All hung upon his every word, most eloquent, profound,
From time to time to emphasise he waved his crook around.

Gems glinting in the spotlight coupled with his monotone
My thoughts flew out the window where they'd often tend to roam;
Winged back to bible times and Judah's sheep who sometimes strayed,
To metaphors which Jesus used—deep truths He thus portrayed.

There, lost in contemplation of the shepherds and their sheep,
The apostles and the elders and the people in their keep,
The only thing the shepherds used to coax and lead and prod—
A simple wooden staff they also called the shepherd's rod.

This rod was not elaborate, no gold or gems or such
Was rather like the shepherd—so to look at wasn't much;
'His grace' had long concluded while my mind had wandered so
The audience were basking in his lordship's afterglow.

A question lingers since that night—it's answer I still seek;
So don't think I'm being sardonic or worse still, tongue in cheek—
A mystery most pressing—great conundrum I can't brook—
Can someone please explain it—how the staff became a crook! A worm

THE EGOTIST

A worm ascends a garden weed
And views the spacious lawn
Exulting in his epic deed
As if his feat should far exceed
The scene he looks upon.

Long there before his life commenced
And will be when he's gone
He only sees inside the fence
Knows nothing of a world immense,
The universe beyond.

How like the braying scientist
Who boasts, "We've conquered space"
A self-deluded egotist
Who in half-truth and myth persists—
We've barely left first base!

"We'll soon find out how all began"
He says in pompous pride;
How arrogant of little man
To dare presume or think he can
Push God and truth aside!

Was he around when God made all?
Did God need his assist?
"Your God is dead!" — his vain catcall,
Oblivious to what befalls
When God and Truth's dismissed.

The worm atop his newfound dais
Now gloats defiantly;
He's lord of all his eye surveys
And in his pride no notice pays—
The bird swoops silently.

God's Rod

*If you measure yourself by another
You might feel you are pleasing to God
Just as good as your sister or brother
But you've used the wrong measuring Rod.*

*We are quick to see people deficient
All their sins to our hearts are well known
In our judgements so deft and proficient
'Lesser' faults in ourselves can condone.*

*God will judge by the measure we're using;
That should give us much cause for distress
We're the same as the ones we're accusing
Which if honest we have to confess.*

*But His standard is holy perfection
And without it we're severed from God
How can any pass Heaven's inspection?—
Behold Jesus! God's measuring Rod!*

*Son of Man without sin or trespassing
Kept God's Law to perfection for us
Shed His blood to give life everlasting
As our ransom on Calvary's cross.*

*Resurrection's the proof of acceptance,
He imputes His right standing to those
Who will turn from their sin in repentance,
In whose place Jesus Christ interposed.*

*If in Christ, you are now seen as holy
You're forever united with God
Through the Spotless Who made Himself lowly;
Let us praise Him, our measuring Rod.*



FEET OF FAITH

*"It is a ghost!" they yell with fright
As He treads the breaker
A fearsome spectre of the night
Their hearts are faint their faith is slight—
Hark!—the ocean's Maker.*

*When Peter heeding Christ's command
Steps into the ocean—
A giant step for mortal man
Beyond what knowledge understands
Breaks the laws of motion.*

*But faith gives way to sight and sense
At the waters bluster
Now frightened by the evidence
As circumstance takes precedence
Faith has lost its lustre.*

*Near swallowed by the swirling sea
Doubting footsteps falter
Cries out in fear "Lord rescue me"
He grasps his hand and instantly
Treads atop the water.*

*Each step in life if forward-bound
Leads us to the future
Though doubt and danger might abound
You'll never be abandoned, drowned,
If His Word's your tutor.*

*Proceed in faith at Christ's command
Do not doubt His presence
When you call out He'll take your hand
You'll walk through sea as on dry land
Faith is of the essence.*

*A giant step for mortal men
Into zones untested
Yet faith-filled lives must all begin
By putting all our trust in Him—
Faith in Christ invested.*



*Hebrews 11:6 But without faith it is impossible to
please Him, for he who comes to God must believe that He is,
and that He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him.
NKJV.*

LITTLE ONE

*Oh how you've changed our days
Since you came along
You've filled our hearts with praise
And our mouths with song.*

*It's like you've always lain
Sleeping in that spot
Can't picture or explain
Time when you were not.*

*The miracle of birth
In this very place;
Oh precious child of worth
Let me touch your face.*

*So soft, so pure, so clean,
Faint angelic smile;
I'm sure you've always been—
Think I'll stay awhile.*

*Amazing work of God—
Glory to His name!
Who could not be but awed?
Who dare not praise exclaim?*

PRECIOUS PAIR

*Two tiny little treasures came
Our hearts were melted by the sight
Olivia and Jack by name
Our lives will never be the same
Touched by two bundles wrapped in white
So small, so perfect---such delight!!*

*I marvel at how life begins
How two new persons come to be
Though premature these precious twins
Their lean and long and gangly limbs
Yet each has personality
To match their names so perfectly.*

*Now sleeping peaceful, not a care
A picture of contented rest
I whisper there a silent prayer
That God would bless this tiny pair
All snuggled in their cosy nest—
All praise to Him—we're truly blessed.*

HEART SURGERY

Who can know where soul meets spirit?
Who can prise these two apart?
Realm beyond our wisdom's limit
Area no man can chart
Where hides the secrets of the heart.

There, can lurk much pain and sorrow
Fount where thought originates
Deeper far than bone and marrow
Home to unseen hurts and hates
Where sin and trouble incubates.

Man can offer no solution,
Band-aid remedies at best;
Methods based on Truth's dilution
Where man's sin is not addressed
Can never heal the heart oppressed.

Word of God so sharp, incisive
Pierces where dark things may hide
Spirit's Truth so firm, decisive
To the seeking heart applied
Twixt soul and spirit will divide.

Two-edged sword with skilled incision
Cuts to quick where sin infects
Lifts the veil with deft precision,
Source of problem it detects
The power of darkness disconnects.

Quick and pow'rful, sharp and pointed
Word discerns the hearts intent—
Spirit's scalpel, pure, anointed
Will not fail or circumvent—
His lone prescription is—repent!

Glad I am that Heaven's Surgeon
Plied His scalpel to my soul
Excised every sinful burden
Injected life and made me whole—
Now bless the Lord my joyful soul!



THE SHEEP OF HIS PASTURE

*The Shepherd knows well the sheep of His fold
His Rod and His Staff keep guard of their souls;
None will be lost whom the Master has bought
By robber or thief none will ever be caught—
They cannot be lost so perish the thought!!*

*His Word and His Spirit give ample defence
Repelling the wolf who dares come against,
By waters of plenty they lie down to sleep
In pastures so pleasant secure in the keep
Of the Shepherd who knows the name of each sheep.*

*Though the shadow of death looms over the vale
'Gainst the sheep of His pasture it cannot prevail
His goodness and mercy in limitless flow
Supplies every need while living below;
They trust in the Shepherd Whose love they well know.*

*Other sheep, other folds respond to His voice
He gathers together the flock of His choice
They're His and He leads them by Staff and by Rod
To glorious pastures where none before trod
To pure perfect pastures—the presence of God.*

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK

*I have heard Him talking
Through the pages of the Book;
In His footsteps walking
Through the chapters as I look
And with each lesson learned
My heart within me burned
And every fibre yearned
To meet the Author of the Book.*

*He raised the dead in Galilee
Walked on water calmed the sea
Raised the widow's son at Nain
Treated rich and poor the same
Saw through all hypocrisy
Spoke with God's authority
Set the paralytic free
Oh how this Person spoke to me
He who came in God's own name
My life will never be the same.*

*I know you can find Him too
If you diligently look
You'll see too the light break through
In the pages of the Book
Then with each lesson learned
Your heart within will burn
And every fibre yearn
To meet the Author of the Book.*

EXPECTANT FAITH

*My faith expects that God directs
According as He's spoken;
My hope relies though trouble tries—
His Word He's never broken.*

*At His command the heavens spanned
The world commenced to function
By faith alone these facts are known—
Such faith is not presumption.*

*Earth, sea and sky in works deny
The lie of evolution
God's laws in place rule earth and space,
We see their execution.*

*For night and day to all tribes say
In every land and nation
The evidence gives clear credence
God authored all creation.*

*And yet I know the prophets show
Things still await fulfilment
And I expect they'll take effect
With Him there's no annulment.*

*He soon will come this self same Son
Who came before as Servant
This time to reign o'er earth's domain—
Be waiting and observant!*

*Should He delay and scoffers say
'Where is the Christ's appearing?'
In faith be strong, it won't be long—
Expect Him! He is nearing.*



I IN CHRIST AND CHRIST IN ME

*I in Christ and Christ in me—
How marvellous this mystery!
Set free from sin's captivity
Called to life and liberty—
Glory, glory, glory be!*

*In ages past to man unknown
This hope of glory we now own
Long hidden mystery of grace—
He paid our debt, in Christ we're placed.*

*Of Him we preach, of Him we sing
Our Saviour, Lord and coming King
In floods of joy, our hearts ablaze
We can't contain our songs of praise.*

*That we can now call Him our friend
Our minds can barely comprehend
But by His Word it's true we know
So on in faith rejoicing go.*

*Our eyes are fixed on mansions grand
Prepared for us by His own hand;
We know we'll shortly join above
The blessed Lord we know and love*

*I in Christ and Christ in me—
How marvellous this mystery!
We'll reign with Him eternally
In high and holy ecstasy—
Glory, Glory, Glory be!*



END OF THE LINE

For twenty years he'd played the part
Of Santa in the Mall
His bearded smile had won the hearts
Of children big and small.

His crimson suit, his elf like hat
His big black boots and specs
With deep ho-ho's and friendly chat
Had earned him great respect.

The children queued for photographs
While parents watched with pride
He entertained with belly laughs
But had no joy inside.

When day was done and he went home
He left his smile behind
It's lonely when you're all alone,
More so at Christmas time.

Then from his high rise vantage spot
He'd watch the scene below—
Of late begun to think a lot—
“Why all the lights and show?”

From somewhere in his mind's recess
Recalled a tale once heard—
A God-child came to save and bless—
His heart was sweetly stirred.

“How come the world's forgotten Christ
Though it still celebrates?
Has Santa Clause our hearts enticed
And Jesus been replaced?”

Got on his knees and cried to God—
The star shone in his heart;
His life so long a mere charade
But now he'd found his part.

So now he stands outside the mall
And gives out Jesus tracts
And seeks to share with big and small
Not make-believe but facts.

The line to Santa Clause still throngs,
By far the longest line—
The way to life's where he belongs
Now he's been reassigned.

Proverbs 14:12 There is a way that seems right to a
man, but its end is the way of death. NKJV.

WILDERNESS WANDERINGS

*He shields us from the scorching heat
He lights the night like day
Shines clear the pathway for our feet
So we won't lose our way.*

*The Bread of life our daily food
And water from the Rock
While day by day our strength's renewed
The Shepherd feeds His flock.*

*We journey to a pasture fair
Which eyes of faith behold
This wilderness that leads us there
Gives lessons manifold.*

*It teaches us to trust in Him
Across the barren waste
As Egypt's lights grow faint and dim
In Him all hope is placed.*

*By faith we live and not by sight
Trust Christ to bring us through
It's by His grace and not our might
To Him all glory's due.*

*So onward to the Promised Land
Our hearts ablaze with song
Make light of burning desert sand
Look up! It won't be long!*

FRUIT OF MY LIPS

*May my lips proclaim Your praise
My thankful heart rejoice
Never cease to be amazed
By the truth of Jesus Christ.*

*May my life be lived in sight
Of the city faith beholds
May I shine a little light
To impact other souls.*

*May my nights and days be filled
With Your refreshing Word,
Every doubt and fear be stilled,
My peace be undisturbed.*

*May my life and death attest
To God's unfailing love,
To Christ my everlasting rest
To mansions built above.*

*Thankful lips make heartfelt song
Throughout my earthly days
Should He come or time prolong
I'll ever sing His praise.*

THE ROSE AND THE BRAMBLE

A tender, slender, bonnie bloom
Grew in a garden fair
The fragrant scent of sweet perfume
Ascended everywhere,
Hung on the very air.

A bramble rambled, semi-wild,
He travelled on his own
A wand'ring, wistful, lonely child
Content to rove and roam
Without a settled home.

Attracted by the fragrant scents
That wafted on the breeze
He chanced a peek across the fence,
Went knobbly at the knees
When blooming beauty sees.

Besotted, bramble found his beau
He settled down at last
His days of wand'ring to and fro
Were well and truly past —
The lad had found his lass.

Now intertwined in love's embrace
The passing years enhance
Their hearts forever interlaced
Since that first fateful glance;
A love that's still romance.

CAREERING ALONG

Through the week my life's a flurry
There's so much I must get done
I'm so wracked with constant worry
With the deadlines and the hurry
Stressed before the day's begun.

Drop the children off at mother's
Grapple gridlock for an age
All around a million bothers
Stress the faces of the others—
What a way to make a wage!

Nine to five I'm automated
As my fingers tread the keys;
Pressure cooker unabated
Leaves me feeling agitated,
I persevere—the bank decrees!

At the weekend there's the shopping,
Clothes to wash, then clean and dust,
Netball, football, parent hopping—
Action stations! There's no stopping—
By weekend's end we near combust.

Must take time to smell the flowers
Lest the petals disappear
Or the pressure overpowers,
All my youthful years devours —
Perhaps I'll take a break—Next year!

HIS MIND

We who dwell in finite time and space
Our greatest thoughts thereby confined
How could we comprehend some greater place
Beyond the reach of earth-bound mind
Outside the realm of space and time.

For no eye has seen nor ear has heard
Nor has it entered into mind
The things our gracious God in love prepared
Such blessed wonders God's designed
To which our mortal eyes are blind.

But the Spirit can the deep reveal
To those with hearts to Christ aligned
The things that mortal minds cannot unseal
Beyond the reach of lost mankind—
His Spirit can reveal His mind.

1 Corinthians 2:12 Now we have received, not the spirit
of the world, but the Spirit that is from God, that we might
know the things that have been freely given to us by God.
NKJV.

NEARER THAN BEFORE

New ideas ebb and flow
There's some who lead; the others go;
The road is wide and many rush headlong;
Digitally they converse
Spelling weird and phrases terse
The 'wired for sound' all simply tag along.

Mind-control? You think me odd!
But written in the Word of God
A time of great delusion is to come;
Men will be deceived en masse
(You think me foolish, even crass?)
Were all who followed Hitler blind and dumb?

See the 'writing on the wall'
Illegible to most—a scrawl—
Deciphered by the Spirit of the Lord;
Nothing's new beneath the sun
Another antichrist will come
A dreaded day we're quickly heading toward.

New ideas ebb and flow;
By Spirit's lead His people know
The signposts pointing out the narrow way;
Twenty twelve has come and gone
Proved the Mayan prophets wrong,
But lies can lull—there is a Judgement Day.

THE BOOKS ARE OPENED

*On the day when books are balanced
When accounts must reconcile
When every secret dealing is exposed
All transactions are examined
Not a single book or file
Can keep some covert contents undisclosed.*

*In the world of merchandising
It's a practice we expect
That everything must tally to a tee
There be careful analysing
There be nothing incorrect
The figures when examined must agree.*

*There will be a great accounting
On a fearsome future day
When opened books expose men's every deed;
Great White Throne with hosts surrounding
Earth and heaven fled away
And judgement for trespasses is decreed.*

*There's a Book that grants exemption
Filled with names whose debts are met—
The Book of Life—the ledger of the saved,
For He purchased our redemption
And He cancelled out our debt
By rising up triumphant from the grave.*

*God is Spirit, man is carnal—
Who could bridge this great divide?
Religion's man's attempt to make ends meet,
But through Christ the Lord eternal
Son of Man Who lived and died
The reconciling process is complete.*

*You can never meet the measure
God's accounting Book prescribes,
Almighty God is holy—we are vile;
Yet it was the Father's pleasure
His holy standard to ascribe
To debtors whom through Christ He'd reconcile.*

*Are the books on which you're counting
Balanced by your fleshly deeds?
You need to make adjustments—don't delay!
For each day your debt is mounting—
No escaping sin's proceeds—
Don't wait to settle matters on that Day.*

*Acts 17:31 Because He has appointed a day on which
He will judge the world in righteousness by the Man whom
He has ordained. He has given assurance of this to all by
raising Him from the dead. NKJV.*

