

A Word Fitly Spoken

Wise Words for Dark Times

Marjorie A. Younce

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Dedication

In the early days of their marriage, my stepfather had a second job to pay for some extras. To pass the evenings until he came home, my beautiful Mother and I sat on our living room sofa and she read poetry to me from our copy of "Best Loved Poems of the American People." I never tired of listening to her.

I dedicate this book to my beautiful Mother, Marjorie Lois Phillips Van Nuys.

Introduction

When you write a book, it is because you have something to say, and you want people to read it. But, the title is some of its appeal. There is never a better time to make a first impression than the first time. Usually books have working titles, and then somehow you find the final title along the way.

The phrase, “A Word Fitly Spoken...” kept presenting itself, and I was pretty sure it was scriptural. So, I did what I usually do. I Googled it. It sounded good but what did “fitly” mean. It turns out that it is part of a quote from Proverbs 25:11. Google does “know” every verse in the Bible in every version of the Bible. If you want to know what they mean, you will have to look elsewhere. I proceeded to do that.

It turns out that Proverbs 25:11 is the only place that word “fitly” is used in the whole Bible. That is a characteristic of the Book of Proverbs as there are several other one-timers in the book, according to Professor Harold Wilmington of Liberty University. In Proverbs 25:11-14, Solomon presented a series of symbolic statements concerning (wise) speech... He began by saying, “A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver” (Proverbs 25:11, KIV). With this opening statement, Solomon stressed the importance of good counsel.

With our beautiful Republic standing on the brink of an abyss, if there is one thing the world needs at this time, it is wise counsel. Solomon was considered the wisest man in the world; however, Solomon’s wisdom was not one of his natural abilities. It was God-given. That meant Solomon’s advice was worth taking as he could claim God as his “Editor.”

Further, I usually try to make sure the Gospel is a part of each poem. I have read the book through several times in one sitting, myself, and if you do not know the Lord by the last page, well, what can I say?

I also think these verses tell you all you need to know about me. I am proud to be a pastor’s wife. We have served six churches in four states, two of which my husband was the

founding pastor. We met in our Junior Year in High School (1952) and we have the blessing of still being together at eighty-seven years young. Perhaps we will get to participate in the Rapture, hand in hand. If the Lord tarries, we are looking forward to our sixty-eighth wedding anniversary this September.

We are not retired. Our present ministry is on radio and internet. My husband, Dr. Max D. Younce has written fourteen books, and I have typed every one of them. This is the third book of my own.

The Lord blessed us with three sons, and by this time, we are great-grandparents. (Don't ask me to count them up; they include two sets of twins.)

Thank you for reading my book. That certainly pleases me. My reason for writing these verses is to bring out Scriptures that help us, encourage us to stand up for our country, and let us know there is nothing better to talk or write about than believing the Gospel. The Bible says, "For he (God) hath made him (Christ) to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Corinthians 5:21) How does that happen? We believe Christ did that for us "as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29) That is one thing we all must settle before we leave this earth. Have you?

My husband, Pastor Max D. Younce, has kindly allowed me to place a theme poem in several of his books; I have a column, "The Poet's Corner", on our website, and both of our social media pages. Friends have encouraged me by asking to use a particular poem that fits their need. I have been encouraged to gather them up to put a book together, and here it is.

Finally: "What is the value of poetry?" you ask. Are they just a waste of time, or serve a valuable purpose? I just could not resist this. Verse is a great aid to memory, a fact known by no less a personage than God, Himself. Many Scriptures are themselves poetry. It is a part of the Science of Mnemonics. There are many Acrostic Psalms in the Inspired Word, a great example of which is the 119th (118th) Psalm which features the entire Hebrew Alphabet. It was Spurgeon's favorite, as well as the favorite of others. It has been set to music, and

utilized by Hebrew Language students. We would do well to remember that the Book of Psalms was the Hymn Book of the Old Testament. King David was the First Composer, but not all the Psalms were composed by him. However, God is the Divine Author of all as the Book of Psalms is part of the Inspired Word of God. They contain many lessons that will bless you if you take time to study them.

Further: I knew a young man who had a difficult time filing unless he sang the Children's Alphabet Song. And, where did that tune come from? "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, for which credit goes to Mozart in 1780, and Charles Bradlee in 1835.

"A-B-C-D, E-F-G..."

"But rhymes are one of the simplest ways to boost memory. The end of each line ends in a similar sound, creating a singsong pattern that is easier to remember. Take this age-old rhyme memorized by schoolchildren for instance: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue." By rhyming information, our brains can encode it more easily."

(Source: <https://science.howstuffworks.com/>)

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.
(Proverbs 25:11)

Marjorie A. Younce

Chapter One: Places in the Heart

Walnut Grove, Everyman's Home Town

The Walnut Grove of TV and History
Is Everyman's home town.
A place where family ties hold tight,
And roots grow deeply down.

From our beloved "old country"
We sailed to a land that is free,
With room enough to stake a place,
For ourselves, and children to be.

We filed our homestead claims,
And bravely stuck it out,
Through many a winter's wind,
Or blazing summer's drought.

At night, we laid our beds
'Neath stars made by God
While we built our homes
Made of the prairie sod.

We packed up tools, and seeds,
Our crafts, and customs, too.
We left Europe's worn out soil
To farm on lands brand new.

We looked in wondrous hope
At the beautiful prairies green,
Yet, future trouble brewed,
Out of hearing, sight unseen.

The land we thought was bare,
And belonged to no man,
Was, in reality, the home
Of the Native American.

For two thousand years, or so,
This land had belonged to them
To move through at their will,
From need, or at their whim.

In their teepees, and hogans,
Or their fragile homes of bark,
They lived in total freedom
From daylight until dark.

They had their way of governing,
Made "laws," and routes for trade.
Sold their furs to the trading post,
And cold, hard, cash was made.

They hunted, and they fished.
Grew corn from ancient seeds.
Made their clothes from hide,
To meet their seasonal needs.

They wove baskets from grass.
Cooked in hand-made pots of clay.
They were very much like us
As they lived from day to day.

Except for their one belief
That no one owned this land.
The concept of land ownership
They just did not understand.

"Great Father" in Washington
Slyly explained the "mystery."
The Nation owned all the land
Through "Manifest Destiny."

That's when Native Americans,
Along with the hardy pioneer,
Learned from sad experience,
The Government's help to fear.

In the Treaty of "Traverse des Sioux,"
The Native American was told,
"Sign your mark upon the line,
And your land to us you've sold."

You'll receive so much money,
You won't need to trap and fish.
Farm on lands reserved for you.
Buy at the trading post all you wish.

But, we won't pay you all at once.
A monthly payment should be fine.
A promise that was not always kept
After their marks were on the line.

The Sacred Black Hills would be theirs,
Until the end of time they were told.
For a brief time all lived as friends,
Until the news about Black Hills Gold.

You can't fence men in like cattle,
And forbid things known since birth,
Then, decide to break every promise,
And seize a man's last thing of worth.

Cooking pots, and stomachs, were empty
When the government's "gold" was late.
The food was locked in the Agency Store.
"Let 'em eat grass," was said in pure hate.

The once-peaceful valley heard war drums.
"Enemy White Man" was now our name.
No longer friends and neighbors,
Coals of resentment leapt into flame.

"Great White Father" in Washington
Could hear the war drums, too.
A desperate message soon was sent
About the Massacre at Slaughter Slough.

And, a Nation still reeling from Civil War,
We fought to make all men free.
Sent the same Army through the West,
To its shameful end at Wounded Knee.

We like to think that's all behind us,
And no racial prejudices remain.
Even though we may look different,
Our blood makes the same red stain.

Who was wrong and who was right,
Is not for a mere Teller of Tales to say.
I do not the Rod of Discernment bear,
Christ Jesus will be Judge on that day.

This tale is not new, but very, very old,
From the first chapters of God's Word.
A jealous Cain slew his brother, Abel.
Righteous blood cried out, and God heard.

"We'll see peace in our time," is often said.
For a warless time the world yearns.
There will never be peace on this earth,
Until the Prince of Peace, victorious, returns.

But, my Friend, you can have inner peace.
Believe Christ died on the Cross for you,
Your sin debt is paid, eternal life is yours,
And, someday, peace in God's Heaven, too.

Hebrews 11:4; Genesis 4:10; John 3:16; Isaiah 9:6

The Crystal Clear River Named "Zoe"

The saints of God inherit a city.
Whose builder and maker is God.
No city planner of earthly fame
Can brag on a piece of its sod.

2.

The pure River of Life runs through it.
Lovely fruit trees border each side.
They feed and heal all the nations.
No drought will stem this clear tide.

3.

It's the crystal clear river called "Zoe,"
"Life eternal, or temporal," we know,
But, when we trust Christ as our Savior,
To its beautiful shores we will go.

4.

The clarity of each ripple and wave,
Remind us Heaven is a perfect place.
God's Word is clear, "For all have sinned,"
Only the righteous can behold His face.

5.

God "hath made... Christ to be sin, for us..."
He "knew no sin." On the Cross took our place,
The Perfect Lamb who "took away" sin,
And gives the "righteousness of God" by grace.

6.

It is crystal clear, a decision must be made.
Now is the day of Salvation, please don't wait.
Believe Christ died on that Cross for you,
Or, suffer everlasting fire, outside the gate.

7.

You will never join the heavenly throng
In that city where there's no temple, or night.
Where sorrow and tears are wiped away,
And God, and the Lamb, are the light.

8.

You'll stand before Christ in judgment.
When the Books open, it will be clear,
Pride in your "many wonderful works,"
Caused you to reject the Savior so dear.

9.

The Lamb's Book of Life will be opened,
It is clear, your name is not there,
Only those in the Lamb's Book of Life,
May enter that city, so fair.

10.

These words will be clearly heard,
"Depart..., ye that work iniquity."
Your sentence is the lake of fire,
The Second Death for all eternity.

11.

Now, my Friend, it is crystal clear,
The choices are clearly in view,
Accept, or reject, Christ's offer of grace,
It is strictly up to you!

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. (1)

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. (2)

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: (3)

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. (4)

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

(Revelation 22:1-5)

It is clear (No joking intended.) that the Apostle John is getting a preview tour of the eternal home of all believers, and what a delightful place it appears to be. All you have to do is believe Christ died and was resurrected to pay for your sins, and your reservation to that beautiful place is made. You must make it before you leave earth, however.

The word "life" is translated from the Greek word "Zoe," pronounced "zō-ay" and is the same Greek word translated "life" in John 3:16 and many other places in the Bible. I gave a simplistic meaning in Stanza 3. I try to keep Biblical facts as accurate as I can when I am writing verse.

The Parable of the Lighthouse

The lonely sentinel stands at water's edge.
Its light is dark and all is still.
A "For Sale" sign shows what time can do:
Both for good, and for ill.

It was built when blood-bought people
Determined that by God's Grace,
The light of the glorious Gospel
Would shine forth from that place.

They worked and sacrificed together
To build the Lighthouse there.
So, men and women, young and old,
Could learn God's Word to share.

In the summer breezes of Bible Camp,
The laughter of children rang;
While playing games and learning verses,
The woods would echo the song they sang.

'This little light of mine.
I'm gonna' let it shine
Let it shine. Let it shine, Let it shine,
I won't let Satan blow it out
I'm gonna' let shine
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine."

In the classes there was Bible-teaching,
With the goal no child would leave:
Until they knew how to go to Heaven.
And Christ as their Savior receive.

The light shone brightly for miles around:
Folks came on Sunday to hear God's Word,
Preached from Genesis to Revelation;
And grew in Grace from what they'd heard.

Godly men have served this pulpit.
They came to water, plant, and sow.
They knew it's God that gives the increase;
And not mere man below.

For nearly 50 years it's beamed
The Gospel to all around.
Withstanding attack from every side
Their unity kept them sound.

Until the day they lost the "Rock"
That was called the "Leaning Stone"
Their unity began to crack,
They began to feel alone.

The building was the Lighthouse.
The people were the ship:
And, without their Captain at the helm.
Their moorings began to slip.

We know that "Satan walketh about.
Seeking whom he may devour."
What he could not do from the outside,
He did inside at their weakest hour.

The winds of contention began to blow,
And discord began to seep inside.
There was no Captain to steer them clear.
They hit the rocks on the rising tide.

Those that were left tried mightily
To keep that ship upright.
But, one-by-one slipped overboard,
And floated away out of sight.

With not enough crew to man the ship,
And no one left to tend the light:
They sadly extinguished the beacon's flame;
Satan believed he'd put out the light

But that light still shines in the witness
Of all who've trusted the Savior there.
It gleams brightly each and every time
The pure, clear Gospel we share.

There are some lights Satan cannot dim.
If we choose to let our "Gospel light" shine.
Remembering the words of the children's song,
Give a witness with "this little light of mine."

We'll not know this side of Heaven
The number of souls that have been won;
But, some of us can surely say,
"Praise the Lord, I am one."

Why the Light went out this way
Is something hard to understand;
But, the Savior led us through it all.
Like a child with His Mighty Hand!

Someday when we stand on Heaven's shore,
And meet our Savior face to face,
We'll know that His Way was the best one,
And be mighty thankful for God's Grace!

What is hard to bear in life down here,
We won't care about at all up there.
As we praise our Savior around His Throne,
And, together, everlasting life share.

No Christian work ever dies. They live on in the lives of
the people they have won, and those they witness to.

*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always
abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your
labor is not in vain. (1 Corinthians 15:58)*

The Old Downtown Church

I went down to my old church,
In the center of our town.
Where fine buildings used to be,
Now, many are torn down.

What used to be a place of pride,
Is now decrepit and forlorn.
What used to look bright and new
Is quite run down and worn.

Red and white striped awnings
Are hanging now in threads.
There's nothing in shop windows,
Their curtains hang in shreds.

There she stands, large and still
Her steeple reaching to the sky.
Stained glass panes have some cracks
From errant stones flying by.

Though She's not as elegant as before,
The service times are just the same
And on the sign by the door.
Is a different pastor's name.

Sunday's message won't be brought
By the eloquent Dr. So and So.
But, the message will be just the same,
From Pastor Johnson that you know.

This used to be a neighborhood
That the upper class would claim.
Now, they say, "It's too run-down.
Coming here would bring us shame.

Jesus still calls from his window,
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.
God's Word still comes from the pulpit,
And, it's a haven from urban strife.

As I watch, the church doors open.
It's lovely bells ring out a hymn,
People come from the city's streets,
How wonderful! They still come in.

The music is a little different,
With a happy, rhythmic sound.
But when that crowd begins to sing,
It can be heard for miles around.

I feel real welcome when I walk in,
With friendly handshakes at the door.
I know the prayers still reach to Heaven,
The Gospel reaches out once more.

God did not move that church,
He kept it where it could be used.
So neighborhood down and outers,
Would be comfortable in the pews.

Sometimes God changes mission fields,
Bringing them right to your front doors.
Don't run, keep giving the Gospel of Grace,
And, a harvest of souls will be yours.

"Well done, good and faithful servant;
Thou hast been faithful over a few...,
I will make thee ruler over many...:
...The joy of thy Lord enter into."

Scripture Allusion: Matthew 25:23

A Tribute to Nurses

A ministry since Biblical times,
Behind the lines since the Civil War,
Cooling brows, writing letters home,
For soldiers who'll see home no more.

Nurses serve on all battlefields,
Dodging bullets without a thought,
Bravely tending the awful wounds,
Where ever battles must be fought.

An accident by the side of the road,
The law says they must render aid,
Give all comfort as best they can,
It's their calling and strictly unpaid.

As we look for help to the sky
A helicopter comes in to land.
Who's first one out the door?
A flight nurse to lend a hand.

Hospital nurses go their rounds,
With hushed steps, and tender touch.
Their patient words quell all fears
When kind words mean so much.

With helping hands, and caring heart,
To nighttime sorrows they give ear,
No matter how much they have to do,
They'll weep with you over losses dear.

Even if there's trouble at home,
They leave their families behind,
To, first, tend your utmost need,
Putting their problems out of mind.

No talk of the troubles they endure,
Even though they have them, too.
It's your well-being they ensure.
They quickly say, "It's all about you."

With hushed steps they come, smiles bright,
Though sometimes through clenched teeth,
As they face the task, during the day or night
When they must clean your bottom, beneath.

They are spat upon, and puked upon,
By fearful patients out of control.
Cursed at, often pounded upon,
That's how emergency rooms roll.

Flight nurses, E.R., O.R., and ICU,
Psychiatric, Hospice, and Oncology, too.
They're practical, and registered,
All fields of medicine come into view.

The work is hard and the hours long.
Twelve-hour nights, Twelve-hour days,
And not enough of them to fill the gap.
Priceless, No matter what the hospital pays.

So, we must ask the reason why,
Such occupation is so precious to you?
"My answer's easy, though the way is hard.
It is a ministry, and a calling true.

If God has placed this calling in your heart,
And, when in your nursing cap, you graduate,
Be sure God will help you the rest of the way,
To render a service we all appreciate.

The Country Doctor

She could just hear his voice
As his buggy faded out of sight,
"Step it up, there, Old Mare,
We're gonna have twins tonight."

She quietly closed the door,
And sat by her fireside to pray.
The river was out of its banks.
The Johnson home was far away.

The Country Doctor's wife
Lived a past to us unknown.
She sought safety and health
At the foot of God's Throne.

She knew he was prepared
With the best medical skills,
Yet, even in the best times,
Life comes as God wills.

Would they make the ford in time?
Or be swept away by the flood?
She knew he would never give up.
That Mare would give all she could.

He knew he had to make it.
One birth was often hard enough.
But, with two births at a time,
Complications could get tough.

He, too, sent prayers to heaven,
And let his trusty mare pick her way.
She'd done it many times before,
And she did not fail this day.

As Mr. Johnson tended to the Mare,
The Doctor raced to the Mother's side.
When Mr. Johnson got into the house
Two more children did there abide.

An older girl brought "Doc" some coffee.
He, gratefully, relaxed on a kitchen chair
At the kitchen table spread with oil cloth.
A kerosene lamp shone joy everywhere.

The steaming coffee warmed his bones,
As he rejoiced in this scene filled with joy.
He prayed, "Dear God, I thank thee,
For this healthy little girl and boy."

He then settled into the offered cot.
He would leave first morning's light.
There would be more sick folks calling,
And drifted off to a restful night.

We'll close the door on the Johnson home,
As they cuddle and coo in twinly pride.
We'll wish our Doctor a safe trip home
To his waiting wife and fireside.

We know life doesn't always bring joy,
And the Country Doctor, as those today,
Know even with our modern medicine,
The Great Physician has the final say.

Mother's Legacy

Mother's up in Heaven, now;
She left her legacy behind.
Much more precious far than gold:
Or any diamond mined.

I take it down from the shelf,
It's pages are old and worn.
Some are even stained with tears
From unknown sorrows born.

And where she underlined a verse,
There's a message there for me.
Of course, I know them all by heart,
I learned them at her knee.

That's where I came to know the Lord
At a very tender age.
She taught that "Jesus died for me,"
From each Salvation page.

"We have not, because we ask not,"
She often used to say;
Then, she took us to the Throne of Grace,
And taught us how to pray.

Each night we heard her pray for us.
"They're your children, too," she'd say.
"Thou who sees the sparrow's fall,
Guide my children's steps each day."

She taught us how to "grow in grace,"
By daily reading of God's Word.
She taught us by example,
A silent lesson, clearly heard.

And, if we had a problem,
"The Bible's where the answer's found."
That's what Mother lived before us;
And, remembered, when she's not around.

And so, I turn to John Three Sixteen,
With my little one at my knee.
I teach him what my Mother taught,
"That Jesus died for me."

Simply I explain to him,
"All you have to do is just believe
That Jesus died to pay for your sin,
And Eternal Life you'll receive.

Mother's legacy was not her Bible;
But, the truth each page contains;
And, if we teach our children these,
My Mother's legacy remains.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: (6) And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up"

(Deuteronomy 6:6,7).

"The Return Trip"

When you come to a certain time in your life,
And find you can't do what you could.
Then it's time to call a halt to the journey.
Look around, have you done all you should?

Sit down and reflect by life's pathway.
What of worth could there be left to do?
Have you told all you could of the Savior?
Do all you know have Heaven in view?

If you cannot say "Yes" to these questions,
Then, my Friend, you have much left to do.
It's time to retrace all your footsteps,
Find those overlooked and start new.

Perhaps this time, they'll be ready
By now, your Gospel's crystal clear,
The issues are on the tip of your tongue,
At the ready for each loved one's ear.

Don't think about issues, there's only two,
"For the wages of sin is death..." in Hell's flame,
"...the gift of God is eternal life..." in Heaven.
To pay for that gift's why Christ came.

Let your words be seasoned with salt,
And the wisdom of advancing years.
Speak the truth to each one in love,
At times, you may plead with tears.

There's been no better news ever given,
And the stakes are so high, my Friend.
Some hearers are your children's children.
Speak in words they can comprehend.

"For all have sinned and come short...
...Of the glory, or righteousness of God."
"...God hath made Christ to be sin for us..."
To give eternity when we leave this old sod.

When we believe Christ “was made sin for us,”
His righteousness to our account is given.
God’s righteousness placed to our account
Is what we must have to enter God’s Heaven.

How did God make Christ sin for us?
It was Christ’s death on that Cross long ago.
You can’t kill God, so He “gave up the Ghost...”
While God angrily shook the earth to and fro.

Christ defiantly shouted, “It is finished!”
That meant our sin debt was paid up in full.
Any work that we offer instead of belief,
The gift of eternity in Heaven will annul.

“For by grace are ye saved through faith;”
Don’t search or strive for life eternally.
Jesus said, I am the truth, the life, the way,
I’m here, believe, trust, rely (only) on me.

My Friend, as we pause in life’s journey,
I confess. I’ve the same doubts as you.
I shall have to go back and look for my lost.
Why don’t we journey together, we two?

And when once again we come this way,
Not the two of us, but we pray many more,
Will be walking beside or in the rear guard,
With faces set toward Heaven’s open door.

*John 1:12, 13; John 14:6; John 19:30; 2 Corinthians 5:21;
Ephesians 2:8,9; Ephesians 4:15; Romans 3:23; Romans 6:23;
Revelation 21:27*

Chapter Two: Military

Don't Just Buy a Poppy, Lend a Hand

In Flanders's Fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row,"
A flower that reminds us, it is said,
To memorialize our honored dead.

They are sold on behalf of those returned,
Who also our deepest gratitude have earned;
Some, broken in their body, with valiant spirit live.
They deserve all the honor that the U.S.A. can give!

Though there's only room on your lapel for one,
Buy a whole bouquet in memory of a Mother's son,
Who lies among the "crosses, standing row upon row."
It's a very small way your gratitude to show.

Buy in honor of those who served by their side.
In combat, they weren't just along "for the ride."
What happened to one, happened to them all;
As they, too, without a thought, answered duty's call.

So, don't just wear a poppy there in your lapel.
Do everything you can to lend a hand, as well.
If they can't pay their bills, the bank doesn't care,
They'll foreclose on our soldiers; even, over there.

Lend them a hand, they don't want a hand-out.
Use your influence to help bring things about.
Extend opportunities, they'll do their very best,
With a rolling start they can handle all the rest.

"Cast thy bread on the waters:" is what the Bible says,
"For thou shalt find it (again), after many days.
Give a portion to seven, and also to eight;
For thou knowest not what evil" does await.

The "bread" is your wealth with which God has blessed.
"Casting" is giving; and the "waters," mankind in stress.
Give generously your "portion," and not just to a few.
"Finding it again" is the satisfaction felt by you.

Don't forget to "cast" the Bread sent from Heaven.
Whose death on that Cross, was our sin payment given.
When a soldier receives Christ, Heaven's his eternal home,
He'll find true spiritual comfort when evil days are come.

Consider their sorrow, too, on this Memorial Day;
As among the crosses their own wreaths they lay.
Give them honor for what they've gone through,
To preserve our nation free for us, and our families, too.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. (2) Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth." (Ecclesiastes 11:1-2)

No Greater Love

On the way to Gethsemane
That evening long ago,
The Savior began to teach
As He was wont to do.

His lesson in the vineyard
Became the "Parable of the Vine,"
A lesson that we all should learn,
Ev'ry precious line.

Not a lesson about Salvation;
But, how to serve the Lord.
Parables have just one point;
Not a doctrine in each Word.

Christ is the Vine.
The Branches are all who've believed.
We are clean through his Word,
The Gospel we've received.

In a vineyard, the Husbandman
Has chores by the score.
Every branch that bears fruit is pruned.
So it will bear much more.

But to bear any fruit at all,
We must be attached to the Vine,
That's where we get strength to serve,
And lay all on the line.

If we abide in Him,
We have strength much fruit to bear.
If our branch begins to wither,
The Gospel we will not share.

Our branches will be gathered,
And men our branches burn,
Useless as wood, hay, and stubble,
Is the lesson we must learn.

Only is the Father glorified
If His vineyard bears much fruit.
With a bountiful harvest of souls
Hanging upon each shoot

"As the Father hath loved me,
So have I loved you...
"Continue ye in my love,"
A commandment tried and true.

If you do not love one another;
But, instead bite and devour,
The fruit that grows on your branch
Will leave a taste most sour.

A watching world will give no heed
To the words you say;
But cast them all aside,
And go upon their merry way.

"This is my commandment,
That ye love one another,"
Even to the point that you lay down
Your life for a brother.

Christ has called us to go forth
And bear fruit that remains.
And a soul bound for Heaven,
Cannot be lost again.

"For God so loved the world,"
For all mankind was lost,
"That he gave his only begotten son,"
Upon a rugged cross.

"That whosoever believeth in him,"
That's you and I, my Friend.
"Should not perish, but have everlasting life."
Life without end.

*"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life
for his friends." (John 15:13)*

John 15:13 is one of my favorite Bible verses; but, until
the Lord gave me the above poem, I never realized what
"kind" of love the Bible verse was talking about.

Chapter Three - Patriotism

The Cost of Liberty

The doors were barred to prevent surprise.
Curtains drawn against prying eyes.
A group of men huddled deep in thought
Around the parchment one had brought.

They argued and wrangled into the night,
Freedom of speech is surely a right,
The right to bear arms we must affix,
Said the Continental Congress of '76.

To craft their demands was a monumental feat,
And when the Declaration was complete,
A holy silence fell upon them there,
As they petitioned Heaven with a mighty prayer.

Then each man put his life on the line;
As one by one they bent to sign.
They pledged their honor, fortunes and lives.
They jeopardized family, homes, and wives.

The Revolution against tyranny had begun,
Much blood was shed before it was won,
And Washington accepted Cornwallis' sword,
And a prayer of gratitude sent Heaven-ward.

If you visit Yorktown on any given day,
You'll see rows of crosses where the sacrificed lay.
That's the price of Liberty,
Many men die so many can be free.

Blood is still being spilled today
In lands where the tyrant has his sway.
Lives are still going on the line
To protect this freedom of yours and mine.

The "fireworks" are a danger real,
Causing wounds that may not heal.
As we wave our "Star Spangled Banner" in the air,
While on parade, for them say a prayer.

Let's not waste what's so dearly bought
By each Mother's child who lies in their plot,
By spiraling down into moral decay,
A nation on notice for Judgment Day.

Let us remember that freedom's not free,
And resolve not to waste our liberty.
The freedom to live each day for the Lord,
Reading His Bible, giving out His Word.

Let us serve Christ, our Righteous King,
Who sacrificed Himself, He paid everything
To ransom us back, our freedom win,
From Satan's evil slave market of sin.

He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.
Accept Him today and have eternal life.
Believe in His truth and He'll set you free,
No longer lost, you have true Liberty.

What Does One Vote Count?

You really can't complain,
About the nation's politics;
If you don't get out to the polls,
And write down all your picks

Don't waste your time protesting,
And walking with a sign;
March right up to the ballot box,
Write each name upon the line!

Republican or Democrat;
Or, somewhere in between.
It really doesn't matter,
If your ballot isn't seen.

"What does one vote count?"
Is a question some may ask.
Marcus "Landslide" Morton
Will take you right to task.

The good folk of Massachusetts,
Evidently had naught to fear.
The same thing occurred again,
The very next election year.

You say you're so disgusted
By actions on the "Hill,"
You just don't feel like voting.
Well, change they never will!

"Bad officials are elected by
Good people who don't vote."
Not an original thought with me,
But, quite a famous quote.

It's our chance to send a message,
We, the people, are still here,
And getting more dissatisfied
With every passing year!

That we're horrified by the moral slide
Of the country that we know,
Abortion, Perversion, Christianity shamed,
And on, and on, we could go.

Don't get me wrong, My Friend.
I am not saying who to choose;
But without godly people in Washington,
Our freedoms we'll increasingly lose.

To spurn this golden opportunity,
To change the "status quo,"
Is to spurn a price paid in blood,
Freedom is not cheap, you know!

Then, when Election Day arrives,
On that Tuesday in November;
Prayerfully go out and cast a vote
That Washington will remember!

Don't say you wished you'd voted.
The consequences could be dire!
Speak your piece and let them know,
Your vote is not for hire.

You say, "Politics, and religion,
Is a dangerous path to trod."
Say I, "It's our duty to cast our vote,
For government's "ordained of God."

We must protect our freedom
To teach, and speak, and preach,
To present the Gospel clearly,
And every citizen reach.

History will record who won,
In the election of this year;
But, no matter what the outcome,
Your conscience will be clear.

"Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness;..." (Exodus 18:21a)

Where is the America?

Where is the America?
The land of our youth?
When a handshake was your bond,
And every man spoke truth.

When each life was precious,
And to abort a child unheard,
We viewed them as God's gift
To nurture with God's Word.

We were free to bear arms
Our home-fires to defend,
And preach the Gospel freely
In the churches we attend.

Every man could have a job,
And kept his honest gain.
Not given to those who shirk,
So a hand out they obtain.

"One nation under God"
Was pledged in every school.
"In God we trust" on our money
Was the legal tender rule.

We felt a lump in our throat
To see Old Glory passing by.
We saluted with hand over heart
As she waved against the sky.

We stood to sing our national anthem.
From each word our freedom rings.
We respected all for which it stands,
And the pride in country that it brings.

When one man and one woman
The marriage vows would say.
They promised before God and man
To love, honor, and obey.

When people knew the power of prayer
Would uplift them through their day.

With God's Word to guide their steps,
It was hard to go astray.

When leaders went to Washington,
They went to work on our behalf.
Not seeking the power and prestige,
Which has become the golden calf.

Where is the America,
The land of our youth?
When a handshake was your bond,
And every man spoke truth.

The America of today,
Is a very different place.
We must be politically correct,
No matter what we face.

We've taken prayer out of schools,
We must not mention God by name,
Lest we offend some atheist; or,
Set some terrorist's thoughts aflame!

You'd probably be expelled,
If you took a Bible to school!
Read instead "Rules for Radicals,"
And learn to instigate mob rule.

The immoral life of free love's not free,
And without the benefit of marriage,
Innocent children will pay the price,
In the resulting abortion carnage!

Criminals are viewed as victims,
And judges turn them loose.
The law does not arrest them.
Actually, what's the use?

But even in this wicked world,
Christians have a job to do.
As in the wicked days of Rome,
The Gospel can still shine through.

"But as we were allowed of God,"
To have the gospel trust,
"As good soldiers of Jesus Christ,"
Endure the hardness, we must!

"For God so loved the world,"
Even the America of today,
And He gave His Son upon the Cross,
Their price for sin to pay.

If they believe Christ died for them,
God promised "They will never perish,"
He will give them "everlasting life,"
And a home in Heaven to cherish.

God's Righteousness At Christ's expense,
Gives us an Eternity without end.
A gift that simply can't be earned.
You must take it by faith, my Friend.

The America of our youthful days,
Seems now forever gone.
But, don't look back at Sodom!
Look forward and move on.

"Press toward the prize of the upward call,"
For there is no retreat from this fight!
"The days of perilous times have come";
And Jesus may come tonight!

Scriptural Allusions: 2 Timothy 2:3; 1 Thessalonians 2:4; John 3:16; Philippians 3:4; 2 Timothy 3:1-5

Even in a Post-Christian World, God's Word Can Save

Down from "Olympus" comes the Nay-Sayer's word,
It's a "post-Christian" world." Don't believe it!
My Friend, the Gospel still has power to save.
Heaven's door's still open for those who receive it.

History seems to repeat the Prophet of old.
There'll be a famine. Not of bread, nor of thirst,
But a famine of hearing the words of the LORD,
The Bible lives, but man's unbelief is the worst.

God's Word is here, but Academia doesn't care.
It lies open on pulpits, but preachers dilute it.
The sound doctrine of God, itching ears can't endure.
If men can hear it, their teachers refute it.

We believe God's Word, the Churches will say,
But only confirm what church tradition uses.
The rest of the Bible was, perhaps, never there.
Man takes God's place, then picks and chooses.

Without Biblical guidance, they cast off restraint,
"Even running for office," sin's in season.
"Thou shalt nots," are deemed "old-fashioned, and,
Every sin you can name is done without reason.

Light up your lantern, and sharpen your sword.
"Endure hardness," that's a "good soldier's" chore.
Put on your armor. The onslaught is coming,
Company in Hell is Satan's goal for his war.

Be sober, be vigilant; the Devil...walketh about"
Roaring and stalking, all mankind is prey to him.
He "blinds the minds of them which believe not,
Lest the glorious [gospel light]...should shine to them.

For all have sinned..." "...And sin's wages are death."
But Christ was born as the Living Word,
And...[God] hath made Him...to be sin for us
To give eternal life, "Through Christ our Lord."

Take the message to each starving ear.
March boldly with your flag unfurled.
There's no famine in the strength of God's Word.
It has enough power to save the world!

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Hebrews 4:12).

Chapter Four: Family

Father for a Day

It looked like business as usual
At the City Daily News.
Reporters were filing their stories,
And editors writing their views.

Just as the action peaked,
And the big press began to run.
The front door suddenly opened.
A young boy surprised everyone.

"Where's the "Help Wanted"?
"I need to place an ad.
"I am looking for a Father,"
Is what the young boy said.

"Here is my advertisement.
The job only lasts for a day.
I am hoping to find someone
That I won't have to pay."

So, "Father for a day," said the Editor,
"Is what you're looking for."
"What does he have to do,
You must list each and every chore."

"My school has planned a baseball game;
Where the Fathers play the Sons.
They want to see which team
Can make the most Home Runs."

"Every guy that's on my team
Will have his Father there;
But, my Father is far away,
And this day he cannot share.

He told me there'd be someone
Who'd be glad to take his place.

Someone good at batting
And getting to Home Base."

"He said he really wished that he
Could play for me that day;
But, he's fighting for our freedom
In a country far away.

And, I can't get just anyone,
They must be just like him.
Who does not fight or swear;
Or bend the rules to win.

He put some coins on the counter.
"The game is just two days away."
"I need a "stand-in" Father soon;
And, this is all that I can pay."

The Editor gave his money back.
"Son, you've no need to run that ad.
I'd be honored to be a substitute;
And play baseball for your Dad."

"You see, my son is fighting, too,
In that country far away.
I will play on your team,
And you'll be my "son for a day."

Give me the time and place
Of this "Father/Son" ball game.
I promise you that I'll be there,"
And gave the boy his name.

Soon the day arrived,
And the Editor kept his word.
He was a player of past fame.
Soon his home run bat was heard.

The ball game ended in a tie;
And it was good fun all the way.
Each received the special gift
Of "Father," or "Son" for the day.

When the Editor wrote his story
There was a lesson there to learn;

Of how to help our fellowman,
Who for Father, or Son, does yearn.

Just by spending a little time
With a soldier's, or anyone's, son;
You'll give a Father peace of mind,
And your blessings have just begun!

The example is our Heavenly Father
Who unselfishly gave His Son
To pay for our sin on a cruel cross,
Providing Salvation for everyone.

So, as you mentor a Father or Son;
There's no greater help you can give,
Than to explain the Gospel clearly;
So, for Eternity in Heaven they'll live.

Hello, Mama

The telephone rang last night,
Waking me from a sound sleep.
The voice I heard on the other end
Is a treasured memory I keep.

Hello, there, my sweet child.
How are things going down there?
How have you been getting along
I know leaving so soon wasn't fair.

Oh, Mama. I'm so glad to hear from you.
If I'd known the phone could reach up there,
I'd have called you a whole lot sooner.
There is so much I really need to share.

Mama, ...do I smell cookies
Like the ones you used to bake?
Yes! When Jesus visits the Rocking Room
They're the ones He likes to take.

That's our room full of rocking chairs,
Where all the Grandmas, in lullaby tune,
Spend every day helping Jesus,
Calm the babies who arrive too soon.

At just the right age He takes them,
To Heaven's Angelic Playground,
Run by angels who've lived for ages,
Knowing where all good games are found.

In Heaven, they're not children forever.
What an unhappy state that would be.
Their minds are taught as they should be.
So they can serve Jesus faithfully.

Darlin', if you could see me now.
My body has neither an ache or a pain.
No gray hairs or wrinkles can be found.
I feel much better here, that's plain.

We talked, and laughed just like always.
I told her everything that was going on.
But the morning Sun found my window sill,
And all too soon, my dream was gone.

The precious voice faded from my ears,
Did I imagine the last words I heard?
"Be sure to teach your grandchildren,
"How to Go to Heaven," from God's Word.

Make sure they believe Christ died for them,
They'll have eternal life and a heavenly home,
And, we can wait together in Heaven for them.
Until it's their time to come."

Was it a dream? I really can't say.
But there's always a line open to plead.
We can lay our problems at the foot of God's Throne,
And always have God's help in time of need.

(I had help from a friend on this one. My dear friend, Marcie Burnett actually had the dream, and she shared it with me. Many have a Mother who waits for them in Heaven and a poem like this means a lot to them. Thank you!)

The Ideal Dad

The ideal Dad gets up every day;
If his knees will permit, he kneels down to pray,
Asking God's blessing on that day's path,
And not to provoke his children to wrath.

Searching for wisdom to nurture and lead,
A chapter or two of God's Word he'll read.
The ideal Dad heads out to work he must do,
To provide for his family things old and new.

Going out, he pats each sleeping child's cheek,
Waving goodbye as their sleepy eyes peek.
He kisses the wife and heads out the door,
Into the world and into the war.

The ideal Dad keeps his path straight.
Role model for life is a task that won't wait.
The toddler goes clapping in Daddy's big shoes,
Perhaps when he's grown, Dad's path he will choose;

So Dad leads by example, "Just watch what I do."
Actions speak louder than words, it is true.
The ideal Dad speaks words fit to be heard,
No swearing and cussing, he lives out God's Word.

His words build up his children for life,
Not tearing them down in critical strife.
He takes his family to church every Sunday,
And goes out to live for the Lord every Monday.

The ideal Dad teaches work must done;
As his children grow up and leave one by one.
Little boys fix the car and go fishing with Dad.
That makes mowing the lawn not quite so bad.

Little girls do the dishes and help with house;
And dream of the day God brings a wonderful spouse.
The ideal Dad cherishes tears on his shoulder,
Dollies will break; and hearts, too, when they're older.

Games will be lost and games will be won,
Life's not always fair, and not always fun.
Talking to Dad reveals the way you should go,
How is he so wise? How does he know?

It all goes back to how Dad starts his day,
Reading his Bible and stopping to pray.
His children will watch and probably feel,
"My Dad is not perfect; but, he's sure my ideal!"

Dedicated to Stepdads Everywhere

A Step-Dad's role in life,
Is a very rough row to hoe.
He's competition with the first guy,
In the kid's eyes, as they grow.

If he truly loves their mother,
He'll love them as his own,
Seeing to their every need;
Until the nest they've flown.

It's a great Step-Dad who raises you
By the truths in God's Word he's believed,
Takes you to a Gospel-preaching church,
And makes sure the Gospel you've received.

"You don't have the right to punish me!"
A complaint Step-Dads often hear;
Still they bravely discipline in love,
With scoffing going in and out each ear.

He must do what is best for you,
As unpleasant as it may have to be,
Though step-children are just loaned to him,
He has accepted "father responsibility."

He must tread lightly through your heart,
Remembering that you love your Father, too,
And whether you lost him by Death, or Divorce;
The choice definitely wasn't up to you!

He must stand before our Heavenly Father,
When he reaches Heaven's door.
And, since he came in as a "sub" for Dad,
His responsibilities have required much more.

So, we honor on this very special day,
The men who've "stepped in" without fuss;
The men who guided family and home.
The Step-Dads who "stepped-in" for us!

Other folks may not understand
How you can love him as your Dad.
They may view you as disloyal;
As two parents they've always had.

They just don't know the way kids feel.
When their Step-Dad is quite a guy,
Who guides them through all their years,
And is hero enough to try!

Our Savior lived in a blended family, but, Joseph was more guardian, than stepfather. Our Savior let them know when they found him in the temple, at age twelve, who his father was.

"And he (Christ) said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's (God's) business?" (Luke 2:49)

Summers on the Farm

Summers on the Farm
Are spent sittin' on the front porch,
Slowly swingin' in the swing,
Watchin' Grandkids catchin' fireflies,
Listenin' to hoot owls on the wing.

There's no Fox or CNN,
All we ever need to know,
We get from Nightly News,
On the parlor radio.

When shadows grow too dark for games,
"Allie, allie, in free," we hear at last.
They quench their thirst with the old tin cup,
Summer at Grandma's will soon be past.

Lying stretched out on the ground,
Staring up into the night time sky,
The stars flash like a thousand diamonds,
Set in a giant pin wheel circling by.

"Look, Grandpa, I can see,
The Big Dipper in the sky.
Another said, "I see the North Star!
The one you can travel by.

Grandpa, do you think that's the star,
The Wise Men followed long ago?"
"No, My Child, It was quite different.
It had a special path to show.

It marked the way to God's own Son,
The Perfect Lamb of Sacrifice.
Who paid for the sin of everyone,
Even for haters, He paid the price.

Remember the wolf that chased the lamb;
But, the Mother Ewe ended up dead?
She gave her life for her runaway,
That's why he's alive instead."

"In times past ...we were children of wrath...
Satan was seeking whom he may devour."
Just like a wolf after run away lambs,
Without Christ, we were in his power.

But if you believe Jesus paid your price,
You'll go to Heaven with your sins forgiven."
They all chimed in, "I believe he did that for me!
That's why I know I'm going to Heaven!"

Grandma stood up, "It's about that time,
For all children to say "Good Night."
So, up those stairs, you Sleepy Heads!"
Say your prayers; and, then, sleep tight!

Tomorrow, your folks are coming;
And, we have to give you back.
There's a very big day ahead;
And you've a lot of things to pack."

"Oh, Grandma, A little longer, please,
We'll miss you so much when we go!"
But up they go with a kiss "Good Night."
She'll miss them more than they'll ever know.

He lays his arm across her shoulders,
Her head rests lightly on his arm.
They are united in one blessed thought
About summers at the farm.

There will always be fireflies;
And Hoot Owls on the wing.
But time spent with grandchildren
Is an irreplaceable thing!

Scriptural Allusions: Ephesians 5:3; 1 Peter 5:8

A Mother's Journey Home

An aged mother neared the end
Of her journey here on earth.
She smiled at the faces around her bed,
Of the children she had birthed;

Then she closed her eyes in peace,
Knowing that Heaven was her Home.
The "transport" angels came to take her,
So through the skies she would not roam.

As they were soaring by a cloud,
She looked back, exclaiming, "Wait!"
Mothers have a tone of voice,
That even makes an angel hesitate.

What's troubling you? one Angel asked;
As he brushed a tear from her face.
"One son has not accepted Jesus!
He does not know God's grace!

I must go back to try once more.
Perhaps I did not explain it clearly.
I just can't think of eternity
Without the son I love so dearly!"

Since they were passing by a cloud,
They paused upon its edge.
"Beloved Mother, Do not worry.
You have our Savior's solemn pledge."

His Word will not return unto Him void.
Your son must believe the truth he's been told.
The proof of a job well-done is,
All, but one, are in the fold.

You have taught your children well,
That all are sinners and need God's grace;
And the only way they could receive it
Is to believe Christ died in their place."

The angels gently resumed the journey,
"Beloved Mother, you still must go.
Trust the Pledge of our Precious Savior,
Who paid for His sin so long ago.

In a moment, she was on Heaven's Threshold,
Joyously uniting with loved ones there.
Her peace was found in trusting God's Word.
Never again did she have an earthly care.

In this poem, we'll say, the son believed;
That Jesus died to pay for his sin;
Receiving the perfection needed for Heaven.
And the assurance he'll see Mother again.

If you're someone whose Mother's in Heaven;
But, you're not sure that you would go.
Accept Christ's payment for your sin on the Cross;
Then, you too, a heavenly home will know.

*"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved..." Acts
16:31; Luke 16:22; Isaiah 55:11*

What Really Counts To a Christian Mother

What really counts to a Christian Mother
When all of life is said and done,
Are the relationships she has nourished
Within each daughter and each son.

Do they give honor to both their parents?
Do they provide things honest in men's sight?
Will they recognize the sanctity of marriage?
Will they be trustworthy with motives right?

She knows they must learn at an early age,
No matter how sweet, and tacit, the child,
That all of them have been born in sin,
With a nature, satanic and wild.

Even the most darling, dimpled chin,
Can end up in the flames of Hell,
If she neglects to take even a minute,
The precious Gospel story to tell.

She vows none of those tiny, ringlet-ted heads,
Will grow up without a chance to believe
In the Savior who paid for their sin on the Cross,
So eternal life in Heaven they can receive.

A Christian mother knows children are loaned,
Precious blessings to be molded and taught.
Daily the lessons she teaches from God's Word,
And lights the path of this Soul Christ has bought.

When, all grown up, they leave, as they must,
She smiles through tears, waving a brave Good Bye.
All Christian mothers know the power of prayer,
And, "she'll take it from here," to God's throne on high.

Don't look in the kitchen! You will find her each night,
Beside her bed, sometimes painfully, on her knees,
And she will not arise until she has laid out each need,
At the place where mothers get answers to pleas.

We must not neglect those Christian mothers,
Who became believers when their families were grown.
If someone had brought the Gospel to them sooner,
Then, the way to Heaven they would have known.

These mothers deserve encouragement and prayer,
It's hard to reach someone whose mind is made up.
All fenced in and barred with religion's falsehoods,
Or marred by some professor's atheistic cup.

Mothers, do not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ
For it's the dynamite power of God unto Salvation, alone
Keep praying, and bravely, giving out the Gospel,
And one day we'll rejoice around God's Throne.

*For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of
God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and
also to the Greek. (Romans 1:16)*

"And that from a child..."

And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. (2 Timothy 3:15)

There goes the school bus with our "little boy."
Someone else will teach our little "pride and joy,"
Things of this world, all the things we abhor.
The risk of that influence? He may be ours no more.

Now we know what Jochobed prayed upon that day,
As that little ark of bulrushes floated far, far away,
Down a river filled with lurking crocodiles.
Dear Lord, protect our child through all life's evil miles.

She's not just a little girl peddling down the walk;
Or, a teen ager in her room, enjoying cell phone talk.
Our daughter's off to college and she's a "big girl" now.
"I'll live as you have taught me," was her solemn vow.

One day she tells us, I know God sent this one."
Dad walks her down the aisle to another family's son."
Lord, we need the faith Rebekah's mother had that day,
As she watched the line of camels winding far, far away.

Nature takes its course and the verdict is "Grandson."
But the baby's premature, and they lose their little one.
We grieve with her, of course, our grief is not like hers,
"We'll see him again in Heaven." God's Word assures.

Our family helped them lay their little one to rest.
It's a hard time to trust that our loving God knows best.
Our God already knew what his future life would be,
Possibly keeping him from a life of misery.

One day to us, she says, "I still feel an empty chair,
And that another little one should be sitting there."
We remind her God gave Bathsheba four more sons,
One of which would be ancestor to God's Holy One.

The official letter came today. On the table lies unread.
"We regret to inform you," does not need to be said.

Now, we understand the depth of another mother's loss,
As she looked up at her son from the foot of the cross.

One day we'll feel her joy when He rose from the grave.
Her Son, the Perfect Sacrifice, man from sin did save.

We have her same assurance,
That in Heaven our sons we'll meet,
For, "It was finished" on the Cross,
And our Salvation is complete!

This little family's story
Leaves a lesson clearly heard.
All children are a gift from God,
To raise in the nurture of His Word.

So, "from a child" they will hear
Scriptures which make them wise,
To Salvation found in Christ Jesus,
And an eternal home beyond the skies.

And no matter what life brings,
Whether great joy, or deepest woe,
The Savior will never leave them,
As in grace and knowledge they grow.

Sometimes they leave before we do.
Sometimes, we're the "first to go."
A family complete in Christ as Savior,
Is the greatest blessing to know.

How Families Are Drawn Together

Families are drawn together
By times both happy and sad.
Even when sad events draw us,
Grace can bring good from the bad.

It might be the last chance to explain,
At least while we're walking this earth,
The reason why Christ died for the world,
Was to offer mankind a new birth.

To warn that by rejecting Christ's offer,
Of salvation given completely by grace,
A precious family circle in Heaven
Could suffer an empty place.

It sometimes takes the courage to speak,
But, there's great comfort in knowing,
When loved ones take leave of earth,
To their heavenly home they'll be going.

It will not be "good bye," forever,
It is just, "So long for awhile,"
Then, we'll be "caught up" to join them.
And behold their "welcome home" smile.

The angels rejoice up in heaven
Over one soul who in the Savior believes.
That makes them a part of God's family.
And eternal life they receive.

As our steps turn homeward once more.
We thank God for the gospel, our trust.
And, ask God for the wisdom and strength.
To give it out clearly, as we must!

Amen.

Source Unknown.

All Creatures Great and Small

All creatures, large and small,
Great Elohim created them all,
Brought them to Adam for a name,
Then, in Eden, they were tame.

Because of Man's fall they suffer too,
Under the dominion of me and you.
When God beholds how we treat them,
Will a loss of reward come from Him?

We'll still be saved, though "as by fire,"
Even with "wood, hay, and stubble" on the pyre.
The "Bema Seat" takes place up in Heaven.
Our Eternal Life has already been given.

But animals were given as "riches of his grace."
They always obey God by working in their place.
Though they seem to have no life beyond the grave,
I believe God looks at how much kindness we gave.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast:"
The "tender mercies" of the wicked are a cruel feast.

"Our gracious LORD is good to all:
His tender mercies are over all His works."
He even notes the lowly sparrow's fall.
His All-seeing Eye never shirks.

The Lesson is, He will never forsake.
He is always there.
We walk the road of life
Under His watchful care.

The "shadow of death" cannot kill,
Nor the "shadow of a dog" bite,
For thou, Lord, art with me
Through valley or mountain's height.

But, Mankind, though he believes,
And eternal life possesses,
Often lacks growth in grace
And lives out sin's excesses.

He is not thankful for God's gifts
Of His Creation revealed.
In return, shows great cruelty
To the beasts of forest and field.

God's Word teaches us kindness
To creatures large and small,
Many are the Scriptures that say
Our gracious God loves them all.

There is no excuse given
For beloved pets or stray,
Do what you can to help
And don't just look away.

Many have been left behind
Like trash, just thrown away.
After a life of service rendered,
"Old Dog, just go away!"

I believe "Balaam's Donkey"
Has a message just for you.
"It is time to consider
What God would have you do."

Precious little kittens
And scruffy older cats,
When all's said and done,
Catch their weight in mice and rats.

Starving and freezing
Should not come as their end.
Anyone can play a part
And be an animal's best friend.

Balaam: Numbers 22; Proverbs 12:10; Proverbs 27:23; 1 Corinthians 3:10-15; Psalms 145:9; Luke 12:6; Psalm 23, and many more.

Be True to Yourself

"Jesus said "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." I gave it some rhyme with second person perspective:"

Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.
No one comes to the Father except through Christ.

Love love, love life.
Love love, love Christ.
Always do the right thing
'Cause it's the right thing to do,
If you show love to others,
They'll show love to you.

So when you love people,
Love them through and through,
Because it's God's absolute receive 22.
(Absolute receive 22 is love).
God is awesome and God made me,
That's how I was made to be.

If I'm awesome,
Then you're awesome too,
Let's all be awesome...
Awesome and true!
(Be true to who you are.)

Wynston Brynt Younce
1984 to 2023

Dear Brynt, Your last line reminds me of one by a famous poet of 400 years ago. 'This above all: to thine own self be true.' That is from Hamlet by William Shakespeare, written between about the years 1590 and 1613. The King James Bible was published about 1611 in the "language of the day" which had a somewhat Shakespearean sound to it. It remains the most widely published and best translation of the Bible in the English language. It is beautiful in its words."

"Thanks Grandma! I earned a sobriety recovery coin that said "To thine own self be true" and I loved that phrase be-

cause it's powerful and it sounds like absolute grammar to me. Now I know where it came from."

"I love you, Grandson. Keep on writing, the world needs wise words right now. Everyone needs the Savior. And there is nothing better that you can tell them than John 14:6, 'Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' Unless it's John 3:16...

Knowing that Heaven is our final home will help us get through the hard times. The worse it gets, the closer the Rapture could be. 'Even so, Come, Lord Jesus...' By the way, I loved the poem..." Love, Grandma

Brynt and I had this conversation about a month before God suddenly called him home to Heaven. How precious words can be...

Chapter Five: Love of Country

The Names on the Viet Nam Wall

In Washington D.C. there stands a wall,
V-shaped granite, black, and cold.
On its side are engraved the names
Of Viet Nam casualties, young and old.

Day or night, they silently come
To walk that black wall, one by one,
Searching along that long, dark length
For mother, father, daughter, or son.

A daily procession walks that wall,
Carefully scans each precious name.
To find the one who belongs to them,
For that loved one they can claim.

And, when that name is found,
It's often just too hard to bear.
Many tears have been shed
By those standing there.

There's not a lot of comfort
To find a name upon that wall.
Though it is meant to honor,
It's one family's grief, after all.

Precious gifts are left behind,
Out of respect, they will stay
Until winter's wind and snow,
When they are safely put away.

And, if those names could talk,
I wonder what they'd say
About that very unpopular war,
They fought that long ago day?

Then, like whispers on the wind,
I heard as each one spoke,
About the horrors of a war that
Many a good man's spirit broke.

"Even when a war's unpopular,"
Was called out by one name.
"When our country's duty calls,
We must fight it just the same."

Said another, "I just got out alive.
Came home to ridicule and shame.
Pity was heaped on the enemy,
And upon us was placed the blame!"

No, I didn't die on Viet Nam's sand.
I came home in pain, without a voice.
None cared I'd never be what I was.
So, I took suicide as my choice.

"We sat ignored on city streets." said one.
Our plight was politically incorrect!
Until the tide of patriotism turned,
We bore mental abuse and neglect."

Another said, "We paid the price,
That's paid for any nation's liberty.
We patriots fight, even in far-off lands,
To keep our nation's shores free."

One name pled for our nation
"To honor those who gave their all
And never, again, allow ingratitude,
For those who fight against tyranny's call."

"Sir, I really did not want to go,"
The last name spoke from that wall,
"But, when Uncle Sam calls your name,
You must answer your country's call.

When you see someone in uniform,
Walk up and shake their hand for me,
Tell them, 'It's from a name on the wall,
Your brother-in-arms for liberty.

Tell them the best place to find your name,
Is in the Lamb's Book of Life up in Heaven.
Believe that Christ was made sin for us,
And His righteousness to you will be given.

Christ paid it all on that old, rugged cross,
And offers you the gift of salvation free.
Believe it, and take it from me, my friend,
Up in Heaven, you'll be sure to meet me!"

I turned away as silence returned,
And, brushed a tear from my cheek,
That moment I decided in my heart
For those names on the wall to speak.

(Addendum)

And now, Satan's evil ways have come again,
To completely pollute our once beautiful land.
Those in power defy our Laws, calling Evil good.
We believers are called for God's Word to stand.

Every sin is pronounced to be righteousness.
Each day reveals our leaders walking the Devil's Path,
Taking our Nation into the kind of sin
That does not bring God's blessings, but His wrath.

Could it be that for Believers it's getting better?
And God's Church will soon hear His Rapture call?
And our Leaders get a dose of their own medicine
During seven years under the most Evil Leader of all.

Politics

Good news! Bad news!
Talk, comment, someone's views,
Coming at you every minute,
Not a second for the Gospel in it.

Jungle tom-toms that keep on beating.
Their propaganda they keep bleating;
Hoping all will follow their lead,
And believe the liberal cause they plead.

We swallow it all without a blink,
American people, stop and think!
What will really matter to you
When Judgment Day comes into view?

Think about it, read about it.
What God says, heed about it.
If they don't come up with facts,
In good faith, give them the axe!

Once, twice, when Heretics reject,
God's Holy Word we must protect.
Without it, we're on sinking sand,
It is the foundation of our land.

Every soul has the right to a life,
To grow in grace, not sin and strife.
In Christ-like families, safe and sound,
Not thrown aside like trash on the ground.

Our Republic's border must be protected.
Its length and breadth must be projected.
Our Government must not welcome everyone
Without knowing what deeds they've done.

A "slap on the hand" and back out they go
Without a consequence for their crime to show.
Those that cause division we are to mark.
Don't allow them to commit their crimes in the dark.

If their doctrine does not agree with the Bible
Speak right up! For God holds you liable.
Don't believe morals are out of season,
We cannot vote for human reason.

Our Nation's on a slippery slope,
God's blessings are our only hope.
The "perilous times" of the last days are here.
When men will love themselves, without fear..

Elections have consequences is what men say.
God says, "from such people turn away."

Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. (17) For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple". (Romans 16:17, 18)

Fishers of Men

While we should be good citizens and exercise our right to vote, there are bigger fish to fry. The souls of men are vastly more important than national politics, or any other interpersonal relationships, often referred to as "politics."

In this Younce Household, our bait is set deep...for the souls of men. One thing my husband stands firmly on. The Gospel must be clear! Or, in other words, Heaven will not be your home.

In the words of a Great Fisherman, preserved for us in God's Word,

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear: (1 Peter 3:15)

"Heart" is the innermost part of your conscience, not your pumping heart. There is no such thing as "head knowledge and heart belief." You will not "Miss Heaven by 18 inches," but, you WILL miss it, completely, if you do not believe that Jesus Christ died to pay for your sin on the Cross, and trust Him as your Savior!

"Sanctify" simply means that what the Lord wants you to do or say, at any given moment, should be at the forefront of your mind at all times. He said to be "ready always!"

"Hope" is not, "Oh, I hope I am saved!" but, an anticipation of the glories of Heaven because we have trusted Jesus Christ as our Savior. It is the "Blessed Hope" of all believers...

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;" (Titus 2:13)

Since the message of 1 Peter is how to live during times of extreme persecution, you could only be happy during such a time, if you knew you were going to Heaven.

Can you picture this taking place in one of the cells below the great coliseum in Rome? In those cells were both believers and non-believers. The non-believers were mostly

Jewish people who would never swear allegiance to a mere man, such as a Caesar.

The poor people in the cells below the great coliseum floor could, undoubtedly, hear the screams of the pitiful people above as their flesh was being torn off, their bones were being snapped, and the snarling and roaring of the lions, as they were being eaten alive.

Even though no one wanted to be eaten alive, many believers viewed it as their testimony for the Lord. It drew attention to the fact that they believed in a Savior worth giving your life for. He was a Savior who truly had been God, in human flesh, suffered a terrible death on the Cross for the sin of the world, but was no longer in the grave as He had ascended back to Heaven.

These believers knew they were going to Heaven and considered it a privilege to suffer for Christ. Those, who were not believers in Christ, as they viewed their impending death, probably asked, "How can you be at peace during a time like this? What is your "secret?"

And, as the Great Apostle says in this Verse, we should be ready always "to give an answer."

We Christians, today, do not face the terrible persecutions that First Century Christians faced. We have no excuse. However, we do not know what the future holds.

I know the fish are biting...

Good Fishing...

Chapter Six: Christmas

The Perfect Gift

Century after century had passed
Since time on earth began.
It was now the time appointed
For God's Redemption Plan.

On a search and rescue mission
God sent His only Son,
To save the "children of wrath"
Held hostage by the Evil One.

Even though God is man's Creator,
And He is the Lord of all,
All sweet babies are born in sin
Because of Adam's fall;

But, Jesus was "the Promised Seed"
And "born during the Law,"
He kept each "jot and tittle" perfectly,
He lived without a flaw.

As a young boy of Twelve,
He always did the Father's will,
When He became a man;
He began His Mission to fulfill.

To redeem mankind from under Law,
He must pay redemption's price,
As the "Lamb of God who taketh away sin,"
He'd grown up the Perfect Sacrifice.

When Christ shouted "It is finished!"
Satan thought he'd defeated God's plan;
But, three days later He arose;
In forty He ascended to God's right hand.

He gives "redemption through His blood"
From..."the riches of His Grace."
Inviting "Whosoever will to come,"
And in God's Family receive a place.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."
It's "not of works," it's free!
Believe Christ paid your price for sin,
And one day Heaven's glory you'll see.

Not only do we receive Everlasting life;
But the Holy Spirit living inside.
He's the "gift and the wrappings, too,"
Until in Heaven we abide.

I can't think of a better gift
Than to know you have life everlasting;
And you can lie down at night with
"Peace that passeth all understanding."

If in the morn should you hear a trump,
And answer the upward call,
You'll meet your loved ones up in Heaven.
It will be worth it all!

You don't have to wait 'til Christmas,
Or look beneath your tree.
Trust Christ as your Savior today.
Tomorrow may bring eternity!

In the Shadow of the Cross

He seemed just a helpless Babe,
Nestled there upon the hay;
But even in the shadow of the Cross,
In God's Protective Hand he lay.

He seemed an ordinary Jewish child.
Just another mouth to feed;
Until the angels told the world
He was mankind's greatest need.

Born the Sinless Lamb of God,
The only Perfect Sacrifice,
Which would not just cover sin
But pay its total price.

The yearly sacrifices and offerings
God had no pleasure in.
"...the blood of bulls and goats
(Could never) take away (our) sin."

This Babe, our Lord, will offer His Body
As sin's payment "once for all."
And from the Cross, in due time,
"It is finished" will come the call.

The Cross will only be a shadow;
Until His years increase.
He'll be a toddler in the carpenter shop,
And have boyhood years of peace.

At twelve, He'll be the "Prodigy"
Who confounds the "Learned" with God's Word;
Who did not know they were in the presence
Of "Jesus Christ, the Lord."

About the intervening years
It's not wise to speculate.
God has His perfect timing,
He may delay but He's never late.

At about Age Thirty,
He began to teach and heal all who came.
When the crowds followed Him,
The Sanhedrin envied His fame.

They thought He was the carpenter's son,
And just a mortal man.
Instead of searching the Scriptures,
With closed eyes, their evil plots they began.

Sadly, they did not recognize their King,
Though He was standing in their midst.
Their chance to throw off the Roman yoke,
Vanished like the morning mist.

Our Savior set His face toward Jerusalem.
What was shadow became reality.
His death upon that bloody Cross
Marked our sin debt "Paid" for eternity.

They wrapped His body in a linen cloth,
And laid it in a friend's new tomb.
They rolled a stone across the door,
And left our Savior in that cold, dark room.

Suddenly, three days and nights later,
An angel rolled that stone from the door.
Pilate's pitiful seal was snapped!
A bright ray of light shone across the floor.

The place where Christ's dead body should lie
Was filled with only empty grave clothes.
Said angels, "Why seek...the living among the dead?
He promised and He arose!

By the door lay a scrap of manger,
Just an old piece of wood they could use.
One side said, "Sealed on order of Pilate;
The other, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews."

As we celebrate this Christmas,
Let's remember what our Salvation cost.
It could not have been accomplished
Without the Shadow of the Cross.

I Remember Christmas...

I remember Christmas
The way it used to be.
With family and friends,
And gifts beneath the tree.

Not the latest product
From Target or Wal-Mart;
But precious, handmade treasures
Given from the heart.

We gathered at the table
And bowed our heads to pray,
To thank our precious Savior
Who's the Reason for the day.

Mom and Grandma bring the food,
Turkey, Potatoes, Pumpkin pie,
Dressing, "famous" Hot Dish.
What a sight for the hungry eye!

After we have stuffed ourselves,
Did we head out to the Mall?
No, we all stayed and visited.
Catching up with news from all.

The children rip off wrappings,
Play with toys, shout with glee;
Until Father gets his Bible down
And places it upon his knee.

Suddenly the room grows quiet,
Even children stop their play,
As we contemplate the Reason
That we have a Christmas Day.

He reads to all the Gospel Story,
Beginning with the Birth.
"The provision of a Perfect Body,
Is why the Savior came to earth.

Christmas leads to Calvary,
Calvary leads to the Grave,
He must be the perfect Sacrifice
That's how mankind He'll save."

The Grave led to His Resurrection,
And His Mission was complete.
He ascended back to Heaven,
At the Father's side He took His seat

Now, the Savior offers the best gift
For Christmas; or any time of year.
If you believe Christ died for you,
Eternal life is yours, free and clear."

Father asks all to bow their heads,
"Will you believe Christ died for you?
You don't have to pray or raise your hand,
Just believe is all you do."

When the kitchen is set to rights,
And the toys are put away.
We all got dressed up for church,
And soon headed out that way,

To sing the old, familiar carols,
Watch the children's Christmas play.
Hear the Gospel presented clearly,
The perfect end to a perfect day.

A bag of candy for each child,
Lunch in the "fellowship hall."
Good food and conversation.
A blessed time was had by all;

Then, Father loaded us up for home.
Mom sent tired children up to bed.
They shared coffee by the barrel stove,
And prayed for each "sleepy head."

Yes, I remember Christmas
The way it used to be.
With family and friends,
And gifts beneath the tree.

Seeing Father get his Bible down
And placing it upon his knee.
That is one family's memory,
Of how Christmas used to be.

If An Evergreen Tree Could Pray

If the evergreen tree could say a prayer
Standing in the forest there.
We know it really cannot pray,
But if it could, what would it say?

"In the winter wood I can be seen.
Thank you, God, I am always green.
I love my branches hanging low
To shelter creatures from the snow.

You let my cones fall to the ground,
Making food for all around
A plenteous bounty, enough for all,
And a seed of "my kind" after its fall.

It dies and is buried in the forest floor,
But lives again when spring comes once more.
I am thankful for rain which makes me grow.
I am thankful for sun which makes me glow.

You send the frost, snow and wind,
To open cones, seeds and berries send,
So all the seedlings don't grow in one spot.
But go far and wide to their own plot.

My boughs can be used for a camper's bed,
A fragrant place to lay one's head,
Turpentine comes from evergreen trees,
Paper, homes, poles for utilities.

A very tall mast for a sailing ship,
Or a lodge pole pine from stem to tip.
My most popular use would seem to be
When they dress me up as a Christmas Tree.

Thank you, God, that you can use me
To celebrate the Greatest Gift in History.
The gift of everlasting life, as I am always green,
Just believe that verse, John Three Sixteen.

It is only possible because you gave your Son
To die for our sins, each and every one.
And like my seedlings, He came up from the grave,
Offering eternal life to all who believe.

When they place a star on my very top bough,
Thank you for wise men who still seek him now.
The beautiful gifts under my branches they leave
Show Salvation's a gift, if God's Word we believe.

Of all the service I can give unto you,
These are the best, I would say it is true.
To represent the Savior, there's no higher call,
If I could pray, that is my prayer, my all."

The Ninety and Nine

It was bitter cold this Christmas Eve
On the high Montana Range.
And the swirling snows of an early storm,
Well, that was nothing strange.

There inside the old line shack
Two men waited, safe and warm.
The red hot coals in the old barrel stove
Kept at bay the howling storm.

Wind rattled through wooden shutters.
Snow sifted through every crack.
Cookie cooked and the Boss Man read.
Waiting for the crew to come back.

The Boss Man had come this year himself,
To run the early winter cattle drive.
Making sure every man he sent out.
Made it back to camp alive.

"Whatcha readin?" Old Cookie asked.
"The Parable of the Ninety and Nine.
It spells out just one central truth
And it's the story of this life of mine.

The Ninety and Nine wouldn't change their minds.
They thought they were safe in "religion's fold."
Christ was the Shepherd who went out to seek.
For those who believed the Gospel when told."

Then...above the howling wind
Each thought they could faintly hear,
The bull whip's crack and the shouts of men
As the half-frozen herd drew near.

These cowhands of the high Montana
Are woodsmen of unequaled skill.
If a stalking cougar doesn't get a cow;
The mighty Grizzly will.

Squalling and bawling, one by one,
The rescued herd stumbled in alive.
It seemed the gate could now be closed
On this year's cattle drive.

The Boss greeted each man at the door
With a hearty "Job well done!"
But...one was missing from the crew.
It was the Boss's only son.

This was his son's first cattle drive,
He was the Heir, his pride and joy.
He turned from the door and dared to ask,
"Has anyone seen my boy?"

"We saw him head out after a stray,"
He hollered he would bring it back here."
To a man, they jumped to their feet
And began pulling on their gear.

Holding up his hand for calm,
Here's what the Boss Man said.
"Let's go to the foot of God's Throne,
And start out with prayer instead.

Dear Lord, Please bring my boy back home.
He's my only beloved son
Who, like yours, left the Ninety and Nine
To go out and search for just one.

If it is, in your all-knowing will
That he not be returned to me,
I know that he is your son, too
And will live with you eternally.

Thankfully, he as a child believed
Your Son died on the Cross in his place.
I know someday I will see him again.
When we meet in Heaven face to face.

But, Dear Lord, in your grace,
Please bring my Son and my men
Safely back again to this place
I ask it in your will. Amen!

The men heard, as they turned to go
The son's voice outside the door,
"Easy now, Boy, We're almost there.
Let's go just a few steps more."

They opened the door to a sight for sore eyes.
Across his saddle laid a calf newborn.
"I'm sorry, Dad, I couldn't find the cow."
He said in a voice forlorn.

"Son, you did your very best
And that's a job well done.
You've rescued a mighty lucky stray,
And God's returned to me my son."

I ask you, as we close the door
On this Christmas of long ago
Are you a lost and lonely soul
Who does not the Savior know?

Christ came to rescue a world full of strays.
On the Cross, sin for us He was made.
Only believe that He died for you.
And His righteousness to your account is laid.

They carried the frail little wanderer
To a box behind Cookie's stove.
He nestled there with a bottle of milk
And a hundred percent of cook's love.

God had answered a Father's prayer
For a son to be returned
And a lesson on the Ninety and Nine,
Became a lesson that was well learned.

The Real Nativity

Mary prayed, "When will this pain be past?
Dear God, How long can a mere woman last?"
Then, suddenly, came a blessed relief!
And a child of beauty beyond belief

Lay on her breast as she counted fingers and toes,
Two little eyes and a very Jewish nose.
She raised her eyes to Joseph's watchful gaze
As he hovered about in a new Father's daze.

She thankfully sipped the cold, clear water
Brought to them by the inn keeper's daughter.
He moistened a cloth and gently wiped her face.
"Having a child is hard, even in the best place."

I'm so proud of you, and God has blest with His Son.
I will give my all to guard the life of this Holy One."
A tender moment from a man late in life.
"How blessed I am," she thought, "To be his wife."

From His Humanity, a baby cry arose,
Mary set to her work and nestled Him close.
Joseph nodded against the stone of the door,
The only sound was suckling and cooing galore.

Mary sleepily gazed at the starry night sky,
"It's not so bad with little lambs to lie."
The shepherds had tried so hard not to see,
But there was no such thing as complete privacy!

She remembered the words of the shepherds who came
"To think that the Angels were praising His Name!"

*"But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."
(Luke 2:19)*

It was not the time to view
A future unthinkable cruel.
Growing up the Perfect Lamb,
Slain under Roman rule.

Years would pass before these events would arrive.
In the meantime, the child would grow and thrive.

In process of time, His ministry would start,
And, Mary, who bore Him, would have a broken heart
To see the child of the sheepfold who never deceived.
Die as the Lamb sacrificed for all who believed.

"(Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." -Luke 2:35

He died on the cross, His blood freely given,
So that all of our sins could be completely forgiven.

She kept silent vigil when His life at last he gave.
She helped as with spices they prepared Him for the grave.

She expected to see Him when the Resurrection was past.
She believed on Him as Savior for eternal life that would last.

"And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior." (Luke 1:47)

"Oh, no...Now's not the time to weep."
And she soon dozed off in well-earned sleep.
While Joseph his silent vigil did keep,
For his Lamb of God, at the door of the sheep...

That's what really happened that night long ago.
Will you believe in Christ, now that you know?

(I believe the preceding is the first Christmas card I wrote.)

They Followed God's Word, Not the Star

Over 300 prophecies Christ fulfilled,
The Nation of Israel should have known
The time of His coming was drawing near,
But, He was never received by His own.

It was left to Magi from parts unknown,
When they saw "The Star of Jacob appear,"
To know it was time for Daniel's Messiah,
The birth of Israel's king was near.

Appearing at Jerusalem's gates one day,
Like a mirage in the noon day haze.
Soon the reality of their arrival,
Set the streets of the city ablaze!

Winding their way through the city's streets,
Majestic and regal, to see a King they came.
They expected all Jerusalem to be rejoicing,
But, in Israel, who cared? What a shame!

The news of a rightful heir to the throne,
Was not a joy to Herod, but a threat!
He called them to appear in his private court,
To see what intelligence he could get.

He slyly asked when they first saw the star.
They revealed it was a two-year trip.
Now, Herod knew the age of the child.
His exact location still out of his grip.

Herod gathered the chief priests and scribes,"
"Demanding...where Christ should be born."
"In Bethlehem, Judea, for it's thus prophesied,"
"So close, I could be there by morn."

Herod realized that if he moved too soon,
Seized the wrong child, he'd still lose his throne.
In a tone, smooth as butter, he requested of them,
"Tell me when He's found. I'll worship on my own."

Learned in Science; but, prone to deception,
They could have given the Christ Child away.
The Magi believed all the old king had said.
But, God sent them home a different way.

When the Magi saw the star over the house,
In Bethlehem...Judea," as the Scribes said.
They rejoiced exceedingly at the sight of the star,
It was proof to them God's Prophecy had led.

"And when they were come into the house,
They saw the young child with Mary his mother,
And fell down, and worshipped Him (only):"
They worshipped the Christ, not His mother.

They did not return and, Herod saw he was mocked.
His "Mafia" killed all children up to age two.
But, God sent Joseph and his family to Egypt.
"Out of Egypt I have called my son," comes true.

Through Bethlehem's coasts and even up to Ramah,
Was heard the voice of lamentation and grief.
Rachel "heard" weeping for Israel's slain children.
Proving Jeremiah's prophecy worthy of belief.

In God's Word, the Bible, "the good guys" always win!
Herod lived a life of sin and died a horrible death;
He tried to kill his family to have mourners himself.
It didn't happen, he was bad to his last breath!

Ten fulfilled prophecies should remove all your doubt,
The Babe in the Manger was the Christ of Calvary.
Who, for the joy set before Him, paid for our sin,
Believe he died for you, eternal life is free!

We don't have to join a camel caravan;
Travel for miles across desert sands,
Or, look for our future in a sky full of stars.
We have the Bible right here in our hands.

Be wise as the Magi. Trust Christ as Savior today.
He'll take your sin and mark it, "Paid on account."
In exchange, He'll give you His righteousness,
And more blessings than you can count!

A historical fact that leaves no doubt,
All time is dated from Jesus Christ's birth.
When you date a check Twenty-Twenty-Two A.D.
That's Anno Domini, the year our Lord came to earth.

A Royal Birth Announcement

*"For unto you is born this day in the city of David
a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11).*

One long ago, starry, night,
Crystal clear and still,
Shepherds tended sheep
Down on an earthly hill.

While up in Heaven's glory,
Emmanuel laid aside His Crown,
And "To taste death for every man,"
To Planet Earth came down.

The Principalities and Powers on Earth
Called Satan's armies to assemble.
Four hundred years of silence end,
And believing demons start to tremble.

"The Word has now become flesh,"
To all mankind that is Good News!
But, fallen angels know their end,
The Battle of the Ages now renews.

The night sky splits! Angels shout!
God's glory shines on all around.
"A Savior is born in Bethlehem;
To His Own He has come down."

This is the royal birth announcement
That came to men of lowest birth,
"The King of the Universe
Is now in residence on Earth."

Soon the angels go away;
The night was clear and still again.
"Did we really see that?"
Was what the men thought, then.

Soon they accepted, as a miracle,
This once-in-a-lifetime event.
A sign had been given to them,
And it had been Heaven-sent.

Now, men upon a mission,
To "the city of David" they did go,
To find the "babe in a manger,"
The Savior they must know.

Of the shepherds, we know little.
The Bible gives us not one name.
But, they left us an example,
A good lesson, just the same.

They believed the Word of God
That the Angels brought,
In spite of what the Scribes,
And the proud Pharisees taught.

When they had found Him,
They spread abroad the Word,
Risking death by stoning,
If the Sanhedrin heard.

Israel looked for a Deliverer
To drive the Romans all away,
Not the "Obedient Son of God"
Who came our debt of sin to pay.

All this was in the Scriptures,
And was evidenced by His Names.
But, Israel did not receive Him,
And has suffered long in shame.

Forty days post-Calvary,
Heaven received Christ from our sight,
He'll return as our Priest and King
To set everything aright.

Let us be like the shepherds.
Hear the Word and believe.
Then, go out and tell everyone,
How they can eternal life receive.

Meaning of the Names of Christ Given in Luke 2:10.

Christ" is from the Greek word Kristos, and means "the Anointed," or "the Messiah." Lord is from Greek word Kurios - "One who is supreme in authority, that is "God" or "Jehovah." Savior is from the Greek word "soter" meaning "Savior, and Deliverer." The study of the Doctrine of Salvation is called Soteriology.

We can be "delivered" physically, or spiritually.

When we believe Christ died to pay for our sins, He gives us everlasting life, and DELIVERS us from Hell. (This is spiritual). Israel was looking for a Deliverer to drive out the Romans, temporary. (This is physical).

Which one are you?

Chapter Seven: The Resurrection

A Christian Answers the Skeptics

If Christ did not arise as He always said.
If no one ever came back from the dead!
If His followers stole the body away.
His bones, somewhere in the dust, still lay.

Let's assume the body of Christ could be found,
Somewhere in Jerusalem, even DNA in the ground.
It would have been the greatest news ever heard!
But after 2,000 years, there's been not a word.

The atheists and agnostics would shout with glee,
If Archaeology with their false claims would agree.
They won't find the body, if they search until time's end.
Christ's bringing it with Him when He comes back again!

How foolish! The soldiers made sure of the prisoners' death,
By breaking their legs so they could not get breath.
When they came to the Savior, He was already gone.
They fulfilled the Scripture and did not break a bone.

But, just to make sure, they thrust in a spear.
Blood and water flowed out; death diagnosis was clear.
He was placed in a tomb behind a 10-ton stone.
A guard was set; He seemed to be there alone.

A Roman guard who failed in duty set,
A sentence of death was sure to get,
Levied by Caesar with no appeal.
There's no chance anyone that body would steal.

Many of the disciples ran away,
Believing Christ was in that tomb to stay.
The women bought spices to anoint a *deceased*.
Their faith in Resurrection had surely ceased!

Suddenly, an earthquake rolled the stone from the door,
And a bright ray of light shone across the floor,
The place where Christ's body should lie in repose,
Was only filled with a pile of linen grave clothes.

Mighty angels were the welcome committee;
Sending all who came back to the city;
With a message to the disciples from the Risen Lord,
"He is risen, as He said! Spread the Word!"

"The Bible's no good for proof." So you say.
But it's History in advance; fulfilled every day,
Giving written testimony to what people saw,
Admissible evidence in any court of law.

"Who saw the empty tomb?" the Judge would ask.
The Chief Priests and Elders would be taken to task.
"I saw," said Mary, Peter, James and John.
As will 500 in the Apostle Paul's throng.

Josephus' History tells Christ appeared on the earth,
In a body; not a vision, which would have little worth.
He ate fish and honeycomb; he had flesh and bone.
His blood He gave at Calvary for sin to atone.

A sacrifice made useless if He had not died;
Faithful to the end, "It is finished!" He cried!
He paid the price for all mankind's sin.
Triumphed over death and returned to Heaven again.

Don't be a fool! The facts of the Resurrection believe.
A merely crucified Savior we cannot receive.
But when He stands on Resurrection Ground,
If in that we believe, eternal life we've found!

News Alert: Jerusalem, 18th Nisan, 33 A.D.

High Priests bribe the soldiers to say that the body of
Christ was stolen from the sepulcher.

*"Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came
into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that
were done. (11)*

*And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken
counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, (12)*

*Saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him
away while we slept. (13)*

*And if this comes to the governor's ears, we will persuade
him, and secure you. (14)*

So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."
(Matthew 28:11-15)

The Tomb was empty and the cover-up had begun! It continues to this day. Just consider this quote from the heretic Catholic priest, John Dominic Crossan of the Jesus Seminar in Time Magazine (Jan. 10, 1994).

"Jesus, a peasant nobody, was *never* buried, *never* taken by his friends to a rich man's sepulcher. Rather, says Crossan, the tales of entombment and resurrection were latter-day wishful thinking. Instead, Jesus' corpse went the way of all abandoned criminals' bodies: it was probably barely covered with dirt, vulnerable to the wild dogs that roamed the wasteland of the execution grounds."

Imagine calling the King of the Universe a "peasant nobody" or "abandoned criminal." Of course, Scripture contradicts the heretic Crossan in 1 Corinthians 15:19, 20.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. (19) But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." (1 Corinthians 15:19-20)

Once, or Twice, In Every Lifetime

Once, or twice, in every lifetime
There will come a Gethsemane.
Something that can't be faced alone;
And we begin to ask, Why me?

God's work you've spent your life on,
Seems cast aside like trash.
What you thought would be eternal,
Blows about like a cold fire's ash.

Those you thought you could count on,
Are not as loyal as they professed to be.
Where God guides, strength He provides,
We learn from our Lord's Gethsemane.

He knew that God could save him;
But victory over Satan must be won.
He was the only perfect Substitute.
The Son obeyed; the Father's will is done

Even though He knew the Father's will,
Our Lord went into the Garden to pray.
That's Lesson One when trouble comes.
Pray, "Lord, what should I do today?"

We tend to fight with the "arm of flesh."
Human reasoning is a second-best sword.
"Father, all things are possible ... to thee;"
Forget not, the battle is the Lord's.

"Watch and pray, lest into temptation ye (fall).
The spirit... is ready, but the flesh is weak."
He spoke these words for us today;
When these words to Peter he did speak...

So, trust in the Lord, Dear Christian.
Fight God's battles in God's way,
If we "do all things" through His strength,
Victory is ours at the end of the day

Don't be like Elijah under the Juniper tree,
And think that you're all alone,
God had reserved seven thousand men,
Forget your "Woe is me's," and go on.

Don't be like Samuel grieving for Saul.
When others are willing to take up the work.
Rejoice in those "found faithful."
Who put the Lord's work first and won't shirk.

"He that spared not His own Son;
But, delivered him up for us all,"
Gives us the gift of eternal Salvation,
And a Friend who is always on call

The Garden, the Cross, and the Tomb are empty.
Dear Christian, in God's strength, just keep on;
Scan the sky for the "glorious appearing;"
When all our Gethsemanes will be gone!

Scripture Allusions: Mark 14:32-42

Chapter Eight: Serving the Lord

A Christian Soldier's Rules of Engagement

For our Savior always stand up.
To ev'ry one be sure to speak up.
Certainly you should never back up,
Until the day that we are caught up.

Jesus saves! Our occupation,
By ev'ry means to ev'ry nation,
TV, Web, or Radio Station,
Friend, or foe, or close relation.

Read God's Word to be inspired.,
And ev'ry day be Gospel-wired.
Pray for strength to not be tired,
And not get in this old world mired.

Ev'ry night kneel by your bed,
Pray the next day you'll be led
To some lost soul who needs fed
With the Savior's Living Bread.

The Word says ev'ryone's behooved,
To study to show himself approved.
Rightly dividing, and not disproved.
Our doctrinal foundation, never moved.

There's no time to rest on laurels,
Or get side-tracked by petty quarrels.
The World will never send you florals,
When you speak God's Word on morals.

Step out each day with shield and sword.
Giving in to Satan we can't afford,
Our testimony will then be abhorred,
And our Lord comes quickly with His reward.

As we rise to meet Christ in the air,
May crowds of those we've won be there,
And a Soul-Winner's Crown be ours to share,
At Christ's feet in Heaven's Throne Room fair.

The following poem can be considered an illustration of the hours in a Pastor's day. The Poet comments that he has "miles to go before he sleeps." He just doesn't have time to think of himself and enjoy the stillness of a wood in the first snowfall. He must think of others.

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

"Well, Call Me Pastor!"

"Well, call me Pastor," you said,
"Is an easy thing to say?
Until they realize the job...
Is a twenty-four hour day.

Then they, in one accord...
Begin to make excuse.
"Lord, I'm just too busy.
You'll have to cut me loose!

I have married a wife,
Pray, have me excused.
I must test drive my oxen
To see if they are used.

I go to Florida each year
to look out for my daughter,
And, this year, view the land I bought
To see if it's under water.

On and on they go
Until it's very clear to see
What unprofitable servants
To the Savior they would be."

Well, it is very obvious
That you have heard the call,
When you lay all on the line,
As did the Apostle Paul.

You can be as tender
As Our Lord's Beloved John
As you seek to win the lost,
Each and every one.

As shrewd as a Matthew.
A Peter, fearless to be heard,
As eager as young Timothy
To rightly divide God's Word.

You've enlisted for the duration
As a Warrior for our God,
In your "helmet of salvation,"
With your feet Gospel-shod.

You'll keep pressing on the battle
Until the upward call,
As "Going out with your boots on,"
Will be worth it after all.

A lot of folks would like to have
A Pastor just like you,
So, calling you "my Pastor"
Is a blessed thing to do.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: (16) Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: (17) and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

(1 Thessalonians 4:16)

The Harvest

Are you working in God's fields;
Or, in leisure do you abide?
The fields are ripe to harvest
On each and every side.

This is not the time to shirk,
There are souls yet to be won.
The day is almost over,
It's the setting of the sun.

When the Lord counts your sheaves,
Will they be many; or, be few?
Each sheaf is a precious soul,
In Heaven because of you.

"Lord, I cannot reap today,
My finances are in view.
I have to make a living first;
Then I'll work for you.

It's just too hot, it makes me ill.
I'll come tonight when it's cool."
Says the Lord, "The night falls,
When none can work, you Fool!"

Will you try to make excuse;
Suffering shame before His gaze?
Or, will you have a garner full,
And be rejoicing in His praise?

Wouldn't it be wonderful
To hear the Savior say,
"Well done, thou faithful servant!
On that grand and glorious day?

The message is to just believe
Christ paid your price for sin,
It's not by works of righteousness;
It's faith that gets you in,

To a life that is eternal,
No assurance should you lack.
Sealed by the Holy Spirit,
And never taken back!

When we gather up in Heaven,
And the Harvest is all in,
Will your family be the ones,
You did not have time to win?

Or, will you receive a wage that's full,
And gain the soul winner's crown?
Not a crown to wear in pride;
But, at the Savior's feet cast down.

"Behold, this I say unto you,
The fields are already white.
There's not much time to reap,
For, I may come back tonight.

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." (John 4:35, 36)

The Power of One with God

"Dear Lord, my reaping has brought in so few.
 I fear I have failed in my work for you.
 I teach and preach and lead them in prayer,
 Not caring if one, or a hundred are there

But hearts are hard and they turn a deaf ear.
 The truth of your Word, few seem to hear."
 "My Child, I cherish each single soul,
 Who serves in my Army, in whatever role.

My band of disciples off' made me frown;
 Later, they turned the world upside down!
 Andrew brought Peter, that was just one;
 But, at his first sermon 3,000 were won.

My servant, Paul, a single firebrand,
 Ignited churches in many a land.
 He multiplied himself, writing down my Word;
 Where he could not go, it could still be heard.

He trained their pastors, especially Timothy.
 Evangelized the Roman world for eternity.
 That dedicated pastor who brought you my Word;
 If he had stayed home, you might not have heard.

The "faithful few" teachers at whose feet you learned,
 To make clear the Gospel; your credentials earned.
 They taught Bible doctrines with extreme clarity;
 Which, in these days, is a precious rarity.

Keep right on running, even though you're just one,
 Don't "throw in the towel;" for the race is not done.
 You will never know until the Harvest is in,
 How many souls you've been able to win

Despise not the day of things that are small,
 Take courage, Dear Child, and give it your all!"

Lessons in God's School of Grace

Three times Paul asked the Lord,
To take away his thorn;
A handicap within his flesh,
Most grievous to be borne.

Three times the answer came back, "No";
He did not whine nor complain.
He trusted in God's sufficient grace,
Christ's power would be made plain.

No matter what Paul said or did,
To spread the Gospel in each place,
The message had far greater power,
Through sufficiency of God's grace.

Here is the lesson contained within
This portion of God's Word.
There's no excuse for not witnessing,
'Til all you've met have heard.

Many have thorns in their flesh;
That illness, or accident wreak.
Even though their spirit is willing;
Their flesh is often times weak.

Still, they speak out for the Lord,
Through each hard and painful hour.
It's not easy, and plain to see,
It's God's grace that gives the power.

Can you see, think, and speak?
Is your body well and complete?
Do you thank your Savior every day,
You can walk on your two feet?

Or, do you seek to make excuse,
Why you can't work for Him today?
"I'm too busy, too tired, and too shy."
"I don't know enough," you say.

Then "grow in grace and knowledge,"
Of the One who died for the unjust;
Speaking forth the message,
With which we're put in trust.

"Study to shew thyself approved,"
A workman who labors not in vain,
Rightly dividing the Word of Truth,
Making the Gospel plain.
The message we give out by grace,
Is the one all must believe.
Christ has paid your price for sin.
Will you His payment receive?

"For God so loved" this sinful world,
On the Cross His Son he gave.
If, in this, you do believe,
Your soul from Hell He'll save.

"For by grace are ye saved."
Works don't count at all!
"It is finished!" Christ shouted from the Cross,
That is where He paid it all.

Even though we live in the flesh,
And our works burn at the Bema Seat,
We, ourselves, will still be saved.
Our Salvation is complete.

A soul once saved has life eternal,
Our Savior holds you in His hand.
No man can ever pluck you out,
"No man" means you, My Friend!

So, we who study in God's school of grace,
Will not be graded on a curve.
The grade received, with, or without a thorn,
Will be the grade that we deserve.

We thank our Lord for His Amazing Grace,
A gift we do not deserve at all;
By which we're saved for eternity,
And marked "present" at Heaven's Roll Call.

The Preacher

The very first verse in the Book of Ecclesiastes says, "The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem." King Solomon cast himself as a "Preacher" of long ago. Here are some words about a preacher in our time.

He may walk a little slower;
But, his voice is plainly heard,
When he brings the Sunday Sermon
Taken from God's Holy Word.

He explains each verse in context,
Gives each meaning in its place,
Divides the Word of Truth rightly,
So, each one can grow in grace.

And at the end of every message,
He deftly "pulls in the strings."
For those who are without Christ,
The Gospel he clearly brings.

"All men are sinners, bound for Hell.
Our works won't pay the price!
Only our Savior's precious blood
Makes the perfect sacrifice.

No sinner can ever enter Heaven.
It's a glorious perfect place.
You may be good; but, you're not perfect!
The only way in-- is Grace.

The moment you believe Christ died for you,
He marks your sin debt fully paid;
With His Righteousness to your account.
The guarantee of eternal life is made.

If you don't know you're going to Heaven,
You've heard the truth you must believe.
Accept Christ, now! Without delay!
And eternal life you will receive."

Let us bow for closing prayer.
"Thank you, Lord, for eternal life.
Bless those who came to church today;
As they go out to a world of strife.

I pray they know your perfect peace;
So, if they are called Home tonight,
They'll wake up in Heaven with You,
In that Land Where There Is No Night."

He silently prays as he walks to the back,
To meet each person at the door;
If someone failed to accept Christ today,
They'll come back to hear it once more.

Oh, His steps may be a little slower;
But, he still can be plainly heard,
As he delivers the Gospel message
So clearly from God's Word.

Every Church Congregation has some favorite poems.
Here are a couple of ours.

The Bridge Builder

An old man going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening cold and gray,

To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
Through which was flowing a sullen tide

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;

But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;

Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;

You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head;
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said

"There followed after me to-day
A youth whose feet must pass this way.

This chasm that has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;

He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"

Source Unknown

The Touch of the Master's Hand

This poem is often-quoted and reminds us that the worst sinner, or the most self-righteous saint, can be used by the Lord, if we will allow Him to touch our lives.

'Twas battered and scarred, And the auctioneer
Thought it hardly worth his while,
To waste his time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good people" he cried,
"Who starts the bidding for me?"
"One dollar, one dollar, Do I hear two?"
"Two dollars, who makes it three?"

"Three dollars once, three dollars twice,
Going for three," But No,
From the room far back, a gray bearded man
Came forward and picked up the bow.

Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody, pure and sweet
As sweet as the angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said "Now, what am I bid for this old violin?"
As he held it aloft with its' bow.

"One thousand? One thousand? Do I hear two?"
"Two thousand? Who makes it three?"
"Three thousand once, three thousand twice,
Going and gone." said he.

The audience cheered, But some of them cried,
"We just don't understand."
"What changed its' worth?" Swift came the reply.
"The Touch of the Masters Hand."

And many a man, with life out of tune,
All battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd
Much like that old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game and he travels on.
He is going once, he is going twice,
He is going and almost gone.

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand,
The worth of a soul, and the change that is wrought,
By the Touch of the Masters' Hand.

By Myra Brooks Welch, Circa 1921

My Safe Harbor

I head for my safe harbor
At the setting of the sun,
Kneeling at my bedside
When the day is done.

There, in Heaven's Throne Room
I find a resting place,
And lay out all my troubles
Before the Throne of Grace.

I thank Jesus for my blessings;
And though I forget a few,
He never scolds my ingratitude,
He just makes my day all new.

I pour out all my heart needs
Into His loving ear.
He reaches down to comfort me,
"My Child, I'm always here.

I will never leave thee;
Nor, when trials come, forsake.
I'll walk with you through the valley.
I know the way to take.

Sleep in peace, My Child,
And at the morning's dawn,
We'll face the day together.
I'll help you carry on.

Let not your heart be troubled,
My peace I give to you.
Not that trouble will not come;
But, I will take you through.

When at the end of life's voyage,
You bid this world "Good Night."
I'll welcome you to Heaven's Harbor,
Where everything's made right."

Good Night, Lord!

*"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."
(Hebrews 4:16)*

Chapter Nine: God's Word

The Lighthouse of God's Word

God's Word is a lighthouse
Revealing rocks of sin,
Illuminating false doctrine
Before it enters in.

"God so loved the world,"
That's each and every man
"Not willing... any should perish"
Was the purpose of God's Plan.

Ordained before the world began
And finished by our Lord.
"Whosoever will may come"
Is the message of God's Word.

If you live in the shadows
Where the lighthouse does not glow,
False doctrine may wreck your vessel
Before His truth you know.

"Predestinated to be conformed
To the image of his son,"
At the Rapture this will happen,
First John Three, Verse One.

God did not choose some for Heaven
And others to go to Hell,
That's what they mean by "T-U-L-I-P,"
They just don't want to tell.

They do despise to the Grace of God,
And Christ's death sacrificially,
"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth,
Will draw all men unto me."

Read Isaiah, Chapter 53, Verse Six.
Read it very carefully.
"Go in at the first all...out at the last all,
You'll be saved eternally."

Thank God for the "whosoever's"
And the "alls" found in His Word.
You have no excuse to reject the truth
Because you now have heard.

God never gives you the faith
With which to believe.
He gives you the truth in His Word
You must receive.

Believe Christ died for you
As full payment for your sin,
And when the time comes to go to Heaven,
With joy you'll enter in.

" Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,..."
(Acts 16:31)

From the book, *Not Chosen to Salvation*, available at
<https://www.heritagebbc.com>, to purchase; or read pdf free
online.

A Blessing, Or a Curse?

Is the public invitation
A blessing or a curse?
It's the church's new tradition
That leads to something worse.

It adds an element of "doing,"
To something that is "done."
Adding works to God's amazing grace,
Confusing almost everyone.

"It wasn't easy for Our Lord;
It shouldn't be easy for you."
The trouble with their statement is,
It simply isn't true."

The hard part was the Savior's death,
It's finished, and victory's won.
The easy part is to just receive
What on the cross was done.

"If you want to know the way to Heaven,
Christ comes with you all the way."
When you get to the front of the church,
What will the "personal worker" say?

Will he say Christ died to pay for your sin,
And that payment must be received?
Or, will he mix the gospel with works
And the seeker goes home deceived?

Preach the gospel from the pulpit,
Preach it loud and clear,
With words easy to be understood
By every listening ear.

And you will reach that timid one,
Too shy to step out of his pew.
Tell them Christ died to pay for their sin,
None can explain it better than you.

Pastor, tell people they can trust the Lord
Wherever they happen to be.
Don't play games with people's souls
And risk their eternity.

If you want to be a reaper,
Plant God's seed God's way.
And you will reap the harvest
In Heaven on that day.

Don't count the numbers on the wall;
They just don't tell the story.
For those who fear the altar call
Might not make it into Glory!

"He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John 3:18)

How To Be a Missionary

You may cross the ocean,
Or just the great divide.
The person who does not know the Lord
May be standing by your side.

Speak out the Gospel message.
Speak it loud and clear.
Jesus died for all mankind.
Tell every waiting ear.

Practice what to say.
Practice what to do.
How to spread the message
Is strictly up to you.

Say, "If you die tonight,
Would you go to Heaven?"
I could show you in one verse,
If just a moment given.

"For God so loved the world
That he gave His only Son,"
To pay the price for sin
For each and everyone.

If you will but believe
He paid that price for you,
Your sin will all be washed away.
Your life will be brand new.

Justified is what you'll be
"Just as if" you'd never sinned.
The past is gone, wiped away,
A new life will begin.

Just take a moment here and there
That's all you have to do.
Before you start, say a prayer,
Then, give the Gospel clear and true.

Some go to darkest Africa,
And cross the ocean wide.
But the person who does not know the Lord
May be standing by your side.

From the book, Three Important Questions, available at
[https:// www.heritagebbc.com](https://www.heritagebbc.com), to purchase; or read pdf
free online.

The Law of the Sabbath

God gave the Law to Israel.
It was never meant to save;
It regulated all of life
From the cradle to the grave.

It was a stern schoolmaster,
And showed our lost condition;
As filthy sinners bound for Hell,
Sentenced to Perdition.

The Sabbath Law belonged to God,
A high and holy sign
That He would keep His promises
To Israel in due time.

No cooking, walking, playing;
It was really for the best.
In "Six days may work be done;
On the seventh ye shall rest."

For foolish souls who paid no heed,
The penalty was death.
God wanted them to know
He gave them evr'y breath.

Set apart as a nation,
With a mission to win the world!
Instead they crucified their King;
And the Age of Grace unfurled.

You can't get to Heaven by keeping the Law.
If you dare to risk it, you're sure to fall
For if you offend in just one point,
You'll be as guilty as breaking it all.

This would seem a cruel hoax
Making God appear most unjust,
To give us what we cannot keep;
Then, ordain, keep it all we must!

Wait! God has sent the Answer.
He nailed Christ Jesus to a Cross.
As the "end of law for righteousness."
Oh! What a terrible cost!

"Redeemed from the curse of the law,"
Christ died to pay sin's penalty.
What no mere man could ever do,
Grace now extends for free!

There's neither "Jew nor Greek;"
But, all in Christ Jesus are one.
Israel's set aside; we're grafted in;
But, wait! This nation's not done!

When the Deliverer comes to Zion,
They'll be "forgiven by the Lord."
From Tribulation to Kingdom they'll go,
As promised in God's Word.

We know the Sabbath is not for today.
It's a Covenant Sign to the Jews.
We will follow our Savior's lead,
And on Sunday fill the church pews.

Praise the Lord for Amazing Grace,
And Salvation full and free.
He only asks that we use each day
To "Win the lost for Me!

From the book, Three Important Questions, available at
[https:// www.heritagebbc.com](https://www.heritagebbc.com), to purchase; or read pdf
free online.

Chapter Ten: Salvation

Ye Must Be Born Again!

Nicodemus ruled the people,
From his height as a Pharisee.
Learned in all points of Law,
It was grace he could not see

It was the time of the "Jews Passover,"
And he was in God's House of Prayer;
A witness to Christ's indignant rout
Of the "den of thieves" polluting there.

When asked by what authority
He drove the money-changers out,
He compared the Temple to His body,
Resurrection power leaves no doubt.

He healed the lame, made the blind to see,
They knew He had even raised the dead.
No mere man could do these things,
"He must be God," all Jerusalem said.

That night Nicodemus in his chamber sat
With questions racing through his mind.
He knew a mere Sabbath-journey away
All the answers he could find.

So, off he went into the night
To find the Savior's open door.
He went as a questioning Pharisee;
But he became much more.

The Savior took him to God's Word
Where the answer is always found.
Retold of the Serpent Moses lifted up,
That portrayed Redemption's ground.

It was a picture of the future Cross,
And all who looked, in faith, did live.
When we believe "He was made sin for us,"
God's righteousness to us He'll give.

Christ "did not come to condemn a world,"
Already bitten by the venom of sin.
He came as the perfect "Lamb of God,"
Victory over the Serpent to win.

What mankind lost in Eden long ago,
By yielding to the Serpent's allure,
Our Lord bought back, crushing his head,
And providing for sin the cure.

The Lord went on in His "now famous" verse,
"For God so loved the world..." (How it rings!)
"That his only begotten son" He gave on the Cross
And to "whosoever believeth," gives two things :

He promises all believers "should not perish,"
(Hell's gates "shall not prevail against" you.)
He guarantees you'll "have everlasting life."
(No works needed; it's a gift of priceless value

Nicodemus looked to the Cross that night,
And was spiritually "born from above."
Understanding "Christ is the end of Law,"
He became expert in God's grace and love.

It took him time to "grow in grace,"
Later the Savior he did defend.
When they laid Christ in the tomb,
He proved a faithful friend.

That is the last that Scripture mentions him;
But, his story is a lesson to all men.
It doesn't matter who you are,
To be in God's Family, "Ye must be born again!"

*Scriptural Allusions: John, Chapter 2, 3;
2 Corinthians 5:21; Matthew 16:18*

The Passport to Heaven

Said a sweet Grandmother, as death drew near,
Dear Family, "Don't worry. You've no need to fear.

I well remember my baptismal grace.
I know I am going to a better place.

I was just born, still an infant small,
When our Lutheran minister came to make a call.

Reminding my parents of our church tradition;
For babies who die in unbaptized condition.

He felt a loving God wouldn't send me to Hell;
But, the certainty of this, he could not really tell!

My loving parents, wanting the best for me,
Had me baptized next Sunday for all to see.

And as the baptismal drops on my brow I received,
My Godparents answered that I believed.

My baptismal certificate still hangs on the wall.
My "Passport to Heaven," when Death comes to call

I have lived out my baptism all of my days,
That's how I am sure of God's amazing grace.

Many are those who've told me I'm wrong.
I said, "Look at the wall, my faith is so strong."

"It was finished," they said, "Christ died in our place.
Accept Him as Savior; that's how you receive grace.

You have been deceived, tradition is cursed!
You will end up in Hell. That is the worst."

"This is my answer, it is always the same.
Don't worry about me; it's all in the frame.

My baptismal certificate still hangs on the wall.
My "Passport to Heaven," when Death comes to call."

What's this? Two angels appear on each side;
But no appearance of joy on their faces abide.

We seem to hover over fiery, dark space,
This can't be Heaven; I'm in the wrong place.

As I'm hurtling downward, I scream, "This is wrong!"
Their answer "It's the end of all the deceived throng,

Who've rejected the Savior for baptism's "Passport to Heaven;"
And missed out on God's grace on Calvary given."

How could my parents and church all be wrong?
I've followed their tradition all my life long.

The answer from Heaven came loud and clear.
Even though I'm in Hell, I wish my family would hear.

"Howbeit in vain do they worship me," when;
They "teach for doctrines the commandments of men.

"Through Christ is preached unto you the forgiveness of sin."
Your baptismal "Passport to Heaven" will not get you in!"

Heart breaking, isn't it? Yet, this has been happening to thousands of sweet, little grandmothers since the time of Martin Luther. It's a very somber note to end on, but taking from Scripture, or adding to Scripture, can very well result in a person believing they are going to Heaven, when they are not! What a betrayal. It must break God's heart. And, Satan loves it!

Mother's Legacy

Mother's up in Heaven, now;
She left her legacy behind.
Much more precious far than gold:
Or any diamond mined.

I took it down from the shelf,
It's pages are old and worn.
Some are even stained with tears
From unknown sorrows born.

And where she underlined a verse,
There's a message there for me.
Of course, I know them all by heart,
I learned them at her knee.

That's where I came to know the Lord
At a very tender age.
She taught that "Jesus died for me,"
From each Salvation page.

"We have not, because we ask not,"
She often used to say;
Then, she took us to the Throne of Grace,
And taught us how to pray.

Each night we heard her pray for us.
"They're your children, too," she'd say.
"Thou who sees the sparrow's fall,
Guide my children's steps each day."

She taught us how to "grow in grace,"
By daily reading of God's Word.
She taught us by example,
A silent lesson, clearly heard.

And, if we had a problem,
"The Bible's where the answer's found."
That's what Mother lived before us;
And, remembered, when she's not around.

And so, I turn to John Three Sixteen,
With my little one at my knee.
I teach him what my Mother taught,
"That Jesus died for me."

Simply I explain to him,
"All you have to do is believe
That Jesus died to pay for your sin,
And eternal life you'll receive.

Mother's legacy was not her Bible;
But, the truth each page contains;
And, if we teach our children these,
My Mother's legacy remains.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: (6) And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

(Deuteronomy 6:6,7).

Chapter Eleven: God's Creation

Winter Poem

God trimmed all the trees last night,
With diamond-sparkling views.
Even the snow His winter sends,
Reminds us of His Good News.

To we, His Creation, He has shown
As the Bible, His Written Word, says,
That He, Creator God, can be known.
Seen in the Creation His Hand stays,

If we'll open our eyes and our ears,
We'll know, without even having heard,
His proof of existence to you and me
Is upheld by the power of His Word.

Consider His exquisite snowflake.
Like us, there are no two the same.
God's "not willing any should perish."
That is why to this world Jesus came.

Study the elements of rain drops.
It's the simple formula H-2-O.
Together, they are life-giving water.
Alone, they cause fire as we know.

Days can begin in bursts of majesty,
When God's sun warms a waiting world.
The Grand Finale each night is a fanfare
Of brilliant stars across the sky unfurled.

When our world on its perfect axis turns,
Some have Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall.
If close to the Equator is where you reside,
You'll be quite warm with no seasons at all.

There are no ugly ducklings in real life,
See the fluffy, yellow ones on your lawn?
If fluffy white ones sail by on Mother's wing,
I guarantee they'll grow up a lovely swan.

We must be honest, and declare drought and flood.
God's weather system that works as it should.
Christ said, "The rain falls on the just and unjust,"
And, "the sun riseth on the the evil and the good."

The Psalmist sang, "Even storms do God's bidding."
Nineveh saved by strong winds ending Jonah's flight.
Hailstones, thunder, and lightning, came to Pharaoh,
When against God's will for Israel he stood to fight.

A miracle of miracles we see is a child,
Who from conception has the gift of life.
God loves them from their very first moment,
And hates the abortionist's knife!

The caterpillar spins himself into a cocoon,
Then hangs about four weeks on a leaf.
How that worm becomes a Monarch Butterfly
Is a miracle that staggers belief.

Long ago, God planned a matchless miracle,
In Eternity Past before time began,
He sent His only Son from Heaven's Throne,
To die on the Cross to save sinful man.

He was "The Lamb of God that taketh away sin."
Who "for the joy set before...the Cross endured
He completely paid the world's debt of sin,"
Then shouted, "It is finished, salvation's secured.

Just like the caterpillar, He was shut in the tomb,
And there, for three days and nights, He stayed.
Then, right on time, angels rolled the stone away,
Left an empty tomb where only grave clothes laid.

The miracle of the Resurrection
Proved Christ's death was not "in vain."
Because he lives, we, too, shall live,
And, our citizenship in Heaven obtain.

If you are not sure that you're going to Heaven.
Simply believe on the Cross Christ took your place.
He'll take your sin, and give you everlasting life,
Don't reject! Just accept God's miracle of grace.

The Circus Bandwagon.

Here comes the circus right through our town.
A grand parade from the train to Main Street down.

Here come the elephants lumbering by
With beautiful ladies riding on high.

Their harness a-sparkle in the sunlit noon
They'll perform tonight under the moon.

The stars of the big top are walking in line,
Swirling their capes and waving a sign,

"Come out tonight and be thrilled to see
All of the wonders in rings One, Two and Three."

There are wagons with lions and tigers, too.
Of strange things to see, there are not a few.

Here come the clowns! This is such fun!
Painted smiles on their faces, different each one.

Last of all, the bandwagon comes,
Tooting their horns and beating their drums.

Lads and Lassies run along each side
Trying to jump on and catch a free ride.

Soon a crowd follows right to the tent.
Getting a ticket is their intent.

Many a dollar will soon be plunked down.
Helping the circus get to the next town.

What's the attraction to come to the show?
It's something different, all new you know.

If it's new and different, it surely can't be wrong
To jump on the bandwagon and ride along.

It brings in the crowds and they bring in the dough,
So on with the circus, on with the show!

Let's look at the Scripture with a different view,
Young Earth can't be wrong, it's something brand new!

We'll see Museums and Lectures, Props and Seminars.
We'll talk about dinosaurs, short time, and dead stars,

A creation of earth with the appearance of age,
That is the way we will set the stage.

We'll load our wagon with false doctrine and pride,
Hoping that you will jump on for the ride.

It will bring in the crowds and they bring in the dough.
So on with the circus, on with the show!

Friend, will you listen to the sound of their band,
And follow the crowd into sinking sand?

Our Lord is calling from Heaven to you,
"Follow the Scriptures, so tried and so true!

I need no circus; I need no show.
I spoke it all into being with My Word you know.

Create; Judge and Restore were my plan.
Measurement of time relates only to mere man.

My judgment will sit on your false presentation
Of the countless ages of my wondrous creation.

There will be no glib answers at my judgment bar,
You will stand there and I'll see you, just as you are.

All of your lies and all your deceit,
Will be completely exposed on the day that we meet.

I know you will tremble and your body grow tense,
And surely this statement will not be your defense."

'If it's new and different, it surely can't be wrong
To jump on the bandwagon and ride along.

It brings in the crowds and they bring in the dough.
So, on with the circus, on with the show!"

When a Mighty Oak Tree In the Forest Falls.

Written in honor of our friend, Jim Padgett...

When the mighty oak in the forest falls,
Sunlight shines in that empty space,
And warms its years of faithful legacy,
The acorns that one day take its place.

Each acorn contains the seed of promise,
That made the oak tree what it became.
But, in our God's gracious wisdom
The result for all is not the same.

Some will be carried to another place.
Some for forest creatures food provide.
A few will sprout, aiming for the sky,
But, only one has the strength to abide.

We find in God's perfect forestation plan,
Where each acorn has their own job to do,
A similarity to the Church, Christ's Body,
And the tasks assigned to myself, and you.

Let us be like that mighty oak tree,
That tall and strong by a river stands,
Spreading His Gospel far and wide,
Working as the Lord's feet and hands.

Let's not fade, but be always green,
Drought won't faze our deep set root.
Stand for the gospel like that mighty oak
And we'll not cease from bearing fruit.

Our Savior warned of "false prophets,
"Corrupt trees that brought forth evil fruit."
Their message was not the way to Heaven.
Their fruit was lost souls without root.

"Good trees" will be "Believer Trees,"
"Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."
"Believe Christ died to pay for your sin,"
And eternal life in Heaven is your route.

Then you, as the mighty oak that fell,
Have left a precious legacy of your own,
Of souls that are now headed for Heaven,
And by your fruits you'll be known.

Matthew 7:15-20; Jeremiah 17:8

Chapter Twelve: Memories

Things

It's so hard to put away the things
That make the old home place so bare;
So quiet you strain to hear the echo
Of the happy times had there.

We put away the old photographs
Of their young and smiling faces;
But, keep them in the album of our heart.
That's where their rightful place is.

It just doesn't seem right to give away,
What it took a lifetime to collect.
But, they'd be glad they're still of use;
Not consigned to attic dust and neglect.

And when these things find their new home,
They'll be your memories on display.
"That belonged to my Great-Grandmother,"
Is what the possessor can smile and say.

I am very proud to be able to say
That I have things like that myself;
And, even though I miss their owners
They sit as precious memories on my shelf.

That's when I pause and remember
I hold the real treasures in my heart.
Of all the loving, happy memories;
Which of my life were such a part.

And rest my mind that Heaven's their home,
Where soon we will meet again.
And all those things will be left behind.
We'll not even think about them then.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. (1) In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. (2) And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John 14:1-3)

Packing for Heaven

You don't need to pack for Heaven,
All you need is waiting there.
Things of this life are left behind,
We go without baggage, or a care.

Our Savior sends His Angels to fetch us,
Lest we take a wrong turn on the way.
And He waits on Heaven's threshold,
To embrace our fears away.

We are now absent from this world's cares.
There's no remembrance of sin, pain, or death.
It was "Good Night, World—Good Morning, Lord,
And it happened in the space of one breath.

The King of the Universe stoops to take our hand,
And lead us through the Heavenly Gate,
He says, "You believed that I paid for your sin,
Now Heaven's splendors, and eternity, await.

All the wrongs we've done-- forgotten.
Taken away "by the blood of the Lamb."
Our "mortality...is swallowed up of life."
Now we "walk by sight" with the Great I Am.

We see those who wait to greet us,
Friends, and loved ones, who've gone ahead.
Some, whose faces you may not recognize,
There, because of the Gospel you have spread.

Believers have assurance from God's Holy Word
That they shall see their loved ones again.
"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven..."
And ...we shall be caught up together with them..."

Let us "Comfort one another with those words,"
Oh, Yes! We must grieve with sorrow's pain!
Yes, we "sorrow, but not as those without hope..."
God's Word promises we will see them again!

Chapter Thirteen: The Holy Spirit

The March Wind

In our clime, the March wind blows,
To evaporate the winter snow,
Making God's Earth ready
For spring's garden show.

Rains begin to fall;
Or, a noisy thunderstorm.
The tiny seeds within the ground
Gentle roots begin to form.

Life returning after winter's deadly grip,
Soon all is bright and green.
The song of tree frogs can be heard,
Nesting robins can be seen.

Farmers begin their yearly race
To get the seed into the field,
With a fervent prayer to Heaven
That fall will bring abundant yield.

The sun soon sends away the clouds,
Bringing warmth to every seed.
They push first leaves through the sod.
God has given all they need.

The Savior spoke about the wind
To Nicodemus long ago.
He said, "It bloweth where it listeth,
Whence it cometh, ye cannot know.

It was an object lesson
Using an earthly thing,
Teaching how the Spirit works
Eternal Salvation to bring.

As Moses lifted the Serpent of brass,
Those that looked in belief did live.

The Son of Man must be lifted up,
Eternal life to give.

The Pharisee, who came by night,
Looked in faith to Calvary.
A secret believer was he, at first,
Later, a defender of Christ was he.

He helped to lay our Lord in the Tomb
After that, he went on his way.
What Nicodemus did the rest of his life,
The Scripture does not say.

Before the Lord returned to Heaven,
They would be 'imbued with power,"
Which would come "from on high."
"Tarry at Jerusalem," until that very hour.

So, "they gathered in one place,"
And, "they were all of one accord."
The Holy Spirit indwelt on Pentecost
The Savior was true to His Word!

The Holy Spirit seals to the Day of Redemption.
He's our Down-payment on Eternity.
God never takes back the Holy Spirit!
We have "Purchased Possession Security!"

The Holy Spirit, like the March wind,
Blew the works of the Law away.
We can now have Salvation by Grace,
Trust Christ's payment; there's no other way.

The Spirit keeps us away from sin.
He's that still small voice we hear,
He points the way to righteousness
To every listening ear.

And when troubles come,
That seem more than we can bear,
He's the strength on which we rest,
He will every burden share.

So grow in the grace and knowledge
Of our Wonderful Savior and Lord.
Use your life to plant a new crop
Of believers, saved by God's Word

*"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have ever-
lasting life." (John 3:16)*

Chapter Fourteen: Thanksgiving

In Everything Give Thanks

"In everything give thanks, for
This is God's will concerning you."
This verse seems quite a puzzle,
But I know your Word is true.

I know this doesn't mean
That all trouble comes from You;
Although you have that power,
And You can prevent it, too.

It could mean to be thankful,
Lest a worse thing come your way;
But, after Nine Eleven,
I'm not sure that's what you say.

I know a Christian's testimony,
Is a most important thing.
If you always cry and complain
Your witness has a hollow ring.

But, how can you be thankful,
When the one you love is gone,
And you face a sorrowful future,
One of living all alone?

Or, you work your life long achieving,
The goal of security and acclaim;
But, on your desk you find one day
A termination letter with your name?

Then, a phone call comes one day,
Every parent dreads to hear.
Your child's been in an accident.
And his passing is very near.

I am sure that what you do mean is
No matter what we must go through,
We can have the calm assurance,
We'll be facing it with You.

That's how to "give thanks in everything."
Just don't leave the Saviour out!
For, "God's will in Christ Jesus."
Is what the verse is all about.

Have you trusted "in Christ Jesus?"
Who paid the price for all man's sin?
Simply believe He did that for you,
And, then "Christ Jesus" you'll be "in."

The first thing you can give thanks for
When you "give thanks in everything,"
Is a Savior who never leaves your side
No matter what life will bring.

Now we understand the meaning,
Of the verse we have in view,
"In everything give thanks, for its
God's will in Christ Jesus concerning you."

"In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." (1 Thessalonians 5:18)

Chapter Fifteen: Rapture and 2nd Coming

Anticipation

Can't you hear it? I can!
It's the silence anticipation brings.
All God's Creation holds its breath.
Someone's waiting in the wings.

Not a leaf turns on forest tree.
Nowhere can be seen a motion.
Lakes and streams are clear as glass.
There's not a wave upon the ocean.

There's nothing left to be fulfilled.
All eyes search the Eastern Sky.
When that last soul fills Christ's body,
Saints, our Redemption draweth nigh!

The Lord, Himself, shall then descend,
His mighty shout heard everywhere!
All the Saints shall together rise
To meet our Savior in the air.

God's trump leads the Angelic Host.
Our convoy to Heaven is in their care.
We must pass through Satan's domain.
He's the Prince of the Power of the Air.

All will wonder where we've gone.
And the Antichrist will soon appear.
All the answers he'll seem to have.
Men will believe each lie they hear!

Soon he'll wield world control.
Without his mark, none can buy or sell.
If you take it, you are doomed,
"A dead man walking" straight to Hell!

"What's our job while we wait?
Don't let another precious day go by.
Spread the Gospel far and wide.
Don't waste time staring at the sky.

Our Lord will come at the time appointed.
He knows the day, the hour, the minute.
Until He comes we must redeem the time,
Each day, each hour, each second in it!

We all have loved ones we must tell
That Jesus is the Truth, the Life, the Way.
If they accept his payment for their sin,
They too will be caught up on that day.

But God understands we do get weary.
And yearn to see those called Home.
Our hope, the last prayer in God's Word,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, Come."

*"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.
Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus" (Revelation 22:20).*

This Could Be the Year!

A bright, new day in the morning dawns,
The very first in a brand New Year.
The thought comes to me as I muffle my yawns,
This could be the one in which we hear...

A garment's rustle; then, the Archangel's shout;
The Trump of God sound a mighty blast,
The Angelic Host ordered out.
The Saints of God are going home at last!

The Savior, Himself, shall descend,
His nail-pierced hands are opened wide.
Heaven's gates will open and we shall ascend
To spend eternity at His spear-wounded side.

I know what we'll do when we get there.
We'll search the crowd for each loved one's face.
There'll be joyous reunions everywhere
Of Saints redeemed by God's amazing grace.

At the throne, we join the new song being sung,
By the side of those we hold near and dear.
We'll be there with every kindred, nation, and tongue.
The Redeemed of all ages are present here.

We'll be praising the Lord that He died for us,
And gave Salvation, as a gift, completely free!
"Worthy is the Lamb," are the words to our chorus;
And, in gratitude, we'll fall to our knee.

Then the coffee pot gurgles its last drop;
And I sit down with my very first cup.
Out of my thoughts into the present I plop!
But God's Word will comfort me, 'til we're taken up.

Should Jesus not return before this year is done,
We can redeem the time and the precious tender in it.
We can work for Him, there are many souls to be won,
And we can't waste a single, golden minute!

On the horizon I see the first golden ray.
Soon the sun will shine high in its dome.
"Even so, Lord Jesus," is the prayer that I pray.
"Come, Lord Jesus," and take us all home!

*"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.
Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."*

(Revelation 22:20)

Heaven's Troops Are Coming Home!

Soon we'll hear the Trump of God,
"Swing the Gates of Heaven wide!"
The Savior's troops are coming home
And can't wait to come inside.

They've been recalled by our Savior,
Royal Commander-in-chief.
"Come home, my blood-bought warriors.
Stand down, you're on relief."

I have a place prepared for you
On a golden street so fair.
Loved ones who've preceded you
Wait to give a welcome there.

There'll be no more broken bodies.
No more suffering without a cure.
We, once battle-scarred and weary,
Find ourselves in bodies new and pure.

Our "vile bodies will be changed
Like unto His glorious one."
"Whereby he subdues all things."
"In a moment," it will be done!

Angels line the streets rejoicing
As we lay our backpacks down.
We will trade the noise of battle
For a Soul Winner's Crown.

All the active duty soldiers
Will be glad they chose to serve.
They'll get gold...and precious stones.
Not so, for the Reserve.

They, who were last to enlist:
Or, declined to join the fray;
Or, even "pass the ammunition,"
To send the Gospel on its way.

Ashamed; but, welcome in Heaven,
Those who've only just believed.
Salvation requires no works at all,
God's Eternal Life they've received.

Their works of "wood...and stubble,"
Won't stand the judgment pyre.
They'll go up in a puff of smoke,
They're still saved; "yet, so as by fire."

Soon we'll gather 'round the Throne.
With loved ones waiting there.
The time of weeping will be over.
The time of joy will now be here.

We'll fall down at our Savior's feet,
The One who paid Redemption's price;
We could not even be in Heaven
Without His Perfect Sacrifice.

But, for now...the battle still rages.
The trump did not sound on high.
Let's not "be weary in well-doing";
Signs show the time is drawing nigh.

We know the Lord comes quickly,
And He will call His Armies home.
"Caught up" to meet him in the air,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, Come."

