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**OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES
and Seventy-seven Other Poems
By John F. Dorsey**

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* * * * *

OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES

Out of the Ivory Palaces
And down from the gates of Light,
Comes a Merchantman bold in search of pure gold
And jewels so wondrously bright.
But the treasure is hidden within a field
So He goes and sells all His store,
And takes all the yield to purchase that field
For He feels it is worth it and more
To come from the ivory palaces
Down from the gates of light.

So out of the ivory palaces
And down from the gates of light
With a Lover's pain His beloved to gain
For she languishes in the night.
So He gives His Own life to ransom His wife
But she hates Him and treats Him with spite.
But to some hungry hearts His truth He imparts
And they'll walk with Him in pure white.
Up to the ivory palaces
Up through the gates of light.

Then out of the ivory palaces
And down from the gates of light
He'll come while His bride around Him shall ride
On chargers resplendently white.
His foes then He'll face who rejected His grace
And defeat them while all Heaven sings.
And each knee shall bow and worship Him now
And acknowledge Him King of all kings.
This Christ from the ivory palaces
Who came from the gates of light.

* * * * *

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER (a)

She left a host of flowers
All a-bloom for busy bees
Of amaryllis, hyacinth
And sweet anemones.
The daffodils and lilies fair in April breeze a-stir
All radiantly testify, "We owe our lives to her."

She left a band of songbirds
She had fed through snow and storm
Her never-failing feeder
Many a winter kept them warm.
The titmice, juncos, chickadees and cardinals concur
And all in concert testify, "We owe so much to her."

Her children and their children
Spread abroad through town and state
Are occupying places
In God's kingdom good and great
They loved her spirit's fragrance like fine frankincense and myrrh
And gladly join the tribute, "We all owe our lives to her."

But she has other children
Here and far across the sea.
Her gifts and prayers have sent the light
That they might ransomed be.
And when they reach that City which all pilgrim hearts prefer
They'll testify with us and say, "How much we owe to her."

* * * * *

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER (b)

Mother loved her regal lilies
Standing stately, tall and free
Now she stands in robes more splendid
There beside the crystal sea.

While her songbirds sing their carols
And no more her face behold
She sings with surpassing sweetness
On majestic streets of gold.

While her children worship Jesus
For His love and saving grace
She beholds Him in His beauty

And can worship face to face.

While we look through a glass darkly
As we journey toward His throne
She has met the hosts of heaven
And now knows as she is known.

This poem composed eleven hours after her passing April 17, 1975 and read by request at her funeral, by her seventh, the author. Mother left 12 children, 49 grandchildren, 63 great grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren.

* * * * *

TRUE FAITH

Faith is a substance solid and sure
Certain and real.
'Tis not emotion, blessing or joy
Something to feel.

Faith has an anchor, promise of truth
Precept divine.
Does not require favored condition
Heavenly sign.

Faith is the hand turning the key
Lifted by prayer.
Faith is an eye seeing our God
Knowing He's there.

Faith is foot pressing the path
Up Zion's hill.
Faith is an ear hearing His word
Doing His will.

Faith is a light out of the dark
Into God's day.
Faith is a face settled like a flint
Taking God's way.

Faith is a fight, keeping all sin
Out of our hearts.
Faith is a shield; facing the foe
Quenching his darts.

Faith is a rest; calm and serene

Sabbath of peace.
Anchored in truth, resting in
God.
Blessed release.

* * * * *

OH! THEY SLEW HIM

Oh they slew Him in their hatred
And they slew Him with their hands.
But He died a death in dying
That fulfilled the law's demands.

Oh they struck Him and reviled Him
And they spat in His Dear face
But He made propitiation
That provides amazing grace.

Mocking royal robes they gave Him
And sneers they bowed the knee
But the great Emancipator
Paid the price to set them free.

Oh they stretched Him on the cross-tree
And they slew Him rough and rude
But He die a death in dying
That can save the multitude.

Oh they pierced Him with the thorn-crown
And they spiked Him with the nails
But He opened up a fountain
With a power that never fails.

Oh they crowded Him to Calvary
And they crushed Him to the cross
But He furnished an atonement
That delivers us from the dross.

Oh, they hated and despised Him
And they killed Him in cold blood.
But He loved them and forgave them;
Reconciled them to their God.

* * * * *

MEMORIALS

If you wish to make your mark in the world
Don't write in the sand by the sea.
For tho' you should dig to ankle depth,
As big and bold as can be
The next high tide will leave no trace
All will vanish forevermore.
And folks who follow will never know
Your steps have paced that shore.

If you want a mark time will leave alone
You desire your name should endure,
Then don't engrave it on steel or stone
For if you do -- then be sure
The rain and the sleet will both conspire
With the frost and scorching sun,
With earthquakes and fiends and rust and fire
To see that your work's undone.

But if you impart to a human heart
The gospel so pure with power
And see a faltering soul transformed
And in fullness of life to flower.
And see him be constant 'til Jesus comes --
To sing by the crystal sea --
Then you've made a mark that none can mar
For time and eternity.

Written by the Atlantic Ocean near Hobe Sound, Fla., 7:30 a.m.

* * * * *

THIS MODERN AGE

This generation has:

Alarm clocks to wake us up
Autos to break us up.

Pep pills to pick us up
One-armed bandits to stick us up.

Bombs to blow us up
Surgeons to sew us up
Tranquilizers to slow us up:

Elevators to jerk us up
Stimulants to perk us up:

Flatterers to puff us up
Caterers to stuff us up:

Electricity to light us up
Reporters to write us up:

Beauty salons to make us up
Vibrators to shake us up:

Wars to churn us up
Detectives to turn us up:

Helicopters to whir us up
Riots to stir us up:

Philosophers to mix us up.
But only God can fix us up.

* * * * *

IN BETHLEHEM

In Bethlehem, a tiny town
The Christ, the Living Word came down
But from the inn was turned away
And in a cattle cave would stay
Not in a palace of renown.

The proud in unbelief would frown
And offer Him no kingly crown
But shepherds; wise men came to pray
In Bethlehem.

Rough swaddling garment was His gown He
Who was destined for a throne
But on His baby shoulders lay
The hopes of all the world that day
When human lot became His Own
In Bethlehem.

* * * * *

ON CALVARY

On Calvary -- the records show
A line of people -- sad and slow
Climbed to the top and rested there
An execution station where
The Roman criminals should go.

But there was One among them! Oh!
The Lamb of God Whose blood would flow
And all the world's dark sin would bear
On Calvary.

They dared Him fight th' encircling foe
If He were God -- why suffer so?
But Lily of the Valley fair
Breathes forth rare fragrance on the air

"Father forgive, they do not know" . . .
On Calvary.

* * * * *

THE HARVEST FIELD

(In French Rhondeau)

The harvest field the workers sow
Needs many more with hearts aglow
And looking on with eager eye
Are those who joined the ranks on high
Who lived to labor here below.

They are the church triumphant! Oh!
They worked and wept short years ago.
They fought well, died and fell close by
The harvest field.

They bid us fight the Babel foe
And give him battle blow on blow.
"We'll risk the challenge," we reply
"This holy torch, we'll hold it high."
His grace we know will overflow
The harvest field.

* * * * *

ON GALILEE

On Galilee one evening drear
The moon and stars would disappear
The sea grow rough the wind grow chill
And huge waves in their hearts instill
A paralyzing deadly fear.

Should they toss out their fishing gear?
The things by years of use grown dear.
Or should they row with might and skill?
On Galilee.

For fear the sea their boat will fill
They call to Jesus loud and shrill
"Do you not care? We cannot steer
Will you no help now volunteer?"
The Master speaks. The waves lie still
On Galilee.

* * * * *

SONNET TO THE DESERT

Through crystal days and diamond-studded nights
The somber desert dreams in sleep profound
But someone will discover her delights
Her dazzling beauty shall some day abound.
A sleeping maiden has not half the lure
Nor princes charming half the skill and art
That will someday with kiss of waters pure
Unlock the haunting beauty of her heart.
For when the Prince of Peace shall come to reign
The desert dunes shall blossom as the rose.
There will be no more weeping, no more pain
But glorious fruitage everywhere He goes.
When Hate's destruction He has fully healed
The desert shall become a fruitful field.

* * * * *

SONNET TO THE SEA

The sea! The sea! The surging restless sea!
It runs and rolls while singing all day long.
It sings a strangely moving song to me

A song of weakness conquered by the strong.

It pipes of burdens through past ages borne
Its basses boom of boundless Deity
It drums a dirge of depths of night ere morn
Shall trill its song of immortality.

It chants of God's good children all re-born
It lifts a song of death as life's debris
A melody of Heaven's glorious morn
Of power with peace for all eternity.

The sea! The sea! The rolling restless sea!
It sings a sad, sweet, moving song to me.

* * * * *

SONNET TO SPIRITUAL SONGS

Sing me that song; that lovely lilting song
That turns the key to open wide my heart,
That lauds the right in conflict with the wrong
And makes an answering song within me start.
It need not be composed of complex chords
The lyrics need not crisp nor clever be
If there's a life that wholly is the Lord's
It may be sung with simple harmony.
But if its message is like Christ -- divine
And tells men how they may to Him belong
Then it will sing to many souls. And mine
Will leap for joy and love to join that song.
Men looking for the Lord and tired of wrong
Have often heard His heart-throb in a song.

* * * * *

SONNET TO THE SAVIOR

From deep within the span of outer space
Past island universes yet unseen
God sent His greatest Gift of matchless grace
To lead His sheep from death to pastures green.
Jehovah of a glorious history; He
The great Creator now as creature classed
He grows to manhood, bleeds at Calvary
To purchase life and peace and heaven at last.

The heaven of heavens could not contain His grace
His glory gleamed through all the earth as well
Men knew Him, touched Him, looked upon His face
And made eternal choice for heav'n or Hell.
A glorious world will greet the undefiled
When Heaven and earth He's wholly reconciled.

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS!!

Ah! what memories dear surround that hallowed word
The very greatest thrill that some folks ever, ever heard!

Reindeer, Santa Claus and trees with sparkling lights
Stacks of beauteous gifts and other wondrous thrilling sights.

Good cheer, friends and relatives with families so dear
Gay festivities with loved ones far and near.

But Christmas brings to me a vision far surpassing this!
A brilliant star o'er Bethlehem, A Babe in peaceful bliss.

Wise men stirring, shepherds come, the angels sing their song
About a Christ Who came that men might join that Heavenly throng.

Ah, Friend look past the tinsel, lift your eyes and then
Adore the One Who really brings His peace, good will to men.

* * * * *

ONE HOLY NIGHT

ONE HOLY NIGHT!! A mighty empire's foundations cracked and started to crumble and soon would return to dust. For a King was born in a stable who would some day subdue all nations and many would pay Him homage and in His atonement trust.

ONE HOLY NIGHT!! The deep heart-cry of the lost ones received a total response as Heaven gave up its King. The wise men started a journey; the shepherds received glad tidings, and sought the Babe in the manger Who would cause their hearts to sing.

ONE HOLY NIGHT!! Time stood still for a moment, as the God of eternity entered this world by a lowly birth. As the ancient calendars crumbled, time had a new beginning and would evermore be reckoned from that night He came to earth.

* * * * *

A CHRISTMAS POEM

"God in the flesh! What nonsense!
It leaves my mind in the lurch!"
The family that Christmas evening
Went on without him to church.

He sat by the picture window
And looked at the stormy night
When a flock of birds came fluttering
Attracted by the light.

They sat in the snow exhausted
They rose and fluttered again
So he went to the storage chamber
To get them a little grain.

He tried to lead them to shelter
Through barn doors opened wide
But they had no understanding
Tho' he tried and tried and tried.

And then came a new thought stirring
His troubled and baffled brain
'If I were only a song bird
I'm sure I could make it plain.

And then I could lead them to safety
Away from the stormy night
And satisfy all their hunger
Secure from their trembling fright.'

And then he cried in contrition
"Oh, Lord what a fool I've been
God in the flesh! What wisdom!
To make His truth known to men.

God in the flesh would reach them
This peerless method would be
The most effective to teach them
His truth for eternity."

Poem suggested by a Christmas story -- Author unknown.

* * * * *

OF MOLECULES, MEN AND THEIR MAKER

If molecules are self-aligned
Then molecules possess a mind.

But what minuscule tiny mind
Could fumbling fools like me e'er find.

For even coddled molecules
Cannot reveal their minds to fools

The reason being simply this
They plod their paths in mindless bliss.

But molecules don't need a mind
When understanding faith has shined

For faith has long ago divined
Far over all a Master Mind.

Electrons, protons, atoms all
Obey His every beck and call.

All other systems come to grief
Based on insistent unbelief.

But when faith conquers human mind
We find a God most gracious; kind

Who gives design to molecules
In brains of even stubborn fools.

And while they curse and opt for death
He gives them free their vital breath.

Their unbelief they talk at length
Right while He gives them daily strength.

But men convinced against their will
Are of the same opinion still.

But God Who made the molecules
Has power to re-make fumbling fools.

* * * * *

OF ANIMALS, MY MAKER AND ME

The robin and redwing and finch can all outfly me
The llama and donkey can leave me in their dust.
The porpoise and fishes can quickly frolic by me
And I could not catch those speedsters if I must.

The strength of the camel and horse so far surpass me
That I must meekly declare I'm out of the race.
The eye of the vulture and hawk so far out-class me
That I am tempted to give up in total disgrace.

But then I remember that God gave me dominion
O'er every living thing that He had made.
Their strength and speed of flipper and limb and pinion
Were man's 'til Adam his sacred trust betrayed.

And so I see not yet all things beneath me
But I see Jesus Who bled and died for the race;
A restorative dominion He will bequeath me
If I obey Him and live in His matchless grace.

* * * * *

TO A WHITETAIL

Ah! You enchanting whitetail deer
Immune to wind and weather.
What strange providence far or near
Could bring our paths together?

While I glory in fireplace glow
In heaters and thermostats
You are one with the wind and snow
And frigid laurel flats.

I spent the day in a heated car
Coming to your domain.
You spent the day by a giant fir
Scornful of snow and rain.

Your steaks will be prized by my lady love
And your antlers will grace my wall.
Your leather will give me my finest glove
Examined and praised by all.

My sights held you still before you sprang
And you fell to the forest floor
While my heart exulted and leaped and sang
Your great heart could leap no more.

But it's part of an infinite plan we know
O creature of dusk and dawn
And your sons will still be tracking the snow
Long after I am gone.

* * * * *

WHISTLING TIM

Retarded cripple, Whistling Tim,
Would hear a bird and call to him
Not with the sound of human words
But in the language of the birds
In morning dew or twilight dim.

The birds would answer Whistling Tim
And twit and fit from limb to limb
And he would answer, face aglow,
And deeper in the woodlands go
To hear an evening vesper hymn.

He limped with funny, leaning lurch
Like wind-blown beech or swaying birch
But all his converse with the birds
Could never keep him out of church
Where he made music without words.

When music called for two beats' rest
Poor Tim would whistle there his best
And improvise with trembling trill
His pure wild notes of whip-poor-will
The liquid lilt of hermit thrush
Or red-wing swaying on his rush
Whose mate was near by on her nest.

The folks allowed for Whistling Tim
Whose face shone like the seraphim
They liked his whistles and his hum
They knew he heard a private drum
And prayed his joy would never dim.

But best of all did Timmy love
To call the gentle mourning dove
And they would answer him and fly
With whistling wings to land near by
Or perch in treetop close above.

One night Tim heard an angel throng
Sing him an invitation song
"Come Love, My Dove, My undefiled
Our chorus needs a whistling child
To make a million voices strong."

The church folk miss their Whistling Tim
When daylight fades to twilight dim
When from the quiet wooded hill
Pour liquid notes of whip-poor-will
So sweet; reminding them of him.

* * * * *

THE WORLD'S LOVER

This Lover with creative grace
Reflects in every flower His face.
He splashes tints of every hue
On sunsets and the rainbows through.

He masterminds a mountain peak
And gives it power to stand and speak
With sparkling spontaneity
Of a design by Deity.

He strews the sky with twinkling stars
Like grains of sand on ocean bars
He scoops the seven ocean beds
And heaps up towering thunderheads.

He bids the fragrant evening breeze
Help seed a million million trees.
A faithful, fruitful Lover He
Has filled with fruit each apple tree.

A million blades of grass embossed
With fragile filigrees of frost
Of such design that eyes like mine

Can see an artistry divine.

Our hoary hairs -- He numbers all
And sees the sparrow in its fall.
But greater love than this to me
Is spoken from a rugged tree,

Where Christ the Mighty Maker died
And for my sin was crucified.
I rest content in His control
Redeemer -- Lover of my soul.

* * * * *

THE GIRAFFE

A beautiful beast is the regal giraffe
For my eyes such a feast I've no reason to laugh.
If you think he evolved from a fish or a frog
I can only say "Brother! your mind's in a fog."

If you have no reason for wonderment found,
Then think of this proof of a wisdom so sound
That his neck is so long he can reach to the ground.

If you think His Creator was hardly divine
You don't think his blueprint was charted in heaven
You see nothing marvelous in his design
Consider this then: his neck-bones are seven
Exactly the number in yours and in mine.

And how many billions -- did you say -- of years
He required to evolve? (O, please now let's think)
To grow all that neck between shoulders and ears?
And in that time friend! pray how did he drink?

But far more marvelous to me than all this
That he grazes on treetops or sod like no monkey
Is evolution's inscrutable bliss
That makes a man dumb before God like a donkey.

* * * * *

HILLS

Something in me there is that thrills

To see the everlasting hills.
And know beyond their towering crests
Where eagles build their lofty nests

There is a God Who made the hills
The heavens and earth, the rocks and rills.
He is my Father -- I'm His son
I have eternal life begun.
The hills as gods are nothing worth
I worship Him who made the earth.
And I can worship everywhere
In city smog or mountain air.
And know that someday every knee
Shall bow to Him Who died for me.
And know that someday in His will
I'll stand at last on Zion's hill.

* * * * *

FLOWERS

I think that I shall never cower
Before a God Who made a flower.
A flower that smiles at me all day
And lifts its head as if to pray.
A flower that knows and nods at trees
And makes close friends of honey bees.
Upon whose petals dew has lain.
Who welcomes both the sun and rain.
A flower with beauty beyond words
Whose fragrance lures the hummingbirds.
A flower that reaches for the skies
Then sadly bows its head and dies.
Men make poems within an hour
But only God can make a flower.

* * * * *

OF SAINTS AND FLOWERS

Why did God make flowers pretty?
When He could have made them plain!
Though He chose the grandest colors
Yet the flowers are not vain.

Generously they share their beauty

Their perfume for all who care.
Of their nectar, freely offered
Birds and bees are well aware!

Why did God make people homely
Colors drab -- compared to flowers!
Yet how vain and haughty are they
Squandering priceless heavenly powers.

Flowers flourish for a season
Bow their heads and fade away
Though they brightened many a sick-room
They were fashioned for a day.

Could it be He could not trust us
With the glory of the flower?
For He knew pride would defeat us
And divest us of His power?

He will clothe us in His beauty
If we yield our wills to Him.
And we'll shine as stars forever
Though the sun and moon grow dim.

Flowers He gave to cheer the fainting
But designed them for a day.
But His bride in all His glory
Will shine on with Him always.

* * * * *

HOPE IN WINTER

The moon sails ghostly but gallant
Across a frigid sky
And the stars are a thousand candles
Shimmering cold on high.

The snow is a frozen ocean
Clothing in chilling sheath
The earth acquiescent and silent
Lying imprisoned beneath.

The songbirds are sad and silent
Before winter's icy breath
The flowers are faded and drooping

Locked in a frosty death.

But Hope, perennial believer
Shall not give way to despair --
For under those frigid fetters
And quietly questing there --

Life in a thousand movements
Continues to throb and burn
And shall leap into life abundant
When summer and sun return.

* * * * *

WORRY?

Shall I worry while the lily
Glow in regal shining dress?
Shall I worry while the robin
Lifts his song the Lord to bless?

Shall I let life's cares and burdens
Fill my life with doubt and gloom
While the sparrow sings so sweetly
And has built no storage room?

Am I less to Him than sparrows?
Shall I harbor thoughts so wild?
No! He is my Heavenly Father.
And I am His blood-bought child.

So I'll trust Him for the future
All my need He will supply.
And I'll praise with all creation Him
Who lives and reigns on high.

* * * * *

THE GREAT DESIGNER

Come and see Arizona's Grand Canyon
With its towers of purple and gold
And think of the words of Queen Sheba,
"The half of it never was told."

I saw it one bright sunny morning

As shadows crept down the west wall.
I had seen many scenes of great beauty
But this one exceeded them all.

The wind and the rain and the water
Of a swift river's turbulent power
Had chiseled and molded each turret
Each ledge and each table and tower.

So vast yet such delicate beauty
Had never before met my gaze.
And I worshipped with deep adoration
The Sculptor; the Ancient of Days.

Then I thought of a jasper-walled City
That Jesus has gone to prepare.
As I saw the Grand Canyon's great beauty
I somehow was led to compare.

If God with a river and sandstone
Could sculpture a picture so rare,
As what I beheld at the Canyon
I want to see that City fair.

The great Architect will be Jesus
For concrete He uses pure gold.
The walls and the streets are transparent
As John in his vision has told.

The outer wall garnished with jewels
Of amethyst, sapphire and beryl
No cost has been spared in the building
Each several gate is one pearl.

But the lighting I'm sure will be glorious
For the Father and Son are the light.
No bills will come due for electric.
In this city cometh no night.

The rocks and the sunlight and shadows
And towers of the canyon were fair.
But transcending them is that city
That Jesus has gone to prepare.

* * * * *

SPACE INVASION

An army of paratroop I saw
Fully a billion strong
Make an attack upon the earth
And kept at it all night long.

The earth fought back so valiantly
And high were the casualties
The paratroops died by the millions
And hung on the cliffs and trees.

But when the daylight came at last
The earth was a conquered foe
And lay imprisoned, a captive
Subdued by the fallen snow.

* * * * *

O THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD

I heard all creation cascading
A symphony vibrant with praise
All day and all night serenading
Their Maker the Ancient of Days.

The katydid choirs in the gloaming
All sing of a God Who is good.
With tree-toads and bullfrogs all booming.
Their bellies distended with food.

The thunders and hurricanes lending
Their bass to the swell of the sound
The waves and the tempests all blending
Their notes our fair planet around.

The doves and the goldfinch while winging
Their way through the sun-caressed air
Their praises to Him ever singing
Whose love is displayed everywhere.

And they sing to my soul a glad story
A Father Who always is there
To give us His grace and His glory
And show us His kindest care.

So I'll praise Him for goodness so endless
It reaches from Heaven to earth
To save and restore the most friendless
And give him a joyous new birth.

And I'll join in the great acclamation
To Him Who is worthy of praise.
And worship with deep adoration
Our God to the end of my days.

* * * * *

UNBELIEVING VIRUS

Once there was a little virus
Who did not believe in man
But he ate and thought and studied
Hard as any virus can.

And the cell in which he traveled
Was a perfect little sphere.
Nothing ever could be greater
Than his mundane now and here.

Since this little world of knowledge
Was his limit to absorb
He concluded space was finite
And was all within his orb.

So he lived and died a virus
Doing all a virus can
Never dreaming in his cell-world
He was living in a man.

What about a finite mortal --
Giving praise to mindless sod!
Living, thinking, working, dying
Unaware he lived in God!

* * * * *

A ROSE

I think that I shall never write
In my most fruitful mental flight
A thing as beautiful or bright

In either poetry or prose
As my great crimson Rambler Rose.

If I with eloquence could swell
And choose the adjectives so well
Evoking such delicious smell
With speech of such surpassing form
And colors just as richly warm

To show how morning light arose
Or one bright day in June disclose
As elegantly as my rose
Then all the world would clearly see
The merit of my poetry.
Were such perfection richly mine
My verse would be almost divine!
Some paint their art. Some write their prose
But God writes His art in a rose.

* * * * *

CHRIST CAUSES DIVISION

John 7:40-53

The people who received His word
Exclaimed, "God's Prophet we have heard"
While others said "The Christ this is"
But others doubtingly would quiz
"Shall Christ come out of Galilee
Are not the Scriptures plain to see
That Christ shall come of David's seed
With Bethlehem His town indeed?"
There was division: some of them Knew not
He came from Bethlehem.
Though some were angry, fierce and grim
Yet no man laid a hand on Him.
The priests said to police who came
"Why have you not arrested Him?"
The officers made answer plain
"No man hath spoken like this man."
Said Pharisees, "Are you deceived
Have any leading men believed?
These people in the law not versed
By woeful ignorance are cursed."
But Nicodemus said to them
(He who by night to Jesus came)

"Does our law any judgment plan
Before it hears and knows a man?"
They answered him with biased plea
"Are you also of Galilee?
Then search the land with careful eyes
From Galilee shall not arise
A prophet, God's cause to espouse."
And each man went to his own house.

* * * * *

OH, I MUST GO

Oh, I must go to the field below
Where the grain is ripe for the reaping.
If I quit the field there will be less yield
For many men are sleeping.

As the thunderheads the zenith strew
And sunset comes a-blushing
I must be true with workers few
For darkness comes a-rushing.

Oh! the ripened grain! the fragile grain!
Are human souls so precious
To whom our God and Jesus' blood
Give life so full and gracious.

And all I ask is strength for the task
And a Spirit-equipped fitness,
And the power to win men away from sin
To a bright Spirit's witness.

When my failing speech can no longer reach
One soul to be forgiven
Then I'll depart with all my heart
To a place prepared in Heaven.

But now I'll stay in the field today
Where grain is ripe for the reaping
That on judgment day no man can say
My neglect was the cause of his weeping.

* * * * *

A WORTHY CAUSE

Our youth are in search of a challenge
A meaningful, beautiful cause
That will sharpen their young eager efforts
And give them pursuit without pause.

So they cling to the crowd most congenial
Nor dare to depart from the throng.
Nor despise that assignment most menial
If they truly feel they belong.

But our moment of truth is encroaching
For we must all come down to die
Will this truth our hearts be reproaching?
"We've lived all our lives for a lie."

Our Christ offers adequate challenge
His church a magnificent cause.
Both help us prepare for the judgment
Where we may receive His applause.

* * * * *

SAIL ON! OH SHIP OF ZION!

The old Ship of Zion
As she rises on the swell
Has suffered many an onslaught
From the hurricanes of hell.

The critics' cutting, boorish blasts
Have polished smooth her keel
But her halyards come from heaven
And her Captain's at the wheel.

True holiness her manifest
Jerusalem her goal.
She many a stormy crest surmounts
And shelters many a soul.

The old Ship of Zion
Has weathered many a storm.
Protecting saints from frigid blasts
With fire to keep them warm.

The Pilgrims board her from afar

Her charts are tried and true.
She watches for the Morning Star
And sails with saintly crew.

Her sailors are expendable
A sinking man to save
And many a man is rescued
From a grisly, Christless grave.

And she will sail at long last
To home port of call
And anchor safe from storm's blast
And wind's thrash and thrall.

Sail on, Oh Ship of Zion
Sail for eternity
Until in New Jerusalem
We all shall safely be.

* * * * *

WHICH CROSS, WHICH CROSS IS YOURS?

They heaved three crosses up on high
Upon a rocky ridge one day.
Upon them three accused would die
Upon One all men's sin would lie
And thus be carried far away.
True peace His death for sin procures
Which cross -- which cross is yours?

One malefactor by His side
Would rail upon the sinless One --
Would cast aspersions and deride
And churlishly His Lord would chide
Then die in sin, and die alone.
His doubt defeats Love's overtures,
Which cross -- which cross is yours?

The other malefactor prayed
"Oh, Lord, my Lord, remember me!"
And turning to the first thief bade
Him stop his unprovoked tirade --
And with a deep humility
He dies to sin -- and Jesus cures
His sin -- which cross -- is yours?

* * * * *

NEED TO WRITE

On truth we may feast, from men long deceased
And still guide our footsteps below.
Like light that still streams in radiant beams
From stars burned out eons ago.

The tenets of truth from Joseph or Ruth
Would not guide to paths that are good
If men did not write these treasures of light
And send them abroad as they should.

So may it behoove all who know His love
To heed God's commandment to write
The good things of truth for yet unborn youth
To guide them in pathways of light.

* * * * *

BOW AND WORSHIP

Man's Maker came a Baby in a manger
Beneath the glowing star's revealing gleam
And though a strident mob may call Him
Stranger He died that every man He could redeem.

He cleft the waters for the Red Sea crossing
And fed His fearful people angels' bread.
He stills the storms and stops the high waves' tossing
He heals the hopeless, resurrects the dead.

Rejoice and praise Him for His help in battle
Rejoice and praise Him, angel hosts on high.
Rejoice and praise Him creeping things and cattle
Let all earth's captives to His cross draw nigh.
Repent and worship; libertine and liar
Repent and praise Him; con-man, thug and thief
Let praise and worship mount up ever higher
For He can give you goodness for your grief.

Repent and praise Him, harridan and slattern
For He can purge the heart and make it pure
Now sing His praise with earth and Mars and Saturn

His conquest of the universe is sure.

* * * * *

TREASURE HOUSE

What a marvelous plan is the memory of man
Bestowed on each nation and tribe.
And he who buys truth from the days of his youth
Will be a most fortunate scribe.

Here are gems of pure joy -- laid up since a boy
Began -- perhaps crude and uncouth
To acquire new and old, great apples of gold
In pictures of bright silver truth.

As keen eyesight fails and multiplied ails
Beset the corruptible frame,
Though he not move about as money runs out
Though he have not a cent to his name,

He still can resort to his favorite sport
Of counting his treasures of truth;
The jewels of gold, and proverbs untold
Kept safe since the days of his youth.

No pity he needs, his spirit he feeds
On incorruptible fare.
And when he is given his ticket to heaven
He'll find his familiar food there.

For truth is forever, 'twill perish no never
So seek it and treasure it well.
Around us it lives and true wisdom gives
If deep in our memories it dwell.

* * * * *

THREE BEAUTIFUL THINGS, YEA FOUR

Three things of beauty have been known of old
And still to us are fairer than pure gold.
The babies' smiles at angels while they sleep
The smiles of saints while tears of joy they weep.

The confrontation of a soul with Christ

That brings transforming power to one so priced
That in a world of wealth was not redeemed
Until the gospel to his heart was beamed.

There is a fourth which very few have seen,
Though millions cruise the earth with vision keen;
But there will come a day when shall appear
The vision glorious -- to the saints most dear --
The Savior's face -- with all the Godhead's powers
And in His face will be reflected -- ours!

* * * * *

YES THERE IS

There is a gospel unadorned
Fraught with dynamic power
(By unbeliever's blindly scorned)
Sufficient for this hour.

There is a Father over all.
Who gave His Only Son.
Who waits to answer when we call
If we with sin are done.

There is a Savior: One alone,
And Jesus is His Name.
His light in this dark world has shone
Exposing all its shame.

There is a fountain filled with blood
That cleanses from all dross,
The life-stream of the Son of God
Who went to Calvary's cross.
There is a Spirit we can know

Whose temples clean are we --
He keeps and comforts here below
Eternal God is He.
There is a city built four-square

Untouched by human hand.
Where Christ shall with His people share
The glories of that land.
There is a River crystal clear

Borne from the Father's throne.
Where saints in holy atmosphere
Shall know as they are known.

* * * * *

CALVARY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

The heavens scowled sullen and blackly
On this most depraved deed of men.
Their Maker they murdered hangs slackly
But still intercedes in deep pain.

The earth beneath sobs with great quaking
The rocks of the mountains are riven.
The graves of the saints are up-breaking
As earthlings prevail over heaven.

Creation grieves with its Creator
Expiring on Golgotha's hill.
He -- man's lone Emancipator
Grows faint as the evening grows chill.

His friends sunk in sad disillusion
Are watching the scene from afar
As death with its tearful intrusion
Leaves them without Hope's shining star.

The minions of night are rejoicing
To see their great Challenger dead.
And now in loud clamor are voicing
Their joy at no judgment ahead.

But then with the deepest dejection
They see their false hopes quickly fall
For He is all men's Resurrection
And He will be judging them all.

So sinners and demons well tremble
For some day before Him they'll stand.
Before Him they all shall assemble
To answer the law's just demand.

For He is the Judge of all nations
All people His praises shall sing.
Who laid a bright City's foundations

Creator, Redeemer and King.

When sin is forever extinguished I Cor. 15:25
And death stops exerting its pall I Cor. 15:26
His kingdom to God is relinquished I Cor. 15:24
That God may be all and in all. I Cor. 15:28

* * * * *

A SAINT
(Adapted from Joyce Kilmer's Trees)

I think that I shall never paint
A picture lovely as a saint.

A saint whose hungry heart is pressed
Against the Savior's riven breast.

A saint who looks to God all day
And lifts up holy hands to pray.

A saint whose face the glory wears
And many a heavy burden bears.

Upon whose spirit souls have lain
In inward agony of pain.

Pictures with words we quickly paint
But God takes years to make a saint.

* * * * *

ABIDING LAW

"Let's make the world safe for anarchy."
What a crass contradiction of terms.
Like making the world safe for gangsters
Or making the earth safe for germs.

For obedience to law is true freedom
And chaos is "Do your own thing."
But nothing is free with anarchy
And chaos no safety can bring.

Your noises should stop half-way to my ears
Your odors half-way to my nose;

Unless your nudeness stops short of my eyes
Your ignorance of liberty shows.

My own freedoms must never, never alloy
The freedoms or rights of my brothers
For I myself cannot full freedom enjoy
Until I permit it to others.

But there is a rule that will fit every case
'Tis old and yet wondrously new.
And that is "To do unto everyone else
As you'd have them do unto you."

* * * * *

CHOOSE! SATAN! OR THE SAVIOR

The tempter will maim you and more so
If you will just hearken to him.
He'll rip you right down to your torso.
He'll tear you and rend limb from limb.

He'll have you avoid every virtue,
Invoke on your head every vice.
He'll send everything that will hurt you
And tempt you with tactics not nice.

Your conscience he'll gradually callous
Your heart he will harden like stone.
Until like the wonderland's Alice
Confusion obscures all you've known.

Your deeds he'll eventually darken
Your days of delight he'll destroy
Until you may nevermore hearken
To Jesus your source of true joy.

Your future he'll cloud in confusion
Your soul he'll enmesh in his snare
To drag you to death's sad conclusion
To cringe in confines of despair.

The tempter's sweet lies are deceiving
For his joys have death in their way
But if God's good Word you're believing
There's joy for eternity's day.

Oh, quickly then flee to the fountain
The Spirit invites you to come
With Jesus to God's holy mountain
And let God's good will be your home.

* * * * *

PETER'S CHALLENGE

"We have toiled all the night and caught nothing"
An honest man speaks his defeat.
With red-rimmed eyes and hands idle
"Our families have nothing to eat."

"We have toiled all the night and caught nothing
We have fished everywhere, fore and aft
And now You give us these instructions
To let down our nets for a draft?"

A Carpenter knows about fishing?
A carpenter's Son knows the sea?
But we will accede to His wishes."
The King of all fishermen, He!

"We have toiled all the night and caught nothing
And then we wait idle and stiff;
But now we obey His directions
And so at His bidding we will."

So the catch exceeds all expectations
Now they shall be fishers of men
And they shall be highly successful
As He directs both where and when.

* * * * *

GOSSIPS

If pastor Fossips
Should lose his gossips
He need not start on the hunt of them.
Just leave them alone
And they'll come home
Wagging their tales in front of them.

* * * * *

KEEP ON DIGGIN'

If at first you find but sand
Keep on diggin'
There's bedrock beneath this land
Keep on diggin'.
Others try and tire and fail
You can persevere, prevail
Let your faith be strong not frail
Keep on diggin'.
If there's soapstone in your way
Keep on diggin'.
If you find but shale today
Keep on diggin'.
Tho' your head and heart may tire
Let your pluck and prayer reach higher
You will surely strike the fire Keep on diggin'.

* * * * *

MAN OF SORROWS

There is sorrow in the birdsong
When a loved one's laid to rest.
There is sadness in the sunshine
Tho' it shine its very best.

There is sadness in the handclasp
Of our friends so near so true.
Their condolence does not reach it
This great heartache deep in you.

But there comes the Man of Sorrows
He Who died that we might live
And His Presence brings us healing
And His words true comfort give.

For He knows our deepest heartache
And He feels -- and Oh! He cares
For He is our burden bearer
And the soul's great load He shares.

He has broken death's dark mandate
He illumines every grave

For He is our life eternal
He from every foe will save.

Bow before Him, Lord of Heaven,
Worship Him; the King of kings,
For He's our Emancipator
And a hope immortal brings.

Every knee shall bow before Him
Every tongue confess Him Lord
And to Him shall give all glory
He the incarnated Word.

* * * * *

MOTIVES

The reason why!
Ah! 'Tis the critical question
If easily ascertained
'Twould lessen our courts' congestion.

Not just what did we want
Or covet or beg or buy
But the crucial question to face
Is the honest reason why.

Not just what did we do
But what was the motive behind it?
And we have to be truly honest
If we would surely find it.

Not just what did we say!
But the motive -- ah -- can we trace it?
Do we have the moral courage
To honestly truly face it?

For we shall confront our motives
In the judgment by and by
And shall we cringe in confusion
When He shows us our reasons why?

* * * * *

PILGRIM

Today I am homesick for Heaven
While traveling this poor restless earth.
I long to abide with my Savior
In the land of my spiritual birth.

My riches are all laid up yonder
My homeland can never be here.
My citizenship is in Heaven
With everything I hold dear.

My loved ones are gathering yonder
My best friends are going that way.
O! may I soon join in that chorus
In the land of the non-fading day.

This world has no bread for my hunger
I ponder -- and puzzle -- and plod.
But I'm sure I'll be perfectly happy
When I come home to Heaven and God.

* * * * *

THE KINGDOM UNSHAKABLE

Heb. 12:28 -- Matt. 16:18

The true church will stand the storm and shock
Because it is founded upon the Rock.
He guards us and guides us with staff and rod
For He is the Son of the Living God.
Let no saint tremble and no heart fail
The counsels of Satan shall not prevail.

He loved us and bought us with shameful loss
While hanging in agony on a cross.
But He perfectly met the law's demands
And the keys to the kingdom are in His hands.
He knows and confesses His blood-washed Own.
And calls them to conquer and share His throne.
Let no faith panic and no face pale
The counsels of Satan shall not prevail.
He's told us that perilous times would come
False prophets would test and imprison some.
And Satan with ministers circumspect
Would seek to deceive the very elect.
That men would be traitors, unholy and proud
And before their Redeemer remain unbowed.

But His name, His blood and His grace will not fail
The counsels of Satan shall not prevail.

* * * * *

HOPE

After bitterness comes the balm.
After crises, comforting calm
After the cross a conqueror's crown,
After the thrall a glorious throne.
After the gall comes marvelous grace.
After the fight we'll see His face.
After the darkness comes the day,
After the wilderness, God's Own way.
Over the falsehood triumphs truth.
Cowards yield to courageous youth.
Over uncertainty stands the sure,
Over pollution beams the pure.
Up from slavery comes a saint,
Up to triumph o'er sullen taint.
Up from servitude stands a son
Up from death, new life begun.
In perplexity He gives peace.
After the rigor, comes release.
Faltering yields to flowering faith.
Life divine shall swallow death.

* * * * *

CHASTISEMENT

Hebrews 12

He whom the Lord loveth He chastens
And scourges each son He receives.
So when great affliction He fastens
On me though my spirit it grieves:
Yet when He has tried me
I'm certain I'll come forth as gold from the fire;
And trust Him to draw back the curtain
When I have fulfilled His desire.

So, if we endure His correction
Then God deals with us as a son;
His rod does not cast a reflection
'Tis holiness in us begun.

Our fathers chastised for their pleasure
But God with our profit in mind;
That we might have heavenly treasure
And holiness perfected find.

No pain for the present is joyous
But afterward yieldeth the fruit
Of righteousness; if He employ us
In peaceful and holy pursuit.
But sufferings of this world I reckon
Not worthy to really compare
With glories of heaven that beckon
To us from the upper world there.

I reckon that this light affliction
So grievous with sickness and pain
Will cease with its binding restriction
When we with the Savior shall reign.
Then in Heaven with angels supernal;
Forgetting chastisement so drear;
For far more exceeding; eternal,
The glory it worked for us here.

I'll praise then our Heavenly Father,
Whose presence fills Heaven and earth,
That with His weak children He'd bother
To bring them up, right from their birth.
Refining, chastising, correcting,
His children who struggle down here,
Until in our hearts is reflecting,
His image of holiness clear.

* * * * *

MY UNIVERSE

My hope reaches past my horizon
My zeal past my zenith above;
My faith to earth's far distant peoples
My loads are His labors of love.

My stars are His angel attendants,
The will of God my milky way.
My rainbow His promises brilliant,
My cloudbursts His Spirit's display.

My moon is His church, fair and bloodwashed.
My sun is God's Son zenith high.
No darkness comes here in love's noonday
No shades of night ever draw nigh.

My fruits are the fields of His harvest
My vision His vineyards has seen.
My crops are the converts I'm bringing
My fight is where His feet have been.

God's Word is my food and my fuel
His grace is my atmosphere grand.
I feast by His Spirit's free fountain,
Take bread from His bountiful hand.

My tents are His trenches of battle
In conflict I go and I come.
My hopes are all anchored in Heaven
With Heaven's fair City my home.

My breathing is prayer without ceasing,
My way is the work of the Lord.
I hope to hear words "Good and faithful,
Come higher, receive your reward."

* * * * *

CHARACTER BUILDING

By careful and studied selection
The sculptor his vision begins
But later by rugged rejection
The much too-thick portion he thins.
By carefully weighing their meanings
The meter and rhythm and rhyme
The poets with numerous gleanings
Choose words to express the sublime,
So saints are thus builded and guided
To carefully spurn the uncouth
Not painted nor gilded; lop-sided --
But level and plumb with the truth.

Our circle of friends that are dearest
Selected from many we know
Become to our spirit the nearest
When with our dear Savior they go.

God's millstones both nether and upper
Whose crushings are not always clear
We'll find at the great marriage supper
Had spun our white robes for us here.
So God sets the two ways before us
The way of the living: the dead
And in lovingkindness stands o'er us
To point out the dangers ahead.
And whether we sing in that City
Or whether in darkness descend
Where no arm can help; no eye pity
Upon our own choice will depend.

* * * * *

PROXIMITY

How close is pleasure to pain?
As close as rainbows to rain!
How near are our triumphs to tears?
As close as our eyes to our ears!

How close are our foes to our friends?
As close as the chaff to the wheat!
How close are our fears to our faith?
As close as our toes to our feet!

How near is our living to death?
As near as our breast to our breath!
How closely lies Heaven to Hell?
So close it's not easy to tell!

* * * * *

CIRCLING SEASONS

Who can stop the surging seasons?
As they sweep so ceaselessly
From the dim uncertain future
Pressing down on you and me.

Come, behold a brand-new morning
One which ne'er before has been
Then think back to other cultures
Other times and tribes of men.

They beheld this self-same dawning
Day by day their life-long through
And their distant predecessors
In their rise and passing too.

So the seasons speed in cycles
From a somber, endless sea
Winter, summer, seedtime, harvest
And through all eternity.

Here and now we meet the future --
There! It has become the past --
Let us labor for the Master
For this day may be our last.

Other saints have gone before us
Sowing, watering with their tears.
And we now may share their labor
For a few swift, fruitful years.

Then some day with summer ended
And the harvest in the past.
We and they shall sing together
In our harvest home at last.

* * * * *

FREE WILL

With an exquisite skill God designed human will
It's really sensational news.
He is not a machine as can quickly be seen
But is given the freedom to choose.

But this freedom to choose he may blindly abuse
And go stumbling in pathways of sin.
Without spiritual sight he will walk in the night
And have sorrow and heartache within.

So the issue is -- Choose -- not a day should he lose
The acceptable moment is now.
With salvation and sight he can opt for the right
And the Spirit with power will endow.

Oh, this freedom of will, 'tis a wonderful thrill
Just to know I'm no victim of fate.

Since I made Him my choice, I can follow His voice
And walk with Him through Heaven's gate.

* * * * *

NO ESCAPE

Can a man escape from sunshine?
Can a man escape from rain?
Can a man escape from suffering?
Can a man escape from pain?

Can a man escape from the atmosphere
Above or below the sod?
He may my friend, he may, he may,
But he cannot escape from God!

Though he climb to the highest heaven
Or down with the demons flee,
Though he fly on the wings of the morning
And dwell in the utmost sea.

Though he find the remotest desert
Where mankind never has trod.
He cannot escape from his conscience
And he cannot escape from God.

* * * * *

EARNEST

The fierce March winds
The snow showers bring
The flowers have fled
The brooks are dead
But the way the birds sing
It soon will be spring.

And the hard hearts of men
Oppose coldly their King
The world lives in dread
Revivals stop dead.
But the way my heart sings
It soon will be spring.
And we'll see our great King
White robes, harps and everything.

* * * * *

THE ROAD TO ENDOR

The terrible road to Endor
Is a most tragic one-way street.
And drop-outs who may embark on this way
Will never their Savior meet.

The sorrowful road to Endor
Is a passage away from peace
And all who have trod this road from God
Have had all their troubles increase.

Who travels this road to Endor?
Is it those who have not heard the truth?
No! -- But those who have heard and rejected the Word
And many are still in their youth.

If you take this road to Endor
Then travel with bated breath
For those on this road will bear heavy load
And may meet with sudden death.

For those who will travel to Endor
Choose Satan instead of the Christ.
And as they draw near it, they grieve God's sweet Spirit
And are by delusions enticed.

Would you take the highway to heaven?
Then count all the cost; count it well.
For witches will revel with demons and devil,
In planning to take you to hell.

This poem is based on the experience of King Saul and the witch of Endor, and is written to warn our young people in the face of the terrible proliferation in this day of mediums, psychics, fortune tellers, astrology charts, etc.

* * * * *

LOVE THAT WALL

Something there is in me that dearly loves a wall.
It cuts down noise pollution
And smoke and dust withal.

Without it -- no picture window --
Without it my roof would fall.
And now with daylight fading, who knows what will befall?

With thieves and murderers prowling
The streets and lanes withal
But here secure I'm resting
My strength to overhaul
Something there is in me that dearly loves a wall.

God's sheepfold is protected by an encircling wall
And only those can enter
Who heed the Shepherd's call.
All wolves are thus excluded
The sheep are safe in stall
No foe can kill or threaten because there is a wall.

And then there is a city whose walls approach the sky
And all are thus excluded
Who love and make a lie.
All dogs and low whoremongers
All who would kill or brawl
Thank God there is a city
Protected by a wall.
That is the future home
Awaiting for us all.
Something there is in me that dearly loves a wall.

* * * * *

RAISING OF LAZARUS

Lazarus was sick
His tongue waxed thick
Hands heavy like a brick
His sisters cried
"Get the Master quick."
"See his eyelids flick
We'll still this sickness lick."
But death would not be stayed.
The Master delayed
The sisters prayed
And were afraid.
Then death so deft
Made his deadly theft
And they were left

Bereft.
Mary a sad vigil kept.
Martha the kitchen swept.
The hours crept.
Lazarus slept
And Jesus wept.
Some questions He would pose
Who would His questions face?
"Can I defeat man's foes?
And master time and space?"
Faith the sisters chose
Death could not decompose
The Master would the door unclose
So Lazarus arose
In his graveclothes
But Jesus knows
He must be loosed from those.
And then they said
"He's alive, not dead
Go ahead
Give him some bread."
Lazarus was joyously received
And many observing Jews believed.

* * * * *

POET'S MOTIVATION

Poetry may not close its gate
To those whose hearts are hot with hate
But though they may acquire the skill of it
The public will soon have its fill of it.

But those whose hearts with love are filled
And also in the language skilled
Will strike in kindred hearts a chord
And many a fruitful hour afford.

* * * * *

QUEST: FUTILE OR FRUITFUL

The world has a pining
A longing and whining
For something they're knowing not what
A bright bubble bursting

A dreaming and thirsting
For something they think can be bought.

Behaving like crackpots
They gamble for jackpots
And bank accounts bulging with cash
But when they've obtained it
And spent it and drained it
It turns in the mouth to dry ash.

When near to their dreaming
So real and not seeming
The Lord of Life patiently waits
If they'd stop their scheming
And drooling and dreaming
He gladly would open the gates

To a world of true pleasure
How priceless the treasure
He offers to all who obey
A happiness holy
In His kingdom solely
And wealth that will not wear away.

* * * * *

A PSALM OF THE HOLY LIFT
(Adapted from Longfellow)

Tell me not in doleful numbers
Holiness is but a dream.
For the carnal soul still slumbers
And sins are not what they seem.

Holiness is real; earnest
Purgatory's not our goal
Taken from sin to sin returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.

Holiness in joy or sorrow
Is God's good predestined way
Praying much that each tomorrow
Finds us further than today.

As we wrong and darkness battle
In this holy war of life

We are not Fate's driven cattle
We are conquerors in the strife.

Trust no priestly promise pleasant
Only Christ can raise the dead.
Now is ours: th' eternal present
Christ within and Heaven ahead.

Life is short and time is fleeting
But all hearts both pure and brave
High with love for Him are beating
Who has conquered every grave.

Lives of holy men remind us
We can live that life sublime
And departing leave behind us
Glory in our world of time.

Glory that perhaps another
Tired of doctrines vague and vain
A discouraged fallen brother
Seeing shall seek God again.

Let us then be up and doing
Trusting God; not trusting fate
Holiness and peace pursuing
Learn to witness and to wait.

* * * * *

COMPLEXITIES

How deep! How inscrutably distant
Are the depths of the spirit in man.
Such deep incommensurable caverns
That no finite seer can span.

What mortal can search his own memory?
What human can know his own heart?
Who is it can cleanse his own conduct?
Or make one dark demon depart?

Who feels his own faults he can fathom?
Or who carnal traits can confine?
Who can underline his own lusting?
Or who his own foibles refine?

But then come the Scriptures so searching!
The rashness of men to reveal.
And honest hearts know deep conviction
Of sin they no longer conceal.

But Jesus our Lord knows completely
Our thought life, each deed and desire.
And He will forgive all our failings
And purge us with heavenly fire.

* * * * *

UNTIL I FOUND HIM

Maybe there were joys before I found Him
Maybe there was Heavenly radiance too
But until I saw them all around Him,
I was blind because I never knew.

Maybe other lives were also barren
Maybe others longed for beauty too
But until I met the Rose of Sharon
I was blind because I never knew.

Maybe others longed for sins forgiven
Maybe others longed for vision too
But until I met God's Son from Heaven
I was blind because I never knew

Maybe there was love before He found me
Maybe there was heavenly ecstasy
But until I found them all around me
I was blind, so blind, I could not see.

I never knew God's grace so true
Or that His peace could come to stay
I never knew what love could do
Until His came through one day.

* * * * *

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES

He watches the footsteps of each girl and boy
He gives us true pleasure without an alloy

He gives to us richly all things to enjoy
Oh, He is our Savior divine.

Before we were born He had planned for our best
Forgiveness of sins and a sweet second rest.
With multiplied bounties we truly are blest.
Oh, He is our Lover divine.

He pours out His riches of sunshine and rain
His manifold blessings again and again
He gives us sweet songs with a joyous refrain
He is our Redeemer divine.

Unsearchable riches of marvelous grace
To wash us and purge us of everything base
That we can rejoice in the light of His face
Oh, He is our High Priest divine.

For all our dark sins He did fully atone
And calls us to sit in His heavenly throne
To give us inheritance truly our own.
For this is His promise divine.

As sinners may soon take the mark of the beast
He calls all His children; the greatest; the least
To don spotless robes for the great marriage feast
For He is our Bridegroom divine.

* * * * *

SPACEMEN

One just cannot stay in the study
For long drawn-out periods of time.
Not even when writing with pleasure
In musical rhythm and rhyme.

Something there is in my spirit
(Inherent perhaps in the race?)
That feels those four walls too confining
And longs for unlimited space.

What a balm for the soul is the boundless
Expanse of the heaven's blue dome.
And know that beyond is my Father

And there is my heavenly home.

The boundaries of one human spirit
Are bigger than men may believe.
How far can one's faith fully fathom?
As far as the mind can conceive?

Since God is the Author of spirits
And to Him we all shall return --
Is it then an inscrutable wonder
That for His wild blue yonder we yearn?

* * * * *

OUR OIL! OUR LAMPS!

God opened a fountain at Calvary
A fountain sufficiently wide --
That everywhere earth's dying millions
May come to its life-giving tide.

God paid such a ransom at Calvary
A ransom so loving and free
That every penitent -- claiming
A rapturous free man can be.

But all have not met our good Master
And many seek elsewhere in vain,
And in deep despair they are dying
In poverty, bondage and pain.

For God has no channels but Christians
To trumpet -- how grace may abound.
Oh! what if the clear notes are muted
Or blown with an uncertain sound?

God sets out no beacons of blessing
To tell of redemption's glad morn.
Nor will He commission an angel
To tell how a man is re-born.

The world sinks in foul putrefaction
The lame and the blind and the halt.
And where oh where are the Christians?
For Jesus has called us its salt.

If men stumble on in the darkness
And grope, Oh, so vainly for sight
Then pray tell me where are God's candles?
For Jesus has called us their light.

Oh Christians! Let's keep our lamps burning,
Our garments all spotless and white
Our Heavenly Bridegroom is coming
In glory resplendently bright.

So let us press on in the harvest
With souls so immortal the wheat.
And soon we shall worship before Him
With trophies to lay at His feet.

* * * * *

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Today I am a servant,
Tomorrow I shall reign
Today my soul may suffer
Tomorrow shall end pain.

Today I am a stranger
Sometimes left all alone.
Tomorrow I'll be knowing
Even as I am known.

Today is made for labor.
Tomorrow I shall rest.
Today I have God's better.
Tomorrow comes His best.

Today: misunderstanding;
Tomorrow all is plain.
Today sees earthly losses,
Tomorrow Heaven's gain.

Today I see Him darkly
Tomorrow face to face
Today I've earth's small dwelling
Tomorrow Heaven's place.

Today I face the tempter
Tomorrow face my Lord.

Today I fight the battle
Tomorrow sheathe my sword.

Today I dream of Heaven!
Tomorrow I shall see.
And find my bright tomorrow
Today eternally.

* * * * *

EGGHEAD OF THE FUTURE (1997?)

"The Professor Jarz," reported the media
"Is a veritable walking encyclopedia."
The public at large decided to buy it
And flocked out to hear him (just like a riot).

The speaker appeared by his confident tone
To be one who knew all there was to be known.
And with a bright smile condescending; serene
Appeared that he saw all there was to be seen.

He lectured a while on time dilation
And evolution versus creation
The distance involved to the nearest stars
And the hardships of starting a farm on Mars.

As he closed he asked, "Are there questions please?"
There were: "Would you please, sir, explain a sneeze?"
And then before he could muster a pickup "
And if you don't mind, explain a hiccup."

The professor furrowed his beetled brow
And swallowed his gum like a nervous cow.
His face turned crimson, his eyes went wild.
He was utterly squelched by a little child.
"Those things are out of my line," he hissed.
"My time's dilated, this meeting's dismissed."

His evolution from pride to shame
Was quicker by far than his rise to fame.
Then he wondered, "Now where in all creation,
Can I go to live down my humiliation?"
While the public with hearty laughter roared
He rented a rocket and climbed aboard.
With the public still laughing Professor Jarz

Then blasted off for the Planet Mars.

* * * * *

LITTLE BOY ME

I am a man past middle-age, the years show up
But deep inside of me there romps a joyous lad
Who just refuses to grow up.

On Sunday when I sit in church
A model of dignity and poise.
He sees so much to smile about
Well boys will just be boys.

Especially does this boy run rampant in my dreams.
When this older me is still.
He runs and jumps, flaps his arms,
And he can fly at will.

Talk about stocks and bonds, depressions, world conditions
You'll see! not there his interest lies.
But just bring up a pheasant hunt -- or deer or grouse,
And man! You'll really get a rise!

This perennial youngster!
How he loves to romp
And play with other boys -- kick the can, softball
(Oh my muscles) he forgets that I'm a man.

And when I'm three-score years and ten no doubt.
Many restraints imposed by older me will fizzle out.
And I just hope that he'll be kind and mild
When it is said of him that he was once a man but twice a child.

But I really think that this is nearer the truth
They should employ,
That he was once a man but always
Deep inside a boy.

* * * * *

PIG IN A POKE?

A green country lad from the mountains
Had made his first trip into town

And there met a beautiful maiden
Who turned his poor heart upside down.

He dreamed how her beautiful figure
Would look as the queen of his home
But did not guess much of her beauty
Was just polyurethane foam.

Her beautiful long silky lashes
On which many glances were wasted
Did not reveal to his vision
That they were synthetic and pasted.

He thought her blond hair was more thrilling
Than owning the best pure bred pig
And did not suspect he was seeing
A common department store wig.

He thought sure the skin of her ankles
The smoothest he ever would smile on
But just could not think he was looking
At mere coal tar synthetic nylon.

To part from her sweet facial features
Would give him most exquisite pain
But nobody told him they mostly
Would wash off if caught in the rain.

If she captures him by her ruses
The B.B.B.* sure ought to know
Because things deceptively packaged
Were outlawed a long time ago.

*Better Business Bureau

* * * * *

THE END