Journeys Web Collection

This is a broader selection of poems than is available in the printed version, and is sorted solely by ascending “byte” size, rather than general subject category. The printed version also contains a section on personal adventures that inspired the poetry.

Give me truth
or give me death
Give me meaning
for my breath
64 ———Ω———

Any step the wrong way
will have to be taken back
It's not a casual road
I'm sorry, but there's only one track
109 ———Ω———

The Lord decides
Who lives
Who dies
Who flies
Who fries
Who laughs
Who cries
Who dries
Who's eyes
113 ———Ω———

You should reopen the issue
and consider Jesus Christ
It may well cost you everything
but it's well worth the price
116 ———Ω———

[A homeless woman, who lived on a bus bench]
I sit here waiting waiting wasting
precious minutes of my life
On this bench where I woke up
where I sit from dawn till life
129 ———Ω———

The object of a hill climb
  may not always stay in sight
You may have seen it from a distance
  but it's obscured when you're uptight
131 ———Ω———

We've seen before us -- now we've heard
  The power of an idle word
It doesn't make sense -- seems absurd
  The destruction of an angry word
146 ———Ω———

Come young man I'll sing you a requiem
  for the life you are leading today
You will die in it or you'll grow out of it
  either way it is passing away
152 ———Ω———

Accept your place.
  What it isn't:
    God
    Owner of others
    Owner of yourself
  What it is:
    Made by God
    Gift to others
    Trustee of yourself
159 ———Ω———

I want to love you more
  things would be right then
    life could then begin
The things that lead astray
  would lose their pull
    Life could then be full
165 ———Ω———

How does a man of action wait?
  Waiting is active; it is prayer
  Waiting is NOT doing nothing

Waiting is doing battle spiritually
While God prepares the physical
170 ———Ω———

People are afraid to say
"I've found it"
Even though they know
it's surely true
People aren't supposed to know
such riddles
But opinions aren’t the master
of a few
172 ———Ω———

I'd like to ask a question of these people
If you could know God would you dare
Would you find the time to hear
Would you really like Him near
Or discover that you really didn't care
187 ———Ω———

The one who made the worlds
and all that's in them
The one who made the stars
the sky, the sea
The one who made man's souls
and life within them
Is the one who wants to walk
with you and me
198 ———Ω———

I would rather have purpose and poverty
than a palace of possessions
I would rather walk in diligence and destiny
than death and delusion
I would rather build and become
than buy and borrow
195 ———Ω———

The people are out there...searching
My heart cries to lead them home
They want life, but they fear Him

They'd rather speak than hear Him
They are searching with their eyes closed
  So they roam
196 ———Ω———

Sometimes our hearts try to grow where they should not
Sometimes our souls yearn for strange things taboo
  Sometimes delusions
  have caused us confusions
But remember it's Jesus who truly loves you
200 ———Ω———

Many are called but few are chosen
  Sounds as if our fate is frozen
But it's not God who's done the choosing
  We do that for Him by refusing
The call is whosoever will
  We've made a choice if we sit still
202 ———Ω———

If we walk naked through this world
  We'll still be rich
If starvation takes our souls
  We'll still be full
If a prison takes our lives
  We'll still be free
Our wealth, our food, our lives
  Are all in Thee
210 ———Ω———

[A middle aged hitchhiker I picked up was planning
to drop in on a previous girlfriend]
I met him on the highway
  His thumb was in the road
He had no life to speak of
  The path was his abode
He started out just having fun
  and taking what he'd find
But thirty years of taking
  left him broken in his mind
221 ———Ω———

Kittens play at hunting
  and a little fighting to
Must our hobbies all be reconciled
  to things we have to do?
What draws a man to nature?
  Is it really love of sun?
Or might it be a subtle way
  of reconciling fear and fun?
221 ———Ω———

I know the mystery of the ages
  and of right now too
I have the wisdom of the sages
  and it's here for you
I have the boldness of the warrior
  and I know I'm strong
Because I'm walking with my Savior
  right where I belong
226 ———Ω———

[A portrait of Monterey]
I see a town of old smiles
  cast in new plastic
Lost children wandering through life,
  wondering WHAT home is
    more than WHERE it is
Holistic hypocrisy
Practiced poise and plastic
  bridging the gaps
   in personality and appearance
238 ———Ω———

Speaking of commitment
  has no meaning when you say
I will walk with you tomorrow
  please don't call me just today
God can guide you through tomorrow
  this of course we know is true
Learn to trust Him every moment
  He'll enrich the now day too
241 ———Ω———

When you've walked the miles
and seen the sights
it's Jesus
When you've been there and come back
it's still the Lord
When you've followed all your dreams
and tried on all the themes
When you're tired, bored and thirsty
it's still God
246 ———Ω———

I thought I'd listened carefully
to the things meant for my ear
Can it be the things I need to know
are thing I refuse to hear?
Some blame things on their histories
Some blame another's past
We all blame other people
If we blame ourselves it's last
250 ———Ω———

Its easier to run on faith
when you've no thing to lose
How bold and daring we once were
when we had one choice to choose
But now we're fat and silly and
we're debt and earning bound
God won't be wrong if before too long
He has our faces to the ground
252 ———Ω———

He's trying to look confident
like he really knows it all
But you look into his eyes and see
he truly fears a fall
He's wise enough to see the end
of the little game he's playing
He can't see where to go from here
which is why he keeps delaying
253 ———Ω———

I have filled the day with people
and withing things that must get done

I have filled my life with projects
I'm a slave to what's begun
Does a tree live in such tyranny
Does a flower live this way
Do other living things decide
how much they have to do this day
268 ———Ω———

I quiet my soul before You Lord
allowing the world to trickle out
Open my ears now to hear Lord
I'm sorry that you've had to shout
Lord you've been so faithful and gentle
You've hurt as I've wandered my way
Now I'm trying to slow down before you
to listen and to obey
271 ———Ω———

We each had our day in the sun
now we try harder to have fun
Don't keep pretending but be bold
and face the fact we're getting old
You can't tell a kid a thing
to try and do so just brings pain
Don't try to stop them let them be
their stupid selves like you and me
273 ———Ω———

I looked for purpose
in the works of my hand
I searched for purpose
through the use of some land
I looked for purpose
through some work I could do
I was looking for purpose
when I ran into you
You met all those needs
and you know I was glad
You met more needs
than I knew that I had
286 ———Ω———

Warrior of the day
  who’s armed with power and light
Warrior of the day
  who puts the dark to flight
Warrior of the day
  Armed with a sword of light
Warrior of the day
  exosing what's not right
Warrior of the day
  Who sent you out to fight?
Warrior of the day:
  Who said let there be light?
297 ———Ω———

I can feel the thunder
  I can smell the rain
I'm blinded by the lightning
  Yet I cower at His pain

He went through this for me
  Hoping I would see
The greatness of His longing
  for love response from me

Now He bids me follow
  a higher life to gain
If I seek my own way
  He did my part in vain
298 ———Ω———

The parting shot was Lord forgive them
  from the lips of Christ from the lips of Stephen
He didn't try to point their fault
  before they sealed Him in that vault
He forgave and lives were built
  Mankind was offered release from guilt
An angry man by the name of Saul
  was free to become the apostle Paul
300 ———Ω———

So here I stand Lord
  facing another day
Facing the same instructions
  taught in another way

It seems I never learn the ways
  you seek to instill in me
Yet somehow through the passing days
  more of your purpose I see
Thank you for your patience Lord
  You're very kind to me
I want to know you better
  and submit to your work in me
325 ———Ω———

We see a task or think we do
  then look at wind and water too
We evaluate with our own eyes
  the deep the wind the waves the skies
We act when we have left the boat
  like it is up to us to float
We know of course this isn't true
  so lets count on God's vision too
Our feet are heading toward the Master
  with our eyes there too we'll get there faster
345 ———Ω———

    (Vision)
Are the words I've heard just wishful thinking
  a fantasy while I am shrinking
Was it all a pleasant dream
  Opium to heal the seam
I don't think so, not that voice
  not while I follow Him by choice
I didn't say it
  Didn't pray it
    I followed and it came to me
It still is not
  My place to choose it
    God alone can make it be
350 ———Ω———

Do you ever sit down to talk about God
  and find there is nothing to talk about?
Do you ever set aside a time to pray
  and shortly run out of things to say?
Do you ask for a leading or abundant feeding
  only to hear something “new” that you've heard before?
I know where you're at because that's where I've sat

and can tell you obedience will open the door
354 ———Ω———

I refuse to let it happen
I refuse to let it die
I refuse to let more time go on
while I sit here and die
I've a calling and a life to live
yet as I look around
There's so much useless stuff to do
that tries to pull me down
I need to stand and shake myself
and shout "This isn't right!"
I've not been called to bless myself
I have been called to fight!
365 ———Ω———

God has spoken
and time moves on
The mighty universe declares
the nature of God
and His affairs
Soul, Put down that dirty thing
and listen to the heavens sing
Face the fact
that we were made
to be a part
of His parade
Does this sound preachy?
Does this sound teachy?
Too bad
We're going there anyway
And some day
you will thank me.
367 ———Ω———

Lord God you've called me from a solitary existance
from fighting love but thanks to your persistance
You opened up now beauties in my life
You tenderized my heart and gave me new life
Gone also was my cold and hardened face
You put tenderness and love within it's place
A loving wife and children numbering four

all trusting me to bring provision through the door
368 ———Ω———

It's very sad
to see you go
Back to the world
you used to know

To kid yourself
about how it was
To not remember
what sin does

Oh yes I know
this Christian walk
Takes a whole lot more
than just big talk

Of course you don't
have strength to stand
That's why our God
became a man

Don't kick yourself
for being small
Cry out to God
He'll hear your call
370 ———Ω———

How can I bless Lord
What can I do
How can I teach them
to walk close to you

Not just by speaking
Or pretending they're good
Lifestyle is the message
that's best understood

Life is a journey
that's new every day
Each monent's important
along the whole way

No great deed can save you

nor great sin condemn
Your heart is what matters
and not where you've been
374 ———Ω———

Afraid to enlarge commitment
I sit here juggling between the two
Knowing I'm called deeper
saying my depth now will do

What happens to such people
when they rest content as I?
Are they beckoned from the battle?
Is that how some saints die?

God I love you but I do not wish
just now to leave the fray
Please forgive me give me courage
to grow deeper every day
361 ———Ω———

You act like you're believing
something bat that someone said
or that there's some misunderstanding
in my actions that you've read
Have I somehow caused a stumbling?
Did I some way offend?
I would hate to see my bumbling
cause my sister's love to end
Please show me my weakness
I need you for a friend
And may God grant me the meekness
where I'm wrong I want to bend
367 ———Ω———

I sit here contented enjoying my ease
with a heart full of love and a belly with cheese
Sometimes I wonder about prophesied thunder
then I quickly forget for it isn't mine yet
Ah yes millions are starving at least so I've heard
but it hasn't touched me so I haven't ye stirred
Can you really imagine the plight of a man
when his comfort has gone and he earns food by hand?
373 ———Ω———

I can't play the hero
  and expect great things
I'm only a child
  and was born without wings
I'm not to presume
  that I'm meant to be great
and play liberal games
  with a path that is straight
I can't break the laws
  and believe God will help
If I sit on a tack
  it's quite likely I'll yelp
God is quite able
  to guide through the rough
But I don't look for it
  this life gives enough
378 ———Ω———

[Ever move to a new area where everybody
  but you has friends?]
To the lonely one
  who watches the world go by
To the silent one
  who's speach is just a sigh
How do these people meet these people?
  How do they get along?

I wish someone would speak to me
  though I don't know what I'd say
And I think if I would speak to them
  they'd look the other way

There's nothing that they want from me
  and when I'm gone my place will be
....Still empty....
389 ———Ω———

May my heart not interfere with what you're doing
  May my mind not try to figure out the way
May my lips refrain from speaking till I've listened
  until my soul is filled with what you have to say

May my spirit, soul, and body fill your leading
  May my words and actions tell your wondrous way
Help my eyes to never stray to some strange feeling
  May my life fill your desire every day
390 ———Ω———

I've been living as it life were up to me
Sometimes the mountains and the storm are all I see
  Sometimes the cares of this world roll
  Crashing down upon my soul
As if I were a peanut on the sea

But I have heard a voice upon the waves
Coming gently from the only one who saves
  With the threatenings of disaster
  Coming frequently and faster
We're fools if we don't trust the one who saves
396 ———Ω———

I am bound to serve God
  I am chained to the wind
I'm a slave of the Spirit
  and that is my end

I've tried to deny it
  I've tried to sit still
I've tried to pretend
  like I had time to kill

But the fire within me
  bursts forth like a storm
Like a boiler exploding
  without any form

Through it all this one truth
  cuts my soul like a knife
That my will must die
  to make room for this life
397 ———Ω———

God you've made my heart to love
  not things on earth but things above
But I've heard another call
  of earthly needs and work and all

It doesn't need to be this way
  there's no need for earthly sway
God I know that you'll provide for all my needs

Let me only think of you
  first in everything I do
Let my love mature in you
  and let my faith be built up too

Let your love be the only
  voice that my soul heeds
416 ———Ω———

Stir up the gift within you
  do not lit it gently die
Do not let it sit there idle
  while the precious hours fly
Don't say maybe tomorrow
  the world needs you today
Don't decide you need a rest
  and look the other way
Where did God place that talent
  that He wanted you to use?
Did He place it with a servant
  who's decide to refuse
the great responsibility
  of watching over gain
who idled himself otherwise
  till the Master came again?
430 ———Ω———

Like weeds struggling to grow
  through cracks in city streets
I see people struggling to flow
  into simple joys
    through cracks in their own situations
We all have situations
  Not enough money, time, health
    all of the above
A broken leg,
  A broken heart
    A broken life
But then there's the crack
  Even if it's just the crack of a smile
    or a glimpse of the world through eyes of a child

who has not yet noticed the pavement
448 ———Ω———

In the stillness
of the morning
when I awake alone with God
There is peace
and there is beauty
Life's a treasure
Life's a nod
But then as the
day grows busy
my attention
somehow strays
Then somehow
the love I'm feeling
seems to fade
into life's ways
Hold me close Lord
please don't lose me
Help me remember
That you're there
Help me show your
love to others
that they too
become aware
451 ———Ω———

As I wander aimlessly I keep bumping into life
I duck my head go back to bed to hide my heart from strife
I didn't ask to be here and don't even think it's fair
Why should I be forced to lead when I'm not even there
Yet something deep inside me keeps on going down the path
it doesn't fear the problems and it doesn't fear the wrath
A part of me is growing strong while part of me is dying
That's why you'll see me in a song…..while part of me is crying
455 ———~———

I take a step of faith and find
I've no strength of my own
I try to sense the Spirit
then I wonder if I've grown
I respond to some impressions
then fall flat upon my face

I try to take initiative
  then fall back on saving grace
How can I be a Daniel
  without discipline to fast
I promise my God lots of things
  but only weakness seems to last
What mystery in this Christian life
  that makes the flesh retreat
Somehow Gods chosen weakness
  to show his victory from defeat
466 ———Ω———

Though he's getting old and gray
  he'll probably wait another day
    while the time ticks on
I sat im-o-bil-ized by fear
  of up-set-ting what I hold dear
    as the time ticked on
I act like things will never end
  while the path is turning I don't bend
    as the time ticks on
I hear alarms; I see the signs
  I view the blueprint He designs
    as the time ticks on
Lord wake me up and make me run
  I want the life that You've begun
    before the time is gone
468 ———Ω———

To listen to each heartbeat
  To hang on every word
This romance of my soul springs forth
  from everything I've heard

The pull of life has caused me
  to wander in the way
My heart knows where my home is
  I must return today

How tragic that I've lost such time
  and grieved the one I love
What things could I have seen if I
  had kept my eyes above

So now I walk determined

though still within His strength
to trust Him and obey Him
and walk with Him the length
469 ———Ω———

Take another look
before you say another thing
Take another look
before you take another swing
I know your own ideas have got
you feeling quite secure
Are they really facts or smokescreen
are you really all that sure
A smokescreen may be needed
till you have the guts to face
the God who made the universe
and all the human race
I will not barge into your mind
or blow your smokescreen down
But I'll gladly share reality
when you accept it where it's found
471 ———Ω———

Thank you God for someone to love
It was all that I lacked Lord and now I've enough
It's funny how badly I needed to give
I gave and now there are two youngsters who live
But giving is something that has to go on
If you start and then stop something drastic goes wrong
Each challenge is built on the one just before
All you'd must grow deeper till you exit life's door
giving is just a beginning in life
May I ever grow deeper in love for my wife
473 ———Ω———

The Holy Spirit of God is no one's servant, and we
shouldn't act like it.

Listen to the wind
He has things to say
He has a mind of His own
He may not see things your way
It's not a matter of interpretation
the thoughts He may give

Hes not a tool He's like the master
of the life that you live
You many say He says this
You may claim He says that
You may claim it doesn't matter

But the wind continues on
no matter what you think
Close your mind and you may only hear laughter
473 ———Ω———

Jealous of the youth?
Are you kidding?!
That blind and stupid pain
The relationships, the put-downs
The dreams that died unreal
The search for life's reality
The agony they feel
The scars of disappointment
The lessons of defeat
The questions and the loneliness
I'm supposed to think that's neat?
Yeah, I've got those memories
I don't know what they're for
I stuffed them in that closet
with the sign upon the door
-- The sign?
Well....
It says....
Treasures
478 ———Ω———

I'm pursuing roads to freedom
that I've never seen before
I am learning things that stabilize
that wildly swinging door
I have grown to understand that when
o-per-tun-i-ty sings
If my ambitions are not aimed by God
the pendulum just swings
You can see a door wide open
you can charge it like a ram
It will show you all your motives
as you're flattened by it's slam
You can learn to pay attention

as you lie there on the floor
and renovate your life for growing
by another open door
482 ———Ω———

There is no end to the intriguing philosophies that one might explore, and they all lead to the same place: Nowhere.

Beautiful sounding nowheres
like a fireworks display
The parade of cults goes on and on
They hae so much to say
The carnal mind goes ooh and aah
with each new revelation
Like a miner about to strike it rich
while enduring tribulation
He finds that he is driven hard
by faith and hand hand-dug ditches
And spends his life in haunting search
of elusive promised riches
486 ———Ω———

“Once more,” I said, “Once more!”
and a little more of life went out the door.

“A little later, right after this”
just a little wasted time that I won't miss.

And so life continued, waiting to get started,
and while this life was waiting,
some of it departed.

“That's not fair!” I shouted
“Why can't I have it all”
but no one ever answered
as the summer turned to fall.

This train of time keeps moving;
the passengers are bound
Will they live in God's reality
or the pleasures they have found?
493 ———~———

When the early church was scattered
They remembered all that mattered
And they yearned for greater fellowship with Him
So as they traveled they were preaching
and the people they were reaching
became like the fellowship where they had been
So if the church your in don't please you
or your pastor's trying to fleece you
the answer's very simple now my friend
Just preach Christ to every neighbor
and the new Christians from your labor
will soon have you back in fellowship again
502 ———Ω———

Man of zero man of nothing
have you nothing left to say
standing there with pockets empty
in the middle of your way

Life continues flowing
it's demands have yet to cease
yet it seems your out of faith it takes
to have God's perfect peace

Without resource without recourse
you are really in a state
yet you still say that God loves you
and He never comes too late

God you've put us through the fire
and you've let us wind up here
though we can't see smell or touch you
we still know that you are near
502 ———Ω———

Nothing breaks your heart like a woman
unless it happens to be her child
that poor thing's just like you
which is why he's growin up so wild

Why must he do the stupid things
you did when you were young
Why can't he pa attention to
the warnings you have sung

I spose it's got something to do
  with the fact that we were born
to follow God by choice of will
  until that final morn

Not a whole lot more that we can do
  than everything we can
To fight our own stupidity
  and show our kids the plan
505 ———Ω———

A group is not the place to share
  the things that mug you dearly
It's foolish to let strangers share
  things man cannot see clearly
Though it's nice to be understood
  let this one word suffice
Though group intentions may be good
  beware of group advice
God has sent you those who love
  and through God's chosen humans
Listen carefully to God above
  through lips that He illumines
They have no theme or ax to grind
  their guidance may be subtle
But they'll be firm as well as kind
  and their love yields to no rebuttal
513 ———Ω———

Ever meet someone who has come into wealth or prominence
since the last time you had seen them, and notice they had
acquired a few attitudes as well?

How it seems that people change
  When good fortune takes them in
And isn't it quite strange
  How they forget where they have been
Looking up at those with status
  and believing they were lucky
Holding in contempt less fortunate
  when everything is ducky
How foolish foolish humans are
  as situations change

They haven't sprouted wings
just grown conceited – aren't we strange?
520 ———Ω———

When glass is being blown into a mold, it's first objective is to grow rapidly in all directions
And then, it begins to encounter the sides of the mold.
It experiences pressure that seems to contradict the pressure to grow that it feels from the inside, when in reality it is being shaped for it's future ministry.
It must accept these restrictions as blessings and purpose from the Master Craftsman, and continue to grow rapidly in the areas left open for it.
In many cases this is called submission to authority.
521 ———Ω———

Pull the power form the air
Drink the life that's waiting there
Seize the devil by the hair
Walk with boldness through his lair
What coals or walls hide man from God?
Our cowardice is all that's odd
god has given us His power
and direction for this hour
Our problem is we see the trees
till we look down form on our knees
As we see the world form God's perspective
we understand divine directive
wring life out of every moment
trusting in the blood atonement
for life form the throne of God
to illuminate the path we trod
522 ———Ω———

You look like you've been wounded
by a friend you now despise
I sense a lack of confidence
a hurt look in your eyes
There are many ways of acting
when a friendship has gone wrong
You can empathize with others
or sit down and write a song –
guess what my friend

It may have been your mommy
or it may have been your pop
It will take all your forgiveness though
to make the cycle stop
In forgiveness we aren't helpless
unless we want to be
Jesus Christ is our example
for the whole wide world to see –
and He is near
524 ———Ω———

A small voice said
from under a stone
You are worthy Lord
Though I wish this whole world
would just leave me along
You are worthy Lord
Though there is nothing left
for me but this cleft
You are worthy Lord
And only You\
can make life matter
at all
Then the earth heard the strain
and joined the refrain
You are worthy Lord
Then the hills answered back
and joined the attack
You are worthy Lord
Then the whole earth declared
as the demons ran scared
You are worthy Lord
And only You
can make life matter
at all
534 ———~———

Things are all so clear when I'm with Jesus
When it's just me and Him I see through walls
When nothing else is moving I can hear Him
How clearly and how quietly He calls
Build your life around Me and walk with Me
I'll take you where you never thought you'd go
We'll walk together in some new high places
As you follow me and move into my flow

We'll cross the mountains and we'll walk the valleys
  We'll boldly walk right through the devil's gates
You'll speak with power as I give direction
  But purity and love is what it takes
538 ———Ω———

A quiet voice from beside the road
  Spare change for one with no abode?
I see you think I'm just a bum
  who chose to live life crum-by-crum
Some of you think I like it here
  with nothing left but death to fear
Well the tide came in without my ship
  and wrenched life from my fragile grip
But I'll be back, I'll somehow make it
  But if you've a quarter, I'll gladly take it
Thanks for that change, it'll help me through
  the little things I have to do
God bless you once, and once again.....
  and then she's still, like phantom wind
538 ———Ω———

Coach if I could do it again
  I know that I would surely win
Butcha see it wasn't me
  It' not the way it should be
I wish I could do it over again
  -- but the time is gone

I wasn't quite ready that time
  or the other guy committed some crime
But now I know
  and I'm ready to go
Coach wontcha let me try it again
  -- but the time is gone

Now isn't that the thing we always say
  when things just didn't go our way
We paint the past with excuses
  for our mistakes and abuses
We should be giving all we have today
  -- before the time is gone
547 ———Ω———

As I sit here near the ground
  and listen as the sun goes down
    I can sometimes hear the Father speak to me
As I contemplate His ways
  while reviewing my past days
    He will sometimes tell me who I am to be
Father teach me how to live
  Show me how I am to give
    of the things which You so freely gave to me
Lord please help me understand
  while I live upon the land
    where the hurts are how to speak and how to give
Lord I want to speak your voice
  and to give the world a choice
    between the dead and meaningless and those who live
552 ———Ω———

Evil is a fire
  that won't stop till he's out
The devil is a liar
  he never lets you out
Its a common observation
  that good guys seldom win
Yet the Bible says there's grief in store
  for the man who walks in sin
Now just what observations
  and examples can we use
to reconcile the things we see
  and not be so confused?
Are we being lied to
  are things really not this way?
Evil fills up institutions
  is not skid row it's display?
There are many saddening stories of
  “how great and strong I was”
but somehow I came tumbling down
  Can you see what evil does?
552 ———Ω———

Enjoy what you can, there's no crime in that
  There is nothing wrong, with enjoying the fat
The only occasion  that it becomes sin
  Is when having it changes the heart that's within

We need to be careful and remember we're here

Because God has called us and then brought us near
We have to remember that there is more to youth
than swallowing bait and forsaking the truth

So watch how you handle the things that are here
and keep in perspective It's God we must fear
Be grateful and thankful it's OK to be glad
But save your first love for your heavenly Dad
568 ———Ω———

Your move Lord
Done all that I feel I can do
Nos something is left up to you
I've followed the pathway
far as I can see it
Now it's Your move Lord

A pathway that ends
has to signify death
But now where does one go
when they've drawn their last breath
My soul's still alive
you have made it survive
Now it's Your move Lord

I could keep on fighting
instead of abiding
But I would rather die
so I can look up on high
and say it's Your move Lord

I'd rather face resurrection
than a worldly confection
So I wait now correction
by divine election
and it's Your move Lord
587 ———Ω———

As I gorge myself on Christmas goodies
and compulsively munch on costly foodies
I close my eyes to the world around
and the fact great things are falling down
If while relaxing I allow my head
the luxury of a conscious dread
Its only to think of the check that pays

for the extra cost of the last few days
The week's been a hassle
but the shopping's done
and when Christmas is gone
another year's begun
The cost to this minuscule
part of mankind
will be clear when this season
is a few months behind
When I contemplate Easter
I'm telling you Jim
It was clean free to me
compared to what it cost Him
602 ———~———

The gates of hell shall not prevail
against the church of God
Don't sit around and let things happen
the devil's busy, deceiving, trapping
With glorious fury charge the gate
If you stay with God there's just one fate
You don't need to fear an outside force
If you're careful to walk your daily course
When you enter a period of powerful prayer
don't stop but remember to always be there
Do you think Paul was kidding? Do you think he was teasing?
When he urged all the brethren to pray without ceasing?
The only sure way to keep temptations down
is to keep your mind active on God's solid ground
610 ———Ω———

David was a strong man
and he got his strength from God
Goliath was a strong man
David gave him to the sod
Solomon had wisdom
for he asked it of the Lord
The monarchs round about him
bent their knees to hear his word
The man called Saul was educated
but he didn't have it right
He built the church he'd tried to kill
from the day he met the Light
What good is earthly wisdom?
What good is earthly strength?

While the heart is still rebelling
and our rope runs out of length
It's a strange thing I don't understand
that God gives each man his portion
And waits to see if we'll rebel
or trust God with our fortune
612 ———Ω———

We must walk upon the water
we are called out of the boat
We must follow Jesus instantly
or we'll not stay afloat
We must set our minds to follow Christ
regardless of our thinking
There's no hope in doing otherwise
because our boat is sinking
We must view the world through His own eyes
to see it right at all
He is giving us the mind of Christ
so we don't have to fall
Our only fear is missing God
Our only hope's to follow
Our own agendas lead us on
to lives fruitless and hollow
Rejoice in praise and freedom
as we walk upon the sea
Cast off your bondage to old things
Our God has set us free!
617 ———Ω———

Ever repenting -- never strong
Ever trying -- always wrong
Raising a hand as if holding a sword
Falling in action though resisting in word

The fetters that bind
that don't look like they're there
are invisible things
from the prince of the air

Herein lies the power
herein lies the clue
Wage war in the Spirit
in all that you do

If you take on in battle
what you see with your mind
You are helpless to stand
you are helpless to bind

But if earthly vision
is to serve you well
Consider the spiritual
stories they tell

And don't base your battle
on carnal swordplay
But remember to do things
the spiritual way
629 ———Ω———

Would a speck of dust or a grain of sand
ever dare to defy that mighty hand?
Not if it reasons,not if it sees
that the stars are like sawdust and kings less than fleas
And yet arrogant man on a flashbulb called time
strives to convince himself that he can climb
To the height of creation and be just like God
while each one takes his turn six feet under the sod
But all is not fruitless and all is not lost
God made provision at infinite cost
He's reached down His hand to save who will be saved
He's offering freedom to those who death has enslaved
So come let us reason and not be so dumb
His grace is in season right now you can come.
651 ———Ω———

Just another shovel full the miner cried
Just another shovel full and then he died
He'd been turning shovels over forty years
He'd spent his prime of life his health and many tears
He was sure that soon he would be very rich
Nothing short of wealth could move him from that ditch
The goals he'd set before him blinded all his life
He'd left behind a family and a lonesome wife
He started out believing he would strike it rich
He died while swinging shovels at his childish itch
The Bible tells about a man who tried so hard
to build a bigger barn up in his own back yard
While planning on his future he'd forgotten where he'd been

While making plans for future things he died in sin
683 ———Ω———

I cannot still the storm
and I cannot walk the seas
Yet I can walk in confidence
and always be at peace
Miracles are not my thing
I've no need to perform
My peace is based on who God is
and not on my own form
If oceans must be walked upon
or wine from water made
I'll trust the one who put them there
and use what He has made
Now I must be obedient
to all the master said
If He tells me to walk on the seas
or even raise the dead
When He commands He's paved the way
and does the part I can't
He gives me just the words to say
my strength's irrelevant
But one thing must be very clear
if I'm to walk at all
I have to trust with every breath
and never halt or stall
688 ———Ω———

I want to stop every little sin
I want the conscience that annoys me
to become my closest
and most appreciated friend
The mask is off
Lord it's been you all along
You're not the one
who's been rubbing my nose in my guilt
You're the one who has tried to warn me
and who then extended your hand
when I ignored your warnings and fell
You waited while I broke
You grieved while I looked the other way
You paid for my broken windows
and injury to others
You hurt while I refused

to look to you for help
You cried
When I refused to believe

That you loved me enough to hold me
While I so desperately needed
to be held
What can I say God?
I'm sorry
Hold me?
695 ———Ω———

[This is what I saw in the ambitions of
a wannabe professional musician]
Life's running fast
but I've almost caught it
Life's had it's hitches
but I have fought it
I'm getting ther
I'm working hard
Another mile
Another yard
Another show
Some cash to blow
Sometimes I'm dry
But I still must try
Get that inflection
Hone to perfection
Make it natural
Matter-of-factual
Make it sensual
Raise desire
Make their hearts beat
Sculpt a fire
It's kind of a treadmill
that I’m on
Will I do this
Until I'm gone
Will I have children
Be a wife
Is my career
purpose in life
Where will I be
in ten years
Rich and famous
Drowning tears
I cannot afford to care

How's my makeup
How's my hair
I've another show to do
But thanks for interest
too-dl-oo
703 ———Ω———

Where is this Gold without price?
-- I want to buy it
Where are these high places of my heart
where I burn incense to other gods?
-- I want to tear them down
They may not be dismantled gently
They must be torn down
Where is the detestible thing in my midst
that is constantly leading me astray?
-- I want to cast it out!
There is a fox somewhere
that is spoiling the vine
There is a fly in there
rotting in the ointment
Drive out that fox
and let there be new wine
Cleans out the vessel
worthy for devine appointment
Stir up the gift in you
and get your heart in motion
Rekindle the fire
and establish devotion
Burn the tares
and let the good seed grow
Plow up your ground
the master wants to sow
726 ———Ω———

The sweetness and the beauty
of a gentle love affair
The peace of heart of knowing that
someone to love is there
Has now become a tragedy
of sickness and despair
Oh Lord how could this happen
Lord how could this be fair

Yet in the smoking wreckage of

a love affair gone wrong
I somehow hear a melody
I somehow hear a song
God hasn't wasted time or life
God hasn't broken stride
He's brought you close and shown you much
and shown you how He died

In resurrection power now
He calls you forth to live
Your heart is now no more your own
He has more love to give
To a dying world who's waiting for
a willing Gunga Din
To give their thirsty souls the word
that frees them from their sin.
707 ———Ω———

Worship Him and praise Him in the evening
Worship Him and praise Him in the night
When the coolness comes and day is leaving
Lift your hearts and hands unto the light

The day of striving has begun to wane
The work that's still undone shall so remain
The things you didn't do you knew you should have
Will wait eternally in endless shame

We've worked our way through paths that seemed unclear
We've struggled with our minds, our hearts, our hands
But now the sun is setting on our labors
and soon we will be free from all their bonds.

But yet there is a little light remaining
And still there is a lot of work to do
what do we lose by serving till we're straining
When God is going to come and make us new
722 ———Ω———

I have grown cold and I'm scared...
Scared is not good enough -- I must take action
I have noticed that God does not dominate my thoughts,
that I tend to forget Him in the rush
and in the press of things I must get done.
This is wrong, and dangerous

This tells me that the cares and concerns of this world
are having the effect we are warned about
in the parable of the sower -- the weeds.
Let it burn Lord Let it burn
Let the focus of my eyes now return

Free my mind from all the junk that is somehow grown
among the precious seed your Holy Spirit's sown

Free my heart from worry now
From asking what and asking how
To trusting God who made me
and loving Him who bade me
Come away and fear
no one but Him
731 ———Ω———

I feel like I've waited long
I feel like my faith has been strong
I feel like I've found
How to live on the ground
Lord is there still something wrong?

It's not my place to choose
What it means to win or to lose
If He's chosen me
For His glory I'll be
Available for Him to use

We do not define right or wrong
We are home in His hands all along
As long as we yield
To His will then we wield
All His power and shout forth His song

Oh Father will we ever learn
Not to wonder when all this will burn
We have no worry
If God does not hurry
His timing is not our concern

So let us stand strong in our place
Of purpose in His awesome grace
The things that we see
Will surely not be
Of importance when we see His face

730 ———Ω———

The pillar of fire has moved on
to a place of purity
We can no longer say "Did God say?"
When we know He did
but didn't want to hear
These weaknesses we have entertained in our lives
These cute little things that God let us keep
We know He didn't like them
But He didn't really say all that much about them
He hoped we'd learn
He hoped we'd obey
He hoped we'd act
without having to day
The pillar of fire has moved on
we may not like it but it's gone
Did you see which way it went?
Wasn't this an accident?
We clung to camp while God was moving
when we should have been improving
See its' distant light is fading
We must go now or we'll be trading
The God of purpose for a fake
The pillar of fire for a lake.
735 ———Ω———

I choose to arise
and no power in hell
can or will stop me
nor silence my bell

The Spirit within me
raised Christ from the dead
has the power to lift me
from apathy's bed

When I contemplate
that glorious day
When Jesus burst forth
death had nothing to say
No power of darkness
could stand in His way

He arose through a barrier

I had gotten out of bed at about 3:00 am to spend a little time with the Lord. After waiting on Him for fifteen minutes or so, I felt compelled to begin composing this poem. It was a rainy night, and about halfway through the first line – that very second – a drop of water struck the page. This was the only leak that I've become aware of during our 20 years of occupancy.

When I calculated the number of areas the size of this paper within the square footage of this house, and multiplied it times the seconds in a twenty four hour period, the odds against this leak being over this paper at this time were greater 240 million to one.

I promptly brought in a bowl to catch the water, and placed it on the dry rug beneath where I had been writing. A few minutes later when I had finished the poem, the leaking had stopped. In the morning there was still only a couple of tablespoons of water in the bowl. Conclude what you must.

ripping chains with both hands
That divided the universes
from God's glorious plans

The fabric of time
and the spiritual realm
were torn as the Master
returned to the Helm

Those imprisoned by death
and mankind's futile ways
now came pouring on through
as those nights turned to days

No longer enslaved
by futility and strife
we are now free to leave
pointless death to new life

I am free; I am free; I am ***free***!!!
740 ———~———

I blew it now but I won't next time
Is that an excuse for someone's pet crime
You kick yourself for what you've done
and then you act as if you've won
Somehow you feel since you're resolved
You've already got it solved
But remember what you said
the last time that your flesh got fed
No, what you need is something new
perhaps what you have feared to do
Takes more than determination
or some phony explanation
If your mind stays where you're at
you'll fail every time at bat
But as you grow in the heavenlies
soon you'll have what your mind sees
So don't let failure stunt your growth
You need more than just an oath
Learn more about the God above
Let Him become your truest love.
And remember just fear him
Let your other fears be dim
758 ———Ω———

Walking on the water
  came the man who made the seas
He'd been serving all the people
  He'd been healing all disease
He had sent ahead is helpers
  in a small but worthy boat
but the seas became so rough they were
  afraid it wouldn't float
Some considered they were dreaming
  others thought they saw a ghost
and of the awesome scenes they saw that night
  their Master scared them most
It's strange when you consider that
  the one they held so dear
more than violent heavy seas
  was yet their greatest cause of fear
I think we sometimes dread the things
  that Jesus wants to do
We lack the faith that He is there
  and wants to pull us through
We can turn our back for lack of trust
  that's bad as any sin
Or we can welcome Him with worship
  to the boat that we are in.
758 ———~———

I sit here burning papers to
  reduce the heating bill
I read of crimes of yesterday
  and the pages they did fill
Each useless page has been upstaged
  by something new and bad
And now I'm down to burning it all
  cause the heating bill we had
I read of holidays and mental sick
  of Halloween and a sadistic trick
You wonder what makes people tick
  Then there's someones ode to tricky Dick
You wish the world would let him be
  Now up in smoke goes Wounded Knee
I could go on but why repeat
  I think I'll just enjoy the heat

To end my talk here would be pointless
  after bringing up the past

The riddle stands why all our efforts
  at correction never last
If I blame basic human nature
  to some I'm on thin ice
But darn it cant we just be real
  must we always just be nice?
760 ———~———

Martha you are troubled
  you have so much to do
You have your future life to live
  you have the present too
There are concerns about the past
  and things you haven't done
There are many tasks you've started
  and those you've not begun

Your heart is heavy like your load
  dear one some thing's not right
Christ said my yoke is easy
  and He said my burden's light
Pause a moment, worship Him
  ask His help to discern
The force used by the power
  that has caused so much concern

Some feel they must tread water
  for fear that they will drown
But trust the one who walks the seas
  He will not let you down
If He discloses motives
  You're embarrassed to have seen
don't fight Him just submit and let
  His Spirit wash you clean
710 ———Ω———

The difference between living
  and a train that passes time
is the amount of your involvement
  before the end of the line
Stir up the gift within you
  doesn't mean to sit and wait
till the prompting of God's Spirit
  slowly begins to abate
There are many things God tells us

and sometimes His voice is strong
But we must listen to Him softly too
or we may still have it wrong
Now you may be sitting there
and kind of wondering what I've said
I'm talking about the times He's told you
when to leave your bed
When He said I'd like to talk to you
and you've said that would be nice
but speak to me in these covers
God I'm sure that would suffice
So you lie there and you mumble and
soon sleep reclaims your head
Ah the beautiful convenience
of a breakfast served in bed
762 ———Ω———

When you are reading scriptures it is a good exercise to put them into immediate practice. In the latter part of Philippians it gives some categories of what type of things we should be thinking about. Here are a few examples that came to me.

Whatsoever things are true
contemplate God's love for you
Whatsoever things are honorable and right
contemplate righteous living and walking in the light
What things are lovely and are of good repute
contemplate your loved one in the absence of dispute
If there's excellence in the majesty of God
These are the things to contemplate and laud
Since we know that Jesus is worthy of all praise
Let worship flow that our spirits may be raised
Led your mind dwell on beautiful things
and walk in the inheritance of princes and kings
772 ———Ω———

I feel like a moth with battered wings
endlessly circling the same old things
It does no good to keep on trying
It's getting hard to keep on flying
It would feel so good to find
a place where life was one straight line
Even a crocked path would do
if it led me somewhere that I knew
But there are so many lights to follow after
am I bringing someone laughter?

So I try to sit and get a bearing
  then I think that I am hearing
So off in flight I go again
  to find I'm in another spin
Where am I God? Is this my life?
  to start in earnest; end in strife
Hold on my son. Who sent you flying
  to prove yourself while some are dying?
When you feel things are not right
  then check the motives of your flight
When your motives are perfection
  let Me worry about direction
782 ———Ω———

(Classic cop-outs)
I feel driven to do one more thing
  then I'll give my heart to God
I have one more verse to sing
  then I'll give my heart to God

Oh tragic thing, oh tragic life, how foolish you have been
to dream that you, will ever be, tomorrow free from sin

I need a rest, for me it's best
  then I'll do the will of God
I'll finish this, then I'll be His
  and I'll give my heart to God

Oh foolish thing, how can you sing, while wandering your way
God does not wait, while you debate, God's calling is today

I'll share with you, what's what I'll do
  See part of it's for you
So bless me now, Lord love me now
  I'm doing this for you

You've missed the point, you've gone astray, you do not
  understand
You have no terms, you have no life, till you live out of His
hand
784 ———Ω———

Like a city without walls have I been
  Flowing with the winds upon my soul toward sin

I'm aware of many weaknesses
  and I watch them as I die
and I'm complaining while I'm tempted
  as I'm falling through the sky
Oh sweet anchor won't you help me
  and hold back this wall of sin

My son if you'll but answer
  to the call from up above
It cost great pain to make it possible
  to show the world my love
Just believe that what I've done for you
  takes the limits off what you can do
Like with power breaks and steering
  just the strength you have's enough

How often have I blown it cause
  I didn't think to try
When confronted with a mountain
  it's much easier to die
But He's given all the strength we need
  and it's greater than our greatest greed
But we'll never know it's there
  until we try
805 ———Ω———

(Her name was Dorcas)
She wanders without the acclaim of men
  From the broken heart to society's pen

Rest is rare for this transient heart
  Yet she continues to ease the pain
of forgotten hearts the world has warped
  and leads them to love again

Her thirst for love drags on unquenched
  by the objects of her aid
From a not of thanks to a back turned cold
  is a ll the thanks they've made

Yet turning from her rightful gain
  and it's empty thankless ring
there's one who gave far more for her
  the one and only King

Press on my child your not done yet

with the life I've given you
Though you cannot see the reward you've sown
your blessings will not be few

Meanwhile trust me to hold you close
in the hollow of my hand
I know your heart and I bear your tears
as you wander through the land
811 ———Ω———

Child who feels discarded
how my heart hurts over you

Love pulls in all directions
and I don't know what to do

I know that you've been hurt
and that you can't afford the pain
Of letting those who hurt you
disappoint you once again

But don't let the confusion
cause you to misunderstand
Our hearts have never left you
though our lives are made of sand

I know we all have said some things
we only sometimes feel
But God is working in us
and His work is strong and real

If you feel that we are grownups
you have figured us all wrong
we too are baffled children
kind of stumbling along

Yet God is working in us
and I know he is in you
Don't give up hope -- work with Him
we all have much to do

As God calls us forgiven
and as we see how it's done
Maybe we can see a way
to make our family one
817 ———Ω———

Say it?
  But it might offend
It's OK to be vague
  It's OK to imply
It's OK to speak of feelings
  Just don't name that why

What'lL they think
  What'll they say
We're not supposed to know
  What's the life, what's the way

But we're supposed to be smug
  we're supposed to pretend
That we have no convictions
  No position to defend

It's ok to have an opinion
  as long as it's not --  well, you know

Some things are passe
  but today is today
So let's try to be broad
  and not talk about -- well, him

Well who died for your sins
  Who raised from the dead
I....don't quite remember
  what was that you said

Do you think I'll make fun
  of the things you believe
I too have some questions
  and doubts to relieve

If you have the answer
  then please won't you share it
So what is this answer
  You think I can't bear it?

JESUS
836 ———Ω———

We each had our day in the sun
  youth passed us each up one by one
Strange how some try to deny
  the fact that young years do go by
We spend our time in wasted motion
  We spend time like we had the notion
Time will not run out on me
  I'll stay right here eternally
Some curse the young and mock the old
  while their own body's growing cold
Never-the-less time drags them on
  til they're forced to see that youth has gone
What is time if it can't be stored
  a sacred trust dealt by the Lord
Time is creation's equalizer
  between the rich the poor the miser
Time passes just as son for all
  no one can stop or make it stall
So recognize it's current worth
  and invest it in eternal birth
Like buying gold while lacking money
  and spending wind on milk and honey
is spending time we cannot keep
  on things eternal, life that's deep
841 ———Ω———

Where is that source of power
  that I once was good at living
What is different now about
  my life and what I'm giving
Aren't I as concerned about
  doing the works of God?
I feel about the same and yet
  somehow there's something odd
I've served my god a lot of ways
  I've known Him several years
I chat with Him on most week days
  and I know for sure He hears
I'm sure I haven't really changed
  I haven't closed my heart
But why do things feel re-arranged
  what's pulling me apart
Could it be I have a clue
  where victory has gone
I was impressed by what I knew

while God was moving on
Now is not the time to count
the victories we've won
God alone knows the amount
don't stop what you've begun
Look straight ahead at serving Him
don't pause to count the past
Plan to keep growing close to Him
till He takes you home at last
842 ———Ω———

It is not always obvious why, but God has many deep and important reasons for forcing us to be involved with other people.

Is life just temporary
and all it's institutions?
Do we beguile life for awhile
with beautiful delusions?
You'd think it must be done
birth pangs are widely known
Many men have suffered too
in this realm where life is sown
To grow we must deny the trend
that pulls us to the ground
Compost is not to be our end
but strength to those around
We mustn't take life like the weeds
who grow right where they choose
We must grow where we've been planted
when God hoes the weeds will lose
God's care is in the place He chose
for us to bloom and grow
We may not like it but He knows
the love He plans to show
God's care for us is in the place
He chose to plant our seed
He waters there and cares for us
don't envy that poor weed
843 ———Ω———

(To a friend of a son)
The lonely child walked through the streets
a work of art and past defeats
She did her best to find direction
in a world brought low by imperfection

She found a friend -- a wildish lad
  with love and anger, but all she had
He sometimes spoke of a walk with God
  She  too had known Him -- now this was odd
They loved each other, fought each other
  helped each other grow
They taught each other caught each other
  let each other go
She finally looked on past him
  to the God he'd sometimes serve
And forgotten joys from childhood
  bloomed again without reserve
Welcome home my child
  I'm so glad you've returned
It hurt me so to see you go
  through things through which you've learned
But now your back and w can walk
  together hand-in-hand
Stay by my side and I will guide
  your pathway through this land
846 ———Ω———

I was hooked I was tied
  by the novel that I tried
and I couldn't put it down till much too late

What possessed me so that I
  couldn't see the story die
till I'd finished it and learned the hero's fate

Doesn't life have enough gold
  to outweigh some story told
by an author who has never lived it's pages

Isn't life alive enough
  that I don't need that other stuff
when I can walk and draw life form the rock of ages?

Oh yes life is deep indeed
  till you rebel against the seed
who guides you in things men's minds have never told

If the world's a little dull
  the problem lives within your skull
Christ has much for the obedient and bold

The equipment that you need
  is not ability to read
but just faith and a willingness to do Christ's bidding

You'll find the story never ends
  and enjoyment just depends
on your discovery that Christ was never kidding
863 ———Ω———

The words are out, it's all been said
  are we alive or are we dead?
The things we didn't want to say
  are all exposed, and there they lay
The starkness of those sun-bleached bones
  reflect the years of muffled moans
This ugly monument to strife
  is a tombstone – or – a gift of life
Feelings expressed aren't friend or foe
  It's up to us the way we'll go
We can't change our past again
  but forgiveness sets us free from sin
We can't undo the things we did
  but Christ's forgiveness bles hell's lid
Sure it's done, the past is sealed
  but what is broken can be healed
Not by virtue from within
  but by the Christ who conquered sin
This doesn't come by willing it
  or playing church a little bit
It comes by facing God above
  to receive the gift of His pure love
this package humble as it seems
  releases blinding power beams
That fill the heart,the earth, the sky
  and tells the world the reason why
    the perfect One came here to die
924 ———~———

Lord save me
I'm not going the direction I want to be
I'm getting weaker instead of stronger
There's not supposed to be "old age" in Christ
My eye has strayed
  My heart has followed
    And now, the road steepens

And, yet my goal
  is to eat, drink, breath, sleep, and live you
What is going on
  How do I turn my soul around
Logic doesn't help
  I know the way
    The path is over there
      But I am here
God you commanded me to love you
  But I've missed the mark
Logic says that if You've given the command
  You've made the way
I've somehow lost my key
  I can't get in
I'm trying windows, doors, other things
  But....Hold it...
    What's this warmth
You've come outside
  Hot tears
    Gone fears
Loved by arms I cannot see
  Hush now
    Don't try
      Accept re-al-i-ty
Your love
  above
    has transformed the place I live
I couldn't come
  So You came
    You alone had something to give
I hear
  I believe
    I wait
      I receive
Peace
957 ———Ω———

You have taught me all the love I know
  At least how to express it
For years there was deep love inside
  A man who'd just repress it

But God sent you into my life
  to tend my barren soul
I was once a hard half-man
  But you've made me a tender whole

I receive the tender dew of love
  but the wickedness of strife
that once rolled off like words unheard
  now saps my very life

My heart cries out for your gentleness
  a reassuring touch
I don't even want to protect myself
  I love you much too much
But do I help you when I listen
  to a long extended blast
of griefs and crimes I'm guilty of
  from the present to the distant past

Does it help me say I love you
  to let you speak unquestioned
Or does a contest of some point you've made
  help restore the love I've mentioned

I'm still here my love and here I'll stay
  and I'll love you till the end
Whether arms and heart are full or empty
  my love for you won't end
926 ———Ω———

I just may not make it
  I may not survive
It'll only be God's fault
  if I'm left alive
So good by to the grand plans
  I've made for my life
Good by to the children
  the baby the wife

I'd figured on having
  a lifetime or so
but it just may be over
  and be time to go
what could I do better
  if I had one more chance
What could I accomplish
  what could I advance

I look at all this junk
  that I've got around

It's so worthless now
  that It's getting me down
I've scheduled more time
  than a full life would hold
I've lived life as if
  I would never grow old

But now as I see it all
  what have I done
Though my time may be up
  I don't feel I've begun
I've taken life my way
  without serving God
And now all that I have
  will be under the sod

Now what can I say
  to convince those behind
that they need new direction
  they need a new mind
God above made you
  and Him you should serve
If you go your own way
  you get what you deserve
958 ———Ω———

The words are out  It's all been said
  Are we alive  Or are we dead

The things we didn't want to say
  are all exposed, and there they lay

The starkness of those sun-bleached bones
  declares the years of muffled groans

This ugly monument to strife
  is a tombstone -- or, a gift of life

Feelings expressed aren't friend or foe
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We can't change our past again,
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or playing church a little bit

It comes by facing God above
to receive the gift of His pure love

This package, humble as it seems
releases blinding power beams

That fill the heart, the earth, the sky,
and tell the world the reason why
The perfect One came here to die.
962 ———Ω———

I feel that the story of Moses may be a handbook on leadership – and followship.

Moses staff was harmless
till he asked God for a sign
It took a step of just-earned faith
to get it back in line
Without a chance to catch his breath
a hand was leperous as death
Obedient to bring it to his chest
new life sprang forth – he'd passed a test
And things got worse

Run Moses run
You're not having fun
God's words you have spoken
Save your life as a token
Moses run Moses run

Moses you've now seen the Pharaoh
Now I'll plow his back with a harrow
Now we've all seen the man
who I'll fry in the pan
till he turns you all loose like a sparrow

Moses didn't worry about the way that God would lead

He only knew God wanted them to move with utmost speed
He didn't sit and calculate the food along the way
He only saw the present and the fact they weren't to stay
He led them to the hand of God and though they didn't care
He took each day as each day came and God handled the fare
970 ———~———

Stereotypes are very important
It's nice to be able to so thoroughly
understand someone so easily
It's nice to feel so superior
Next time you meet a stereotype talk to it
They might need your help
Or....You might need theirs
A stereotype is a challenge
They're so smug
-- And you'd like to be
but you know better
Well, how do you know
That there are no islands of solid security
Protruding upwards
Through this world of fluid confusion
Does the fact that you may still be adrift
In a relativistic sea
Dictate that there can be no
Underlying absolutes
Such logic would be stupid -- absolutely
I'll be your stereotype
Come crash your best wave against me
Shake me from my false security
That I may join you
In your endless drifting search
Or discover
Why I am so secure
And be welcomed home
At last
Is there a line that must be crossed
To go from a mother Teresa
To an Adolph Hitler?
You'll never know
Until you've challenged
The right stereotype
997 ———Ω———

All at once the house is quiet
We're kind of glad but surprised by it
Ministry has tapered off
We seem to both have had enough

God isn't sending any more
there's no new faces in the door
We're just tiny bit dismayed
is someone due who's been delayed

We shrug and return to life as normal
not too active not too formal
But with a question in our mind
isn't that our ministry behind

Are we now facing our own problems
or have there been some hidden goblins
That we've allowed to interfere
with God's words for people here

Gave we stopped playing the host
because we took the time to boast
Our ministry has not been pleasing
Things about us need some easing

Its a lie, I'm not defeated
No mistake that I've repeated
Can abate the power of
the Blood of Christ the one I loe

Though Satan tries hard to unnerve
I'm trusting in the one I serve
Not limited by my strength
God's love goes to any length

My own weakness is no ally
but with Jesus as my pal I
Have enough to more than live
I have enough to freely give
1040 ———Ω———

When the blind lead the blind we go nowhere
and that's where you've led me today
I watched while you trashed all our values
because I thought you had something to say
But you just kept on ripping and tearing
as if that were the end of it all

Self indulgence was all that you taught me
  and that's what made this grand nation fall
Oh the conscience that cries in the darkness
  for the little one that never will be
Oh my child how I wish you were living
  How I wish that it could have been me
Now I must continue my searching
  for this meaning life must have for me
But I don't need another shove downhill
  at least now there's a few things I see
I went to a church in my childhood
  My parents sincerely believed
But I thought I knew better than they did
  and my parents--my God how they grieved
But what can you say to a culture
  that creates their own gods as they will
And how can you stand in a current
  that does little but dive down the hill
Life is a miracle at least
  and to live is to outrun the odds
The defiance of that which is natural
  is what separates men from dead gods
1103 ———Ω———

There is a category of human that is very poorly understood. They don't say much, and when they *do* speak, nobody wants to hear it anyway. I'm going to tell you one of their best kept secrets.

He doesn't know quite how to show love
  He's trying so hard to be strong
He works hard to do for his family
  and he doesn't have time to be wrong

But he cries for the love of his children
  When he's some place where they cannot see
And his heartache he covers with manhood
  because that's what a father should be

Now he has been some miles and knows some things
  He's been there and come back alive
He's seen people die in the pathways
  and he knows what it takes to survive

And he cries for the life of his children
  may God help them as they go along
Do they have to make the mistakes he made

Oh Lord help them to know right from wrong

Dad you don't understand that this world that I'm in
is so different from that which you've known
I now have my own mind and it isn't so kind
that you treat me like something you own

And he cries for his children who hate him
Oh Lord help them to please understand
that he loves them and does his best for them
and may they never step out of your hand

So he cries for the love of his children
and his love weighs him down like a mountain
Though his eyes can't shed tears from his prison of fears
his soul pours them forth like a fountain
1363 ———Ω———

Ever notice in a dream how helpless you are?
especially when you try to run, nothing seems to get you far..
There is nothing you can do.
Circumstances simply don't bow to you.
You simply are not in control.
You may even know you are trapped in a dream.
You know you can wake up and write your own story
Instead of being pushed along in this mental happenstace.
But you don't – you somehow don't.
You continue to be overcome by the present reality of your dream.
And then, the option of awakening slis from your mind,
and the opportunity of escape has passed.
The rules are simple: you are helpless; you take what comes.
The rules are firm; they don't change.
Some effect you miht have, but nothing resembling
anything like control.
And then, death.....Where were you when the music stopped?
The situation reached a crescendo – you were forced to reality
whether you wanted to go or not.
You've awoken in the dark, reality is now present.
The rules are different.
You can move.
You can control your thoughts.
You don't have to wait until death to be alive – in the real world.
God can move in total disregard of you present reality.
The rules are different.
He is not bound by the rules of your present reality – what you call reality.
You don't simply will any more. You act.

You surrender your intellect – that's right your intellect –
and take action.
And you must act in faith, because you are still in the dark.
Your eyes can do you no good in this realm.
You must ask Jesus to guide you and to give you the light you need.
Trust.
Respond.
Thank.
1592 ———Ω———

Susie, thanks for the gift
The busy young man worked as hard as a fool
earning money to live and a full load at school
He met a young lady he'd known from the past
"Sit down and relax, don't drive life so fast"
She would sing like an angel, was pretty and fun
"Nice talking with you, but I really must run
Though a drop of cold water had touched his parched soul
he couldn't let feelings detract from his goal
So he busied himself with his work and his books
as he tried to kill thoughts of her voice form and looks
After some time had passed she again stood before him
talked him into a date – she seemed to adore him
Another date and the power of a passionate kiss
(abridged) beg your pardon, what emotion it this?
But Susie, thanks for the beautiful gift
Sadly, she faded – dated other he learned
and in the young man now a jealousy burned
A desert, invaded by showers and flowers
of love care and passion and jealousy powers
Walled in by a dam of fierce strength and denial
put his heart and his soul to their very worst trial
Stop! No! he can't let this happen
He can't afford time, or the strength it is sapping
Deliberately, carefully, as calm as he could
he put feelings on paper, but it did him no good
So then he delivered the note to the lass
stood there as she read it – this guy was so crass
As she burst forth in tears of injustice and strife
he turned coldly around and walked out of her life
As he entered his room, a stark spartan abode
he knew he still had some thing huge to unload
For the first time in certainly ten or twelve years
he fell on his bed and exploded in tears
Susie, dear Susie, thank you so much
for this beautiful, beautiful gift

1666 ———Ω———

Child you don't know me  but please understand
  You think I think you owe me  and cling to your hand
This world is so full of things  sounding so wise
  and wannabe teachers  with greed-blinded eyes
You don't understand  that my best goal for you
  is to help you succeed  in all things that you do
to help you to be  all the things that you can be
  and to help guide you soul  in the ways that are free
Before I get off  into things much too deep
  let me just say that  freedom is not cheap
You need to pass cheap things  that steal all your time
  downhill paths to glory  and sweet-covered grime
You need to believe me  when I say I know things
  I've watched my friends die  and I know what life brings
I've seen what brings life  and I've seen what can kill
  The view is much better  from up on this hill
But I cannot be faithful  dear child in my care
  if I don't protect you  from some things out there
The day is soon coming  and it's coming fast
  when you'll face them alone  and my help will be past
But please let me help you  and don't feel held down
  Please drink of my wisdom  so that you won't drown
As I then turn my head  and look up my own hill
  I've a mountain to climb  and a giant to kill
I need all the wisdom  and help I can get
  I'd rather ignore it  I'd rather just set
It takes faith to use wisdom  that's over your head
  It takes faith every morning  to get out of bed
You see I'm much like you  in that I still need
  wisdom grater than mine  I still need God to lead
I know what it feels like  I do understand
  It's just that I don't see  God's physical hand
But keep on the path dear  and I'll see you there
  We both are just children  in God's loving care
1668 ———~———

Step right up and give me your hand
Economy's been rather bland
  I'll give your a mark
  that will glow in the dark
and will solve all the ills of this land

We've been planning on this one for years
Now we can consolidate fears
  I'm sure you'll see wisdom
  in joining our system
So come one and all now my dears

Now some of you have heard or read
that the mark will be something to dread
  That fear's just a mystery
  from far back in history
Besides if you don't join you're dead

Come children and join in our feast
and don't fear the mark of the beast
  We've things in control
  while this thing we extol
Thought the pathway to hell we have greased

three numbers with six digits each
In your own microchip it's a peach
  used to buy or sell
  your transactions to tell
this way you'll all be within reach

for those of you who have not guessed
those who receive marks are not blessed
  Book of Revelation
  declares free salvation
To those who Christ Jesus profess

Come all ye Christians of this world
Who have ducked the abuse that's been hurled
  at those who would serve God
  and not think it too odd
to serve Him instead of this world

Our best friends we know are now gone
the bride that was ready moved on
  We're faced now with death
  if until our last breath
we stay true to the God we have wronged

How I wish that someone could restore
Access to the arc's only door
  I can't help but cry
  as I'm watching you die
that I wish we'd been ready before

But at least now take copurage my friends
that before this whole system ends
  If we don't take the mark
  we'll be free from the dark
that will burn till eternity ends

the ground is now trembling __ I say
what has happened -- I thought it was day
  What hail and what thunder
  Oh my God I just wonder
Why history has ended this way
1801 ———Ω———

He doesn't know quite how to show love
  He's trying so hard to be strong
He works hard to do for his family
  and he doesn't have time to be wrong

But he cries for the love of his children
  When he's some place where they cannot see
And his heartache he covers with manhood
  because that's what a father should be

Now he does have some miles and knows some things
  He 's been there and come back alive
He's seen people die in the pathways
  and he knows what it takes to survive

And he cries for the life of his children
  may God help them as they go along
Do they have to make the mistakes he made
  Lord please help them to know right from wrong

Now regardless of whether they see it
  or agree that it makes any sense
he decrees things that tie up their freedoms
  in a fruitless attempt at defense

And he cries for his children who hate him
  and he prays they'll somehow understand
that he loves them and does his best for them
  even though they've stepped out of his hand

Dad you don't understand that this world that I'm in
  is so different from that which you've known

I now have my own mind and it isn't so kind
  that you treat me like something you own

My dearest young thing I am trying to bring
  you to adulthood without so much pain
How I wish you could see it holds nothing for me
  you're the only one who stands to gain

And he cries for the love of his children
  May God help us to both understand
How to live and walk through this world's madness
  And to never let go of God's hand

So he cries for the love of his children
  and his love weighs him down like a mountain
Though his eyes can't shed tears from his prison of fears
  his soul pours them forth like a fountain
1701 ———Ω———

Ever step outside and listen
  Outside the protection of your friends' opinions
Ever dare to listen for yourself
Still the voices of your TV stereotypes

Lift your eyes like a newborn babe
  to the sound you used to hear
Look through the eyes of one outside
  who's not been trained to fear

Truth is smple, truth is plain
  Truth is clear like falling rain
But truth is cleansing and can cause pain
  as it shines its' light on a life that's vain

But quiet now, and listen
  to a sound that's been there long
When that old man was a hippie
  He used to sing that song

Where have all the flowers gone
  and why do I still care
What have all our efforts done
  the system's still unfair

I see a strange thing passing in this country
  but then it's never really gone away

I see the protests of the sixties still here with us
and the children from back then have more to say

What are you doing to this country you with power
Can't you hear what we've been saying all this time
You make us more dependent every hour
You make self reliance sound like it's a crime

If I trusted you completely I could do this
But I watch you screw-up almost every day
Who's purpose are you serving with our power
Does it matter what the people have to pay

Was it that we said it wrong
or did you just not hear
The rich man's greed and puppet strings
are still the things we fear

The freedom spark that started then
it somehow still survives
And it wants to pry your greedy hands
from off our throats and lives

The media appeared to be
the movement's friend indeed
But they were sold to the big man's gold
and shakled by their greed

Someone form hell said brother well
here's how it can be done
kick off your clothes and drug your woes
and have a lot of fun

We bought it and we taught it
as the way that it should be
But we found we couldn't tell what's wrong
without morality

We need to unlearn what they taught us
and to relearn how to stand
or we can be compliant putty
and learn to lick our captor's hand

Now as I pick up pieces
from my years of wasted youth
I can see that we're still hurting cause
we're shielded form the truth

The media, the nations,
the congress and them all
are all owned by the same people
and await their every call

I found an ancient volume
on a shelf where it then lay
And opened to the back to see
the things it had to say

It said we'd all be owned by one
Who'd someday rule us all
And if we didn't bow our knees
our head's would surely fall

It said we'd be identified
by numbers on our hea and hide
The ones who did could buy their food
the ones who didn't starved and died

I shuddered as it came to me
Son of so-cial security
2689 ———Ω———

Angeles Crest Highway was almost behind
His bike climes to 70 from a curve that was blind
80 then 90 and so goes his speed
but he carries a band-aid in case there's a need
He's up to 100 as he downs one last hill
passing all other traffic as though it stood still
One hundred and ten and then on to 120
My God what a rush!, then on to one plenty
He smiles as he looks at the fragile front wheel
between him and the road and a death he could feel
He then lifts his gaze to adjust to the track
and in speed-blurred desert sees death grinning back
But as peace assures him his end is not near
he starts talking with God and beginning to hear
I don't understand God, this thing that You've shown
The purpose of pain in this life I have known
But You love me better than surely I do
so I'm just going to trust You to bring me on through
As time became precious he lowered his speed
down to about 80, still more than he'd need
A small winding road that he'd never been on

then beckoned his heart to the mountains beyond
As he entered a curve that his bike couldn't take
he realized he had a decision to make
He straightened it out so he'd miss the guard rail
and then figured out what's the best way to bail
Then he flew through the air with the greatest of ease
over cartwheeling scenery on a warm desert breeze
He could hear thump and bump from his bike as it broke
on a hillside of boulders, manzanita and oak
He suddenly found himself flat on his face
The entire hillside had just this one smooth place
Through some miracle greater than most he had known
he found he had broken not one single bone
But the pain from inside could far more than suffice
to put him to sleep and it would feel so nice
But he knew that to sleep then would bring certain death
so he fought to his feet while still gasping for breath
The battered bike lay there; its gas tank was caved
It was not leaking gas, so it just might be saved
Exhaust pipes were dented and one twisted out
but with help from a rock it might be straightened out
He considered the road on the hillside above
and wondered if passing cars had any love
But NO he can't do that he'd stay quite aloof
because people will hurt you and his heart was proof
A search though the brush yielded tools and a part
and he go that bike working -- well at least it would start
After fighting the hillside and pain like a goad
he finally got that machine back on the road
Then as if he hadn't had quite enough
he said as he road boy am I ever tough
In answer his body convulsed with such pain
deep sobs drove him spastic and threatened his brain
Ok God! I hear you help me if you must
but please do not send me a human to trust
The late afternoon was now losing its' light
He needed a place to hang out for the night
An old two-roomed school house had people about
a church from Burbank had come there to camp out
They could he was fighting to maintain his grip
but he refused their offer of a ninety-mile trip
Just lend me a patch on this old hardwood floor
by the time the sun's up I'll be out of your door
- but -
A sweet kiss on the forehead as he lay there that night
began to unravel his cold lonely fight
To a dust-covered bum here's a token of love

In care of a human  from God up above
As the sun rose he was  barely able to stand
He knew he'd soon die  if he refused their hand
The surgery and eight days  of hospital stay
gave him time to consider  events of that day
Let people get near you  a gentle voice said
But God I'll get hurt  said the lad on the bed
I was hurt said the voice  in the same gentle way
crucifixions are painful  now wouldn't you say
Trust me for your hurts,  and yes, there'll be pain
but I'll be there to help you  start loving again
You thought you were macho  to endure all that pain
but your great fear of love  made you weaker than rain
He began to relax  and let deep healing flow
He began to forgive,  He began to grow
A day that began  with a kid in a race
awakened a heart that could love and embrace
5221 ———Ω———