

Poetry

Moving on

Good bye to the year that is passed.
A new year awaits!
Though I cursed you sometimes,
I know now, you blessed me more.

Sometimes I rode the tide
Perched on a throne.
Sometimes, I was down under,
And waves washed over me.

Yet here I am, strong and hearty,
The richer and wiser,
By a whole year,
By a whole, long year.

No regrets have I,
All accomplishments:
No bitterness have I,
All sweet memories.

Successes elated me,
Failures taught me,
Disappointments strengthened me,
Misfortunes wizened me.

Good bye to the old year!
Looking forward to the new,
Chock-full of promises,
Hopes and aspirations, wishes and expectations.

Wonder how I will fare,
How I will manoeuvre,
Through meandering pathways,
Treacherous terrains.

With stars in my eyes,
I greet the New Year.
I take heart, as I always have,
Hoping that around the bend
Is the lush pasture.

Tunnels will always end,
Every mountain has a valley,
The cloud gives the rain,
Thorns have roses.

When the clouds gather,
When the heart is heavy,
When the path gets dark,
I will sing a song.

A song for the New Year,
A song for a new lease of life
I will sing through trials,
Trepidations and tribulations.

And then I shall greet the New Year,
With a song in my heart,
A smile on my lips,
And stars in my eyes.

Welcome to the New Year!

A beach scene

All along the sandy beach
Scattered far and wide
Are sea weed, pebbles, crabs and shells
Washed up by the tide
The tang of salt is in the air
The seagulls wheel and cry
They soar and swoop, they dip and dive
Their playground is the sky.

Tiny boats with snowy sails
Come gliding into view
Competing with the larger ships
On this expanse of blue.
I'm basking in the balmy breeze
That's wafting over me
Sitting on the golden sand,
Just gazing out to sea

By Kathleen Gillum

The Foolish Fish

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
"Is that a worm I see?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd get the worm for me."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That worm you see is there to hide
The sharpness of a hook."

As I have heard, the little trout
Was young and foolish too,
And presently he ventured out
To learn what might be true.

Around about the worm he played,
With many a longing look,
And "Dear me!" to himself he said,
"I'm sure there is no hook."

"I think I'll give one little bite;"
And that was what he did,
And thus he died in hapless plight
By not doing as he was bid.

By Ann and Jane Taylor

Always room for one more

I see by his coat he must be a stray,
The untidy look gives him away.
He scratches himself now and then,
Hasn't eaten since who knows when.
I know as I coax him through the door,
There's always room for just one more.

The other night in the freezing rain,
That little female came again.
Matted and soaked, crying in need,
Lost and alone, with babies to feed.
Her pleading eyes I couldn't ignore.
There's always room for just one more.

There's a new face at the docks today,
Clean but hungry, to our dismay,
I stroked her head; she pulled away.
She started to go, but fell on the floor.
There's always room for just one more.

There's a poor dog standing in the rain,
I've tried to entice him time and again.
One ear's lopsided, the other's been torn,
Blind in one eye, lost and forlorn.
He's coming now, so I'll open the door.
There's always room for just one more.

I see a face hiding in the shed
Big eyes, looking to be fed
Emaciated body, so haggard and worn

As pale and soft as the morn
I gather him up and start for the door
There's always room for one more.

These stories are true, as I've said before,
There's always room for just one more.

The Crocodile

How does the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!

By Lewis Carroll - 1832-1898

The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson - 1809-1892

Little Things

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
By Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.

If...

If the world were full of Christians
who studied their Bible daily,
who really did believe
God's commands applied to them,
who put what they learned
in God's Holy Word into practice,
their actions reflecting that Word,
then earth would be close to heaven.
If the world were full of Christians
who knew that being a Christian
is more than going to church,
who lived their lives according to God's will,
service to Him their main purpose,
who practiced Jesus' teachings
every day, with everyone they met,
loving and helping their neighbours,
then the earth would be a place
of heavenly harmony and peace. By Joanna Fuchs

We Need You, Lord

We need you, Lord.
Like lost wanderers in a burning, empty desert
thirst for cool, clean water,
we long for you to quench us.

Holding the Sword as my guide
In a world gone progressively mad,
with chaos all around us,
we seek refuge in the order and purpose of your law.

With evil sneaking, leaking everywhere,
spreading heavy darkness,
creating feelings of emptiness,
we hunger for your goodness and light.

Turn us around, Lord, we pray;
retrieve your sheep who have gone astray.
Draw us to the satisfaction
of your purity and righteousness.
Cleanse us, and make us more like you,
role models, examples, beacons,
for others who are searching for meaning for their lives.
Come, Lord Jesus.
We need you, Lord.

Matthew 5:16
Proverbs 4:18

By Joanna Fuchs

A Perfect Christian

You could count on a perfect Christian
To always be gentle and humble,
To be immune to sin,
And never, ever stumble.

He'd study and remember
All of God's commands;
He'd be trustworthy, moral and honest;
You'd know just where he stands.

With others, she'd be in harmony;
She'd never lose her cool;
Forgiving and forgetting,
Following the Golden Rule.

He'd surrender his life to God,
Full of joy and peace,
Free of stress and worry...
Perfect, pure release.

She'd lift up everyone,
Full of sweet compassion,
Free of worldly wants,
Ignoring worldly fashion.

But we can't ever be perfect,
So we always need to pray
For the strength to do our best
To love God and obey.

By Joanna Fuchs

More Like Jesus

Let us be more like Jesus
In everything we do;
Let's live a life of service,
A life that's fresh and new.

Let's relinquish worldly things,
And not be slaves to fashion;
Let's fill our hearts with love,
Forgiveness and compassion.

Yes, let's be more like Jesus,
Being always in God's will,
For if Jesus' light shines through us,
Our earthly purpose we'll fulfill.

By Joanna Fuchs

More Than Ever

In today's chaotic world,
With everything around us crumbling,
Morality held in contempt,
Our leaders false, corrupt, or bumbling,

More than ever, we need Christ
To lead us through this darkening place;
His absolute truth will light our way;
He'll lift us with His love and grace.

The Bible is our cornerstone;
In God's word, we take our stands;
Role models we will strive to be,
Examples of our Lord's commands.

Dear Lord Jesus, strengthen us
To complete the tasks you'd have us do;
We pray you'll lead us, guide us now
To know and love and follow you.

By Joanna Fuchs

What God Hath Promised

God hath not promised
skies always blue,
Flower strewn pathways
all our lives through;
God hath not promised
sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
peace without pain.

But God has promised
strength for the day,
Rest for the labour,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.
by: Annie Johnson Flint

Food For the Hungry

Five thousand men and five loaves of bread,
that's all there is? That's how they'll be fed?
Well, not exactly, we also have fish;
but, there's really just two in this little lad's dish.
Oh, don't forget, we have children here too,
along with their moms, I'd say, quite a few.
You know what I think? We should send them away,
they must all be tired, it's been a long day.

And that bit of food? Might be good for just two.
They'd better go home, what else can they do?
But Jesus had pity on this great hungry bunch,
and gladly accepted the little boy's lunch.
They must have wondered, "What will He do now?"
What a dilemma, they've caught Him somehow.

But then Jesus said, "Put the groups here and there,"
and looked up to heaven to offer a prayer.
The loaves kept on growing; well, that's how it seemed.
And fish? There was plenty, more than they'd dreamed.
But would you believe when those thousands were fed,
there were twelve baskets left, full of fish and of bread?

It just goes to show that when God's in control,
He cares for the body as well as the soul.
What more can you ask when your needs are all met?
That's God's greatest offer, the best you can get.
By Greta Zwaan, © 2009

Faith

Faith is not merely praying
Upon your knees at night;
Faith is not merely straying
Through darkness to the light.

Faith is not merely waiting
For glory that may be,
Faith is not merely hating
The sinful ecstasy.

Faith is the brave endeavour
The splendid enterprise,
The strength to serve, whatever
Conditions may arise.

by S.E. Kiser

Kind Hearts

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

The Hearty Hen

A happy hen met a discontented duck.
Said the duck, "I always have the very worst of luck.
Said the hen, "I have always had a happy life,
Free from worry, fear and strife.
Said the duck, "Then what do you do when it rains all day?"
Said the hen, "I find a cosy corner and there I stay!
"And what do you do when the sun is hot?
"My chicks and I find a shady spot!

The Lord Will Lead You

At the end of the year, you will celebrate
Your graduation day,
Your whole life is ahead of you,
And the Lord will lead the way.

Just trust in Him to guide you
In His divine and perfect will.
If you'll pray and read His Holy Word,
His plan you will fulfill.

Whatever happens in your life,
On the Lord you can depend.
There's nothing you can't handle
With Jesus as your best friend.

By Joanna Fuchs

Nothing We Can't Handle

No matter what distressing times I face,
When rain and storms replace the sunny weather,
When things I counted on fail to sustain me,
There's nothing we can't handle, Lord, together.

If those I thought were friends act more like foes,
If I start to lose the things that I hold most dear,
I know that I can tell it all to You;
You want to listen to me and to hear.

When my earthly world dissolves before my eyes,
When problems seem too great for me to bear,
You'll always be there for me, Lord, I know;
I can come to you on bended knees in prayer.

It's such a comfort, Lord, to realize,
You'll always be my King, my Lord, my Friend;
To share my burdens, worries, and my cares,
You'll love me and support me to the end.

By Joanna Fuchs

The Greatest is Love

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels,
but do not have love,
I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal.
If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all
knowledge,
and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love,
I am nothing.
If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship
that I may boast,
but do not have love, I gain nothing.
Love is patient, love is kind.
It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.
It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking.
It is not easily angered.
It keeps no record of wrongs.
Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.
It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.
Love never fails...
And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.
But the greatest of these is love.

1 Corinthians 13:1-8