

## **A Place by the Sea**

by Kristie Lamb © 2024

A place by the sea  
A perfect place for me  
Magnificent birds are nesting  
Enormous waves are cresting  
Tide pulls open wide  
Beautiful creatures inside  
Pelicans, flamingos and fish galore  
Who could want more?  
Time to explore  
Let's stay and watch the sunset together  
We pray that the day will bring beautiful  
weather

## **Protected by Your Love**

by Kristie Lamb © 2024

Jesus, your love is eternal  
It will be my foundation  
It is my rock  
I will never be shaken  
The storms will come  
The winds will blow  
I'm trusting in you  
You won't let me go  
I feel safe in your love  
It is a blanket around me  
It is always enough

## **Faithful Love**

by Kristie Lamb © 2024

Through every season and through every  
change  
The Savior's love remains the same  
It does not waiver, it does not bend  
His love is faithful and it will never end  
Through the darkness and through the  
pain  
His love is steady and remains the same  
It does not waiver, it does not bend  
Jesus is always a faithful friend  
Through the sickness, through the sorrow  
Even though, there is no promise for  
tomorrow  
His love doesn't waver his love doesn't  
bend  
His love is constant and it will never end

## **Five Smooth Stones**

by Margaret Cagle

I am David of Bethlehem, Jesse's son,  
That shepherd boy; Yes, I'm the one.  
I'm going to the Philistine camp today.  
My mission? I have a giant to slay.  
  
God will help me; I know He will.  
He will help me, this giant to kill.  
I killed a lion, and I killed a bear,  
But unproved armor, I can't wear.

With a slingshot, to the brook I'll go.  
I need some stones to kill this foe.  
I see five smooth ones over there.  
I will choose these stones with care.

Now Goliath is cursing me with names.  
He must think it is fun and games.  
God will defeat this big, evil man.  
Who can defeat God? No man ever can.

God, I cannot kill this giant alone.  
Please guide my slingshot and this stone.  
As quick as a flash and a zingedy-zing,  
I shot a stone straight from my sling.

I hit his forehead, above his eyes.  
As he fell I heard the Philistines' sighs.  
With Goliath's sword, I cut off his head.  
Yes, you can say, "Now he's really dead!"

For giants of sin, you need to kill,  
Ask God to help you, and He will.  
Find five smooth stones, daughter or son.  
God will help you use just the right one.

Know your Bible, and that will  
Be used for giants of sin to kill.  
Hide God's Word deep in your heart,  
And defeat the Devil from the start.

## **Something Beautiful**

by Danette Kettwich

I first looked upon our child  
That the Lord had sent,  
I looked beyond the differences  
I didn't question God's intent.

She was a child given to us  
Born with a handicap,  
But that made no difference  
To this brand new dad.

I said to her  
Something beautiful you are  
Something beautiful to me  
Something beautiful that only  
Some will choose to see.

As our child grew, each day  
She had to fight to live,  
I gave her all the love  
A father had to give.

Through the doors of our life  
Our precious child passed,  
Even though just for a while  
Love in our hearts will last.

Something beautiful she was  
Something beautiful to me  
Something beautiful that only  
Some chose to even see.

I sit and reflect upon my life  
Seeing through a Father's eyes,  
I can't help but to bow my head  
In prayer "Father, Lord" I cry.

You looked beyond my differences  
You looked beyond my pain,  
You took me just as I was  
The moment I cried Your name.

He said to me  
Something beautiful you are  
Something beautiful to me  
Something beautiful that only  
A Father's love could see.

Lord you are the beauty  
That lives inside of me  
Something beautiful that only  
Some choose to even see.

## Mixing Colors

by Belinda van Rensburg

I have an old tin paintbox in my sideboard  
drawer

Now and then I'll take it out from its little  
store;

Paint pots black and white; yellow, blue  
and red

Oh, how I enjoy to mix these on my brown  
palette!

Red and blue make purple

(A shade darker than myrtle);

Yellow mixed with blue makes green

A color very often seen.

Red and yellow turn a fruit

Into an orange lush and good.

Black and white make shades of gray

As with my paint and brush I play.

But here's something stranger still

And the result of God's own will:

If you read His Word you'll know

Red can make black as white as snow.

## **Fright Night**

by Belinda van Rensburg

<https://belindapoetry.com>

In the deepest, darkest night  
After I've switched off the light  
Creatures lurk within my room  
Planning my demise and doom.

They slither, slink and crawl around  
Making not the slightest sound;  
Waiting with abated breath  
To pounce and scare me half to death.

My heart is pounding in my chest  
I'm scared to breathe or move 'round lest  
The monsters hiding 'neath my bed  
Decide it's time that they were fed.

I am so scared; what should I do?  
Night after dark night I go through  
The same emotions; fear and fright  
As soon as I've turned off my light.

I remember someone said  
(or is it something that I read?)  
We should never, ever fear  
For God's Spirit's always near.

I'm not alone: He's here with me  
And scary monsters must all flee;  
When in Jesus's Name I pray  
They have to leave and stay away.

I say a prayer and sing a song  
Whilst unseen angels sing along;  
They've come to guard me as I sleep;  
To slay all things which crawl and creep.

## **The Aborted Baby: The Crying Fetus**

by Patricia Joan Polhans

I saw Jesus holding within his hands  
An aborted baby, killed by man.  
She'd done nothing to deserve this fate  
Though, in his hands she silently waits

As those came seeking out her young life,  
Standing there, all dressed in tainted  
white.

Whether to live or die was not her choice.  
She was never given and a voice.

She pleaded for her life but no one heard  
The screaming cries as her heart was  
stirred.

Now, she lay lifeless within the Master's  
hands

This was never his will, and never His plan.

It brought sharp tears to the Father's eyes  
For she was a special gift, child of Christ.  
Many questions had filled her wee  
thoughts.  
Struggling to live, many answers she  
sought.

What had she done and what did her  
mother fear,  
From a little child that God called dear?  
What problems her mother had, she knew  
not of,  
As she gazed through precious eyes of  
love.

Her mother will never count small fingers  
and toes,  
Nor watch her as she quietly grows.  
She'll never know the preciousness of  
A child giving her a kiss of love.

What had she done deserving this horrid  
fate?  
An innocent child, yet, her life they'd take.  
Hear her desperate cries! Hear her faint  
pleas!  
"Mama! Mama! Oh, dear Mama, please!"

Now she'll never look into mother's eyes  
Or hear her sings sweet lullabies.  
She'll never stroll in the park with her  
father  
Or feel the loving arms of a mother.

Some called her nothing but a fetus  
But, now, she lay in the hands of Jesus!  
Why did she have to come to this fate?  
No help for her now, it's just too late!