

Every verse in this book has some connection with Faith Baptist Church, Chehalis, Washington. This connection may be a sermon, Bible study, or Sunday School lesson; however, it may be something written for a special purpose or person, also.

Timos

Remember Me

Remember me, I cried to God,
The day I saw my sin;
He heard me, and He called me His,
And gladly let me in.

Remember me, I often plead,
Each time I err or stray;
He gladly, freely hears each prayer,
And takes my sin away.

Remember me, I faintly call,
When I hurt or weep;
He willing takes me in His arms,
I'm safe within His keep.

Remember me, He won't forget,
The day this life is past;
When I stand before His throne,
Home with Him at last!

This is loosely based on a sermon by Pastor Adamou on April 29, 2007. The text was Luke 23:42, in which the penitent thief asks Christ to "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom".

Heaven's Choir

I'd love to be in Heaven's choir,
By Thy power and grace;
Knowing soon it will transpire,
When I behold Thy face:
A new song on both lip and heart,
A song I'll sing right at the start.

A song I can't know here below,
With words I cannot utter;
But up there I know I'll know,
And no longer stutter:
A grander song than writ by man,
Though we do the best we can.

A glorious song, with grandest tune,
And words past understand;
I know that He'll my voice retune,

And make it, like His, grand:
A voice to use while ages pass,
For music far beyond surpass.

Down here I'm simply warming up,
For that choir up above;
Up there the lines are forming up,
For his song of love:
Lord, get me fully ready,
To sing out strong and steady.

Just place me in the choir, Lord,
Where, Thou knowest best;
With body new, my voice restored,
Let me join the blest:
Those blest redeemed by grace alone,
Gathered round Thy royal throne.

When I sing in Heaven's choir,
That sings of Thy great grace;
Such glorious music will transpire,
I'll see Thee face to face!
This grandest song, on lip and heart,
Will never end, but always start!

This was written November 25, 2012, based on a portion of Pastor Bailey's morning sermon.

From Matt's Sermon

Hearses don't have trailer hitches,
To haul away our earthly riches;
No place to hook the smallest cart,
To organize what's in our heart;
The things we treasure while on earth,
Will pass away, their only worth;
But things that we in Heaven stow,
These will last, and only grow!

This was written June 20, 2009, based on a sermon by Matt Briggs' morning service.

His Love For Me

Nails didn't hold Him,
To the cross He wore;
This love for me—
His love for me . . .
Held Him there the more.

This love for me restrained Him,
The One Who left His throne;

This love for me—
His love for me . . .
Held Him there alone.

Oh, such wondrous love from Him,
He would not prove them right!
This love for me—
His love for me . . .
Held Him there so tight.

I must freely come to Him,
It's there that love is found;
This love for me—
His love for me . . .
Holds me to Him—bound!

This was written November 16, 2008, from a sermon by Pastor Bailey on that morning.

My Home Beyond The River

I've a home beyond the river,
About which I can't sing;
The more I try to do it,
The worsen's everything!

The golden streets, the pearly gates,
The Temple where dwells God;
The multitude of mansions,
Around which Angels trod . . .

Words writ (and sung) by mortals,
Never can describe;
Pathetic is the language,
Ignorant is the scribe.

Oh, my home beyond the river,
Forgive me when I try;
Though I may do my very best,
Myopic is my eye!

This was written December 30, 2008. We had sung (or tried) the hymn "I've a Home Beyond The River", but for some reason it didn't go very well. This is my commentary on what happened.

It Is Finished

It is finished, Jesus said,
Said a prayer, and bowed His head,
His soul departed, He was dead . . .

On the third day He arose,
Having conquered all His foes,
Back to Heaven Jesus goes . . .

Finished, sacrifice complete,
A pleasing odor, oh so sweet,
Before the Father's judgment seat . . .

He Who died that I may live,
Freely offers to forgive,
Life anew to gladly give . . .

When the roll call comes from high,
I'll be with Him in the sky,
Where no one ever says goodbye . . .

I am coming, precious Lord,
This one by Thy grace restored,
Something I could not afford . . .

Where it is finished, time is past,
In Thee alone my lot is cast,
Till then, O Saviour, hold me fast!

This was written April 24, 2011, loosely based on Pastor Bailey's morning sermon on the same day.

Little Hands

Little hands have great big hearts,
That God alone can fill;
Eyes big enough to see by faith,
And ever, ever thrill.

Feet that run to Jesus' feet,
Ears to gladly hear;
To sit and learn, then go and tell,
And do so without fear.

Lord, never let my hands outgrow,
Surpass in size my heart;
May eyes and feet, and even ears,

Be the smallest part.

May I have a heart so large,
That only You can fill;
So never, ever will I cease,
To ever over thrill!!

This was written September 9, 2012, after hearing the children, being released for their part of the church services, being warned not to run in the sanctuary. My thinking was this—have I grown so big, that I must be cautioned not to “run to worship Him”?

Anticipation

Every child has an angel,
Including those unborn;
They wait with expectation,
That hoped for, birthday morn.

They wait to guide each little step,
To soothe its every weep;
To go beside, before, behind,
To ever, ever keep.

To guide it in its growing up,
And have kids of its own;
Guiding them, both parent, child,
In pathway yet unknown.

To help as generations pass,
Guiding ‘grand’ and ‘great’;
Each little one that comes along,
They wait with expectate.

They stand at Heaven’s gate to greet,
When mortal souls expire;
To take them by their trusting hands,
And lead them even higher.

(How many angels wait in vain,
For those that fell away?
Those that spurned the gift of grace,
And walked in their own way?)

Still, every child has an angel,
Including those unborn;
They wait with expectation,
That hoped for, glorious morn!

This was written April 16, 2012, based on a comment by Pastor Bailey during a baby dedication on the 15th.

Golden Musings

Half a dozen fair-haired lambs,
Sitting in a row;
Watched over by a shepherdess,
With hair of golden glow.

What are her dreams, her deepest hopes,
For her little flock?
Lord, guide her daily, guard their way,
Where ever they may walk.

May she, on the streets of gold,
Lead them to Thy throne;
May You find her faithful,
When they, with Thee, are known!

This was written September 13, 2009, during Sunday School promotion. Pastor Bailey's wife was sitting with about half a dozen girls, most with light colored hair, and her hair is sort of blond.

Wonderment

He could have called ten thousand angels,
Or taken other cup;
He could have trod another path,
Or simply given up:
Instead He chose, and willingly,
Took the road to Calvary.

Ten thousand angels waited,
Were they the ones who sang?
That morning when a Babe was born,
And earth and Heaven rang?
When they sang so joyously,
Did they know of Calvary?

Would their song have been so exultant,
Infused with such a thrill;
That there'd be fear at their appearing,
To shepherds on that hill?
Would they have bid them—go and see,
If they had heard of Calvary?

Would they have lingered at the tomb,
Waiting for His call?
Or did they think this was the end,
And didn't know it all?

But how they sang so gloriously,
Three days after Calvary,

He didn't call the angels,
Or take another cup;
For me, He chose the only path,
To reach me, pick me up:
The road He took, and willingly,
Led me straight to Calvary.

* * *

The ones who sang when He was raised,
Rejoiced when I believed;
How the courts of Heaven rang,
When Jesus I received:
Could there have been such symphony,
Had it not been for Calvary?

This was written October 27, 2016; the general idea of the first stanza inspired by a sermon given by Mike Wolski missionary to Poland. The rest of it sort of appeared . . .

Prayer For a Quarter

Bless this shiny quarter,
Use it as Thou will;
Given by this little girl;
Of her own free will!

This was written August 7, 2011. I was sitting behind a certain person, who had her grand-daughter put a quarter in the offering plate. My mind went to the time when Christ blessed the widow's offering over the riches that had already been offered; could I do less than He over this quarter?

This One Who Bent Her Knee

Was it for herself she knelt?
Or for a needy friend?
Who she was I do not know,
Nor why her knee did bend.

I notice she brought visitors,
Was it for them she prayed?
Not many saw her bend her knee,
Nor how long she stayed.

But Thou, O Lord, saw everything,
And knew the reason why;
You heard the longing of her heart,
And watched with caring eye.

Attend to each and every word,
Hear her heart-felt plea;
Who she was, I know You know,
And why she bent her knee.

This was written July 15, 2007, as I observed the above scene.

A Psalm of Praise

When our needs exceed us,
(As many times they do);
He gives, and keeps on giving,
And always sees us through.

Even when we do not ask,
(As many times we do;
He gives beyond all measure,
And each time sees us through.

(Danke Deo, dearest Friend,
Thou wilt see us through the end;
Needs unasked, or undeserved,
Thou hast seen, Thou hast observed;
Thou hast, and wilt, meet every need,
Thou hast, and wilt, my spirit feed;
Danke Deo, o'er and o'er,
Danke Deo, evermore!)

When my needs exceed me,
(As many times they do);
You give, and keep on giving,
You always see me through!

This was written May 23, 2010, based on Pastor Bailey's morning sermon. He spoke on the Book of Ruth, in which both Ruth's and Naomi's needs were met by God's providence.

Sounds

In Heaven there is singing,
Eternally and sweet;
But nowhere is it mentioned,
In where the lost will meet.

In Hell there isn't silence,
But cries are ever heard;
Remembering, regretting,
That they spurned the Word.

How awful is this crying,
Impossible to ignore;

How pleasant is the singing,
On Heaven's blessed shore!

This was written August 16, 2016, based on comments by Pastor Bailey during the day's Bible study.

Heavenly Chords

Above the noise of the world,
I hear a Heavenly sound;
Above its hum, above its roar,
Heavenly chords resound.

It echoes deep within my heart,
With promises profound;
It tells me of another land,
Where glorious things abound . . .

Above are wonders that await,
Where golden streets are found;
Above this world's noisy strife,
There rings a Heavenly sound!

This was written February 26, 2012, while listening to the prelude being played by Amy Anderson and Carol Kaiser before church.

Worthy

Lord Jesus, make me worthy,
Of this that Thou hast set;
Memorial of what You did,
So I may not forget . . .

Worthy of Thy life and death,
Thy willing sacrifice;
Worthy of Thy refund life,
Worthy of that price . . .

Worthy of Thy soon return,
I would ever be;
Clothed in robe of purest white,
For all eternity . . .

Lord Jesus, keep me worthy,
Keep me ever pure;
Worthy of such love for me,
Salvation to secure!

This was written January 18, 2010, based on Pastor Bailey's comments before Communion that evening.

Is It Nothing To You?

Is it nothing to you,
You who pass by?
The suffering, the shame,
The tear in His eye?

Not from His suffering,
Not from His shame;
But watching you pass,
Mocking His name.

(The barbs that you cast,
Pierce deeper than deep;
They cut to the heart,
They make me weep . . .)

Nothing? Is it nothing?
Is it nothing your scorn?
He hangs on the cross,
So very alone.

Rejected by God!
Rejected by man!
Rejected by all,
Rejecting His plan!

(The barbs that you cast,
Pierce deeper than deep;
They cut to the heart,
They make Me weep . . .)

Is it nothing to you,
When you stand at His throne,
This One you once mocked,
With heart made of stone?

'Twill then be too late,
Today is the day;
Is it nothing to you,
Mocking today?

(Is it nothing to you,
You that pass by?
My undying love?
The tear in My eye?)

This was written April 12-13, 2009, based on Pastor Bailey's Easter sermon. See Lam 1:12.

The Living Bread

Feasting on the Living Bread,
That comes from Heav'n above;
How can I not enjoy life,
How can I not God love?

How can my way not prosper more,
Each and every day;
While feasting on the Living Bread,
Strewn along the way?

As long as His way and mine join,
Of want I have no need;
Of need I have not anything,
While on the Bread I feed.

Feasting on the Living Bread,
That comes from Heav'n above;
How can I not enjoy life?
How can I not God love?

This was written January 12, 2014, based on the Sunday School lesson by Tom Johnson.

Beyond the Realm of Reason

How could God become a man,
After all He'd done?
Creating all by simply speaking,
When all we see begun?

An infant in a maiden's womb,
Laid in a manger low;
Dependent on man (whom He made),
As older He did grow.

In vain I try to comprehend,
The how, the why of love;
That led Him to leave His throne,
And all He had above.

How can any reject Him,
And tell Him—go away!
When oft he wept and healed,
And cares so every day.

Compassion past understand,
Hope beyond degree;

That led Him down that lonely path,
That led to Calvary.

Adam fell, so we would fall,
Christ died that I might live;
How can I not obey Him,
After all He give?

This was written December 14, 2014, while listening to Ray Patterson's short sermon that evening.

Get Out of The Boat

I'd rather be with Jesus,
Upon the stormy sea;
Walking on the water,
If He biddeth me.

My boat is turning, tossing,
And Jesus is without;
He's the safest place to be,
Of this there is no doubt.

The storm may rage around me,
I'm safe, His hand in mine;
Jesus is my refuge,
Be it rain or shine.

The only place is Jesus,
In calm or stormy sea;
I'll walk on land—or water,
Where ever He biddeth me!

This was written July 10, 2016, with minor changes on the 16th. Chad Welles, missionary to PPN delivered this sermon at the evening service on the 10th. See Matthew 14:28.

Willingness

Willing hands, a willing heart,
To give in time of need;
Waiting just to do their part,
No matter what the deed.

(They also serve who simply wait,
To serve the God they love;
To step up without hesitate,
When called on from above.)

This willingness in time of need,
By those content to wait;
Glorifies the humblest deed,

Without hesitate.

For He, Who sees the inmost heart,
Its willingness, its love;
Blesses those who do their part,
Recording it above.

This was written September 29-30, 2011. The regular pianist broke her wrist Saturday evening, so my Dad filled in the next day, and then Brenda Patterson (who was unavailable that day) filled in until the regular pianists' wrist healed. Most people have no idea how much work the accompanists put into just a few minutes of what people see.

When God Is Silent

When God is silent,
And Heaven is brass;
He asks us to be patient,
When 'awfuls' come to pass.

When the young and innocent,
Are shot at, or abused;
And all hear is silence,
God, by us, is accused.

We must trust His omniscience,
The 'why' one day we'll know;
When He, in His omnipotence,
Says neither 'yes' or 'no'.

To trust Him, omnipresent,
And know that He's still there;
We may not feel His presence,
But, He still does care.

Lord, when Thou art silent,
I must trust Thee more;
Teach me to be patient,
Help me, I implore!

This was written December 16, 2012. A few days before this, there was a school shooting in Newton, Connecticut, where 20 children were (as I recall) killed. Prior to this sermon, Pastor Bailey commented on this, shaken to the core.

When He Comes To Test

God never hurts or takes away,
But only sends His best;
So we can give to someone else,
When He comes to test.

So we can share the pain, the hurt,
And fully understand;
Gone through, where they're going now,
And know all this was planned.

A nobler task we cannot due,
Than mourn with those who mourn;
To ache with those who's aching,
To stand with the forlorn.

Someday they'll meet a hurting heart,
And they, their pain will know;
And give to them, as we did they,
God's love to fully show.

Hand in hand at Jesus' throne,
When past is hurt and pain;
All of us, whom God has tried,
Will never hurt again.

But until then He bids us trust,
He only sends His best;
To give, as He has given us,
When He comes to the test.

This was written July 14, 2013. One of the counselors gave their testimony, how they had been able to help a child who was going through a trial similar to what they had gone through earlier in life.

A Father's Prayer

Standing at each bedroom door,
His children fast asleep,
No worries, cares, no anxious thoughts,
He began to weep.

"They trust me, Lord, to keep them safe,
They sleep without a care;
Help me, Lord, to do my best,
Thy love from Thee to share."

"Winter comes, and summer fades,
They'll leave and go their way;
Lord, as Thou hast cared for me,
Watch over them, I pray."

"They'll stand one day by bedroom doors,
Where their children lay asleep;
No worries, cares, no anxious thoughts,
Lord, give them strength to weep!"

This was written May 19, 2013. The speaker was Wayne Sehmish, missionary to Thailand. He said that when his children went to bed, he always went to their bedrooms, and prayed for them, hoping that they, one day, would do the same; including the ability to weep.

When Loved Ones . . .

When loved ones go to meet the Lord,
We grieve, but still rejoice;
Though saddened by their passing,
With Him, they raise their voice:
Forever in His presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance.

When loved ones who have gone before,
Greet them where they dwell;
Absent from their mortal clay,
Throughout eternal spell:
Forever in His presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance.

When loved ones leave, they wait for us,
To meet them there one day;
Lord, here's my heart, dwell Thou within,
Then take me home to stay:
Forever in Thy presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance.

When loved ones grieve my passing,
Lord, let them hear my voice;
Dwelling in Thy presence,
May they hear me rejoice:
Forever in Thy presence,
Clad in Jesus' radiance!

This was written June 13-15, 2010, based on comments by Pastor Bailey on the 13th. He mentioned the passing away of half of a couple with the other half already on the other side. He wondered what it would be like to know what they did and said on this re-union.

His Gift

How blessed to receive a crown,
For a job well done;
When I stand at Jesus' throne,
When my race is run.
How much more blest is it to kneel,
Acknowledging His grace;
When at last I see Him,
My Saviour, face to face.

But much more blessed it will be,
Our frailty to learn;
Finding that it was a gift,
We willingly return!

This was written September 11, 2016, based on a Sunday School lesson, as I recall, by Mike Wolski, missionary to Poland.

I Must . . .

When Jesus tells me to launch out,
I must say, "I will!";
Even should there be a doubt,
I must launch out still.

I must go where e'er He leads,
This surely is His will;
I must! He will provide my needs,
And go with me still.

I must go—do as He said,
I must! It is His will!
I must! I must go where He's led,
I must follow still!

I must go, cast hook or net,
Whichever one His will;
I must go—it is my debt,
He found me, seeks men still!

I must! I must! I have no choice!
Lord, make this my will;
And where Thou leadest, use my voice,
They are waiting still!

I must go—He does the rest,
I must do what He will;
I must make Thy will my quest,
I must follow still!!

This was written October 17, 2010, based on a morning sermon by a man named Doty, an assistant pastor at a church in Idaho. The main text was Luke 5:4-7, Mark 1:17.

Little By Little

Little by Little,
A step at a time;
Christ leads me upward,
To Heaven's blest clime.

He must increase,
I must decline;
And as I'm tried,
He will refine.

I must yield,
He knows what's best;
I can trust Him,
In every test.

Little by Little,
A step at a time;
Perfected I'll be,
In Heaven's blest clime.

This was written July 12, 2009, based on Pastor Bailey's Sunday School lesson. The main text was John 3:22-30.

Be Thou With Me

I would have a spirit, Lord,
Stirring and strong;
Knowing where You lead me,
Thou wilt go along:
Be Thou with me, guide me well,
I will go, where Thou dost tell.

All my needs Thou wilt provide,
That Thou wouldst have me do;
The power and strength, Lord, it is Thine,
To see me safely through:
Be Thou with me, all the way,
My life is Thine, to use always.

Thou art mighty, great and strong,
Why should I ever fear?
I can go where e'er Thou wouldst,
Thou art ever near:
Be Thou with me, friend and guide,
In thee alone, I find provide.

Guide in life, befriend in death,
In mansions up above;
On that day I'll glance behind,
And see all-caring love:
Be Thou with me, in place prepared,
Where I will know how much You cared!

This was written January 30, 2011, based in its entirety on Pastor Bailey's morning sermon.

Come

Come, and hear, above the world,
Above the noise and din;
This invite from the God Who loves,
Come, be cleansed from sin.

Come, and see, the empty tomb,
Come, see where He lay;
Come, and see, the debt He paid,
To win man's soul that day.

Come and dine, the Master calls,
And amply be well fed;
As a shepherd guides His sheep,
We follow where He's led.

Come, oh come, His voice rings out,
The hour is quite late;
Arise, and come away with Me,
To place prepared so great.

This was written March 8, 2015, based on Jeff Johnson's sermon that evening.

Because My Mother's There

Heaven is to me more near,
Because my Mother's there;
Making it all more the dear,
The place of Christ's prepare.

There, in place prepared for her,
She waits my coming there;
One day I'll leave where she once were,
For place of Christ's prepare.

No other place is my aspire,
But to be up there;
Saviour, call me one day higher,
To place of Christ's prepare!

This was written April 19, 2015, based on a story Pastor Bailey told at his morning's sermon. A child, who lived in a subdivision where all houses were essentially the same, told a neighbor lady that his house was better than hers. Why? Because his mother was there! No matter how grand the mansions in Heaven are, the one my mother lives in is better than all others because of this.

Simply Be A Christian

Don't worry about serving God,
Or knowing what to do;
Simply be a Christian,
He will see you through.

Simply take a stand for Him,
He will do the rest;
He will guide you in the way,
The way that He knows best.

He sees the path from start to end,
And knows what to do;
Simply be a Christian,
God will see you through!

This was written September 21, 2014, based on Tom Johnson's sermon that evening.

Honorees

God honors those who take a stand,
In the things He wrote;
Their names are written in His hand,
He sees, and takes full note.

Yea, blessed are the pure in heart,
Those who call sin wrong;
Who unashamed will do their part,
And stand out from the throng.

Though all around may criticize,
Secure in truth they stand;
Refusing to politicize,
Sustained by God's right hand!

This was written April 21, 2012. When the Washington people passed a law legalizing gay marriage, there was an article in the Chronicle featuring comments by two local ministers, A Methodist and Pastor Adamou. Pastor Adamou's stand was absolutely solid—It's just plain wrong! The Methodist's? Do you even need to ask?

The next three verses in this book, believe it or not, do have some connection to Faith Baptist Church. Enjoy them . . .

On February 28, 2010, I was having lunch at a local restaurant with some church friends after church. I poured one of the ladies a glass of water, and said—"A cup of water given in Jesus' name never goes unrewarded". This lady challenged me to write a poem on this. I answered—"How about one that will make a marble statue shed tears?" She said I couldn't! This is the result, written March 6, 2010, given to her on the 14th.

The Cup

The missionary ate with them,
That Sunday afternoon;
A little girl listened in,
As she clutched fork and spoon.

He told them how the people lived,
In places where He served;
How cup and spoon were seldom seen,
Her little heart was stirred!

She asked him what the children used,
He answered—hands, or gourd;
Her little heart was broken,
This all they could afford?

Her Gramma'd given her a cup,
She kept it by her bed;
She got it, gave it to the man,
"Give this to them", she said.

Her name was on the bottom,
He promised her he would;
She told him—"I'll pray every day,
That it'll do some good."

On the way to where He served,
He saw a little child;
Drinking from her soiled hands,
The missionary smiled.

He gave the cup to her to use,
Then went on his way;
Telling her a little girl,
For her soul did pray.

She use it, then a friend took sick,
She gave the cup to him;
They watched the water overflow,
Its funny little brim.

Then he saw one more needy,
And gladly gave it up;
All this time a child prayed,

For her little cup.

The girl's name grew faintly traced,
It barely could be read;
Still it satisfied each thirst,
Though none knew what it said.

For years it travelled far and wide,
Watched over by her prayer;
Till it was cracked and useless,
And tossed out without care.

A missionary saw it there,
Thought it looked out of place;
Picked it up, and saw the name,
By now, quite hard to trace.

He took it with him when he left,
Told all of what He'd found,
This funny looking little cup,
He'd seen there on the ground.

An aged lady heard him once,
Sitting there, she smiled;
Went up to him when he was done,
And said—"I was that child."

"For eighty years I've prayed for it,
Asking God to use,
This little cup I gave Him,
In any way He'd choose."

A simple cup of water,
Given in Jesus' name;
Will not go unrewarded,
And never put to shame.

Recorded up in Heaven,
One day she will see;
How the Saviour used her cup,
She gave so willingly.

It sits beside her bed once more,
The place that it once knew;
This little Orphan Annie cup,
Signed by Betty Lou!

Believe it or not, there is a connection between this verse, and Faith Baptist Church! Just don't ask me what it is . . .

The Old Piano Player

The piano stood there silent,
That Sunday evening;
And even more pathetic,
The group's attempt to sing.

The leader did his very best,
To put life in the song;
But, no matter what he did,
It only came out wrong.

Then came a stranger through the door,
In common suit and tie;
He'd heard the feeble singing,
And knew the reason why.

No one tried to stop him,
As he went to the keys;
He asked if he could play it,
The leader nodded—please . . .

That old upright piano,
Had seen a better day;
Out of tune? A little,
Its ivories yellowish gray.

The bench was slightly wobbly,
Supported by a book;
Everybody watched him,
As his place he took.

He asked what song they wanted,
And struck a vibrant chord;
But when he started playing,
Nobody said a word.

Then slowly from the people,
The song began to pour;
As waves rush from the ocean,
Upon the waiting shore.

The music that the old man played,
Brought life into the song;
Until the very rafters rang,
With singing fresh and strong.

Many songs were sung that night,
Requests were not a few;

Though they'd heard them oft before,
He made them seem like new.

Then with the singing over,
The preacher preached inspired;
By the old man's playing,
His spirit was refired.

He played as they were leaving,
To go their several way;
Declining any offer,
Of any place to stay.

The folks all talked about him,
When they came back next week;
Will He be here this evening?
The only words they speak.

But they never saw him,
He never once came back;
Still, his spirit lingered,
And never once there lack.

Well, they never quite forgot him,
In that little country church;
That old piano player,
Who helped them in a lurch.,

But something that they can't explain,
And still talk about today;
The blood stains on the ivories,
That will not wash away!

When I gave the poem "The Cup" to Betty Lou, another lady present wanted me to write one for her. It came eventually, then all at once. Enjoy!

Dianne's Poem

He sat all through the service,
Unmoved by what he heard;
Even the special music,
Left his soul unstirred.

He'd come to church invited,
No football on TV;
The coverage had been cancelled,
So, he did agree.

The hymns they sang were pretty,
He even joined in;
But these did not convince him,

Of his life of sin.

The sermon slightly bored him,
So what if Jesus came?
In his mind he was perfect,
Not feeling any shame.

The altar call was given,
He heard the preacher say;
Come now, and be forgiven,
Of your sin today.

Still, he sat there silent,
He didn't see the need;
In vain the Spirit urged him,
In vain the preacher's plead.

Then he heard the piano,
Playing—"Just as I am";
Its words came back so clearly,
Back through the years he swam!

His Mother played it, sang it!
So many years ago;
How he enjoyed her singing,
Her voice so sweet, so low!

Then he remembered how she prayed,
For his soul each day;
That one day he'd ask Jesus,
Into his life to stay.

The altar seemed so far away,
Why did he sit in back?
Her voice called to him clearly,
He saw his sin so black.

"Just as I am, and waiting not",
He knew he had no choice;
He hastened down the aisle,
Towards his Mother's voice.

Another soul was saved that night,
But not by sermon preached;
Nor by special music,
Was this sinner reached.

But rather by his memories,
Brought back by an unknown;
Who simply used her talent,
As Jesus knew need known.

Showy things, these sermons,
Or music, nicely done;
These get all the credit,
Beneath this mortal sun.

But written up in glory,
Are stories yet untold;
How little things made the difference,
And will up there be told.

His Mother's waiting for him,
In answer to her prayer;
He knows now he will see her,
In place forever fair.

Because of a pianist,
Playing song he knew;
By one who got no credit,
Then quietly withdrew.

Anything done faithfully,
Is never done in vain;
One day we will know it,
When our crown we gain.

Then at the feet of Jesus,
We'll gladly cast them down;
Kneeling next to those we've reached,
While clad in this mortal gown!

And now, back to verses a little more conventional . . .

Martha and Mary

Martha saw her brother,
Dead, and in the tomb;
Corrupting in its stillness,
In that awful room.

Mary saw her brother,
Departed, as in death;
Going to a better place,
Beyond his mortal breath.

Both were deeply hurting,
Both lost one they loved;
Both went to the Saviour,
Both sought their beloved.

Martha saw but darkly,
Mary saw more clear;
Jesus met each, grieving,
Bidding them—do not fear.

He guides me when I cannot see,
As Martha saw that day;
Enlightens when I see beyond,
As Mary saw him lay.

Lord, when I fear, as Martha,
Forgive me every fear;
And when I doubt, as Mary,
Be to me more near!

This was written February 15, 2015, based on a sermon by Lance Hohenstreet.

From Matthew 6:33

Seek ye first, the things unseen,
And trust Him for the rest;
The Spiritual things, the things of God,
And you shall be amply blest.

These are things, that never shall fail,
Things seen, will one day pass away;
Those things unseen, will suddenly show,
When perisheth wood, stubble, clay.

One day, each soul, will be tested by fire,
No matter how low, or how grand;
Then will be shown, what was their heart's intent,
And then will all men understand.

So, seek them first, the things unseen,
These are they that shall last;
All other things will be blown away,
Justly, by God's mighty blast!

This was written November 11, 2015, based on a sermon by Pastor Robinson.

Unknown, Unnamed (from Luke 7:37)

Who told her where the Lord was?
The writer doesn't say;
But someone knew it, saw her need,
And told her on that day.

She came and sought forgiveness,
Nowhere else to go;
Jesus felt each tear drop,
He knew their every flow.

He felt her swipe them with her hair,
The oil poured on His head;
Looking deep within her heart,
He saw for what she pled.

She left the room forgiven,
Knowing His atone;
But no name is recorded,
Whom Jesus' place made known.

Praise God for these unnamed ones!
Who tell where Jesus be!
Their names are written in His book,
For all to one day see!

This was written January 7, 2016, inspired by a sermon by Wayne Sehemish. This wasn't his theme, but as he spoke, I wondered—How did she know where Jesus was? Was it an unnamed, unknown who did?

Easter 2015

Barabbas should have helped Him,
Not Simon of Cyrene;
Perhaps he wasn't even there,
At that awful scene.

Would I have given any help,
(Or been there in that crowd)?
Would I have dared to volunteer,
If that had been allowed?

We don't know what happened,
After His release;
He vanishes in history,
As mists will when they cease.

We really should have shouldered,
The Cross that Jesus bore;
Lord, if I've done as Barabbas,
Forgive me, I implore!

This was written from April 5-11, 2015, based on Pastor Bailey's morning sermon on the 5th.

Without Christ

In the Valley of Decision,
Multitudes await;
Without Christ they have no hope,
Their need is very great.

Gales off the mountains blast,
Storms of doubt assail;
Their hearts are tossed and troubled,
Without Christ, they fail.

Tossed about, they seek a place,
That stoutest gale can't shake;
Without Christ, they seek in vain,
For refuge that won't break.

Without Christ to shelter them,
They have no place to hide;
In the Valley of Decision,
They hopelessly reside.

Burden me to see the lost,
Without Christ, and hope;
Give me the ear to hear the call,
Those who blindly grope.

I must go—or I must send,
To tell them about Christ;
Without Christ they have no hope,
And all around enticed.

Jesus, grant me patience,
To simply spread the Word;
Without Christ I can't do it,
It's by HIM I'm stirred!

This was written May 18 or 19, 2012, based on a sermon by Paul Hamilton.

Naomi

There never would have been a 'Ruth',
Whom Godly people praise;
If not for a 'Naomi',
Who fell on bitter days.

Ruth saw in Naomi,
Something to desire;

She said, "I will not leave thee,
Thy God is my aspire."

Naomi never noticed,
How Ruth had watched and learned,
Until—"Go back!" She bade her,
And Ruth, her people, spurned.

We each have a 'Ruth' watching,
Everything we do;
Although we may not know it,
It's very, very true!

This was written May 13, 2012, based on a message by Craig Ledbetter (missionary to Ireland).

Apples Made of Gold

A word, when fitly spoken,
Are apples made of gold;
In pictures made of silver,
Its value past untold.

And God, who plums the deepest depths,
Of the human soul;
Sees, and knows, each unseen need,
And answers wonderful!

He speaks to it through others,
Who come, and stand beside;
And do so, without knowing,
The encouragement they provide.

Thank you, for a simple note,
A word of timely cheer;
Worth more than any metal,
However they appear!

This was written October 11, 2016. I had received a note of encouragement in the mail (unexpectedly) from one who shall go unnamed. This practically wrote itself in response, and was given in return to a friend at Faith Baptist Church. You know who you are—again I say thanks!