

Poetry by Times
Three Stanza Verses

The three stanza/four lines poem is unique. It is the easiest to read, memorize, and generally enjoy; but it has been my observation, that it is the hardest to write, and do so properly. The poet has to be able to use the right words, with the right and most accurate meaning(s), without the poem being stilted and obscure. And, at the same time express clearly the idea he/she desires to present. The sound of the words must also be taken into account.

Many of these verses go back forty years or more, so they represent what I was writing when learning what works and doesn't, how far to bend the rules of proper writing without breaking them, and to put themselves into the mind of the reader.

Enjoy these, they have been gathering dust for many years. Hopefully, they will do for you what they have done for me—they have encouraged me to live for Christ before the world, in ways you will never know.

Timos

A Single Tear

There's not a bird that ever falls,
But that God sheds a tear;
And, at times, it seems to me,
His gentle sob I hear.

The content of this tear delights,
Bringing peace so deep;
That even as we hurt within,
We feel His gentle keep.

He never, ever, says He'll heal,
Or even ease the pain;
But simply sheds a single tear,
And peace within we gain.

Colors

A little bit of color,
To brighten up your day;
To shiny up the duller,
And help you live with gray.

The colors we desire,
Gain depth by those we hate;
Move in, by God, much higher,
Unseen by us, we wait.

But soon, the pattern seeing,
We'll see both bright and dull;
And how our Master's weaving,
Made our lives more full!

God's Gifts

God wraps His gifts with loving care,
Inside? A thing to cherish;
At times His wrappings bring despair,
At times all hope will perish.

But with the paper torn aside,
Watch your sufferings pale;
Wait patiently, with Him abide,
He knows that thou art frail.

Then with the anguish in the past,
You'll see the reasons clearly;
But until then, hold fast! Hold fast!
You know He loves thee dearly.

Faith

Faith is more than knowing,
That God can surely heal;
It's trust in the All-Knowing,
A trust nothing can steal.

It's hope, yes knowing! He hears us,
Although it seems He don't;
It's hope, yes knowing! He hears us,
Those times when hoping won't.

Faith is simply trusting,
In Him Who loves us so;
Faith in the All-Seeing,
Tough 'why' He may not show.

From 'Star Trek'

To boldly go where none has gone,
Beyond the realm of knowing;
To realms that lie beyond the dawn,
Beyond my finite knowing.

Those strange new worlds where none has gone,
Save Angels, God, and Jesus;
Beyond the grave, beyond the dawn,
Built by Him to please us.

One day He'll leave where none has gone,
Up in the air we'll join Him;
Then dwell with Him beyond the dawn,
Forever, ever, knowing Him!

Not Wrath, But Love

As we gather on this Day,
To celebrate Christ's birth;
When He came with men to abide,
From Heaven to lowly Earth.

Let us never forget the cost,
He paid for leaving Heaven;
Think of all the glory lost,
He, God's only Son.

Thank You, Jesus, for all You've done,
Thank You, for leaving Your home above;
Salvation's work was then begun,
By God's grace—not wrath, but love.

Let Us Return

(see Hosea 6:1-3)

Let us return unto the Lord,
He's torn, but He says He'll heal;
Though smitings on us He's outpoured,
He'll bind us, when we kneel.

In two days after, He'll revive,
And on the third, He raises;
His erstwhile one, now full alive,
Dwells with Him, on Him gazes.

If we then follow on to know,
We'll see His goings readied;
It's sure as sun rise is sure to show,
He'll come as clouds are emptied.

A Prayer for Trust

Lord, I just don't understand,
Why some are spared earth's grief;
On some of us You hit Thy hand,
On some You send relief.

Forgive me, Lord, my faith is weak,
It's easy to resent;
Those that dwell on Thy own peak,
Protected, Heaven-sent.

I know it's wrong, Lord, yet I find,
That I can't rejoice;
Help me, for my human mind,
Can't comprehend Thy choice.

Change Me

Lord, I don't ask for problems solved,
For others changed to suit me;
For answers given, love evolved,
All I ask – Lord change me!

Lord, change me from the way I'm now,
'Till Thou alone art like me;
Lord, anyway, Lord, anyhow—
This my prayer, Lord, change me!

Lord, when I see Thee face to face,
I'll see Thee as Thou saw me;
My then and now, Lord, through Thy grace,
Lord, my crown! Thou changest me!!

Change

The pilot turns the rudder,
The ship resists the turn;
From fore-to-aft a shudder,
Resisting waters churn.

At first no change we notice,
Perhaps a mile, or so;
But soon we see before us,
The way we turned to go!

The ship is in the ocean,
Yet is not of the sea;
Goes counter to her motion,
Or drifts along her, free.

Glory/Joy

The glory is God's,
The joy is mine;
The joy to serve,
My savior divine.

The glory is His,
As ought it should be;
The joy is mine,
Both now, eternally!

The joy is mine,
Nought else do I claim;
I glorify ever,
My Saviour's blest Name.

The Stone Rolled Back

The stone rolled back, so they could see,
That He was gone, as said;
His empty shelf, His empty cloth,
Proof He was not dead!

The veil rent, so I can go,
Before His very throne;
For cleansing, guidance, anything,
Proof He did atone.

The clouds peeled back, so He can come,
Unveiled, in full view;
That where He is, there I may be,
Proof that all is new!

A Prayer For You

May He Who sees the sparrow fall,
And clothes the lily white;
Watch over you, in each and all,
Through every day and night.

May He Who's numbered every hair,
And gladly feeds each bird;
Watch over you with tender care.
For every tear He's heard.

May He Who promised to provide,
And amply meet each need;
Watch over you, give place to hide,
And every grievance heed.

All You Have!

I asked the Lord in prayer one day,
How much of me to give;
He answered, "It was all the way,
I want that you might live."

"All I ask is all you have,
All of Me I gave;
For you sin, My blood the salve,
For you, to find and save."

"All you have, though great or small,
That is all I ask;
I gave all, I ask your all,
Is that too much to ask?"

My Heavenly Account

I am but a poor man,
My treasures are but few;
The few I have soon perish,
They vanish with the dew.

Although I am a poor man,
I've wealth beyond compare;
Wealth that will not perish,
That ever will be there.

You say that I'm a poor man,
In Heaven's my account;
My Earthly goods will perish,
But not that banked amount!

Why do I Sing?

Why do I sing about Jesus?
Why is He precious to me?
From sin's dread grip He's released me,
When He went to Calvary.

No longer do sin's fetters,
Bind me to awful sin;
Wonderful, wonderful Jesu!
New life in Him I begin.

An, what a blessed redemption!
Ah, what such wonderful love!
Ah, what a glorious freedom!
I am the great God's beloved!

Allonbacuth

(see Gen 35:8)

Allonbacuth, place of rest,
Thou blessed oak of keeping;
In Baca's vale, thou my quest,
Thou blessed oak of weeping . . .

Allonbacuth, shelt'ring three,
I fear, for thou art leaping;
They bending, breaking, frightens me:
Alas, thou oak of weeping . . .

Allonbacuth, blest repose,
You laugh when storms come sweeping!
The grief is gone, that quickly rose:
Eternal oak of weeping . . .

Reaping

God is not mocked,
You reap what you sow;
So why are we shocked,
At what we see grow?

If wild oats you sow,
Then likewise you'll reap;
The wild oats that grow,
Will sure make us weep!

If good oats you'd reap,
And bountiful plants;
To sow, and not weep,
Sow not by chance!

One night I repaired a fence, as best as I could, but had to leave it over night. It was not in the best shape, so would fix it better next day. This written then . . .

Provision

When we have done our very best,
And troubles still remain;
Just lift your eyes to Heaven,
And pray this prayer again.

"I've done as You've enabled me,
I can't do anymore;
Do unto me, O Saviour,
As You have done before."

"Thou canst do as I cannot,
In Thee there is no lack;"
I put away the tools I'd used,
And never once looked back!

He Came

He came to build His chosen Church,
Even though it meant His life;
He gave Himself to build His Church,
He loved Her, gave His life.

He came to purify His Church,
Even though it meant His life;
With His blood He purged His Church,
He loved Her, gave His life.

One day He will call His Church,
For Whom He have His life;
A glorious, spotless, sacred Church,
Because He gave His life!

Ore

We are ore so worthless,
By nail-torn hand we're mined;
At cost so great, so priceless,
The Saviour came to find.

Like us, the ore so worthless,
Is taken and refined;
Our value, which is priceless,
By trials He can find.

This ore, no longer worthless,
Is molded and designed;
Our value, great and priceless,
The best for men to find.

'Eternelle'

A Christian is the Rose 'Eternelle',
Distinguished from all others;
Her scent and hue, divine, supernal,
Transcendent to Her brothers.

She thrives in soil not Earth's own,
With nutrients from above;
The Husbandman's glory in Her shown,
Brought out by shear with love.

For just a while She's planted here,
For just a little while;
She waits His call with dewy tear,
She longs for that blest Isle!

A Mother's Prayer

She's sleeping, Lord, she's sleeping,
This one that came from Thee;
She's trusting in my keeping,
So confident in me.

Lord, I'm so unworthy,
My 'good points' are so few;
But still you thought me worthy,
To send me her, from You.

Grant to me, my Saviour,
Thy help to raise her right;
May this prayer I utter,
Come from her one night.

In Thee Let Me Hide

Draw me closer, Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thy side;
Feel Thy presence close to me,
In Thee let me hide.

With my feeble strength I fail,
Pressing for Thy side;
Thou must help me, I'm so frail,
In thee let me hide.

Grasp me with Thy mighty arms,
Pull me to Thy side;
Calv'ry love the only bands,
In Thee let me hide.

From Pastor Ogren's Prayer

Where needs abound,
Provision's there;
Where trials rebound,
We see His care.

When we seem lost,
He shows the way;
When tempest tossed,
The waves allay.

Whate'er our need,
He doth provide;
We need not plead,
He doth provide!

The Little Sparrow

The little sparrow doth not sow,
Nor reapeth, and then gather;
But God doth plant, and cause to grow,
He reapeth, and doth gather.

The little lily doth not toil,
Neither doth she spinning;
But God hath put her feet in soil,
He doth do the spinning.

Why art thou anxious, little man,
Trust God, as lily, sparrow;
Be yielded to Him, this His plan,
For you, the lily, sparrow.

As Thou Lovest

The problems faced that tried me so,
To which they see reaction,
O Jesus, help me, I implore,
Let love be my reaction.

With love, let me embrace each foe,
With love, let me forgive them;
Let me love them, love them so,
Thy love, let me give them.

Help me, Lord, I ask, I ask,
To love them, as Thou lovest;
Did I deserve Thy love, Thy task?
Not so, but yet Thou lovest!

Sweet Is The Song

Sweet is the song that I sing,
Praising Christ Jesus my King;
Sweeter and sweeter, as He grows more dearer.
Sweet is the song that I sing!

Sweet is the song that I sing of Him,
Praising my Saviour, my coming King;
Sweeter and sweeter, as He grows more dearer,
Sweet is the song that I sing!

Sweet is the story I tell,
Telling of Jesus, I love so well;
Sweeter and sweeter, as He grows more dearer,
How sweet is the song that I sing!

How Can It Be?

Three thousand thousand galaxies,
Three million 'earths' in each;
Three million million apogees,
Yet here the Lord did reach.

One galaxy alone He chose,
One 'earth' within it picked;
One wonders why—one cannot know,
Why here He doth convict.

To find the 'why', in vain I seek,
To think that He sought me;
To see my world, like me, unique,
Me! Here! How can it be?

Beyond

He looks beyond the pain, the hurt,
The tear drops that do fall;
My aching, breaking, unique heart,
And loves me through it all.

He looks beyond each broken heart,
Beyond all sorrow, grief;
And sees this heart of mine, so erred,
Of all hearts the chief.

He looks beyond, and does not spurn,
Seeking intent pure;
In spite of tangled web I weave,
Through thoughts and acts impure . . .

Psalms 32:8-10

Thou hast said Thou wilt instruct,
And teach Thy chosen way;
Though wilt guide me with Thine eye,
Be Thou near this day.

I am like the horse and mule,
Void of understanding;
Bit my mouth, and bridle me,
Guide me to Thy standing.

To the wicked many sorrows,
To those who trust not Thee;
But in Thee, I put my trust,
By thy grace surround me.

My Sins So Great

My sins so great, so very great,
I feared to come for pardon;
But God is great, so very great,
So great that He could pardon.

He took my sins, and made me white,
Forgot my fall forever;
My soul was cleansed so very white,
I'll serve the Lord forever.

I'll try to walk the proper way,
Though dust be my foundation;
But if I fall, and leave the way,
Recall my base foundation.

Tears

We may not know the reason,
We may not know the why;
He comforts in that season,
When tears be-dim our eye.

Though we don't know the reason,
Though we don't know the why;
When bitter be our season,
Tear drops fill His eye.

He may not show the reason,
He may not show the why;
He comforts in that season,
When tears be-dim each eye.

Waiting

You're laden down with sorrow,
He's waiting for your prayer;
Go to Him on bended knee,
He's waiting for you there.

His mercy is sufficient,
For every grief and care;
For in our deepest sorrow,
He's waiting for us there.

I go to Him for comfort,
My every grief to share;
I find His grace sufficient,
He's waiting for me there.

O Saviour, Hear!

I cry aloud, O Saviour, hear!
Behold my urgent need!
I need Thy help, O Saviour, hear!
O come! O come! I plead!

Behold I come, why dost thou fear?
You only have to call;
Take hold my gown and dry thy tear,
I stoop where thou didst fall.

O Jesus! Saviour! Thou so dear!
I thank Thee so, my Saviour!
The clouds are gone! The sky is clear!
Forgive my ill behavior . . .

A Special Gift

A child is a special gift,
Showing us His love;
Just a hint of Heaven's joy:
Just a glance above.

From streets of gold, and gates of pearl,
He gives of His Own love;
A bit of Heaven, wrapped in flesh:
Sent from God above.

We must raise them as His own,
As He does us with love;
So one day we'll walk hand in hand:
Back with him above.

No fault In Him

I find no fault in Him,
Well done, thou faithful one;
Come, enter Heaven's bliss,
Your race is won.

I'll enter in that day,
A place He has declared;
That with Him I will be,
In place prepared.

I find no fault in Him,
This Christ of Galilee;
Let others doubt His love,
He died for me!

Unspoken Request

Requests unspoken aren't ignored,
When they come before the Lord;
Sometimes mentioned, often not,
Many times, Thy help is sought.

Lord, hear this prayer as it arose,
For what it is, Lord, Thou sure knowest;
Let me add my words to His,
Though I know not what it is.

Let me add to prayers unheard,
I know thou hearest every word;
Work things out, as Thou knowest best,
Answer this unspoken request!

His Way

So many times my Saviour knocked,
So oft I turned away;
So many years the door stood locked,
But now I come His way.

I marvel that so long He knocked,
So oft I turned away;
He came as far as where I blocked,
So now, I turn His way.

Forgive me, Lord, so long You knocked,
So oft I turned away;
But in His fold, now safely flocked,
Am I, now come His way!

The God I Serve

The God I serve is everywhere,
No matter where I be;
Beneath the clouds, and up above,
No matter what I see.

He's God in Heaven, and on Earth,
Even in a plane;
Holding up, and hovering over,
We never seek in vain.

He'll get us up, then safely down,
As in Him we rest;
Lord, always keep this child-like faith,
Within my grown-up breast.

Faith

Whoever will may come,
He will not cast you out;
Even now, He calls you home,
Come by faith, don't doubt.

Come to Him by simple faith,
Walk the narrow road;
Abstain from sin, do as He saith,
Make His will your load.

By His mercy and His grace,
He will make you whole;
And when you gaze upon His face,
Your joy will be full.

For some reason, I was impressed by a need that my niece was going to have. I said a quick prayer for her, and felt that the need had been taken care of. This was written a few hours later. What the need was, I never knew . . .

Vicky

I said a prayer for you today,
No knowing why I did;
I only sensed there was a need,
And did as I was bid.

I asked the Lord to keep you safe,
Not knowing any more;
But simply said a simple prayer,
A 'keep you safe' implore.

I may never know the why,
Till Heaven's shore I gain;
Still, today I said a prayer,
I know 'twas not in vain.

Thirsting

She came to draw the water,
That often she had drank;
This sinful half-breed daughter,
Sought water that now stank.

She stood beside the water,
And told Him—Sir, I thirst!
He gave unto His daughter,
A fount to ever burst.

She came back to the water,
With many who now sought;
He gave, as to His daughter,
As all His children ought.

Just As I Was

Just as I was, and nothing more,
I gave Him the key, to my heart's door;
I'm letting Him reign, I'm letting Him rule:
To Jesus Christ, I came! I came!

I used to think, that He was a fake,
To let Him come in, would be a mistake;
Now I praise His name, for He loves me:
To Jesus Christ, I came! I came!

Now I owe my wealth, to Him above,
The wealthiest thing, I have is His love;
He has taken my blame, He's forgiven my sins:
To Jesus Christ, I came! I came!

Beyond

Beyond this vale of sorrows,
Is One Who for us cares;
Whom every footstep follows,
Whom every burden bears.

He once went through this valley,
So we can safely pass;
He guides us to Him daily,
Safe through each morass.

Beyond this dreaded vale,
Past real, and shadowy fears;
Past whispers that assail,
He wipes away all tears.

Love So Very Deep

The heart may stop, the breathing cease,
The weary soul take flight;
It comes to all, this blest release,
From darkness into light.

Our patient trusting in the Best,
Along with faithful prayer;
God hears, and answers each request,
His way, His time, His where.

He takes, but leaves the past behind,
For us to hold and keep;
When we do, He says we'll find,
His love so very deep.

From Ephesians 2:14-22

Jesus Christ, the corner stone,
Of an Holy place;
Placed in everyone,
Ransomed by His grace.

A living temple, Holy, blessed,
Fitted, ever growing;
No more Gentile, no more Jew,
But blessed, Jesus knowing.

Together, in Him we remain,
Cemented by One Spirit;
Together we can boldly pray,
Knowing He will hear it!

Thanksgiving Prayer

Come one, come all,
Gather 'round the bird;
Come one, come all,
Let our thanks be heard.

Come one, come all,
Praise the Lord on high;
Come one, come all,
Let your praises fly.

Come one, come all,
Thank God for this land;
Come one, come all,
I just think it's grand!

Bitter Tears

The bitter tears we often shed,
That we think soon will pass;
Go with us, when we go to bed;
And on our pillow mass.

These bitter tears, when night is done,
And darkness flees once more;
Will melt as dew beneath the sun,
As joy comes in the door.

Those bitter tears may come again,
They'll make us weep and mourn;
They'll flee once more at day's begin,
For joy comes in the morn!

Heaven

Heaven is a special place,
For those who are not here;
Just knowing where they're waiting,
Makes that place more dear.

No matter what I say or do,
Your loss can't be replaced;
Your aching spirit healed,
Nor your tears erased.

But He Who knows the reason,
Will one day tell us why;
When standing in His presence,
With understanding eye.

From Romans 6:4, 22, 23

In things that I once gloried in,
Of which I now feel shame;
I see no fruit, no benefit,
They only kill and maim.

In things that I now glory in,
Ah! Such precious fruit!
Freed from sin, and sanctified,
Eternal life, to boot!

The wages of the former, death,
The latter, life eternal;
In Jesus Christ, my blessed Lord,
In Jesus Christ, supernal!

From Romans 16:1,2

Faithful sister, once commended,
To the saints in Rome;
Brought a message from Paul to them,
Leaving friend and home.

'Receive her gladly, in the Lord,
As a worthy sister;
Able helper, not just of me,
And as she needs, assist her.'

Lord, Thou knowest everything,
Could Paul say such of me?
I see myself, and see no good,
Ah! That such might be!

Watch and Be Ready

Watch and be ready,
Sober and wise;
Feet planted steady,
Wide open eyes.

Breast plate and helmet,
(Faith, hope, and love);
Donned for the moment,
He comes from above.

Living or dead,
We'll rise to the sky;
Then with Him, our Head,
We'll never more die.

Voices

(see 2 Timothy 4:9,13,21)

'Come to me before winter,'
Said Paul to his young friend;
Was he meaning snowfall,
Or simply his own end?

The cloak—to warm His body,
The books and parchment, too;
The former warmed the outer,
The latter warmed clear through!

So many voices calling,
'The winter is at hand!'
They need to be reached quickly,
On near—or distant strand.

From Hebrew 2:13

I will put my trust in Him,
As He has trusted me;
The Holy Spirit, proof indeed,
Of the trust from He.

So if I do whate'er He says,
I know I cannot fail;
He strengthens me for every task,
I drink from Holy Grail!

He never says I need to know,
The ending, or the why;
But only says to trust His will,
And be His arm and eye!

'They'

(from Mark 11:6)

'They' allowed them,
Who are 'they'?
The Word of God,
Does not say.

The Lord had need,
And so 'they' gave;
A simple task,
Yet one so brave.

To give unmentioned,
Except as 'they';
These great men's names,
God does not say . . .

From Revelation 15:3,4

Great and marvelous are Thy works,
Almighty God, my Saviour;
True and righteous are Thy ways,
The King of saints forever!

Who shall not fear Thee, mighty God,
And glorify Thy name?
For only Thou art without sin,
Forever without blame!

All shall come and worship Thee,
All nations, every man;
For Thou wilt show them Thou art God,
As only God can!

Too Much?

(from Matthew 9:21)

The border of His garment,
All she had to touch;
Yet from the back she did so,
As if that was too much . . .

The border of His presence,
All I need to touch;
Why do I creep behind Him,
As if that was too much?

Lord, help me seek Thee boldly,
When I come to 'touch';
Your promises are ample,
I cannot ask too much!

Who Is This Man?

Who is this Man,
That wind and wave;
But hear His word,
And they behave?

Who is this Man,
That loved me so;
Before I heard,
To death did go?

Who is this Man,
Who comes again?
He's Christ the Word,
Who saves from Sin!

Heavenly Chords

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

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

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