

Whether you wanted them or not, here are a few more verses God has given me over the years. There's no central theme, so there's something here for everyone.

Timos

### **Consolation**

He giveth His beloved sleep,  
A poet wrote of yore;  
Bidding her friends not to weep,  
Should she go on before.

We weep, but not as those that sigh,  
Not having any hope;  
Those, that gathering, say goodbye,  
And in the darkening grope.

We weep, instead, for friendship lost,  
For just a little while;  
Until that passage we have crossed,  
And wake up on that Isle.

Fore'er with Christ on Heaven's strand,  
Our friendship we'll renew;  
No pain or parting, on that land,  
Where all is ever new.

He giveth His beloved sleep,  
But in Heaven they live on;  
And await the ones that weep,  
On this side of the dawn.

### **Bridge Building**

Lord, let me be a friend to one,  
To one in time of need;  
No matter what was done to me,  
In thought, in word, in deed.

May they see they're not forsok,  
Though others may forsake,  
Let them see they have a friend,  
In spite of their mistake.

I'll gladly build half of the bridge,  
(And more) that has been burned;  
If this will somehow span the gulf,  
So peace can be returned.

I thank You, Lord, for grace to care,  
For one that's all alone;  
To forgive, and then forget,  
Lord, somehow make it known.

### **All is Well**

He giveth peace past measure,  
Calm past comprehend;  
When we think He doesn't remember,  
That on Him we depend.

He whispers from the shadows,  
He sees, and feels each tear;  
He says, "Trust Me for tomorrow,"  
Though unseen, He is near.

Tomorrow, at the sunrise,  
The sun will shades dispel;  
For after night is morning,  
And we find all is well.

### **I Would See As You**

The blind man saw men walking,  
Looking much like trees;  
Jesus, knowing deepest thoughts,  
Sensed Him saying, "Please . . .  
I would see as You."

I would see as Thou,  
And everything You were;  
Open mine eyes, enlight my soul,  
Remove my doubts impure . . .  
I would see as You.

Open up my half-blind eyes,  
So I can see Your all;  
Even as You opened His,  
At his heart-felt call . . .  
I would see as You.

## **Gateway**

From wild rolling ocean,  
To tideless sea of glass;  
There is a final gateway,  
Through which we must pass.

From clouded sky and shadow,  
To where the sun always glows;  
This promised passage leads us,  
Where no grief ever shows.

(Barring His returning,  
When He comes for His own;  
We all will take this passage,  
That Saints before have known.)

The wild ocean's splendor,  
The clouds of silver-lined;  
Will pale when Heaven's glory,  
On my soul is shined.

Beside the tideless, glassy sea,  
Beneath eternal sun;  
Forever I shall dwell secure,  
By grace, through God's Own Son.

Rejoined with friend of family,  
Those gone on before;  
We'll be with Christ our Saviour,  
On that eternal shore.

(Lord, let me see beyond the waves,  
By faith, pierce clouded sky;  
That I may see Thee, where they are,  
Where no one says goodbye!)

## **In Him I Can Hide**

I fear not death or evil,  
God is by my side;  
I can trust Him fully,  
In Him I can hide.

Surrounded by His caring,  
I can trust His guide;  
Let death and evil bother!  
In Him I can hide.

We walk this path together,  
He's ever by my side;  
His hand in mine assures me,  
In Him I can hide.

Yes, I can trust Him fully,  
I'll never be denied;  
I am His beloved,  
In Him I can hide!

### **Intermeshing**

The god of Gods, and King of Kings,  
Put on mortal flesh;  
So holiness and sinfulness,  
Could safely intermesh.

Blessed assurance, He is mine,  
Within this mortal flesh;  
Where holiness and sinfulness,  
Will safely intermesh.

Through the blood of Jesus Christ,  
Shed by His mortal flesh;  
Now holiness and sinfulness,  
Can safely intermesh.

Be Thou our strength in weakening times,  
While in this mortal flesh;  
Let holiness and sinfulness,  
Both safely intermesh.  
Help me, in this world below,

Trapped in this mortal flesh;  
Till holiness and sinfulness,  
Cease to intermesh.

### **Night Sounds**

"May I ask who's calling, please?"  
I dreamt that Jesus said;  
When I said my simple prayer,  
Before I went to bed.

I'd ignored Him all day long,  
And done as I'd desired;  
Then found time for a word with Him,  
Before my soul retired.

It shook me to the very core,  
The words I heard Him say;  
I saw how much I'd hurt Him,  
Ignoring Him all day.

Forgive me, Lord, for what I've done,  
You've done so very much;  
When You ask, "Who's calling please,"  
My deepest self You touch.

'Twas just a dream, but lesson learned,  
Lord, place Your hand in mine;  
So when I come to You in prayer,  
You know who's on the line!

### **Threads of Gold and Gray**

God weaves into His tapestries,  
Threads of gold—and gray;  
As we watch from underneath,  
With pleasure—and dismay.

The pattern chosen for our life,  
He picks, for He knows best;  
Working into His design,  
Blessedness—and test.

Below, it seems a jumble,  
An awful tangled mess;  
But He selects each thread with care,  
Knowing it will bless.

Down here, we cannot understand,  
All He asks is—trust;  
I know that He does know best,  
And cannot be unjust.

One day we will view the top,  
And awe at the design;  
How gold—and gray—each did their part,  
In pattern so divine.

### **Friends**

Friends are someone special,  
They laugh with you—or cry;  
They always stand beside you,  
No matter what you try.

You cheer each other's sorrows,

Rejoice when times are good;  
Your very deepest feelings,  
Unspoke, are understood.

A helping hand when needed,  
For trifling task, or great;  
When needed they will be there,  
Without hesitate.

A thing of lasting beauty,  
That time cannot destroy;  
With ties that can't be broken,  
And memories of pure joy.

### **Ointment**

Her troubled heart was breaking,  
She knew what lay ahead;  
So took her precious ointment,  
And to Jesus fled.

They heard the bottle breaking,  
They knew its pungent spread;  
They saw this costly ointment,  
Applied to foot and head.

He saw her heart breaking,  
Her loving spirit read;  
They only smelled the ointment,  
And heard what Judas said.

He blessed the bottle's breaking,  
And her case He pled;  
Blessed her act, her ointment,  
He—Who soon was dead.

My sorrowing heart was breaking,  
He hung there in my stead;  
His life's blood is my ointment,  
Which for me He shed.

They see the 'bottle' breaking,  
They see His blood so red;  
They see this costly ointment,  
And in it, mocking tread.

His loving heart is breaking,  
By those who sneer and shred;  
Rejecting offered ointment,  
And other seek instead.

O, precious Bottle broken!  
You knew what lay ahead!  
Apply to me, this ointment!  
Completely, toe to head!

### **A Wondrous Form**

I fell before a shimmering form,  
Before the risen Lord,  
Begged forgiveness for my sins,  
From my Own Adored.

I stand beside a glorious form,  
And never will forget;  
The joy showing on His face,  
And never see regret.

I'll walk beside a radiant form,  
On Heaven's streets of gold;  
I'll be with Him, face to face,  
Through eternity untold!

### **Megiddo**

Two armies on a set date meet,  
One thousand million marching feet;  
With laser guns all through their ranks,  
With deadly gas, on missiles, tanks;  
With satellites poised over head,  
With weapons that the sci-fi's read;  
For two will meet, but one will stay,  
Or so the rules of war all say;  
The orders come, but are withdrawn,  
High above, a light does dawn;  
One thousand million eyes look up,  
They hear the words quite well—come sup;  
The birds of prey and beasts surround,  
Summoned by a royal sound;  
They come to feast on great and small,  
For very soon, they all will fall;  
Slain by the One Whom Heaven sent,  
To punish those who won't repent;  
The One Who comes will purge the earth,  
That it will be as at its birth;  
Then forever the King will reign,  
And eternity shall remain!

## **Easter 2013**

Jesus put His blessing,  
On the mites she gave;  
Knowing that she gave her all,  
And willingly she gave.

Willingly she gave, but why?  
What inspired such faith?  
The Bible simply says she gave,  
By simple, trusting faith.

How was she provided for?  
There's things we all require;  
All we're told is—Jesus blessed,  
Her two mites, His require.

We don't know what she got back,  
The Bible doesn't say;  
But since she gave so willingly,  
It doesn't have to say.

One day in Heaven we shall meet,  
This widow Jesus blessed;  
How she got back that much—and more,  
Because God she blessed.

Yes, Jesus gave His blessing,  
On the mites she gave;  
Likewise I must give my all,  
Because all He gave!

## **Supplication**

To love my enemy as myself,  
This He bid me do;  
To overlook each time they hurt,  
And love each time anew.

He bid me try to understand,  
Each motive, every 'why';  
Even when the hurt is deep,  
And says, "I'll help you try."

To see the hurting soul within,  
And somehow, the tumult calm;  
To see where they are hurting,  
And apply love's balm.



He never says the hurts will cease,  
In them, as well as me;  
But bids me do as I am told,  
And leave the rest to HE.

Thou God, that heals the broken hearted,  
That calms the angry waves;  
Apply Thy balm to them—and me,  
This my spirit craves.

Their hurt is so much more than mine,  
They feel so all alone;  
Lord, I would encourage them,  
In ways that You'd make known.

I trust Thee for their healing,  
As I trust Thee, for mine;  
Show me what to do, Lord,  
In guidance so divine.

Others first, then me, Lord,  
But You must lead the way;  
You must tell me what to do,  
You must help me pray.

Let me hear Thy still, small voice,  
Above this world's roar;  
Teach me to wait patiently,  
I need Thee, more and more.

I would see them as myself,  
Lord, this I want to do;  
To overlook each time they hurt,  
And love each time anew!

## **The Gift**

I dreamt God gave a gift to me,  
To freely give away;  
A diamond of purest hue,  
Then return one day.

I laid it in a gilded box,  
Worthy of its price;  
Everyone who saw it,  
Simply said—how nice . . .

Place within a sealed vault,  
I told all what I had;  
I joyed at my possession,  
Understandably glad.

All life long I left it there,  
And seldom took it down;  
Everyone was glad for me,  
This stone of great renown.

Then came the day I'd waited for,  
And stood before His throne;  
How proud I was to give it back!  
My most precious stone!

He opened up my gilded box,  
Its rusty hinges squeaked;  
With effort it was opened wide,  
And inside He peeked.

I saw a tear roll down His face,  
I thought it one of glee;  
Then He told me take a look,  
And gave it back to me.

My diamond had returned to coal,  
I didn't understand;  
He told me, "When I gave it,  
This had not been planned."

"Had I used it as He wished,  
Generous, and free;  
Giving away His precious love,  
This would now priceless be."

"But, by putting it in a vault,  
And telling it to all;  
It slowly softened back to coal,  
Must to my appall."

This world is a crucible,  
It hardens and refines;  
This diamond within my soul,  
It polishes and shines.

Forgive me, Lord, for boxing up,  
These treasures that You gave;  
They benefit no one but me,  
Forgive me, Lord, forgive!

Right then and there, I took a vow,  
To use what He has given;  
Benefitting everyone,  
And HE Who is in Heaven.

Lord, may my lump of coal be changed,  
And re-become a diamond;  
I will use it as Thou wouldst,  
Lord, let it be rehardened!

One day, I know, You'll ask it back,  
But I won't have it to give;  
You'll take it from the hearts and souls,  
Who around me live.

This single diamond, multiplied,  
You'll place within my crown;  
Which, as I fall before You,  
Gladly I'll cast down.

### **Pearl Harbor Day**

This was written December 7, 2012, based on a photograph on the front page of The Olympian.

I woke on Pearl Harbor day,  
Saw two men embracing;  
Saw two women, and their 'child',  
The editor's front page placing.

I thought of Pearl Harbor day,  
And how it has been honored;  
Instead of ships and sneak attack,  
Morality now floundered.

Sunken ships can be reraised,  
And fight another day;  
But morality when gone, is gone,  
This its Pearl Harbor Day . . .

### **Faithfulness**

God bids us to be faithful,  
Although it seems we fail;  
To do whate'er He asks us,  
And, by His grace, prevail.

The tasks He gives will vary,  
From great, to very small;  
All He asks is faithfulness,  
Though seen, or not at all.

For each, when done, is written,  
In His book above;  
He faithful will record it,  
When done by us, in love.

One day this book He'll open,  
When time on earth is done;  
All around will hear Him,  
"Well done, thou faithful one!"

\* \* \*

Till then, Lord, keep me faithful,  
Although it seems I fail;  
I'll do whate'er You ask me,  
And, by Thy grace, prevail . . .

### **Access**

My Saviour bids me enter,  
Boldly—any time;  
With reverence, and Godly fear,  
The throne of grace, to climb.

Freely given access,  
With boldness to appear;  
That I may know Who saved me,  
And still have Godly fear.

### **Jenny's Psalm**

I was struggling,  
He was near;  
And brought me safe ashore;  
The storm was threatening,  
I had such fear;  
He gave me calm—and more.

He gave me peace,  
I thought unknown;  
Calm past comprehend:  
Ah! Blest release,  
That He made known;  
This One that calls me friend!

Though I can't see,  
The way ahead;  
I feel His hand in mine:  
He goes with me,  
By Him I'm led;  
In way by His design.

One day I'll know,  
The reason why;  
He leads in certain ways:

Till then I'll go,  
Where sees His eye;  
And ever sing His praise!

### **Just A Cup of Water**

Just a cup of water,  
To Jesus I would give;  
If I could only do so,  
In thanks for His forgive.

I never can repay Him,  
For everything He's done;  
A cup of water, all He asks,  
For all that He's begun.

He bids me give others,  
What I can't give in thank;  
Just a cup of water,  
Much less than He drank.

I give so little, He gave all,  
Though for Him I might die;  
But what I give in His blest Name,  
He says He'll multiply.

He'll take my little offering,  
Add interest multifold;  
And bank it up in Heaven,  
Where half we're never told.

One day He'll open my account,  
When at His throne I stand;  
I'll see the interest that it gained,  
Then fully understand.

My simple cup of water,  
Became a living spring;  
My offering into streets of gold,  
'Cause He gave everything!

### **Mary's Psalm**

He built the ship, He set the course,  
And bade me set the sail;  
Telling me so simply trust,  
No matter what assail.

The storms that lay across my way,  
That I can't go around;

The Master tells me—sail on,  
The ship is sure, and sound.

He knows the reefs, and every shoal,  
And dangers I can't see;  
The course He sets for me is sure,  
Upon uncertain sea.

Trust the ship, sail through the storm,  
Fear neither reef or shoal;  
Calm water's on the other side,  
And He is in control.

He Who built my ship awaits,  
For me to sail there;  
From every storm, and unseen shoal,  
Forever more secure.

With open arms He'll welcome me,  
In place He has prepared;  
Looking back, I'll see the course,  
And know how much He cared.

He came, and sailed the course He chose,  
The course He chose for me;  
So one day I could see His face,  
Through out eternity.

I'll trust the ship and sail on,  
In spite of reef and wave;  
I'll trust the One Who set my course,  
Who came my soul to save.

## **Mother's Day 2015**

Where are the mothers,  
Those who freely serve;  
Never once receiving,  
The honor they deserve.

They teach their sons and daughters,  
And for them daily pray;  
All the while believing,  
That each will God obey.

Observed by sons and daughters,  
They strive to live aright;  
And hope, with that achieving,  
To teach them wrong from right.

Lord, thank You, for these mothers,  
Whom willing, gladly serve;  
Never once receiving,  
The honor they deserve.

### **The Unbroken Chain**

Someone heard my Saviour speak,  
When He was here on earth;  
Then went and told somebody else,  
Long before my birth.

This one then reached another,  
And so on—down to me;  
Each and every one of them,  
One day I shall see.

(Where are the ones that I have reached,  
To keep unbroke this chain!  
Will they be there at Jesus' feet,  
Or was it all in vain?)

I care not about those 'before',  
But for those yet to come;  
Another link in this great chain,  
Lord, I would become!

Another link, another soul,  
Another saved by grace;  
Jesus, keep it going on,  
Until we see Thy face.

(When at last we see Thee,  
And kneel at Thy feet;  
All of us, joined link by link,  
The chain will be complete!)

### **At Home With God**

This was written for my Cousin, following the death of my Aunt (her mother).

In place where flowers never die,  
And smell so very sweet;  
There, with God, at home am I,  
My travailing complete.

He, Who walked with me so long,  
I now see face to face;  
With Him am I, where I belong,  
Who saved me by His grace.

Don't weep in sorrow, for me there,  
Here tears are wiped away;  
I dwell in place of Christ's prepare,  
In God's eternal day!

### **Extemporaneous Verse**

The songwriter wrote,  
Safe in the arms of Jesus;  
This is the safest place to be:  
Solid ground, or stormy sea,  
Saviour, bid me come to Thee!  
How's this for a quick extemporaneous verse!

### **Sally's Poem**

Death may take the body,  
But memories remain;  
With promises that we shall see,  
Our loved ones once again.

Even as our heart breaks,  
We feel it deep inside;  
A Spirit knows our heart aches,  
And comes, and stands beside.

Though here, for just a while,  
There may be twinge and pain;  
On that eternal Isle,  
We'll never part again.

### **Wendy's Poem**

Memories are God's gift to us,  
Even while we ache;  
Remembering the best of times,  
Even as hearts break.

Even while we grieve below,  
God promises to hear;  
And says He'll never leave us,  
And feels our every tear.

One day there will be a day,  
When our tears He'll dry;  
When we join them on that shore,  
To never say goodbye!



## The Holiday Inn

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
At the Holiday Inn;  
Revelers were reveling,  
Great was the din.

Drivers were designated,  
Holding the keys;  
Sipping on Seven-Up,  
Snacking on cheese.

Spirits were flowing,  
People were merry;  
Vodka and whiskey,  
Champagne and sherry.

The sign said "No Vacancy,  
Don't even try;  
The rooms are all taken,  
This isn't a lie!"

The manager dozed there,  
He barely awoke;  
When he heard the door open,  
And a tired voice spoke.

"Isn't there someplace,  
We can rest for a while?  
The car's broken down,  
We've walked nearly a mile."

"My wife is so weary,  
She's pregnant, beside;  
The baby's due soon,"  
The man almost cried.

The manager stood there,  
Couldn't they read?  
In vain did the couple,  
With him try to plead.

He said, "I've no room for you!  
Now! Go away!  
There's no room in the inn,  
For you today!"

They went out the door,  
As the manager glared;  
But watching her shuffle,  
He suddenly cared.

He called them back in,  
Said, "I'll do what I can;  
It isn't the best,  
But I do have a plan."

"There's a room out in back,  
I think you can afford;  
We use it for overflow,  
I'm not sure what's there stored."

"It isn't too drafty,  
I think there's a bed;  
Just pay what you can,"  
The manager said.

Grateful for something,  
They gave what they had;  
For a room barely furnished,  
It wasn't too bad.

They found a few blankets,  
But only one sheet;  
It didn't fit the bed,  
Still, it made it complete.

Two rolled up towels,  
For a pillow they used;  
And soon fell asleep,  
Not feeling abused.

Later that night,  
As the manager slept;  
He thought he heard crying,  
But thought that he dreamt.

Next morning, awakening,  
He remembered the pair;  
He shouldn't have charged them,  
Only now did he care.

So very ashamed,  
Of what he had done;  
He went to their room,  
On a full run.

But when he opened the door,  
Much to his surprise;  
The room was unchanged,  
Except—went his eyes . . .

To a towel in one corner,  
So much out of place;

Imprint on its fabric,  
Was a baby's sweet face.

From that moment on,  
He turned no one away,  
Hoping to somehow,  
His Guest to repay!

### **The God of Comfort**

He entered this world naked,  
Then wrapped in swaddling clothes;  
He left this world likewise,  
Clad in darkness that arose.

They laid Him in a manger,  
His mattress scratchy hay;  
They nailed Him to a splintery cross,  
Where he died that day.

The God Who came to comfort us,  
Was treated worse than we;  
So He can say, "I understand",  
When He comforts me.

### **My Confidant**

(from Lamentations 3:55-57)

We may not always see Him,  
Nor His presence hear;  
The way be dark, the pathway dim,  
Still, He knows my tear:  
Unseen, unfelt, He stands beside,  
As we let Him be our Guide . . .

He bids us trust His leading,  
That He is ever near;  
And, for every need, we  
Provision will appear;  
His best for us is not denied,  
As we let Him be our Guide . . .

He stays beside us ever,  
This One Who loves us dear;  
He'll never leave us—never!  
The way ahead sees clear:  
He is with us, though He hide,  
As we let Him be our Guide . . .

Let any laugh at my distress!  
Let adversary jeer!  
Where Jesus is, I need not guess,  
I know I have His ear!  
It's not in vain, the tears I've cried,  
As I let Him be my Guide . . .

One day, He the mist will raise,  
One day my heart will cheer;  
One day I'll see Him, sing His praise,  
One day He'll calm my fear;  
There, forever at His side,  
I'll see, and know, my Lord, my Guide . . .

Then, forever with Him,  
His presence see, and hear;  
In land where nought is dark and dim,  
He wipes away my tear;  
This One Who always stood beside,  
As I let Him be my Guide.

#### **From Colossians 4:17**

The work to which He calls,  
Do with a heart that's good;  
Fulfilling every chore,  
As my Saviour would!

#### **Heaven's Bounds**

Ascend to where the sun shines,  
Rise above the clouds,  
Soar above the silvery-lines,  
Up in Heaven's bounds.

There the sun forever shines,  
Unfettered by the clouds;  
Up above the silvery-lines,  
Up in Heaven's bounds.

#### **By Cleansing—So Divine**

On the cross of Christ I see,  
My Saviour's blood—and mine;  
Through His death on Calvary,  
My cleansing—so divine!

Washing out the stain of sin,  
All that once was mine;  
Oft I'd tried, but never could win,  
My cleansing—so divine!

Then I saw the mingled flow,  
And claimed it there as mine;  
Its purity, the driven snow,  
My cleansing—so divine!

### **The Meaning of Life**

The meaning of life is love from above,  
A love so very great;  
On me His eye, from up above,  
Within—His Spirit great.

### **The Book**

The little boy picked up the book,  
He'd seen his mother dust;  
Put on his 'Mommy, tell me' look,  
She saw his childish trust.

"Is this the book that God did write?"  
He asked, she knew not why;  
"It surely is, all shiny bright!"  
Thought that would satisfy.

"Is it really God's own Word?"  
He asked, "Is it really?"  
Annoyed because he had not heard,  
She answered, "Of course now, silly!"

She turned away to dust again,  
And did not hear his answer;  
"Perhaps we should return it then,  
Since we don't use it ever!"

### **Jesus' Hands**

Jesus had a couple hands,  
Both were pierced by men;  
Hands so kind, so very pure,  
This, beyond all ken.

Hands that touched and healed,  
Hands that touched and blessed;  
Hands that bid the children come,  
To a cross were cruelly pressed.

Hands that were held open,  
Hands that were held wide;  
Hands that showed His pity,  
So cruelly crucified.

Known by God in ages past,  
That He would bear our sin;  
When I approach yon Heaven's gate,  
These hands will let me in!

### **Solid Stone**

Let any man accuse me,  
I stand on Christ alone!  
He knows my heart, and its intent,  
He is my Solid Stone!

One day I will be looked at,  
And judged on this alone,  
Let any man accuse me!  
I stand on Solid Stone!