



Poetry for His Majesty

Volume One

- J.E. Bernard

**... "To Him who sits on the throne and to
the Lamb be blessing and honor and
glory and might forever and ever!"**

- Revelation 5:13

POETRY FOR HIS MAJESTY VOLUME I

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If you like, you may Email me directly with any inquiries or comments to:
YustJim@outlook.com .

J. E. Bernard

INTRODUCTION

I am hoping that these verses will provide motivation to turn elsewhere. That's right. My hope is that you will search the source of these verses in God's Word and taste the goodness of the LORD.

When we open our hearts to God's word, and speak with Him regarding what He says to us in His Word and abide in His word, there is a re-generation of our spirit by the Spirit of our Creator, who speaks to us, and washes us, and thrills us with His life energy. A song rises in our hearts, and these poems are set forth in the hope to reflect a bit of that song, and prayerfully, hopefully motivate the reader to seek out the fountainhead in God's Word itself, wherein the Spirit speaks and experience springs of living water.

In today's splintered culture, prose articles on any subject, though the intent may be to be inspiring, edifying and pure, they may not always so readily be taken that way and unfortunately can easily be dismissed.

On the other hand, there is something about poetry which is disarming to many. In my estimation poetry has an uncanny ability to capture thought and imagination, and is disarming, whether the reader is in agreement or not.

So, my sincere hope and prayer in setting forth these verses is that the LORD will be honored, glorified and lifted up, and that you will be motivated to look for Him in His Word.

Though some lines of scripture find their way into these poems here and there, it is not my goal to always quote scripture. Likewise, these are not paraphrases of Scripture.

Portions of these free-verse poems are inspired by scripture, and hence I have provided references below the poems pointing to those portions of God's word which I had in mind as I wrote.

If you like, you may Email me directly with any inquiries or comments to: YustJim@outlook.com .

My prayer is that our Lord's name will be honored and that you will be blessed.

– J.E. Bernard

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JESUS' PRAYER, THE HIGH PRIEST'S CARE

Our Father God does not bestow
His blessings from afar, as though
His love's too distant to embrace,
Or mercy lacks a tender grace.

Salvation's not a distant thing,
Nor pity's gift with hollow ring;
He draws us near, in love forgives,
And in His presence, each soul lives.

He pours out every grace,
On His dear Son, the perfect place,
Then sends Him down that we might share
His fullness, love beyond compare.

The Father loves, with heart so wide,
He pulls us to His Son's side,
That we might know Him, pure and true—
Our Father, through His Son, we view.

And how can this, so grand, be true,
That He treats me as His own too?
Through Jesus Christ, our High Priest grand,
Who came from heaven, the Father's hand.

Jesus, our Great High Priest divine,
In John 17, His glory does shine.
He pulls the curtain, far and wide,
Revealing grace on every side.

Jesus' Prayer,
the High Priest's Care
Not distant pity from above,
But close, abundant, perfect love.

As Israel's priests once took their stand,
Christ came in flesh by God's command.

The final Priest, in flesh arrayed,
To die for sins, our price He paid.

No goat's blood, but His body broke,
For us He bore the final stroke,

Atoning sacrifice complete,
Through Him, we're brought before God's seat.
Incense rises, prayers ascend,
And for our hearts, Christ does contend,
Just like the high priest of old days,
With names upon his breast, he prays.
The jewels upon the heart once wore,
So Christ brings us before His door,
United in His prayer profound,
That we in Him are deeply found.
Unity, like oil that flows,
From Christ the Head, it overflows,
As Aaron's beard with oil was crowned,
So in Christ's love, we are all bound.
Anointed by the Spirit's grace,
In Christ, we find our dwelling place,
The Father's love pours down in streams,
Fulfilling all our highest dreams.

For now the Spirit rests on me,
As on the Son at Calvary,
The Father's voice to me is clear,
"My child, whom I love so dear."

Through Jesus, I can boldly cry,
"Abba, Father," reach the sky,
The Most High God, my Father near,
The Son my Brother, ever dear.

Eternally, in love's embrace,
The Father's lap, our dwelling place,
For now with Christ, I find my rest,
In love unmeasured, I am blessed.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: John 17; Heb 2:14-17; Lev 16; Heb 10:4-5; Jn. 19; Ex 30:7-10; Ex. 28: 15-29; Ps. 141:2; Rev. 5:8; Jn. 17:20; Jn. 17:21-23; Ps. 133:1-2; Lev. 8:12; Jn. 17:22; Jn. 16:4; Jn. 17:23; Jn. 1:18; Jn. 17:24

PARTICIPATION

From 1 Corinthians, verse 16 of chapter ten,

We hear of Communion again.

In the cup that we bless, in the blood that He gave,

We remember He gave in order to save.

By the Spirit, there is in this act, so clear, so bright,

Participation in Christ's own blood and might.

Though the cup is "fruit of the vine" in a literal sense,

In the Spirit it's deep, and profound in its suspense.

The New Covenant's sealed in the blood that He shed,

"This cup," He proclaimed, "is for you," as He said.

And in this same verse, the bread is made clear,

Literal bread, yet a mystery near.

For breaking it brings us to remember our share in His life,

His body, once broken, relieving our strife.

For Christ, our Lord, declared it true:

"This is My body, given for you."

As we eat and drink this sign,

We proclaim His love divine.
His death we share, the victory won,
Until He comes once more, the Risen Son.
His love controls us, all the way,
For Christ has died, so we might say:
He died for all, so those alive
Might live for Him and truly thrive.
As prophets said, He'd be despised,
A man of sorrows, crucified.
He bore our grief, our sin, our shame,
The Lamb was led without a blame.
Pierced for us, our sins He bore,
With every wound, we're healed once more.
Like sheep, we wandered far away,
Yet He took on our debt that day.
Silent, He went to death's dark grip,
But never did His spirit slip.

For though He was cut from the living land,
In prophecy, we see how God's mighty hand—
Ensured His soul from Sheol's stay,
And corruption did not have its way.
Now risen, He intercedes with grace,
Our Savior, standing in our place.
So as we share this meal of love,
Our minds are set on things above.
With Christ, who reigns at God's right hand,
We live as those in heaven stand.
We died with Him, our life is sealed,
In Christ alone, we are revealed.
When He appears, in glory bright,
We, too, shall shine with holy light.
The Lord's Supper, a gift so fine, it is His fate,
In bread and wine, His death, that we commemorate.
He calls us near to feast and see,
That He alone can set us free.

We hunger, thirst, for many things,
Yet only Christ fulfillment brings.
The world may tell us, seek your way,
But He is life, our truth, our stay.

In this meal, He trains our heart,
To seek the One who set us apart.
Creator, Redeemer, our soul's delight,
He gives us strength, with holy might.

For in this feast, He meets us here,
Both humble Lord, and God so near.
The bread of life, the living stream,
He quenches all our deepest dreams.

So as we taste, and see He's good,
We trust in Him, as we should.
We're joined to Him, our Savior dear,
Our lives in Christ are made so clear.

And so we say with thankful voice,
"In Christ I live, I now rejoice.

No longer I, but Christ in me,

Who gave Himself to set me free."

- Jim B.

Reference and inspiration: 1 Cor. 10:16; Lk. 22: 18 – 20; 1 Cor. 11: 23-26; 2 Cor. 5: 14-15; Isa.

53: 3-7; Mt. 27:14; Jn. 1:29; Isa. 53: 10-11; Isa. 53: 8, 12; Ps. 16:10; Rev. 1:18; Mt. 28:6; Isa.

53:12b; Ps. 16: 5-6, 11; Col. 3: 1-4; Ps. 34:8; Jn. 6:35; Jn. 6:51; Jn. 7:38; Jn. 4:14; Gal. 2:20

TO PATHS THAT LEAD TO TEARS

While some seek revelry's bright door
And dance till dawn appears,
The wise will wander evermore
To paths that lead to tears.

It's nobler far to weep with those
Who bear their griefs alone,
Than laugh among the foolish woes
That are their own to own.

For sorrow, when it shades the eyes
And tears begin to stream,
Brings thoughts that only grief supplies
To lift the soul to dream.

The wise will often find their way
Where echoes of grief fall,
While others chase all night where fools stay
And cheer that greets them all.

The fool's loud laugh may burn so bright
Like thorns in flame that blaze,
Yet swiftly it is quenched by night,
And cold ash it betrays.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Eccl. 7: 2-6; Job 16:5; Mt. 5:4; James 4:14; Gen. 3:19; Mt. 5:16

ROBED WITH LIGHT

Robed in rays that brilliantly shine,
Clothed divine by His grand design.
So fine is He, unmatched in grace,
Riding unseen through time and space.

Savior and Sovereign, the King of all kings,
On the wings of the wind, His glory He brings
All that is, by Him supported,
My strength, my song, faithfully escorted.

Salvation my fortress, sturdy and strong,
Great in our midst, to Him I belong.
My Inspiration, in Him I trust,
In His presence, my fears are just dust.

Clothed in Light, so pure, so bright,
A heavenly robe, a wondrous sight.
By His design, a work divine,

He rides the wings where stars align.

My Savior and King of all kings

Yes – the wings of the wind

All by Him underpinned

My strength, my song, my Salvation

Great in our midst and my Inspiration

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Psalm 104: 1-4; Isaiah 12

GLORY TO GLORY

Jesus spoke with words profound,

A message that makes hearts resound:

"I've given them," He did decree,

"The glory, Father, You gave me."

Yet Isaiah, with bold voice, had said,

"No other shall bear My glory's thread.

I am the LORD, in truth I stand,

No glory shared by My command."

But look beyond, the truth is clear,

Isaiah's servant, drawing near,

Is God's own Son, anointed true,

His Spirit rests on Him like dew.

The bruised reed He will not break,

The smoldering wick, He won't forsake.

In righteousness, the Son will go,

To free the captives, light bestow.

The Father speaks, His love so bright:

"I'll hold Your hand in darkest night,

A covenant for all to see,

A light for Gentiles, strong and free."

And though the Lord has made it known,

No other shares His glorious throne,

His Son alone receives this gift,

Yet through Him, all the world can lift.

For Jesus shares this glory wide,

With those for whom He lived and died.

"I've given them the glory bright,

That You, O Father, gave by right."

Now we, unveiled, with eyes made clear,

Behold the glory drawing near.

Transformed from glory's endless height,

We shine with His eternal light.

The glory of our God cannot be boxed or bound,

Embracing this, His power in our lives has no limit to be found.

From one degree of glory, we rise and soar,
For by the Spirit, we're renewed more and more.
Reflecting Him who reigns above,
Bathed in His glory, grace, and love.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Jn 17:22; Isaiah 42:8; Isaiah 42; Is 42:1; Is 42:3; Mt 12:15-21; Is
42:6-8; Isa. 55:8-9; Rev. 4:11; 2 Corinthians 3:18

A SABBATH REST

If we, in Christ, would rightly live
The Sabbath rest that God does give,
We start by heeding words declared,
When Law and Prophets were prepared:
"Do not think I've come to end
The Law or words the Prophets penned.
No, I fulfill them every part,
From every dot to every start.
So, if one lessens just one rule
And teaches others, acting cruel,
They shall be least in Heaven's land,
But great is he who keeps the command.
Unless your heart, your righteous deed,
Exceeds what Pharisees exceed,
You'll not partake of Heaven's store,
You must be changed, and changed once more."

How then, in Him, do we fulfill
The Law, and God's redeeming will?
Remember too, He's Lord of rest,
The Sabbath, in Him, is blessed.

Ezekiel spoke, "My Sabbaths show
That I am Lord, I make you whole."
A heart of flesh, not stone within,
To walk in ways, forsaking sin.

A new spirit He'll impart,
With grace to change the human heart.
So, Christ declared upon the tree,
The Law's demands He met for me.

"It is finished!" loud He cried,
The debt of sin was satisfied.
The Sabbath, then, in Him we know,
Not just in rest, but how we grow.

Each commandment, high and great,
Our Savior's love does elevate.

For murder—starts with hate within,

Yet love shall conquer hidden sin.

Adultery we must deny,

And Jesus bids us guard our eye.

Each law He gives a higher place,

As He fulfills them by His grace.

So too, the Sabbath, Christ redeems,

It's not just rest, it points to streams

Of living water, peace, and more—

A rest from labor, rich in store.

Colossians tells us, shadows fade,

But Christ, the substance, has been made.

So what's the meaning of this rest?

In Hebrews, God's intent is pressed.

By faith, we enter in today,

No need to wait for distant day.

Unbelief held Israel aside,

From God's rest, their destined tide.

But now the promise still does remain,

For all who trust, for all who claim.

A Sabbath rest for those in Christ,

Who find in Him their sacrifice.

No day alone makes us secure,

But faith in Jesus keeps us pure.

So, gather, yes, with hearts made new,

In psalms and hymns, His will pursue.

But let us not deceive our soul,

By thinking works can make us whole.

Our righteousness is filthy rags,

If not in Christ, our merit lags.

Jesus fulfilled the Sabbath rest,

In Him alone we are truly blessed.

By trusting Him, we cease to strive,

And in His Spirit, fully thrive.

So, seek His rest, His work is done,

Our righteous standing in the Son.

For when we labor, not alone,
It's Christ who works through us, His own.
Philippians tells us work we must,
But only as in God we trust.
So rest in Him, and shine as light,
His rest and peace, both day and night.
Just as Israel crossed the land,
With toil and fight at God's command,
Yet rested still within His grace,
We trust, we fight, yet rest in place.
When we at last before Him stand,
What will we say with trembling hand?
"I kept the Sabbath once a week"?
Or, "In Your rest, Lord, I did seek"?
For only faith, not works of Law,
Can fill our hearts with holy awe.
In Christ, the Law is fully met,
He paid the price, our Savior yet.

So, rest in Him, our Sabbath King,

In Him, our souls can truly sing.

All praise to Jesus, Lamb once slain,

In Him, our rest and peace remain.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Matt. 5:17-20; Matt. 12:8; (Mark 2; Luke 6); Eze. 20:12; Eze.

36:26-31; Jn. 19:30; Col. 2: 16-17; Heb. 4:3; Heb. 4:9; Phil. 2:12-13; Phil.2:15; Gal. 3:2;

Matt. 11:28

HE INVITES US ALL, ON HIM TO CALL

Our God is triune, one in three,

A mystery profound, yet there to see.

In Isaiah's words, the truth shines bright,

Revealing Christ before His earthly light:

"Listen, Jacob, whom I have called,

I am the first, I am the last, the all.

My hand set the earth on its way,

I've spoken out since the first day.

Now the Lord God sends Me near,

With His Spirit, strong and clear."

In this we glimpse the Holy Three,

Father, Son, and Spirit, to whom we must flee.

Each is God, yet none apart,

One in being, mind, and heart.

At the cross, this truth holds fast,

All three were there in one great act.

The Father gave, the Son did yield,

The Spirit's power was revealed.
Three in one, their love poured out,
In this act, there is no doubt.
Isaiah's voice still calls today,
The triune God shows us His way.
"Lord God," the speaker says with grace,
"And His Spirit," speaks of peace in place.
The first, the last, all work as one,
So righteousness like waves will come.
God, who's love, has always been,
Father, Son, and Spirit – love in between.
Before all time, their love was shared,
In endless joy, their hearts prepared.
We're made in this, His image true,
To love like He has shown us to.
As Genesis declares with might,
We're shaped in His love likeness, it's our birthright.
The choice is ours, it's plain and clear.

Will we love God and others too,

Or love ourselves in all we do?

In ancient times, the triune Lord did frame

A world aglow, with joy and light the same.

In a sphere of grace, where beauty bloomed and grew,

Where hearts found joy, and spirits brightened too.

Yet now this peace is scarred by hate's dark stain,

Where joy meets pain, and beauty meets the bane.

What brought this woe, this heartache to the light?

'Twas Adam's sin that sparked the curse's blight.

Within Eden's heart, where Eve and Adam veered,

The stark need for redemption then appeared.

The answer lay in paths both right and just,

In views divine, in God's own perfect trust.

What's right stems from the Almighty's own decree,

A sovereign God, who reigns with impartiality.

When Adam and his Eve dismissed His word,

Their hearts grew still, His mandates went unheard.

Yet deeper truths the sacred scriptures show,

Sin's rot runs deeper than mere acts bestow.

One might act right, yet still be flawed within,

Like whitened tombs that hide decay and sin.

Even demons can perform what seems correct,

In acts benign, in outward aspect perfect.

The devil, cloaked in piety's disguise,

From dread of doom, the Holy Writ implies.

In Luke eight, verse twenty-eight, is seen,

A demon's plea to Jesus, feigned meek, serene.

"Torment me not," he begged with fervent cry,

His posture humble, though his heart was sly.

"Thou Son of God," his plea set forth fervently,

Yet love was missing, therein lies the key.

For even devils may display good deeds,

Yet lack the love that every soul needs.

What if indeed, a loving God we see?

Would this reshape our flawed humanity?

In Genesis, this image was bestowed,
In His likeness, our very essence flowed.
This means our God of love sets forth the norm,
That echoes deep, through every spiritual form.
To love and live in sweet accord with Him,
To cherish all, as Jesus' sacred hymn.
The foremost law: love God with all your might,
And love thy neighbor, in His holy sight.
This is our call, our truest form to wield.
Yet what went wrong? Our love was unconcealed,
Yet misdirected, twisted, turned awry,
Lovers of self, beneath the earthly sky.
Created to adore, we chose instead
To love ourselves, from God's own face we fled.
This was the sin of Eve, and Adam too.
Eve's heart was swayed, by what the fruit could do.
Desiring wisdom over divine command,
Her heart forsaken, on that cursed land.

More than mere acts, it's where our hearts do roam,
From this desire, our deepest sins are grown.

James declares, here's the truth of all sin,
It starts from within, from desires akin.

"Each is tempted, by his own evil wish,
Dragged and enticed, where desires swish.
Then desire conceives, brings forth sin's stain,
And full-grown sin births death's grim chain."

Ezekiel's words for the king of Tyre state,
When beauty to pride does escalate.
"Your heart swelled with your beauty's might,
Your wisdom corrupted by your splendor's light."

Like Eve, whose wants inwardly curled,
So the cherub's gaze upon himself unfurled.
In Eden's garden, a similar plight,
God's beauty forsaken for self-delight.

Our hearts once set on divine flames,
Now turn to self-love, igniting our shames.

From seeking His face, to hiding in fear,
Till reborn by His Spirit, His call we hear.
Made in His image, for fellowship cast,
In His presence alone, our joys amassed.
Our love misdirected, a grievous fault,
God's remedy is needed, our wrongs to halt.
Adam and Eve's fall, deeper than it seems,
A perversion of love, a shattering of dreams.
God's nature, trinity—love's pure frame,
Shows us our loss, our love's misaim.
Yet, in rejection, God's love proved deep,
His response revealing a leap.
"God is love," thus He defines,
Sending His Son, where true love aligns.
His love, so generous, so willingly spent,
Through His Son's sacrifice, His intent.
The cross, a display, love's profound might,
Conquering sin, a beacon of light.

Why did the Father send His Son to save?

In love so deep, His action gave.

"God so loved the world," a truth to unfold,

Gave His only Son, a love to behold.

Jesus, expressing, a deeper cause,

"To reveal you, Father, without pause.

That they may know your love so pure,

In them, through me, forever sure."

The Father's love for the Son, so vast,

He desires to share, forever to last.

In that eternal love, He invites us all,

To know Him as Father, on Him to call.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Isa. 48: 12, 16-18; Gen. 1:27; Gen. 3:6-7; Lk. 8:27-32; Mt.

22:36-39; Jas 1:14-15; Ezekiel 28:17 ; 1 Jn 4:8-10; John 3:16; Jn. 17:25-26

THE SECRET UNFURLED

He came back to his old place,
Not always met with a smiling face,
Neither always cheered nor held dear,
Yet, on the Sabbath, as per this His year,
To the meeting house, He'd appear.

The scroll was His to command,
He stood to read, scroll in hand,
The words of Isaiah, profound and grand.
All were struck by the divine strand,
"God's Spirit on me... I understand..."

Good news to the poor...
Freedom for prisoners, open the door...
Sight to the blind, and so much more...
The oppressed find relief, their spirits soar...
A year of God's favor, freedom's core!"

The scroll returned, the secret unfurled,
His words had just eclipsed the world.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Luke 4: 16-22; Isaiah 61: 1-2

LET THERE BE

In the beginning, void, cold, and stark,
Darkness draped heavily, dense and dark.
Beneath the deep waters, old and unlit,
Stood the earth and the heavens, waiting to be writ.
At its heart, the Light, the WORD did speak,
"Let there be light," and shattered the bleak.
The dark was torn from that ancient night,
As all creation danced 'round the Light.
The first day dawned, radiant and bright.
He commanded the clouds to rise and soar,
To bear the waters, to teem and pour.
High in the sky, they hung with care,
Day two unfolded, crisp and fair.
The waters then, by His command,
Gathered and swirled, from strand to strand.
Land emerged, firm and filled,
Fruit sprang forth, lush, un-tilled.

Mist blessed the soil each day, unbound,

Day three arrived, with wonder crowned.

In splendid show of divine art,

Two orbs He placed apart:

The sun to rule the day with grace,

The moon to govern the night's embrace.

Thus marked the fourth day in its place.

On the fifth day, from winds and waves, by royal decree,

Life burst forth, wild and free.

Birds took flight with feathered flair,

Fish filled the seas, here and there.

Schools did swarm where the waters were warm.

To beasts of every shape and kin,

He breathed life, their tales begin.

Lion and lamb on fresh earth trod,

All creatures blessed by the hand of God.

"Let us make man in our image", God proclaimed with sovereign charge,

and may they multiply and enlarge.

And grant them reign, both far and wide, over earth, to preside

Male and female, by His design,

Blessed in His image, pure and divine.

On the sixth day, all was set,

In His sight, perfect, without regret.

Thus creation found its pace,

Completed in beauty and in grace.

The seventh day, by decree made whole,

Blessed and holy, a Sabbath soul.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Genesis Chapter 1; Genesis 2:6; John 8:12; Revelation 21:23

Colossians 1:16; John 1:3; John 1:5; Psalm 19:2; Hebrews chapter 4; Scottish Psalter

TO KNOW HIM

Oh, what a hope, a day so bright,
We witness now His sacred light.
Our great God and Savior, dear Jesus comes,
"Keep my word", defy death's drums.

My Father's glory, through me, shines,
Before Abraham was, 'I am' defines.
I and my Father, in unity we stand,
No one has seen His face so grand.

Not even a glimpse, no quick view,
But God's true image, faithful and true,
From the start with Him, never apart,
Came to us, showing the Father's heart.

In our weakness, His strength is known,
From His heart to ours, His love is shown.
Now the Father we see and understand,
Realizing we're shaped by His own hand.

He planned our path, His ways to tread,
As His children, by His hand we're led.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Titus 2:13; John 8 48-49; John 10:30; John 1: 1-18; Ephesians 1:4-5

HIS CHILDREN ADORED

When one boldly calls God "Father," it's true,
It shows they've grasped something wondrous and new.
A glimpse of His love, His kindness untold,
The beauty of grace in His heart we behold.
How swiftly our hearts turn back to His side,
For God's joy in sharing His love far and wide.
He delights without measure to call us His own,
As children, embraced by the King on His throne.
In heaven, there's joy—greater still is the sound,
Of God's glad rejoicing when sinners are found.
It's before all the angels, God's joy is displayed,
For He loves us deeply, though we have strayed.
Knowing God as our Father brings comfort and cheer,
A love that is boundless, unending, and near.
To be the child of a king may seem grand,
But to be loved by The Ancient Of Days is more than we'd planned.

More than forgiveness, His love is secure,
He welcomes His children forevermore.
No "He loves me, He loves me not" games to be played,
But a love that is steadfast and never will fade.
"To all who receive Him," the promise is plain,
We're called God's children, forever to reign.
For the Son, so beloved, eternally known,
Shares the Father's great love from His heavenly throne.
Jesus calls us His brothers, and so it will be,
That His Father is ours for all eternity.
No greater delight could there ever be shown,
Than boldly approaching His grace-filled throne.
"How great is the love the Father has poured,
That we should be called His children adored!"
This honor, this love, this heavenly call,
Is the greatest of gifts offered freely to all.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Lk. 15:10; Jn. 1:12; Dan. 7:9; Heb. 2:11; Heb. 11:16; 1 Jn. 3:1

OUR DELIVERER

There comes a time, a shadowed day,
When darkness seems to hold its sway.
Our foe's grim reign, though fierce and grim,
Was granted power to war on them—
The saints of God, both near and far,
O'er every tribe, in every land,
His cruel command, a heavy hand.

But though we hear this solemn call,
Our hearts do not, nor ever, fall.
For greater still, our Lord we see,
With us He stays, eternally.

The blood of the Lamb, the testimony told,
Is how our faith shall still uphold.

"In this world, tribulation is near,"
Yet His bride is not a slave to fear.

Through trials and troubles, by His hand so dear,
Year by year, His bride grows strong and clear.

In tribulation, eternal rewards are sure,
Transformed in His image, made holy and pure.
His bride refined, she's now made whole,
A steadfast light with a faithful soul.

Throughout the ages, it's been shown,
The LORD guides those who are His own,
Through trials deep, and hardships dire,
He brings them safely from the fire.

Consider Noah and his kin,
Through flood and storm, they entered in.
Though waters raged both high and wide,
The LORD was there, their faithful guide.

And Joseph, too, was sold, betrayed,
In chains of grief, a price was paid.
Yet through it all, God's hand was near,
To lift him up and calm his fear.

Then Meshach, Shadrach, and their friend,
Into the furnace, they were sent.

But in the flames, they walked unharmed,
For God was there, and they were charmed.

Now Daniel in the lion's den,
Was kept by God from deadly men.

With faith in Him, the beasts were tamed,
And through it all, God's glory claimed.

King David fled from Saul's cruel hand,
Yet safely roamed throughout the land.

Through every trial, his life preserved,
For God's great plan was being served.

And Israel, midst Egypt's plight,
Was not exempt from fearsome sight.

Yet through the plagues, they passed on through,
For God was faithful, firm, and true.

The judges, prophets, brave and bold,
Spoke God's commands as they were told.

Though stones were cast and threats were made,
They stood in faith, undimmed, unafraid.

Their lives were given so we might see,
The truth of God's eternity.
And through their trials, we now stand,
With life and hope at God's command.
So why should we, in times of strain,
Expect a life untouched by pain?
For through the fire, His love is shown,
To polish hearts and make Him known.
Our generation is no less,
Than those before who faced distress.
God's love endures, His ways are sure,
Through tribulation, we endure.
Our Deliverer reigns, and He has won,
The world He conquered, it is done.
Though darkness grows, His light shall gleam,
And of His glory, ever beam.
Faithful unto death we stand,
A crown of life in His own hand.

Repent, return to love once more,

Hold fast, endure, forevermore.

Our Deliverer comes, His time is near,

With His reward, He shall appear.

Endure in faith, for He has said,

"I am with you, though darkness spreads.

To the end of the world, I'll stay,

My love will guide you on your way."

I love you, O Lord, you are my might,

My rock, my fortress, in you I delight.

In distress, I called your name,

To my God, for help I claim.

From His temple, He heard my plea,

My voice reached Him, He came to me.

Our Savior came before, a promise kept,

A visit pledged and to that vow He leapt.

Behold, your King does come your way,

Righteous, with Salvation's sway.

Humble, on a donkey rides,
A colt, where foal of donkey bides.
Behold the Lamb, the Holy One,
Who bears the sin of earth, undone!
This Lamb of God, with grace outpoured,
Removes the world's sin, forever adored!
The LORD His holy arm has shown
To nations far beneath His throne,
And every corner of the land
Shall witness God's salvation grand.
He bore our sins upon the tree,
So from sin's grasp we might be free.
To live in righteousness we strive,
By His wounds, we are alive.
No tomb could keep the One who life defines,
Forever living, past all earthly signs.
Men of Galilee, gaze not the skies,
This Jesus, who ascended before your eyes,

From heaven taken, to heaven returned,
Shall come as He left, as you shall have discerned.

Scripture proclaims, clear and plain,
"He will come, not again and again."

Our Savior's vow, firm and true:
"I will come and take you anew.

Where I am, you too shall reside,"

Once He came, and will come once more to our side.

He told us there's more to see — AFTER the tribulation wild and sore,

The sun will hide its face, no light it bore,

And moon will shy, stars from heaven pour,

While heaven's powers shake to the core.

Then, in the skies, the Son of Man's sign bright,

Bringing all tribes of earth to mournful plight,

They'll see Him come in clouds, with power and might.

His angels trumpet loud through day and night,

Gathering the chosen ones from every site,

From winds of four, from each celestial height.

So stay awake, keep watch with all your might,

For none can know the day when He'll alight.

Behold the heavens open wide, a horse of white did I espy!

Upon its back, one great and true, called Faithful in the sky.

In righteousness He judges all, and wars with sovereign ire,

His eyes aflame, His diadems gleam, unknown His secret fire.

He wears a robe, in blood it's dipped, His title none may claim,

The Word of God, His sacred name, eternal and the same.

With hosts of heaven in linen dressed, all pure and white they ride,

On steeds of snow, they follow close, His majesty their guide.

From His mouth, a sword so sharp, to nations brings His word,

He'll rule them with an iron rod, their cries shall all be heard.

He treads the wrathful winepress of the fury of our Lord,

On robe and thigh, inscribed His name, "King of kings and Lord of lords" adored.

From heaven the Lord will descend, a command He'll cry,

With an archangel's voice, and God's trumpet nigh.

First, the dead in Christ from their slumber will rise,

Then we who remain under these mortal skies.

Together caught up, through the clouds we'll soar,

To meet the Lord in the air, forevermore.

In this reunion so divine and sweet,

With the Lord always, our joy complete.

Behold, the place where God resides with man,

He'll make His home among them, their clan.

His people they will be, forever true,

And He as their own God, will all things renew.

Until then let His call we heed,

To stay true and faithful in our need.

Through trials and tribulations blend,

Enduring steadfast to the end.

Our Deliverer approaches nigh;

Our Deliverer, ever standing by.

"Surely I shall return ere long,"

"Amen, come swiftly, LORD JESUS, so strong!"

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Rev. 13:7; Matt. 28:20; Rev.12:11; Jn. 16:33; Heb. 11; Jn. 1:5;
Rev. 2:10; Rev. 2:4; Rev. 2:25; Rev. 13:10; Matt. 28:6; Ps. 18:1-2; 6 ; Zech. 9:9 ; John 1:29 ;
Isa. 52:10 ; 1 Pet. 2:24– Acts 1:11 ; Matt. 24: 29-31, 42; Rev. 19:11-16 ; 1 Thess. 4:16-17 ;
Rev. 21:3 ; Rev. 22:20

**By day the LORD commands His
steadfast love, and at night His song is
with me, a prayer to the God of my life.**

– Psalm 42:8