



**Poetry for  
His Majesty**

**Volume Two**

**J. E. Bernard**

**... “To Him who is able to keep you from  
stumbling and to present you blameless  
before the presence of His glory with  
great joy ...” - Jude 24**

## POETRY FOR HIS MAJESTY VOLUME II

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If you like, you may Email me directly with any inquiries or comments to:  
[YustJim@outlook.com](mailto: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](mailto: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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## A CALL TO RELATIONSHIP

God seeks to mend our hearts within,  
Though often unaware, our yearning begins.  
Jesus calls, Come to me, weary and pressed,  
For I will give your soul sweet rest.

God's love for us, so bold and bright,  
A guiding star in darkest night.  
He gave His Son, a gift so grand,  
To seek us out with gentle hand.

For God so loved, He sent His Son,  
To bring us home, the battle won.  
And those who trust in Him, and those who see,  
Shall live in grace eternally.

The Word made flesh, to earth descended,  
To live among us, love extended.  
Not for glory, not for fame,  
He came to heal and bear our shame.

We saw His light, His grace so bright,  
The truth of God, our guiding light.



God's only Son, forever true,  
Eternal youth in all He'd do

But sin has made a chasm deep,  
A gulf too wide, a bridge too steep.  
We've all gone wrong, we've lost our way,  
And fall from God's bright light each day.

Yet God's desire remains so clear,  
To heal our sin and draw us near.  
He bore our sins upon the tree,  
By His wounds, we are set free.

Forgiveness flows from God's own heart,  
For those who turn and make a start.  
Though sins are scarlet, white they'll be,  
Confess, be cleansed, and live set free.

Jesus taught that we must be  
Born of the Spirit to truly see.  
For flesh is flesh and Spirit divine,  
Be born again, your heart align.

Receive Him now, become God's own,  
For He gives new life and a heavenly home.  
To all who believe, He grants the right  
To be God's children, walking in light.

"The kingdom's near!" says Christ our Lord,  
"Repent and believe in God's good word."  
Turn from the past, and embrace His way,  
For faith in Jesus is life today.

On judgment day, some voices will cry,  
'In Your name we labored, we gave it a try.'  
But Jesus will answer, firm and true,  
'I never knew you; depart, be through.  
Your works were hollow, your hearts astray,  
You followed your will, not My way.'

Like Abraham's faith counted as right,  
So too our belief brings saving light.  
Depend on God through Christ alone,  
For by His grace, our sin's atoned.

"Behold, I knock," says Christ to all,  
"Open your heart; heed my call.  
If you hear and answer Me,  
With you I'll dine, and you'll be free."

So come, all thirsty, come and eat,  
Find living water at His feet.  
Seek the Lord while He is near,  
Call upon Him, banish fear.

Pray now to God, with words so true,  
Acknowledge Christ who died for you.  
Repent, receive, and trust His name,  
And follow Jesus, free from shame.

For those who call on Christ will find,  
A Savior loving, good, and kind.  
Jesus said, "Believe and live,  
Eternal life I freely give."

The thief brings pain, to steal and destroy,  
But Christ gives life, abundant joy.

Abide in Him, His truth you'll see,  
For in His Word, you are truly free.

Abundant life is yours today,  
In Christ who leads the narrow way.  
Hear His voice, and answer clear,  
For God is with you, always near.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Matthew 11:28; John 3:16; John 1:14; Romans 3:23; 1 Peter  
2:24; Isaiah 1:18, 1 John 1:9; John 3:3, 6-8; John 1:12-13; Mark 1:15; Matthew 7:22-23;  
Genesis 15:6; Revelation 3:20; Isaiah 55:1, 6; John 5:24; John 10:10, 8:31-32;

## A CONTRAST LIKE NO OTHER

There exists a truth, both bold and bright,  
Of realms unseen, in day or night.  
Heaven and Hell, so vast, so stark,  
Two paths ahead where souls embark.

Hell, a place of dread and fire,  
Where fear and sin will never tire.  
A place which can be avoided, yet so near,  
Where trembling hearts are gripped with fear.

Jesus came, with love so great,  
To save us from this dismal fate.  
To quench our thirst, He paid the price,  
To offer us eternal life.

"Behold!" He says, "It is complete,  
I am the first, the end you meet.  
To those who thirst, I freely give,  
The waters flow, and you shall live."

But Hell awaits the unbelieving,  
A place of death, of constant grieving.  
The lake of fire, a dreadful sight,  
Where endless dark forbids the light.

The fearful hearts will melt and quake,  
As hands grow weak and spirits break.  
The sinner hides, the sinner cowers,  
Beneath God's wrath and mighty powers.

"Who can dwell in burning flames?"  
The wicked cry in sinful shame.  
For God, a holy fire that never dies,  
Is everywhere, with watchful eyes.

The Lord our God, a fire divine,  
Exists in every place and time.  
In Heaven high or depths of Hell,  
His presence there will always dwell.

The Psalmist's words are strong and clear:  
"If I ascend, You're ever near.  
And if in Sheol my bed I lay,  
Your presence still will find its way."

For those who turn and go astray,  
In pride and sin, they lose their way.  
They'll face the pain of Holy light,  
A fire fierce, burning bright.

No matter how they try or fight,  
They cannot flee from God's pure might.

A place of fears that never cease,  
Where rebels find no rest nor peace.  
Yet contrast this with Heaven's gleam,  
A wondrous, joyful, brilliant dream.

For those who love Him, Heaven waits,  
With pearly doors and golden gates.  
Where tears are wiped and joy is pure,  
And pain and sorrow are no more.

In Heaven's light, we'll see His face,  
And rest within His warm embrace.  
Where rivers bright as crystal flow,  
And endless love will ever grow.

The Ancient One on fiery throne,  
With countless angels all His own.  
Isaiah saw His robes so grand,  
And seraphs bowed at His command.

In Heaven, peace and joy abound,  
Where saints in songs of love are crowned.  
A place of wonder, light, and grace,  
Where God Himself has made a place.

A contrast like no other seen,  
Between the dark and light serene.  
Hell, the sump of sinful fears,  
But Heaven's joy wipes all our tears.

So hold this truth, both bold and bright,  
Of Heaven's joy and Hell's dark night.  
For as we wait, He strengthens hearts,  
And in His love, all fear departs.

For Heaven is a wondrous shore,  
Where love and light will reign forevermore.  
And Hell, a fate we can defy,  
By turning to our Lord Most High.



- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Job 18:14; Rev. 20:14-15; Rev. 21:6; James 2:19; Ezek. 21:7;  
Rev. 6:16; Heb. 10:31; Isa. 33:14; Psalm 139:8; Gen. 3:10; 1 Corinthians 2:9-10; Isa. 64:4;  
Daniel 7:9-10; Isaiah 6:1-4; Eze. 1: 26-28; Rev. 21:3-4; Rev. 22:1-5; 1 Corinthians 13;; Job  
26:11; Ps. 89:7; Isa. 40: 28-31; John 14:3

## THE TALK: A CONVERSATION WITH THE SAVIOR

In ancient days when wisdom led,  
And Nicodemus, highly read,  
A teacher of Israel, wise and grand,  
Yet failed to fully understand.

A scholar of Scriptures, a leader renowned,  
But when faced with Jesus, confusion was found.  
“How can this be?” he questioned that night,  
For born of the Spirit was out of his sight.

You’ll find their discourse in John’s holy page,  
But deeper it delves through the Scriptures of age.  
For Nicodemus knew well of the Law,  
Yet missed what the prophets proclaimed and foresaw.

He’d studied traditions, upheld every rule,  
But Jesus revealed they were missing the jewel—  
Not ritual nor rule, but the Spirit divine,  
Brings cleansing and life; this new birth is the sign.

With Moses and prophets, the Torah to guide,  
Nicodemus should’ve known and not cast aside—

The Spirit that gives life anew,  
The heart's circumcision that only God knew.

Ezekiel spoke of a heart renewed,  
David cried out, "Your Spirit, please don't subdue."  
Zechariah declared, "By Spirit, not might,"  
And Haggai said, "Fear not, for He's in your sight."

But lost in tradition, he missed what was clear,  
That life from the Spirit was drawing so near.  
Jesus proclaimed, "You must be born again,"  
Not by flesh, but the Spirit, to cleanse you from sin.

Isaiah spoke of salvation's deep well,  
Of waters that cleanse and the Spirit in hearts will dwell.  
"The Lord does a new thing," the prophet declared,  
Rivers in deserts, life when none dared.

So why, O Nicodemus, with knowledge so vast,  
Could you not grasp what was taught in the past?  
A leader of faith, yet blind to the sign,  
The Spirit's sweet work in the Savior divine.

Jesus called forth a repentance so true,  
Not bound by tradition, but life born anew.  
For He was the Lamb, to be lifted high on the tree,  
Bringing life everlasting to all who believe.

So now, let us learn from Nicodemus' plight,  
That knowledge alone doesn't bring us to light.  
But faith in the Savior, the Spirit's pure call,  
Brings life from above, the greatest gift of all.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: John 3: 1-21; John 1: 19-34; John 3:11; Mark 1:11; John 5: 38-40; Luke 4: 16-21; Isaiah 61: 1-2; Genesis 15:6; Hebrews 11; Galatians 3:5; John 3:10; John 3:3; Deuteronomy 30:6; Ezekiel 2:2; Psalm 51:11; Zechariah 4:6; Haggai 2:5; John 3:5; Ezekiel 36: 25-27; John 7:37-39; John 4; Isaiah 12:3; Isaiah 43:19-21; Isa. 1:18; Isa 45:22; Mark 1: 14-15; John 3:15; Deuteronomy 21:23; Galatians 3:13; John 1:29

## COUNSEL OF THE GODHEAD

I am the First, I am the Last, behold—  
Unyielding as the stories of old.  
I offer water for the thirsting soul,  
Steadfast support to make you whole.

Alpha, Omega, Beginning and End,  
Vega's bright star, I did commend.  
A friend ever near, yet so divine,  
Soon I shall come, bringing what's thine.

With wages in hand, the truest kind,  
My promise as solid as the rind.  
Hear me, my children, listen close,  
Only to Me, shall you ever propose.

The earth's foundations firmly laid,  
Its perfect girth precisely made.  
The heavens stretched, a vast expanse,  
All creation under My glance.

When I summon the celestial throng,  
In harmony, they rise and respond.  
Gleaming, obedient, without strife,  
Listening intently to the source of life.

Counsel comes from the Triune voice,  
The Lord GOD and His appointed choice.  
His Spirit, His Son, to you is sent,  
Is your heart open, will you relent?

- Jim B

Reference and Inspiration: Isaiah 48: 12-16; Isaiah 44:6; Revelation 22: 12-13; Psalm 147:4

## RISE AND HAVE NO FEAR

Oh, behold the sight so grand,  
Our Lord, our Master's guiding hand,  
He led us up the mountain steep,  
And there His glory made us weep.  
We saw Him in His Kingdom bright,  
A wondrous, pure, and radiant sight.  
His face did shine like sunlit dew,  
Our hearts grew full, our awe anew.  
A voice declared, 'This is my Son, beloved, true,'  
Spoken by the One, the Only, whom we knew.  
In trust, we followed, though hearts were tight,  
For His mighty voice gave us fright.  
Down to the earth, we bent and bowed,  
The power in His word was loud  
Yet then, our friend alone did appear,  
"Rise, and have no fear,"  
He said, drawing near.

Let's ponder deep this tale of ours,  
A journey from night to radiant hours.  
Transformed we'll be, from shade to light,  
Conformed to His image, oh what a sight!

Dear sisters, brothers, in faith abide,  
In His Spirit's glow, let us confide.  
His story, eternal, we're woven inside,  
Into His Kingdom, forever to reside.  
Embracing His glory, if in Him we've died,  
Our lives with His are forever tied.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Matt. 17: 1-7; 2 Corinthians 3:18



## GOD SPEAKS

A Message for You, My Friend, To Hear,  
On God's Word, So True and Clear.  
The Bible, unlike all other books,  
Calls us to take a deeper look.

God speaks to all, in many ways,  
Through conscience, thoughts, and every day.  
A whisper tells us right from wrong,  
A guiding voice, so gentle, strong.

When lies are told or paths astray,  
God's voice will call; we cannot stay.  
We know He's real, His presence near,  
Through conscience sharp or dulled by fear.

Creation speaks of God's great might,  
From sunsets bold to stars at night.  
Our bodies heal, they work with grace,  
God's wonders shown in every place.

YET CLEARER STILL, GOD DOES SO SPEAK,  
Through words that make our spirits seek.  
If I were told just what to write,  
Whose voice then speaks within the night?

The Bible stands, not one but more,  
Sixty-six books from times of yore.  
Written by hands through years so vast,  
A story shared from first to last.  
  
Different voices, one great theme,  
God's plan to save through love unseen.  
From old to new, the truth unfolds,  
Of hearts and minds, of love untold.  
  
It tells of sin and human plight,  
Of choices made and loss of light.  
But God's great love prepared a way,  
Through Christ, our hope, our debt to pay.  
  
Prophecies told of Christ to come,  
A Savior born, God's Holy Son.  
From King David's song to prophets' cries,  
The truth of Jesus never dies.  
  
With pierced hands and garments torn,  
He bore the cross, our shame and scorn.  
Prophets spoke in days of old,  
Of Him who came, just as foretold.  
  
Three hundred prophecies fulfilled,  
By God's own voice, His words instilled.

And still there's more yet to be seen,  
As God's great plan will reign supreme.

THE BIBLE'S WORDS ARE NOT MAN'S OWN,  
BUT GOD'S, WHO SPEAKS FROM HEAVEN'S THRONE.

Inspired by the Spirit's breath,  
They teach of life and conquer death.

"All have sinned," the Scriptures tell,  
Yet Christ has come to break the spell.  
Through Him, we find eternal life,  
In triumph over sin and strife.

God's Word is precious, pure, and bright,  
A guiding lamp, a source of light.  
For those who seek with open hearts,  
God's ancient words new life imparts.

The Gospel of John, a place to start,  
To learn of Jesus, heart to heart.  
So read and listen, seek and pray,  
Let God's voice guide you on your way.

With love and warmth, I send this rhyme,  
From your friend, with thoughts divine.  
May God's Word bless you every day,  
And light your path in every way.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Romans 2:15; Romans 1:28-31; Psalm 19: 1-2; Exodus 12;  
John 1:29; 2 Samuel 23:2; Psalm 22 ; Psalm 22: 7,8 ; Psalm 22:16, 18; Isaiah  
7:14; Matthew 1:21; Psalm 40, Isaiah 9; Hosea 11:1; Micah 5:2; Zechariah 9:9; Psalm 78:2;  
Zechariah 11:12-13; Zechariah 13:7; Zechariah 12:10, Psalm 22, Psalm 16, Isaiah 53; 2  
Peter 1: 20-21; 2 Timothy 3:16; Romans 3:23; Romans 6:23; 1 Peter 2:24; (John 11:25;  
Mark 1:15; John 8: 31-32; Psalm 119: 105 ; Psalm 19:10; 2 Peter 1: 3-4; John 1:1; John  
1:14

## THE KNOCK

When someone comes knocking, with teachings they bring,

That stray from the Word of our LORD and our King,

And they lean not on God, but their own ways and means,

On doctrines of men or their worldly routines,

Remember the truth that the LORD has declared:

'These words I have written so you are prepared.

For some seek to lead you away and deceive,

But the anointing you've received, just believe.

It abides in you fully, no teacher you need',

For His truth is within you, in word and in deed.

His anointing is true, not a lie or disguise —

As it teaches you well, in Him you must rise.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: 1 John 2: 26-27

## SCRIPTURE LIVES AS GOD-BREATHED

As a young man, I was trained by ear,  
To learn a tongue from far and not near.  
In a land where English took a rest,  
I found translations put to test.  
For words are lost and meaning bent,  
No language quite equivalent.

But still, God speaks in every land,  
His Word goes forth as He has planned.  
Though seemed "pollution" clouds the view,  
His promises are tried and true.  
Like kings whose words are often spread,  
In foreign tongues, but still they're said.

Our Father's voice is not confined,  
To Korean, Hebrew, Greek, or humankind.  
From ancient scrolls to modern page,  
His truth endures from age to age.  
It's not God's text that's weak or flawed,  
But hearts that close to grace from God.

For blind are those who will not see,  
Who choose their chains and will not be free.  
For Jesus said of ears grown dull,  
Their hearts and minds, so overfull.  
Yet Scripture lives, it's God-breathed - so fair,  
To teach, correct, and show His care.

To see God's love, a heart must yearn,  
To feel His grace at every turn.  
The weakest link is not His Word,  
But hearts that doubt and won't be stirred.  
The Lord has promised, bold and true,  
His Word will do what it must do.

Abide in Me, the Savior calls,  
And truth will break through all your walls.  
His words aren't just for eyes to read,  
But life and light to meet our need.  
So speak to Him in honest prayer,  
And find His Spirit waiting there.

The Word of God is more than sound,  
It's living, active, all around.

A sword that cuts through heart and thought,  
Revealing battles we have fought.  
Let Scripture breathe within your soul,  
And guide you toward a holy goal.

So plant His Word, let it take root,  
And grow in grace, the holy fruit.  
Pray through each verse, each line, each part,  
And let them change your willing heart.  
For if you seek, you will be blessed,  
And find in Him your perfect rest.

Now is the time, don't turn away,  
But live His Word both night and day.  
Set down distractions, let them go,  
And in His presence learn to grow.  
So let's abide, our faith renewed,  
And let His Word be fully true.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Isaiah 55:11; Isaiah 55: 8-9; Matthew 13: 14-15; 2 Timothy 3:16; John 8: 31- 32; John 15: 7-11; John 16:13; Psalm 1; Psalm 22:1; James 1:21



## ON THE THIRD DAY

I have read and heard it told,  
Of a miracle in days of old,  
When Jesus at a wedding feast,  
Performed a sign, to say the least.  
At Cana, there, He showed His might,  
A glimpse of glory, pure and bright.

Yet more He showed than meets the eye,  
A truth revealed beneath the sky.  
For on the third day, so it's penned,  
In Genesis, we see the blend,  
Of waters gathered, fruit brought forth,  
God's hand at work upon the earth.

"On the third day," John's words proclaim,  
A parallel of wondrous fame.  
This was no chance, no idle thought,  
But purpose from the Word was wrought.  
For Christ, the Word who made all things,  
Was there when earth its first song sings.

As God had gathered waters then,  
And brought forth fruit from earth again,  
So Jesus, too, at Cana's scene,  
Turned water into wine serene.  
The fruit of vine, He did create,  
With power none could imitate.

The stone jars filled, the waters drawn,  
Became the wine that cheered the dawn.  
For at creation's third day start,  
The same Creator played His part.  
And in this act, His glory shined,  
To show He was not far behind.

The jars were set for rites of old,  
Traditions Pharisees would hold.  
Yet Jesus came to break the chain,  
To show God's truth and not man's reign.  
With every act, He made it clear,  
No law of man could bind Him here.

And thus, at Cana's joyful place,  
He judged the rules with love and grace.  
He gathered water, made it wine,

A sign that crossed the bounds of time.  
Creation's Lord, the Word made flesh,  
With power that would ever refresh.

So let us see, and let us know,  
This miracle with deeper glow.  
For on the third day, then and there,  
He showed His hand beyond compare.  
And in this act, His glory's seen,  
In gathered waters, fruit serene.

This is a time to clear the air  
Of Mary's words, so strange and rare,  
A mystery with her son revealed,  
Treasures in her heart concealed.

From the start, she knew her part,  
With Jesus' birth, her wondrous heart.  
Gabriel's promise to her told,  
A throne and kingdom to unfold.

Her son would reign forevermore,  
A light to Gentiles, glory's door.  
Mary followed, stayed so near,

Watching her son mature each year.

With disciples now at His side,  
Mary's thoughts she could not hide.  
She knew her son was meant to be,  
The light and hope for all to see.

Prophecies whispered in her ear,  
Of Israel's rise and falling tear.  
A sword would pierce her very soul,  
Yet still, she knew her son's true goal.

She'd pondered much, she'd seen so clear,  
As Jesus' time was drawing near.  
At a wedding, she sought a sign,  
Was her son was ready, was now the time?

But when she spoke, He turned to say,  
"My hour has not come today."  
An ancient phrase, she understood,  
And she knew her son would do the good.

He wasn't harsh, nor did He deny,  
But gave her a knowing, subtle reply.  
Agreement reached, she felt His cue,  
And told the servants what to do.

So Jesus acted, turned water to wine,  
His first great sign of the Divine.  
A lesson shown to all who'd see,  
He is our Lord, our King to be.

He came in love, with humble grace,  
Walked among us, took His place.  
Creator's hands on earth once trod,  
Our Savior, King, and Son of God.

What we do know is simply this,  
Mary knew well, she couldn't miss:  
The angel had told her, clear as day,  
Her Son was the Christ, the Truth, the Way.  
At the temple, age twelve, He made it known,  
That He was the Messiah, God's own Son.

The disciples too, they had some clue,  
But their grasp was faint, their vision askew.

They knew in part, but doubts would creep,  
Their understanding was shallow, not deep.  
The rest of the people, save the servants, were unaware,  
Had no idea of the Savior there.  
Guests at the wedding, blissfully blind,  
To Jesus' mission, they were confined.

When Jesus said, "My hour's not yet,"  
He meant His full plan wasn't ready yet.  
He'd slowly reveal His power and might,  
But now was not the time for full sight.

Like when in Matthew, sixteen and twenty,  
He told His disciples, "Don't tell any."  
Or in Luke eight, verse fifty-six,  
Where silence was commanded quick.  
In Mark seven, thirty-six we see,  
He charged them all to let Him be.  
Mark eight, verse thirty, the same refrain,  
"Do not tell them of Me again."  
Mark nine, verse nine, "Don't speak just yet,  
Until the Son has risen and set."

These hints suggest there was discourse,  
Between Mary and Jesus, of course.  
Mary, trusting He'd do something grand,  
Told the servants, "Follow His command.  
Whatever He says, just do your best,  
Even if it seems strange, heed the request."

So Jesus turned the water to wine,  
In a way that kept His secret fine.  
Few were aware of the miracle done,  
Not even the master knew of the One.  
He praised the groom for the vintage best,  
Unaware of the miracle's test.

The reason Christ chose to slowly reveal,  
Was strategic, complex, and very real.  
Had He shown His power right away,  
The wrath of leaders would have had sway.  
They'd strike too soon, and try to thwart His plan,  
Before He'd finished all He began.

Mary's words to the servants rang true:  
"Do what He tells you, whatever you do."  
No questions asked, just trust His way,

For reasons beyond what words could say.  
She knew He'd perform a work so grand,  
If they'd obey His simple command.  
And this, a lesson for Christ's servants still:  
To follow His word and trust His will.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: John 2:1; Isaiah 55:11; John 1:3; Colossians 1:16; Genesis 1:9-13; Luke 22:18; John 2:7; John 2:9; John 2:11; John 2:6; Luke 2:19; Luke 1:32-33; Luke 2:32; Luke 2:34-35; Isaiah 53; John 2:4; Genesis 23; Genesis 23:15; 2 Sam. 16:10; 2 Sam. 19:22; 2 Kings 3:13; Luke 2:5; Matt 16:20; Luke 8:56; Mark 7:36; Mark 8:30; Mark 9:9; John 2:9; John 2:10; John 2:5



## ON THIS ROCK

Christians see, when Christ declares,  
"On this Rock, my church prepares,"  
He speaks in metaphorical ways,  
No literal rock for all to praise.  
Not stones like those of the temple's dome,  
But a deeper truth that calls us home.  
Is Peter the Rock? Could it be true?  
Or does Scripture offer another view?

If you're inclined, and seek to know,  
Read on with me as insights grow.  
Reflecting first on a temple scene,  
John 2 reveals what Jesus means:  
"Destroy this temple," He did say,  
"And in three days, I'll raise it, stay."  
Not bricks or stone but flesh and bone,  
His body, the temple, stands alone.  
With humble truth, He spoke with grace,  
Which those with hate refused to face.

The Jewish leaders missed His call,  
Blinded by pride, they saw not at all.  
Though later they feared His words might be right,

They still chose darkness instead of light.  
But now, dear friend, let's seek and pray,  
For God to guide us on our way.  
Scripture's breath, inspired and true,  
Reveals God's heart and guides us through.

Jesus loves to teach with signs,  
Of bread, of light, and water's lines.  
The "Rock" too, stands as metaphor,  
For truth that we should not ignore.  
Some claim the Rock is Peter's claim,  
But look again, it's Jesus' name.  
The cornerstone, the sure foundation,  
Christ is the Rock of our salvation.

Peter himself knew and boldly said,  
"Our cornerstone is Christ our head."  
Living stones, we're built upon,  
The Rock of Ages, God's own Son.  
So when Christ spoke of "this Rock" so true,  
He spoke of Himself, and not a few.  
Peter preached and served with might,  
But Christ the Rock gives us our light.

The Scriptures speak from Old to New,  
Isaiah's stone is Christ, not you.  
In Psalms and prophets, the message clear,  
Our Savior stands, our Rock so dear.  
Ephesians echoes Peter's call,  
Christ the cornerstone of all.  
The church, His bride, is built secure,  
On Jesus Christ, our hope so pure.

So let us pray, and seek His face,  
With open hearts, receive His grace.  
May we be stones in His design,  
Aligned with Christ, the Rock divine.  
Join with me, let's build and grow,  
In His love, let His truth show.  
On this foundation, strong and right,  
Christ is the Rock, our guiding light.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Matt. 16; John 2: 18-22; Jn. 2:21; Matthew 27; Mt. 27:62-64; 2 Tim. 3:16; Jn. 2:21; 1 Peter 2:3-8; I Corinthians 3:11; Isaiah 28:16; Psalm 118: 14; 21-22; Matthew 21:42; Ephesians 2:20; Ephesians 5:23; Matthew 16: 13-20; Mt. 16:18; Deut. 32:18, 30-31; Psalms 18:46; Isaiah 8:14; 17:10; 28:16; 51:1-8; 1 Cor. 3:11; Eph.2:20-22; 1 Pet. 2:3-8; Revelation 21; Rev. 21:14; 1 Peter 2:5

## ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR, KING OF BABYLON

The day the fog lifted from my mind,  
I found myself in a state unkind.  
On hands and knees in the dewy grass,  
My hair, tangled, long, a tangled mass.

My nails were curved, full of dirt and decay,  
What madness is this? Oh, what dismay!  
But I am the king! My reason returned,  
And all that had happened, my mind discerned.

I'd stood on my balcony, full of pride,  
Boasting of Babylon, grand and wide:  
"Look at my kingdom, so vast and tall,  
My palace, my power—it surpasses all!"

But no sooner had these words been said,  
Than a voice from heaven filled me with dread:  
"This is your fate, King Nebuchadnezzar,  
Your kingdom is gone, your life is lesser.

You'll live with beasts, eat grass like the cow,  
Seven years of madness to humble you now.

Until you learn who's truly in charge,  
God alone reigns, His rule is large."

I rushed to the palace, now clear in my thought,  
To set things right in the lessons I'd caught.  
No longer 'my palace,' no longer 'my throne,'  
For all that I have is by God's grace alone.

I blessed the Most High, gave glory, and praised,  
For God rules forever, through all of our days.  
He humbles the proud, His purposes stand,  
There's no questioning His sovereign hand.

I sang to the Lord, in the court and the halls,  
Called for my bath and groomers to tend to it all.  
I set up a feast, but not for my fame,  
To laud and extol the Most Holy Name.

Musicians and singers, I called them near,  
Not bound by allegiance, but free from their fear.  
The story I told, my sanity's return,  
And many around me began to discern.

They joined in the praises, the leaders and all,  
And late into evening, we heeded the call.  
To sing to the God who sets kingdoms in place,  
To humble the proud, to extend us His grace.

"Everything He does is perfect and just,  
He humbles the proud from their lofty trust.  
The King of Heaven reigns above,  
His wisdom, might, and boundless love."

So read of my story, this is my plea,  
Turn to the Lord, and find sanity.  
For Babylon's splendor was not mine to claim,  
But God restored all when I honored His name.

Dear reader, beware of pride's dangerous call,  
For it leads to a great and inevitable fall.  
Remember the lesson that God made so clear:  
Only by Him do we persevere.

Our culture may boast of its self-made pride,  
But God rules above, and He will not abide.  
Let us repent, seek His truth, and His way,

For He alone is the light of the day.

So turn and be saved, O people, return,  
From folly and darkness, let your hearts burn.  
For our God, He waits with mercy so sweet,  
To guide us in love and bring peace complete.

Let's shine the light, let's share the way,  
For God's offer of grace stands true today.  
The King of kings, forever on high,  
Who rules all nations, who hears every cry.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Daniel Chapter 4; Jeremiah 4:22; Jeremiah 50:6; Isaiah 45:22

## NEW JERUSALEM

In God's Word, prophecies abound,  
With double meanings to be found.  
Fulfillments layered, hidden deep,  
From ancient times these truths we keep.

In the New Testament, early on,  
A double meaning starts to dawn.  
Matthew shares a quote that's spun:

"Out of Egypt, I called my son."

From Hosea's words, Israel out of slavery, this truth has come,  
Yet, a prophecy for Christ begun.

In Hosea's time, it spoke of a land,  
Of Israel freed by God's command.  
But Matthew's gospel shows once more,  
Another truth within this lore.



When Jesus, as a child, would flee,  
Returning from Egypt, as prophecy.  
Two meanings woven, yet as one divine,  
A timeless message through God's line.

"On the one hand, there's a New Jerusalem, shining bright,  
As told in the Word of God's light.  
From the Prophets of old's words, it's clear to see,  
A New Earth and Heaven there will be."

God's Kingdom comes, forever true,  
A place where all is made anew.  
So, look ahead with hope and glee,  
To that new city, soon to be!

"On the other hand, in Revelation, Chapter twenty-one,  
An angel spoke to John, his vision had begun.  
He showed him the Bride, the Lamb's holy wife,

A metaphorical city of Jerusalem, where there's no strife.

This is the meaning, the primary view,

Of Revelation's words, shining clear and true."

I hope you see, as clear as can be,

In Revelation's prophecy,

Chapter 21 unfolds the sight,

The New Jerusalem, gleaming bright.

Not just a city of gold and light,

But the Bride of the Lamb, pure and white.

Revelation starts with letters sent,

To the Bride, the Church, they're meant—

Praise and rebuke, a call to repent,

Guiding the Bride in her ascent.

Through trials faced and tribulations grim,

The body of Christ grows closer to Him.

Through every storm, every test so true,  
The Bride is refined, made perfect and new.  
And in the end, as the vision's done,  
She shines in glory, a Bride beautifully won.

In perfect grace, His people stand,  
Prepared to meet Him, hand in hand.  
A place of beauty, pure and bright,  
Awaits us in His Kingdom's light.

On earth, His reign shall be our song,  
And in the city we've dreamed of long—  
The New Jerusalem, shining wide,  
A perfect Bride, our endless guide.

I look ahead with joyful cheer,  
To join the call we'll all hear clear:  
"Come, let us go up to His holy mount,"

As prophets declare, their words we count.

What a day when our Lord reigns supreme,

King of kings in His glorious beam.

We'll know Him in splendor, know Him as Friend,

Of His Kingdom there shall be no end.

From psalms to prophets, and through the Word,

His eternal reign is forever heard.

He'll be called the Son of the Most High,

The throne of David never shall die.

But Revelation speaks of the Bride,

A vision that captures our hearts worldwide.

The Bride of Christ in glory stands,

A "City" prepared by Divine hands.

We marvel at the works He's done,  
In our lives and all who love God's Son.  
From Alpha to Omega's call,  
He's the Lamb, the King, the Lord of all.

The Lion of Judah, the Bridegroom true,  
Prepares a place for me and you.  
In a new heaven and earth so bright,  
Where all things are made new in light.

"For behold, I create new heavens and earth,"  
Where former things won't bring forth mirth.  
And the heavens will pass away with a roar,  
As we wait for His coming, evermore.

"If it makes good sense, seek no other way,"  
The Scriptures will guide us, come what may.  
With guidance from the Spirit of Truth,

He'll lead us, no matter our youth.

The New Jerusalem, we clearly see,

Is more than walls or a city to be.

It's the Bride of Christ, His church, His love,

Descending from heaven, from above.

The saints shall be there, pure as gold,

Living stones in His fold.

With the names of tribes and apostles too,

Foundations laid for me and you.

Let's heed His word and set it straight,

His Spirit will guide us; we mustn't wait.

For with God's truth and Scripture in hand,

We'll understand His holy plan.

So stand strong and look ahead with joy,  
To the day when we'll see our King deploy.  
No eye has seen, no ear has heard,  
The wonders of His holy Word.

- Jim B.

Reference and Inspiration: Revelation 21: 9-10; Isaiah 65:17; 2 Peter 3:10-13; John 16:13;  
1 Peter 2:24; Isaiah 64:4; 1 Corinthians 2:9; 2 Corinthians 3:18; Rev. 21:11; Eph. 5:23; 27;  
Rev. 21:12-14; 1 Peter 2:4-5; Rev. 21:27; 1 Thess. 4:13-17; Matt. 28:20; Isaiah 43:2; Rev.  
13:7; Dan. 7:21; Matt. 24:10,13,21; Rev. 21:2; 1 Thess. 5:9; Rev.2:10; Isaiah 57:13; Isaiah  
65:19; Isaiah 2: 1-4; Micah 4: 1-3; Rev. 21:22-24, 27; John 7:38-39; John 17:3; Isaiah  
65:17-18; Phil. 1:6

**Some trust in chariots and some in  
horses, but we trust in the name of the  
*LORD* our God. – Psalm 20:7**