



*Where The
Rivers Flow*

J. E. Bernard

... "To Him who loves us and has freed us from our sins by His blood and made us a kingdom, priests to His God and Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." -

Revelation 1:5-6

WHERE THE RIVERS FLOW

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Wilson River,
Tillamook County, Oregon

INTRODUCTION

We can begin to understand our Triune God better here and now by giving consideration to Him in His Word, and praising Him in our hearts and minds and spirit. Though we give much to this, it is at best a meager beginning. Our Savior, our Friend is an ETERNAL Being. Because He and His qualities are eternal, though we devote all of eternity, we will forever be coming to a better, more full, and joyous understanding of Him.

I am presenting to you in these verses a meager beginning. I hope that you search for Him and find Him in His Word, and have lively interaction with Him.

Yes, I am praying 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 then, is that the LORD will be honored, glorified and lifted up, and that you will be motivated to interact with Him in His Word.

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

In this volume I have also made use of inspiration from classical sermons found in the public domain from the "Christian Classics Ethereal Library" and which can be read at: <https://ccel.org/> . There you will find the writings of John

Flavel, Charles Spurgeon, Jonathan Edwards, George MacDonald, Martin Luther and others. I would recommend visiting this site if you have the time.

And, as always, these free-verse poems are also inspired by Scripture, and you will find those Scriptural references below the poems pointing to the applicable portions of God's word.

If you like, you may Email me directly with any inquiries or comments to:

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My prayer is that our Lord's name will be honored, that you will be blessed, and that a song of praise to the LORD will swell up in your heart through these poems.

– J.E. Bernard

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NONE OTHER HOLDS SUCH MYSTERIES

In Christ, such wonders come to light,
A blend of greatness, pure and bright.
High as the heavens, sovereign, true,
Yet humble, submissive too.

Infinite glory does He bear,
Yet stoops to hear a beggar's prayer.
The King of kings, in majesty,
Still welcomes children tenderly.

He rules the earth, the skies, the seas,
Yet bends to serve, and wash our feet.
In Him, all grace and justice meet,
A harmony so pure and sweet.

As Judge, He reigns with power great,
But mercy still, His heart does sate.
For sinners lost, His grace extends,
To rescue, heal, and make amends.

Majesty and meekness blend,
In Christ, the sovereign, faithful Friend.
He bore the cross with patience true,
Enduring all for me, for you.

Though Lord of all, He obeyed God's will,
In deepest pain, He trusted still.
A perfect Lamb, yet Lion bold,
In Him, all virtues do unfold.

Such heights and depths, in Him reside,
Infinite worth, yet crucified.
In Christ, we see the paradox
Of might that bends, and strength that knocks—

Knocks on the heart of every soul,
To make the broken sinner whole.
Glory and grace in one combined,
A love beyond all humankind.

Thus in His person, wonders reign,
Infinite, yet humble, plain.
None other holds such mysteries,
As Christ, our Lord, who sets us free.

- Jim B.

Scriptural References: Prov. 30:4; Job 11:8; James 2:5; 1 Cor. 1:28; Luke 16:22; Col. 3:11; Matt. 19:14; Phil. 2:6; John 5:23; Heb. 1:6-8; Matt. 11:29; Psalm 45:3; Matt. 21:4; Matt. 11:29; Luke 22:41; Heb. 12:2; 1 Pet. 2:20; John 14:31; John 15:10; John 10:18; Heb. 5:8; Phil.2:8; Col. 1:16; John 5:17; Matt. 8:3; Matt. 26:39; Matt. 27:43; 1 Pet. 2:23

LIKE A LION, YET AS A LAMB

In Heaven's high and holy state,
He reigns with glory, pure and great.
Like a Lion, strong and bold,
Yet as a Lamb, His heart unfolds.

On Mount Zion, the Lamb is seen,
In humble grace, serene and keen.
Though now exalted, Heaven's King,
Still with humility does He bring.

Christ, the highest in the skies,
In humility, outshines the wise.
For none can see the vast divide
Between Himself and God, so wide.

Though angels bow, and knees all bend,
His gentle love knows no end.
A Lamb amidst the throne so high,
He leads His saints with tender sigh.

In Heaven, the Shepherd and the Lamb,
Guides them to waters where none can dam.
And wipes away their every tear,
With love and grace, forever near.

In acts of love, He stands so still,
For saints on earth, He bears goodwill.
He knows our pains, our trials grim,
And pleads for us with mercy dim.

With marks of wounds, He shows his face,
A Lamb once slain, yet full of grace.
He comes to comfort, to supply,
And lifts His saints, so they might fly.

At judgment's end, the Lion roars,
His majesty, the world implores.
The earth will quake, the hills will fall,
Before His throne, He judges all.

The wicked shake, in fear they cry,
For none can flee or hope to fly.
But to His saints, the Lamb is kind,
With love and grace, they peace shall find.

The bride of Christ, with joy shall meet,
Her wedding day, so pure and sweet.
And reign with Him, forever blest,
In love and glory, eternal rest.

- Jim B.

Revelation 14:1; Revelation 7:17; Revelation 20:11

HIS MAJESTY PREMIERED

In Christ's great act, how wonderous the sight,
He took on flesh, descending from His height.
Can it be, that He, who was Divine, should humble so,
To wear our frame, infinitely low!

His descent displayed in His birth's poor place,
Born to a virgin, low in wealth and grace.
Her sacrifice, two doves, the law's provision,
For poverty, yet such a grand vision!

Though born in lowly means, His worth was high,
Conceived by Spirit's power from on high.
In holiness, He came without sin's stain,
The Son of God, as angels did proclaim.

In Bethlehem's stable, laid in manger small,
Rejected by the inn, no room at all.
The Lamb, so meek, in swaddling clothes He lay,
Yet He would crush the lion's roar one day.

The hosts of heaven sang His birth with joy,
For peace on earth was born in that small boy.
His glory hidden, yet it still shone bright,
As wise men came, led by a star's great light.

In youthful days, He humbled to obey,
Yet wisdom showed, even at twelve, His way.
Disputing doctors, teaching them with might,
He was the Lion, robed in holy light.

Though poor, with no place His head to rest,
He lived as servant, meek and yet so blessed.
His miracles revealed His nature true,
Healing the sick, the blind received their view.

The winds obeyed, the seas became a balm,
He showed His might, yet still a Lamb so calm.
Devils fled before His mighty voice,
At His command, they had no other choice.

His majesty was glimpsed upon the mount,
His glory shone, of which the saints recount.

And though He lived in humble, lowly guise,

The Lion's roar was heard in Pharisees' eyes.

Thus, Christ the Lamb and Lion, both in one,

In Him, a perfect harmony was spun.

Through lowliness, His majesty premiered,

And by His death, our victory appeared.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: John 1:14; Luke 2:24; Lev. 12:8; Luke 1:35; Luke 8; Job 9:8;

Psalm 115:7; Psalm 107:29; Psalm 139:8; John 2:11; 2 Pet. 1:16-17

HIS LION'S HEART

If you come to Christ, the Lion strong,
In His power, you'll belong.
His mighty roar, His fierce defense,
Will shield you from all offense.

His Lion's heart, with strength and might,
Shall guard you through the darkest night.
Against your foes, He'll stand so bold,
His wrath like flames, uncontrolled.

For none can conquer this mighty King,
No harm or pain their force will bring.
They cannot vanquish this Lion's pride,
Your peace and joy shall still abide.

Isaiah speaks, the Word is clear,
Like lions who do not know fear,
So will the Lord descend in power,
To guard His own in battle's hour.

Now let this truth stir in your heart,
To love the Lord and not depart.
In Christ, all excellencies meet,
A friend whose love is pure and sweet.

Would you a friend of glory seek,
One far above, yet kind and meek?
Christ, King of kings, the Honored One,
Offers friendship through His Son.

Infinite greatness, goodness too,
Together meet in Christ for you.
His majesty is cloaked with grace,
And tender mercy fills His face.

The Lord of all, both kind and wise,
In humble form before our eyes.
He brings Himself to be our guide,
To walk with us, stay by our side.

Would you a friend both grand and near,
One who brings Heaven ever near?
Christ stooped down to walk with men,
Our brother, friend, and King again.

In human flesh He came to dwell,
That He might save our souls from hell.
With tender love and humble heart,
From our side He won't depart.

So, seek the One whose glory shines,
Through human form and grand designs.
For in His nature, we can see
A love that's deep as eternity.

In Christ, both power and sweetness blend,
A King, a brother, and a friend.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: Isaiah 31:4; Hosea 11:10; Amos 1:2; Amos 3:8; Revelation 5:5

THE FULLNESS OF HIS MAJESTY

We learn the reason Christ is known
By many names that God has shown.
Through varied titles, we're to see
The fullness of His majesty.

In Isaiah, the prophet tells,
Of names in which His glory dwells:
"For unto us a Child is born,
A Son is given this blessed morn.
The government on Him shall rest,
And by His name we shall be blessed:
Wonderful and Counselor,
Mighty God, forever sure,
Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
Whose reign and glory never cease."

A Son, and yet the Father still,
A Child, whose counsel guides our will,
A Lamb so meek, yet Lion bold,
These names His nature manifold.
He is the Son whose light is pure,
The Morning Star that will endure.

At times, He's called a mighty Rock,
At others, like a precious stock,
A Star, a Pearl, a Tree of Life,
A Bridegroom waiting for His wife.

The Rose of Sharon, Lily fair,
In bloom, His beauty fills the air.
In one place, He's the Root we see,
In others, He's the mighty Tree.
A Root that sprouts from barren ground,
In God's own paradise is found.
Though born in such humility,
In Christ, all power and strength we see.

So let this union of His grace
Inspire your soul to seek His face.
For every excellence is His,
All strength, all love, and perfect bliss.

Though man is weak, a helpless worm,
In Christ, all Honor shall confirm.
Though man is lost in sinful night,
In Christ, we find the Holy Light.
Though man is low, in Christ we rise,

To stand beloved in Heaven's eyes.

If you, a sinner, feel such dread,
That God's pure justice strikes you dead,
Take heart and come—don't be dismayed,
For Christ's great mercy is displayed.

His strength can guard you like a Lion,
But for the weak, He's soft as Zion's
Lamb of grace, so gentle, pure,
And meek to all who feel unsure.
Though majesty may cause you fear,
His human heart will draw you near.

So run to Christ without delay,
His open arms will lead the way.
Though He is high and full of might,
He'll stoop to lift you from your plight.
For though He's fierce against the foe,
For those He loves, He's gentle, slow
To wrath, and full of tender care,
With mercy none could e'er compare.

So sinner, come, and do not wait,
For Christ's embrace will not abate.
Though weak, or poor, or full of shame,
His grace will cover every blame.

No mother spurns her child's distress,
And Christ will welcome no less.
Run to the Savior, bold and free,
In Him, all mercy's yours to see.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: Isaiah 9:6; Malachi 4:2; Numbers 24:17; Revelation 22:16; Isaiah 53:2; Revelation 2:7; Isaiah 53:5-6

IN HIM, THE RICHEST GRACE YOU'LL FIND

Though shameless were our deeds and ways,
When Heaven's Lord approached our days,
We all rebelled, we turned aside,
In grievous sin, we sought to hide.

But if we turn with hearts by Him made new,
And place our trust in Him as true,
His grace flows wide, His love abounds,
Eternal riches know no bounds.

Far more than treasures we can dream,
He gives us life - redeemed to gleam,
An heir to all His mercy's store,
To reign with Him forevermore.

The Lord of glory came from high above,
How have His people shown Him love?
As His creation, what have we to say,
In welcoming Him who lights our way?

We've stolen from Him, just like Judas of old,
Not for the poor, but for love of gold.
He held the purse with greedy hand,
And took for himself at his command.

We stood in the way of His mission,
Just like Peter in his position:
When he spoke to the Lord in dismay,
Saying, "No, this can't be Your way!"
But Jesus turned with words so stern,
"Get behind me, Satan, learn!
You're a stumbling block to me,
Not God's will, but man's you see."
Matthew sixteen, verse twenty-three.

And often, too, there go I,
With earthly thoughts as Peter's cry.
Oh Father, renew my heart each day,
In Your likeness, lead the way!

Too often, people then and now turn away
From words the Lord has tried to say.
Their hearts have dulled, their ears are weak,
His voice they barely care to seek:

"Their eyes are closed, they choose to be
So blind to truth they cannot see.
If they would hear and understand,
I'd heal them with My loving hand."

But they refuse to turn and hear,
And so they stay in doubt and fear.

We betrayed our Lord of Glory bright,
When He came to us in our dark night.
The Son of Man, to grief and pain,
Was handed to the scribes, though to our gain.

We gave our Lord, so pure and grand,
A sham of trial through command.
As John recorded in his way,
Caiaphas had this to say:
"It's better, let the people cry,
That one should fall, than for all to die."

We mocked and flogged the Lord of Grace,
Delivered Him to a cruel place.
To Gentile hands, He was betrayed,
Mocked and flogged, yet still He stayed.

We pulled His beard and spat with scorn,
We mocked Him as we were forewarned:
"I turned my back to those who strike,
My cheeks to hands on my beard alike.
I hid not from disgrace or spit,
Endured it all, I did submit."

And some, they slapped and taunted still,
"Prophecy, O Christ, if you will!
Tell us now, with all your might,
Who struck You in the dead of night?"

Upon a cross, they nailed Him high,
"This Jesus," sent with purpose nigh,
Foreknown by God, His plan was laid,
Yet by our hands, He was betrayed.
Though lawless men sought to take life away,
It was for us He chose to stay.

How did Jesus repay our rebellious deeds,
In love, He answered our deepest needs.
He bore the curse, as the Scripture has shown,
"Christ redeemed us, the curse was His own."

For it is written, as clear as can be,
"Cursed is the one who hangs on a tree."
He took our shame, our guilt, and our loss,
Redeeming us fully by death on the cross.

As Jesus hung upon the tree,
His love poured out for you and me,
Lots were cast for His robe so fair,
Fulfilling prophecy written there.

"Let's not tear this tunic fine,
But cast the dice to make it mine."
Thus spoke the men, without a thought,
As David's words, by them, were brought.

"They divided my garments," the Scripture foretells,
"And for my clothing, they cast their spells."
The prophecy fulfilled that day,
As Jesus gave His life away.

He was pierced for all our wrongs,
For our sins, He bore the throngs.
Crushed beneath iniquity's weight,
His suffering sealed our peaceful fate.

By His wounds, we are restored,
Healed and whole, through Christ our Lord.

A spear was thrust into His side,
And from the wound did blood abide,
Along with water, pure and wide,
A sacred stream, a crimson tide.

So it is written, so we know,
From His pain, grace starts to flow.
Prophets spoke and truth revealed,
By His wounds, our souls are healed.

And what was our reply to Him?
We mocked Him there with hearts so grim:
The priests and scribes, with elders too,
In scornful tones, their taunts they threw:

"He saved the others, can't He see?
He cannot save Himself, not He!
If He's the King of Israel's might,
Let Him come down from that sad height,
And then, perhaps, we might believe

In what this man has dared conceive.

He says in God He puts His trust,
Let God deliver, if He must!
For He has claimed, with voice so broad,
To be the mighty Son of God."

They were rebellious, selfish too,
Just like the things I've come to do.

Yet Jesus bore our sins in full,
As told in Peter's sacred scroll,
Our debts were nailed upon the tree,
In Christ's great love, we are set free.

For those who trust in God's command,
And heed His Son with heart and hand,
Who've turned from sin, in grace abide,
With truth and love our souls supplied,
An endless life is now our prize,
A joy that fills both earth and skies.

For Christ, our Savior, speaks today:

"Truly, truly, hear my way,

Whoever believes in Him above,

Receives eternal life in love.

They face no judgment, nor despair,

But pass from death to life most fair."

Behold our LORD, so true and bright!

He blesses those who seek His light.

Though we are told, for those who fear,

The Lord shows mercy, calm and clear.

He does not pay as sins deserve,

But guides us with a gentle curve.

The Lord does not, with justice grim,

Repay our wrongs, our faults, our sin, if we but turn to HIM.

His love is greater, ever true,

His grace restores and makes us new.

How does He repay us, friend?

With love that knows no end.

In His grace, so deep and wide,

He sets a FEAST and bids us inside!

The Apostle John beheld a sight,
A wedding feast, pure and bright,
Prepared for us by Christ above,
The Lamb of God, the King of love.

He heard a voice, a mighty roar,
Like waters crashing on the shore,
Like thunder rolling from the skies,
A multitude with joyful cries:

"Hallelujah! Our God reigns,
The Lord Almighty ever remains!
Rejoice, exalt, and give Him praise,
For now begins the wedding days.

The Lamb's own Bride is shining clear,
Ready now, her Lord is near."

In Isaiah's sight, a feast is spread,
For all the nations to be fed.
The Lord will come, death's grip release,
And wipe all tears, bringing peace.
On that great day, we'll surely say,

"This is our God, we've longed His way."

This is just the start, you see,
With David's words, we do agree:
"Surely goodness, mercy too,
Will follow me my whole life through.
And in the Lord's own house, I'll stay,
Forevermore, and every day."

"Behold our LORD, so great and kind!
In Him, the richest grace you'll find.
With open hand does He give,
To those in faith who seek and live.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: John 12:6; Matt. 16:23; Matt. 13:15; Matt. 20:18; John 18:14; Matt. 20:19; Isa. 50:6; Acts 2:23; Gal.3:13; Deut. 21:23, Psalm 22:1; Isa. 53:5; Psalm 22:16; John 19:34; Psalm 22:7-8; Matt. 27: 41-44; 1 Pet. 2:24; Col. 2:14; Psalm 103:10; Psalm 23:6

AS HE APPROACHED THE FINAL HOUR

In Christ's last sufferings, supreme and grand,
A wondrous union, hand in hand,
Of all perfections shines so bright,
A Lamb of love, a Lion of might.

As He approached the final hour,
He offered up his life with power;
The greatest act of all He'd done,
In saving sinners, victory won.

He came, a lamb to slaughter led,
Without a spot, for us He bled,
Fulfilling ancient prophecy,
Our Passover, in majesty.

Yet, though the Lamb so meek did die,
The Lion roared in triumph high.
In deepest humbleness He lay,
But through this act, His glory's ray

Shone brighter than the stars above,
Revealing mercy, grace, and love.
Born in a low and humble place,
He showed us meekness, truth, and grace.

From humble birth in stable cold,
To working wonders, strong and bold,
He walked in poverty, alone,
With no place He could call His own.

But never was His soul so pressed
As in those final moments, blessed;
The cross, His greatest trial of all,
His deepest pain, His darkest thrall.

Yet even in that suffering sore,
His glory shone out all the more;
For in this act, both love and might
Shone forth in blazing, glorious light.

The angels sing His praise above,
For there He showed His greatest love.
With ten times ten and thousands more,
They raise their voices, Heaven's roar:

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Who bore the cross, who broke the chain,
To Him be honor, wealth, and power,
Glory, wisdom, every hour."

In this great act, His love to God
Was shown through every pain He trod.
And in this act, love's highest claim
To sinful men, He bore their shame.

For when we stood as enemies,
He reconciled and brought us peace.
The blood He shed, the tears He wept,
For sinners lost, His mercy kept.

Injustice came to claim its due,
But Christ stood firm and saw it through.
Justice and love both met that day,
And Christ, the bridge, became the way.

Holiness, like gold refined,
In Christ's last act, so purely shined.
Though treated as the guilty one,
His perfect holiness was shown.

Through suffering, He did obey,
In yielding all, He paved the way
To God's great justice satisfied,
And mercy glorified, applied.

So in this act of sacrifice,
Christ paid the ultimate price,
A lion's strength, a lamb's pure grace,
Revealed in full upon his face.

And yet in Christ, in highest grief,
He faced the fate of a common thief.
Bound and taken as a wicked one,
Accused of crimes He had not done.
In torment deep, before His death,
He bore the vilest sinner's breath.
A death reserved for the most base,
Yet he took on our sinful case.

The wrath of God upon Him lay,
For sins of ours He made His stay.
Though sinless, yet for us became
A curse, enduring all the shame.
No greater hate of sin was shown,

Than when He died for sin alone.
And never did His love so bright
Shine for God, as in that night.

He was unworthy in their sight,
Yet it was here He gained His might.
Though treated as not fit to live,
By suffering, did He merit give.
They cried, "Away! Now crucify!"
Yet by this act, He soared on high.
"He humbled to the death," they say,
And God exalted Him that day.

For saints and angels all declare:
"Worthy the Lamb!" beyond compare.

Though from His Father came the rod,
It was for love, not hate of God.
Forsaken was He in that hour,
Yet showed the greatest love and power.
From men He suffered deep distress,
While loving them with tenderness.
His friends forsook Him in His need,
Yet still for them, His blood would bleed.

For those who shed His blood in scorn,
He prayed, their sins forgiven, to be reborn.

And in His suffering, enemies
Seemed to hold power, yet it was these
That gave Him victory at last,
By breaking Satan's hold so vast.
Though Satan bruised His holy heel,
Christ crushed the head with mighty zeal.

The cross, His foes thought was their gain,
But Christ turned loss to endless reign.
Like David with Goliath's sword,
He slew His foe with power restored.
Satan, like Jonah's swallowing whale,
Took in the Lord but soon would fail.
He lashed out in his fight,
But Christ turned darkness into light.

Through death, He broke the serpent's hold,
And victory to all foretold.
Like Samson, pulling down the tower,
Christ triumphed in his dying hour.
The eater gave forth sweetest meat,

And from the strong came strength complete.

Though lamb-like in His suffering sore,

He rose as Lion to conquer more.

In weakness, strength was made complete,

In death, He gained the final feat.

Thus in His greatest agony,

He showed both grace and majesty.

- Jim B.

Isaiah 53:7; 1 Cor. 5:7; Revelation 5:9-12; Romans 5:10; Psalm 22:14; John 19:15;
Phil. 2:8-9; Luke 23:34; Acts 2:23,36-37,41; Acts 3:17; Acts 4; Luke 22:53; Col. 2:14-
15; Judges 14:14; 1 Sam. 5:1-4

TO CHRIST, THE LAMB, DRAW NEAR

O soul, to Christ, the Lamb, draw near,
He calls you now with voice so clear.
With sweetest grace and kindness sweet,
He bids you come, your Savior meet.
From Proverbs 8, His voice is heard,
"Unto you, O men," His spoken word.
In Isaiah 55, hear His plea,
"Come, all who thirst, come drink from Me.

Buy wine and milk, though naught you pay,
Come without price, this very day.
To waters pure, come taste, come eat,
Your weary soul shall find relief.
Why toil for bread that can't sustain,
When Christ offers joy, and ends your pain?

Delight your soul in all that's good,
He offers you eternal food.
Hear, and your soul shall live in light,
The covenant sure, your heart's delight.
Though poor, though lost, though blind you be,
Christ calls, "Turn in, come dine with Me."

With bread and wine, He bids you dine,
His love, a gift both sweet, divine.
Your soul, though starved and lacking peace,
In Him, shall find a full release.
"Come unto Me," Christ calls again,
"All weary souls, all troubled men.

My yoke is easy, burden light,
In Me, your soul shall find the sight.
I am meek, lowly, full of grace,
In My embrace, find rest, a place.
At your door, behold, I stand,
I knock, to take you by the hand.

Open wide, and sup with Me,
For I bring joy and liberty.
No officer comes with threat or might,
But I, the Lamb, in gentle light.
The morning star, the Spirit calls,
Come, drink the life that saves us all.

The bride and Spirit both declare,
Come, find the living water there.

Freely take this gift divine,
The Water of Life, forever thine."

- Jim B.

Scripture References: Prov. 8:4; Isaiah 55: 1-3; Prov. 9; Matt. 9:28-30; Rev. 3:20; Rev.
22:16,17

WOULD YOU ASK FOR MORE ?

Let me speak to the soul in distress,
Heavy with burdens, feeling oppressed.
What holds you back from Christ today?
What makes you fearful to trust and obey?

Are you afraid He lacks the might
To conquer your foes and win the fight?
But He is called the Almighty One,
Infinite power—God's own Son.

Do you think He won't stoop low,
That He won't see your pain and woe?
Look at the blows He chose to bear,
Spat on, mocked, with tender care.

Behold Him bound, with scourged back bare,
Nailed to the cross, enduring there.
If He, for His crucifiers, died,
Would He reject you if you tried?

Are you afraid the Father above
Won't accept His sacrifice of love?
Can God reject His beloved Son,
In whom His pleasure has always run?

What more could you wish for in a Savior's face,
Than perfect strength, love, mercy, and grace?
Is there something lacking, something you seek,
When Christ is strong, yet gentle and meek?

Would you want Him noble, high, and grand?
Christ is exalted by God's own hand.
Yet He came low, bore every grief,
Suffering pain to bring relief.

Do you fear wrath that's yet to come?
Christ drank that cup and took it home.
A thousand times more, He felt its weight,
To rescue you from that dreadful fate.

Do you seek one close to God above,
To plead your case with endless love?
Christ, God's Son, stands near His throne,
In essence one, yet for you alone.

And would you want Him close to you,
United by a bond so true?
He is the vine, you are the branch,
His love gives all another chance.

Do you want proof of mercy, too?
He lived, He died, He rose for you.
Would you ask for more than this,
A greater act of love and bliss?

What more, dear soul, could Christ yet be,
To make Him fit to set you free?
Come now, with fear and doubt aside,
For Christ, your Savior, bids you abide.

- Jim B.

Scripture References: Isaiah 9:6; Isaiah 7:14; Luke 2:11; John 3:16; John 5:24; 1
Peter 2:24

WHERE THE RIVERS FLOW

JESUS said: Whoever believes, as Scriptures say,
From their heart, rivers will flow one day,
Living waters pure and bright,
Pouring forth with life and light.

The Spirit, Jesus did declare,
Wells up inside, a gift so rare,
A spring that leads to eternal life,
To quench the soul's unending strife.

He told the woman at the well,
"If you knew, you'd surely tell,
Ask, and I'd give water true,
A gift of life, refreshing you."

God, the source of Spirit's might,
Flows from us, a shining light,

Our hearts become His house of prayer,
His presence fills the very air.

The Spirit of Jesus wells up from within,
Quenching our thirst for the Savior again.
Our souls are His temple, a house of prayer,
As the Spirit flows, His presence is there.

A river of life in communion we find,
Our hearts in His love with prayer intertwined.
The Spirit flows outward, a blessing to share,
In all our encounters, His grace everywhere.

With hearts that are drawn to His will and His way,
In the Spirit, we walk, and we constantly pray.
Communing with God, our righteous delight,
Our hearts overflow with His love and His light.

But sin can block that blessed flow,
And worldly cares can make it slow.

If we put off the Spirit's gentle call,
We might not see His will at all.

So the stage is set, the way is clear,
But if we let sin draw us near,
Or fail to heed the Spirit's call,
Distracted by the world and all,
We'll miss the chance to see His grace,
To find our prayers in their right place.
For when we turn from His pure light,
We quench the Spirit, dim our sight.

Yet in our weakness, He prevails,
The Spirit helps where words may fail.
Groans too deep express our plea,
As God's own will brings victory.

Joy abounds when prayers are raised,
Living waters, hearts ablaze,
Flowing forth to bless and share,

His Spirit's power beyond compare.

So ask the Lord with hearts sincere,

To make our purpose clear.

Not for selfish gain, but grace,

As living water finds its place.

When Jeremiah speaks, in verses we find,

God's plans for His people, so loving, so kind.

A future, a hope for those who are His,

A promise that reaches beyond time that is.

His care is unceasing, His love ever true,

And this is a promise too for me and for you.

When we seek Him in truth, with all of our might,

His Spirit will flow, bringing rivers of life.

A future of hope from His hand we'll receive,

For those who belong and truly believe.

From hearts of His own, where the rivers flow,

By the Spirit bestowed, the rivers shall go.
His love and His grandeur, like waters that glide,
In reservoirs deep, in hearts they reside.
In crevices hidden, His grace will provide,
A dwelling eternal, where peace will abide.

They fill to the brim, though unequal they flow,
Waterways unbounded, with life they bestow.
His plans are fulfilled as the waters expand,
A grace ever flowing from His gentle hand.

His rivers we need, and boundless they flow,
He calls to His children: "With love, let it grow."
"Endless I give, My joy is your might,
Find it, My own, as you praise day and night!"

A current shaping lands and time,
A flow of life, both vast, sublime.
Through people, lands, what is, what's past,
The future's formed, so strong, so vast.

In arts, beliefs, and tales of old,
Civilizations rise and unfold.
Though earthly songs may fade and cease,
His river flows on, without decrease.
Eternal, strong, through joy and grief,
His river flows in our belief.

It started long before all time,
Endless, pure, and so sublime.
Blessed be His ways so grand,
Forever flowing by His hand!

Isaiah spoke of joy that's drawn
From wells of life at break of dawn,
And Ezekiel saw the river wide,
Where healing flows on either side.

A vision clear, a temple grand,
Rivers flowing through the land.
The Spirit's work, the living stream,

A future hope, a holy dream.

Though Israel failed to seize the day,

The river's promise still holds sway,

A gift for all who turn and pray,

To walk the Spirit's perfect way.

A river clear as crystal shines,

Flowing from God's throne divine.

Trees of healing, fruit of grace,

Eternal life for every race.

There are allusions deep and true,

From God's own words, both old and new—

Prophecies that span the years,

Near and far, they reappear.

Consider Isaiah - so sacred and keen,

In chapter forty-three, verse nineteen,

A promise speaks, both far and near,

In future times and moments here.

A new thing God declares to do,
In the kingdom and our spirits too.
On the new earth, we'll see it clear,
But in our hearts, it's drawing near.

"Make a way," He gently calls,
Where Spirit-led, no shadow falls.
Rivers flow in desert hearts,
Living water He imparts.

To His chosen, drink He gives,
By His Spirit, each one lives.
So let us pause, in awe, and see
God's great work in you and me.

Upon the heights, where rivers flow,
In barren hearts, their waters show.
And fountains spring in valleys deep,

The Lord has rescued from the steep.

For in His Spirit, life pours free,

As Joel foretold, so it shall be.

In last days, God's grace will reign,

As Acts confirms, it speaks the same.

Isaiah's words, in joy resound,

"God is my strength, salvation found."

"With joy," it says, "you'll draw the grace,

From wells of life, your heart embrace."

Where comes this joy? From waters pure,

The wells of life, forever sure!

Jesus, too, did see

The river in Ezekiel's prophecy.

In Ezekiel's vision, the waters flow,

Bringing life to everything below.

"For everything lives where the river goes,"

As Ezekiel 47:9 shows.

He saw the waters, deep and wide,

Flowing from the temple side.

It started small, ankle-deep to behold,

Then knee-deep, waist-deep, as it rolled.

Till it became a mighty stream,

Too deep to cross, like in a dream.

The Lord asked Ezekiel, "Do you see?"

Then led him where the banks would be.

And there, on the river's fertile shore,

Trees grew, bearing fruit evermore.

On both sides of the river, food would appear,

Their leaves would heal, their fruit sincere.

Wherever this living water flows,

Life will thrive, and healing grows.

So let the waters rise within,

Let the river wash our sin,
And in His house, with hearts anew,
We'll find the life He promised true.

When Jesus spoke of waters bright,
A river flowing with His light,
Out of the hearts of those who see,
And place their trust and faith in He.
It wasn't the first time He revealed,
A living river long concealed.
To Ezekiel once He spoke the same,
Of waters flowing without shame.

In Revelation, hold in view,
The state eternal, pure and true.
One day, believers shall behold,
A crystal river, clear and extolled.
From God's own throne, it flows with grace,
The Spirit's fullness in that place.
But why not too a river real,

With life within, a power to heal?

The tree of life, its leaves so grand,

For nations' healing, it shall stand.

Fulfillment waits in future days,

When all is right, and we give praise.

The Spirit's been, through endless time,

A loving force, a truth sublime.

Before all things, before our birth,

The Spirit stirred, to bring new worth.

And when His children came to be,

The Spirit flowed eternally,

A river from their hearts set free,

Rejoicing in His majesty.

Praise God, whose grace none can measure,

His love is our endless treasure!

From Calvary's cross to the Kingdom's reign,

To eternity's peace where no sorrows remain.

Though changes come from age to age,
A glorious harmony will fill the stage,
A divine mosaic in full display—
God's wisdom far beyond our way!

His plans unfold in wondrous forms,
Like Ezekiel's temple through future storms.
Though hidden now from our limited sight,
His ways, like the heavens, are higher, pure light.
The living water flows from our heart,
As Jesus spoke, we each take part.
Rivers of grace, from prayer's sweet stream,
Healing and hope in every gleam.

Fulfillment comes, today, tomorrow—
In joy and peace, beyond all sorrow!

- Jim B.

Scripture References: John 7:38-39; John 4; 1 Cor. 6:19; 1 Thess. 5:19; Rom. 8:26-27;
James 4:3; Jeremiah 29:11; James 1:6; Isaiah 12:2-3; Ezekiel 47: 1-12; Isaiah 43: 19-20;
Isaiah 41:18; Revelation 22

**Behold, I am doing a new
thing; now it springs forth, do
you not perceive it? I will
make a way in the wilderness
and rivers in the desert. —**

Isaiah 43: 19