

THE BREADTH AND DEPTH OF ALMIGHTY GOD  
*-anthology of poetry and praise-*

To my mom.  
Regina Walden George  
RIP

This book has been made free for you. Due to a previous font error,  
the poems in this book has changed, and contains a 'space' between each letter.  
I do apologize for the inconvenience. The anthology of praises as also been changed,  
and may contain uneven or erroneous format.

## WELCOME

Hello and thank you for taking the time out of your busy life to read my small, warm book of poetry and praise. This book has been published in bookform and all poetry is copyrighted. I haven't taken it and decided to make it free for you to read and enjoy. Some of these poems are of praise, and even though some may be small, yet if the Holy Spirit inspires such, it contains a big impact. Most of these poems are a portion of the poetry I have written over the years. I began writing poetry at the age of eight, and actually completed two small anthologies around that age. There is something about poetry that sparks a euphoria within my soul. A supernatural euphoria at that. Throughout my childhood it seems like the very depth of poetry had moved me in such a way that my very essence seems to pulse not with blood, but with ink. I have completed a volume of romantic poetry before, but never published it. I've also been writing books since I was young. At the age of thirteen I completed my first 150 page novel, entitled Secret Santa. Of course, back then I was into horror, thanks to a certain author. This author may have been in horror, but still I thank that man for he is the very one who got me into writing. I moved from horror to thriller books quick. One book I've written was around 500 pages, yet accidentally deleted from my computer. Writing has always been a massive part of my life. I love it, because the very ability to craft such power from words into someone's heart was like magic. The scenes I've read and written over the years, those scenes were so alive in my mind. I've read books that have made me cry, that has made my fingers dig deep into the sofa with a hasty heartbeat, and has inspired me profoundly.

After dabbling with that genre, I moved to romance. Romantic writing played a very important role in my writing hobby. I was never any good with girls you might say 'never dated then' but I was still romantic at heart, so I crafted stories with a man-woman-relationship background. I still love romance, for it excels the very light of true relationships. I completed a 150 page outline for a book entitled The Desperado, set in Paris. It was the typical 'girl from strict

rich family falls in love with a destitute who soon became an outlaw to win the girl's heart' story. I find it warm, yet rich with engaging motives. I've had so many stories outlined and written it wasn't funny, but still I had a desire to dabble with another genre. So I switched to mystery, and I do believe it enriched my writing style more potently. I even crafted a series of books with a 'Nancy Drew' like character as the detective. Even though I tried to dive into this oceanic fog of mysterious wonders from this form of genre, I still was hungry for something different. I have tried all the basic genres before, yet it never seemed to 'fill me'; I still had a empty space inside my heart. Nothing could satisfy that craving. Then I decided to dabble back into poetry, and then that craving left. My life was truly enriched by what I longed for. Poetry is a very important part of my life. Even though it seems it is not as 'imperative' as a full length novel, you still can pack a whole 'motive' into one little poem, when you fail to fit it in a 200 page book.

But there was something different about spiritual poetry than romantic poetry. I penned such words as a way of worship. As my love for God deepened, my essence hungered for more poetry. I feasted upon other poetry from other Christian writers, and boy did it uplift my soul into high levels of beauty and awe! No words can be used to explain my passion for Christian poetry, but I pray these poems alone could portray but the taste of love that I have for our Abba Father. I did not write these to become rich, or gain popularity. I was blessed and inspired by the Holy Spirit to write these poems as a way of worship, so I decided to bless you by making it free for you to read via internet. I find such a blessing thick with wonderful possibilities. The internet is such a mysterious thing to me, yet the outreach one can do is amazing! In other words, other than spending more money for making more books and then use the 'old method' of reaching out to people, instead it would be a whole lot easier and 'better' to turn the book into a PDF form, and post it online. I thank God for this amazing opportunity, and I pray that whoever reads these small poems of mine, may be inspired to use their talents for His glory. Remember, the talent you have is God's gift to you, what you do with it for God, is your gift back to Him.

I still love to write stories, and novels. One day I hope to publish one. But poetry has heightened my passion and will always be a great portion of my life. At the end of this book, I have included 100 praises that I penned for the Lord. I am in no way trying to 'add' to the Bible, or make them seem like scripture. Those words are just my praise for the Father. Be blessed when you read *The Breadth and Depth of Almighty God*, and I encourage you to use your talent for the glory of the King. Be blessed in Jesus name. Much love.

-Adam

## Picture of a Father

Through pain and through mourning,  
through misery and through grief,  
my life seems to reflect all force of despair.  
Through hurt and through tears,  
I long for pure relief,  
oh is liberation this rare?  
Is freedom so hard to find, in  
such a beautiful style of life?  
Why do the spirits of sorrow afflict me:  
those horrible phantoms of strife?  
Is true sovereignty this uncommon,  
that my heart finds no rest for its beat?  
The places where I look to for a release,  
me and peace just can not seem to meet.  
Where is this garden for my deserted heart,  
is it in Jesus the Christ?  
Is it in the Son of God, that will  
grasp you from darkness and into everlasting light?  
Is this Son the Saviour of my grimy soul,  
that plants precincts of roses and living water?  
Let this day be the day I choose Him to see,  
for no other thing that the world may bring  
gives me a picture of a Father.  
Amen.

## A Wordless Prayer

My heart searches for a blueprint,  
an outline of a fully developed prayer.  
My soul longs for a sample of what to speak,  
but man-made systems bring such despair.  
How can I truly utter a prayer to the  
Father above?  
How can I purely tell Him the contents of my aching pain?  
For I am not a man of a valued speech,  
is the attempt to be perfect vain?  
Maybe there is a prayer a man can say,  
that no words can seep out.  
Maybe there is a request a soul can  
inquire, without having to shout?  
The aches and pains of a man's heart,  
is there really a prayer that can be heard?  
Is there really  
without having to say a single word?  
For yes Indeed our Father in Heaven  
can hear the sound of our empty spirit,  
because even though we may not utter  
single sentence,  
our Father can surely hear it.  
Amen.

Am I?

Am I truly being built together, to become  
a dwelling in which God's Spirit shall live?

Am I a holy temple in the Lord above,  
who's love shall abundantly give?

Am I being molded by this breath-giving  
and breath-taking Potter,  
Who's hands should not even touch  
unworthy clay?

Am I being shaped and form by those  
very same hands, that sets creation  
in such astonishing display?

Am I truly not my own, but beloved  
and kept in the grace of God?

Am I truly set apart from the wickedness of  
this world, and among angels  
who among me trod?

Am I truly worthy to be even in the thoughts  
of the Father above,  
Who's thoughts towards me are more than  
the sand of the sea?

Was I truly even commendable to die for,  
that moment He died for me?

Am I truly worthy to be known by this remarkable Creator,  
Who's love for me shall never end?

Oh the reply I hear from His lips above,  
My child, you I commend,

Amen.

Ephesians 2:21-22



## Everlasting Lover

When all the products of human  
behavior have failed,  
when all the institutions of man have  
been long deceased,  
the temple that God is building;  
His beloved church,  
Will be the heart of an endless beat.  
When all the ineffective doctrines  
of mankind depart, when all the  
false gods shall burn and be destroyed,  
the temple that God has built  
will burn with His consuming love,  
and dance with eternal joy.  
When the doctrines of demons that  
has deceived men shall be put to light,  
when all the snares and strategies of  
satan will be uncovered,  
the temple that God has built  
will forever shine,  
for we are in the arms of the  
Everlasting Lover.  
Amen.

## Already Won

Why in the world am I here,  
feeling as if I grasp nothing but wind?  
Why in the world do my feet walk through  
shadows, when in due time  
all evil shall end?

Why in the world do my eyes perceive  
all forms of malevolence,  
when one day the Lord shall damn those  
things in the lake of fire?

Why does the enemy have to be damned  
at that end, and not in my own desire?

Why do we suffer through tribulations,  
and not submerged in the eternal peace?  
Why do we have to wait until that precious  
moment, when all the world's  
evil shall cease?

For in my heart I seek the answer, because  
these battles seem to have no sense of victory.

But the day I ask all these questions, is the  
day your whispered the answer gently to me:

My child, I already won.

Amen.

Love does no harm to its neighbor,  
therefore love is the fulfillment of  
the law.

- Romans 13:10

## Gratitude

From the pit of suffering have I risen with might,  
Eager now to conquer every battle I face,  
My body is now sheltered with the armor of light,  
And above all I am thankful for His grace.  
For it was grace that descended from above,  
To grasp my hand to uplift me from death,  
To my knees do I now fall before His love  
To thank Thee with my final breath.  
My soul could never portray the entirety of my affection  
To the One Who had fashioned me in my mother's womb,  
The One Who knew me before my creation,  
To the One Who sets me above the stench of doom.  
To the One Who gives me strength to conquer,  
To the One Who was before all had began,  
Before Him am I ever so honored,  
Before Him am I ever so content.  
For this is the reason I am gratified,  
And should be the praise from all men,  
That God send His Son to be crucified,  
And to die for all our sin.  
Amen.

### Every Inch of Me

Oh its hard to balance life s  
priorities upon my own standards,  
it s rough to have stability  
when God doesn t have division.  
It s hard to have any peace in my  
own independence,  
when God doesn t set me into position!  
Why must I suffer from my self-government,  
when true liberty is in Christ alone?  
Why must I undergo life by my own  
self-sufficiency, when Christ has the key home?  
Why do I do things on my own free will,  
when in Christ can I have true victory?  
For by my own standards shall I eternally fail,  
if I do not give Jesus every inch of me.  
Amen.

### With One Home

Hanging on to air shall eternally fail,  
grasping the sky shall leave you  
alone and misplaced,  
but if your soul longs to clutch the  
salvation of Almighty God,  
every inch of you shall be soaked in His grace.  
God does not long to seek those in their  
own self-will, nor does He desire  
to grant the arrogant His deliverance,  
but seeks those lowly in heart;  
those who fear His reverence.  
So standing upon a foundation of sand,  
shall one day utterly descend: its base shall be  
feeble and weak, and the mighty shall have no strength.  
But those who build their foundation with stone,  
shall stand above every single storm,  
those who seek His will shall  
be in His family evermore:  
a family with one home.  
Amen.

## The Moment

The moment Judas had kissed you,  
the moment the whips had ruptured  
your body and bone,  
I am the pain you knew you die for,  
Undeserving of that holy atone.  
The moment your weak knees climbed  
that hill; the weight of the cross upon  
your back and wounds,  
I am the ache you died for,  
who s soul too unworthy to assume.  
The moment the nails had pierced you,  
the moment the blood leaked from your love,  
I am the sting you died for,  
a sinner not valuable enough.  
The moment you cried Abba Father,  
the moment you said forgive them for they  
do not know what they do,  
was the moment I was on your mind,  
one too lost in sin for You.  
The moment you rose from the grave, the  
moment you promised you ll come again,  
was the moment you smiled down upon me,  
and that you knew you ll forgive my  
every sin.  
Amen.

## How Sweet

How good it is to sing praises  
to the Lord,  
to lift my hands in a sound of tribute,  
to bow on my knees before the living King,  
who gives sight to the blind  
and sound to the mute.  
How precious it is to honor  
His name, to know that He  
will always have a shoulder to cry on,  
to be close when ever sadden, and  
there to insert victory s song.  
How awesome it is to be known by  
God, to know that there is a King  
praiseworthy and dear,  
to be by your side every minuet,  
day, month and every year.  
Oh how sweet to believe in Jesus,  
to know the destination of your soul,  
and every single day of my life,  
He ll surely be there as I grow.  
Amen.

Psalm 199:57-64



### Mouth of the Grave

May the mouth of the grave never  
engulf me, may it's vast  
throat never absorb my heart,  
for my essence belongs in Holy palms  
of Jesus, where living waters  
I utterly embark.

May the jaws of the grave never  
guzzle me, may it's unsounded  
gullet never take in my soul,  
for my life belongs in the holy  
arms of God, and in His warm  
embrace I will surely go.

May the mouth of the grave never  
devour my life, may it's cavernous  
cavity never consume my Spirit,  
even though my body may be  
united with the dust,  
my soul will forever be with  
Christ Jesus.

Amen.

Psalm 141

And over all these virtues put on love, which binds them all together in perfect unity. - Colossians 3:14

### Grant Me

Grant me a panoramic view,  
of a lifestyle so wholesome  
with love, grant me a lucid and  
majestic attitude,  
with the eyes and heart of a dove.  
Allow me to observe the landscape  
of your beauty, O Lord,  
to survey each and every breath-taking scene,  
to the vast mountains redolent  
with grandeur,  
to the energetic and handsome sea.  
Gift me the affection your heart contains,  
a power to hug and kiss everyone  
I perceive, may it pour on me like a shower of  
cyclical rain:  
like a deluge of ecstasy.  
Please open the eyes of my heart O Lord,  
that through your beauty I can truly live,  
please grant me a life full of contentment  
and joy, because I know  
you are able to give.  
Amen.

Jeremiah 3:33

The Blessed 91

For I will rest in the shadow of  
the Almighty, for I will  
dwell in the place of the  
Most High.

For I am willing to wear  
a shield against pestilence,  
and be there to see the wicked cry.

For I will rejoice with  
the angels concerning me,  
worship as they lift me from  
every stone,

for I will be rescued by  
Almighty God, and be in His arms  
as I go home.

I will acknowledge the name  
of my Lord, for I will call to Him for He will  
answer His creation.

I praise Jesus who will gratify me forever,  
and who will show me  
His salvation.

Amen.

Psalm 91

## Hunger

Lord I want to meditate on  
your wonders,  
I hunger for you to teach  
me your decrees,  
help me to understand  
you precepts, so that by them  
I may be free.  
My soul is weary with sorrow;  
strengthen me according to  
your Word,  
I hold fast to your statutes:  
within my ears let your law be heard.  
I run in the path of your  
commandments, and forever  
I crave to reflect your power,  
I hunger after your directives,  
my soul thirst for Thee ever hour.  
Amen

Psalm 119:25-32

## Unworthy

The reverent fear of God strikes me,  
tears of remorse leaks down my face,  
oh God I long for you to comfort  
this unworthy clump of clay,  
into your saving grace.  
You are the Potter and know very well,  
that I am not even worthy to be  
shaped and formed,  
this clay deserves to be united with  
the dust, then carried away from a storm.  
You are the healer and know very well,  
that this sick soul doesn't even deserve  
your remedy,  
all I deserve is to be apart from you,  
but oh I need your clemency!  
I am tired of living in the world,  
I am tired of breathing in the air of sin,  
all I desire is to be forgiven,  
and be forgiven again.  
The reverent fear of God strikes me,  
and because of this you tell me I am yours,  
all you desire is for me to fear you name?  
Oh, humility is so pure.  
Amen

## Morning

The morning's crisp air upholds me in peace,  
while your mercy is mirrored by dawn's sweet light.  
When the birds sing their wake up call of harmony,  
I then praise you with all my might.  
It is as if the land before me glowed with power,  
that echoed the splendor of your love,  
it is as if the sun raise penetrates my very body,  
oh that luminosity reigning above!  
I can not understand this joy unspeakable,  
and only a touch of it does it bring,  
it makes my heart beat with irresistible wonder,  
and my voice can not help but sing.  
Surely there is night before the dawn,  
so is there darkness before light,  
but good will always conquest all immorality,  
for your Son made all things right.  
Oh I long to see your wonders,  
Oh I long to see more of the finery of your masterpiece,  
more and more do I long and hunger,  
after what will never cease.  
Amen

The Lord your God is with you,  
He is mighty to save. He  
will take great delight in you, He  
will quiet you with His love,  
He will rejoice over you with singing.

- Zephaniah 3:17



Abounding In Love

For God is gracious and  
compassionate, slow to anger  
and abounding in love,  
relenting from sending  
calamity; a refining  
Purifier above.  
For God is cordial and jovial,  
and too Him I modestly praise.  
God is lenient and merciful,  
a refinement of pristine glaze.  
For God is overwhelming  
and awe-inspiring,  
alluring like diamonds and jewels,  
for He is a safeguard from the wicked,  
and a refuge from the cruel.  
For our God is quick in forgiving,  
and always wealthy in precious adulation,  
I praise Him for His  
passionate sympathy:  
and His enticing veneration.  
Amen

Joel 2:13

## Worthy of Worship

Lord you are worthy  
of worship,  
valuable of praise,  
and to your heart I  
sing my lifestory,  
in your embrace I stand amazed.  
Lord you are so worthy of honor,  
and even though I m  
not commendable to extol your name,  
you stretched out your  
arms on the cross,  
and by your blood you forgave.  
So even though I m not  
worthy to stand in your presence,  
even though I m not  
worthy to stand at your throne,  
you let me give you undying glory,  
simply because you  
are God alone.  
Amen!

## Plea

Direct my eyes unto the cattle upon one thousand hills,  
For these alone Thou art truly able to bestow?  
Raise my hands for my fingers to touch and feel,  
Even the material of Thy glorious robe  
Set forth my way to the land of glory,  
That my very bones will quiver with the fire of love,  
And draw me close to the Cross that bears the story,  
Of how Thy Son was sent from Your spirit above.  
So let me dwell in Thy eternal courts,  
That within Thy resting place I can forever stand,  
So I may shine as bright as one million quarts,  
Excelling on the palm of Thy hand.  
Prepare my steps to follow Thy Son s way,  
Until the end when I see Him descending,  
The same way He rose on that third day,  
For my heart to be saved and forgiven.  
Direct me oh Lord for this is my plea,  
That forever shall Thy love sustain my soul,  
For on this day before you I bow on my knees,  
So that one day I can bow  
on streets of gold.

### Captive in Chains

Lord unleash the shackles  
that clench me, from the  
bereavement that came  
when my mother died.  
Break me loose from all  
sorrow, and dry up every  
tear I cried.  
Death has a perfect meaning,  
and even though it may  
come with grief,  
I know I can stand with my  
head up high, and see her  
smiling down with peace.  
Let me live life with  
your assertion,  
that even though my mother  
may be gone,  
she is still in unity  
with you and angels,  
in a place where we  
all will one day call  
home.  
Amen.

12/30/11

### Fruitless Darkness

I will have nothing to do  
with the fruitless deeds  
of darkness,  
I will have nothing to do  
with the men who s harvest is grim,  
but I will expose those depraved branches,  
for God will surely  
cut off their every limb.  
I will have nothing to do  
with the malevolence of  
wicked men,  
because in their presence  
I sense traps and temptation;  
a noose that we can only  
escape by the name of Jesus,  
a captivity we can only flee  
by God s salvation.  
I will have nothing to do with  
darkness, instead I pierce it  
with a sanctified light;  
A holy luminosity in unison  
with Jesus, that banishes  
all evil of night.  
Amen.

Ephesians 5:11

## Devotion

Lord I will devote myself  
to prayer, and be watchful  
and thankful as I bow.  
I will be diligent at bending  
my knees, and steadfast  
in holding my vow.  
I will be wise in the way  
I talk to outsiders,  
so that I can clarify  
the mystery of Christ.  
I will be wise in the way  
I act to outsiders,  
so that I may show them  
the source of life.  
Lord I will devote myself  
to clasping my hands,  
bowing my head in a holy stature,  
so that my message may  
be seasoned well with salt:  
and my mind fully mature.  
I will devote my life in attentive  
prayer, that in every condition I will  
always stand: with my heart  
on fire for you,  
and with your Word on fire  
in my hand.  
Amen.

Colossians 4:2-6

Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat; or about your body, what will you wear. Life is more than food, and the body more than clothes. Consider the ravens: they do not sow or reap, they have no storeroom or barn; yet God feeds them. And how much more valuable you are than birds!

- Luke 12:22-24

### Dead In Christ

For the Lord himself will come  
down from heaven, with a  
Loud and precious command;  
in harmony with the voice  
of the archangel,  
the trumpet gripped firm  
in Gabriel's hand.  
Oh how I long for that  
valuable day, that day  
when every eye will finally see,  
that the Lord our God who  
is the only King, will reign in harmony.  
Now I must put on the breastplate  
of righteousness; the heart of flesh  
and shield of faith, become dead in Christ  
until He returns, become whole  
and wholly saved.  
For the Lord himself will come down  
from Heaven, deciding not  
on the well-dressed or size,  
but will take home all His saved children,  
and the dead in Christ will first rise.  
Amen.

1Thessalonians 4:16



### Drifting Into Darkness

Lord keep me from wandering  
    into dimness,  
so that I may not succumb to it s ways,  
    keep me from roaming into  
weakness, be thou my strength every day.  
    Lord keep me from  
    drifting into darkness,  
    because within shadows  
I can submerge in it s unsounded depth.  
Hold my hand when I walk within the night,  
clear of the paths where demons have crept.  
Please keep me from drifting  
    into any temptation,  
so I can flood myself with  
    beautiful trust,  
because I know you will  
hold my hand through any  
dimness, and keep me  
from becoming perished dust.  
    Amen.

## Precious Charm

For I am searched and known  
by Almighty God:  
touched and anointed by  
His precious hand.  
For He knows the words  
before I speak them:  
when I cried it was then, He ran.  
If I flee to the heavens He will  
always be there, If I make my  
bed in depths there is He;  
even if I rise on the wings of the dawn,  
even if I settle on the far side of the sea.  
His hands will always guide me,  
His right hand will hold me fast,  
He knitted me together in my mother's womb,  
He lavished a love that last.  
For I will praise Him because I am fearfully  
and wonderfully made,  
For when I sleep he keeps me from harm,  
when I awake I am still with  
His presence,  
O Jesus you are my precious charm.  
Amen!

Psalm 139

## The Name

The name of the Lord is a  
strong tower,  
for I will run into it  
and become safe and sound,  
because with the name of Jesus  
I wear a safeguard,  
a shield so secure and profound.  
The name of the Lord is  
a valuable gemstone,  
an enrichment that excels  
dynamically with love,  
and whenever I find myself  
flightless, He crafts  
on me wings of doves.  
The name of the Lord stands  
above any other title,  
a name that will be a refuge  
for all homeless hearts,  
in the name of Jesus am I  
crafted and molded,  
in the name of Jesus will I  
never fall apart.  
Amen.

Proverbs 18:10

While He s Near

I will seek the Lord while I am  
blessed to find Him,  
I will search Him before the end.  
For there will be a time  
when it s too late receive Jesus,  
Who shed His blood for our sin.  
I will call on Him while He  
is able to be called on,  
because this is the time when  
He is clear.  
I will not wait until the end when  
it s too late, I will bow now before  
Him: while He s near.  
Amen.

Isaiah 55:6-7

Return, faithless Israel, declares  
the Lord, I will frown on you no  
longer, for I am merciful, I will  
not be a  
-Jeremiah 3:11

## Even Now

Even Now , declares the Lord,  
return to me with all your heart,  
with fasting, weeping, and mourning,  
to bestow a fresh, new start.  
The Lord will refurbish your  
bothered soul,  
even when there seems to be no way.  
He will revamp your heart and the  
path for you He will pave.  
Even when you cant seem to find Him,  
to feel His presence restoring your peace,  
He says He will never leave you nor forsake  
you, and His grace will never cease.  
Even though you hit rock bottom,  
even though you feel Satan gripping  
your very soul, just desert your  
evil ways and ask turn to the Lord,  
because even now He will  
make you whole.  
Amen

Joel 2:12

## Sweetly Over

Sweetly over the supple stones, where pure water forever flows  
my ears perceive music from angelic host, for so potently  
it goes: praise be oh Adonai, Yahweh the Covenant One,  
to Jehovah goes my sacrifice, through Jesus Christ the Son.

Blessed be oh Elohim, the Beginning and the End,  
to Father El Shaddai my praise is on high,  
through the Lamb Who was slain for our sin.

Beautiful is the song in my ears, as I dive into the ocean  
of His love, for even though my foot had smashed  
the stones, I still see Him as an descending dove.

Rescue me oh Jehovah-Nissa, the Daddy Who cradles me  
and fashioned me by His breath, send Thy Son  
to catch me in my fall, to save me from eternal death!

Sweetly over the supple stones, where pure water  
forever flows, my eyes perceive the sight of Thy wonders,  
for so potently it goes: birds fly in such perfect rhythm,  
and the footsteps of beast stomp the  
earth in pride, sea creatures roam the ocean floor below,  
as angels above saunter by human side.

To Quanna goes my sacrifice, though it never compares  
to the Cross, nevertheless my praise will  
rise to Adonai, as I stand in awe of such a cost!

Sweetly over the supple stones, where pure water  
forever flows, my heart feels the power of Thy might,  
for so overpoweringly it goes: the devil flees from the flesh  
he once owned, and his claws are removed as the Finger  
of God grips taut, my bones tremble with eternal joy,  
as the blood of Jesus so overtakes my heart!

To El Elyon my spirit is committed, through Immanuel Who  
was pierced&yet rose again.

Yes indeed Abba Father shall receive my everything,  
Jehovah-Rapha, Jehovah-Shamma, my Friend.

### Garland of Grace

For I will listen to you,  
oh Jesus, to your instructions  
pertaining to me,  
I will obey my father and my  
mother's teaching,  
for it would be a garland  
of grace and jollity.  
For I will conform to you,  
oh God, to your teachings  
regarding my soul,  
for it will be a chain  
to adorn around my neck, with me  
on every path I go.  
Amen.

Proverbs 1:8-9



## Unimaginable

I cant even fathom how your  
tiny hands, Oh Jesus,  
shaped and fashioned the  
entire earth.  
When you were born your  
fingers stretched towards  
the sky; and knew  
it before Your birth.  
When you were born your  
little eyes saw every human  
that came to bless you,  
and you knew they were  
already shaped by your hand,  
I cant even grasp how  
You gave sight to the blind.  
and strength to those who could not stand.  
Even when you were lying  
in the manger, you knew that your  
Father was Almighty God.  
You grew and was the living Word,  
and many behind you had trod.  
I cant imagine the joy you feel, when  
every lost soul comes to your grace;  
falls down on their knees for pardon,  
heads tilted up toward your face.  
I just can not imagine.  
Amen.

Jeremiah 3:33

Only One

Only one man took the nails,  
as an act of liberation,  
only one Spirit s hands  
were pierced for our offense.  
There is only one King  
who wore a crown of salvation,  
only one Savoir of  
deliverance.  
Jesus I praise you!  
Amen.

John 3:16

### Walk With Me

Walk with me through fire O Jesus,  
hold my hand through the vile  
and murky night.  
Here before your alter I am letting  
go, so you can then empower my might.  
Walk with me as I trod the earth  
O Lord, to clarify the  
breadth and depth of who you are.  
Because on my knees I dwell  
on your righteousness:  
tenderly I proclaim you are God.  
Walk beside me every day O King,  
because I need a shoulder to  
lean upon with love and guarantee,  
that with you I am always  
guided, and with  
you I am forever free.  
Amen

If we live, we live to the Lord, and  
if we die, we die to the Lord. So,  
whether we live or die, we belong  
to the Lord!  
-Romans 14:8

Free Me Oh Lord

Free me Oh Lord, like a gazelle from  
the hands of the hunter.  
Free me like a bird from the snare  
of the fowler,  
free me from all my transgressions,  
and let me run steadily in your strong tower.  
Free me from all the power of Satan,  
and through your name let  
wickedness tremble when  
they see me come near.  
Let your light perpetually excel  
through me, that I may  
stand and make your name clear.  
Free me oh Lord and uplift me  
as I praise your name,  
make my body a holy instrument;  
my sin vanished and all its shame,  
Make me your beloved  
Free me Oh Holy God,  
so that I may stand on my knees  
as your Word I declare,  
Free me from every snare  
of the devil, and  
enwrap me with your care.  
Amen.

Proverbs 6:5

Who Art Thou?

Who art thou oh marvelous Creator,  
Who s hands hath established my every bone?  
Who am I to be worthy for those finger  
to bring me into being,  
that one day I may be by Thy throne?  
Who am I to express any gratitude,  
even to speak Thy holy name?  
I am but the dust of this very earth You had formed,  
yet by that can I one day be in heaven s reign.  
It seems you take the lowest substance that is in existence,  
and mold it into a creature creditable  
to bring about Thy Word,  
who am I to speak such reverent scripture,  
when in this oceanic depth of sin am I submerged?  
Save me then oh Brilliant Creator  
of this life, design me to be what You hath ordained &  
for without Thee I know this & I am not,  
And with Thee I know  
You are King.

Write Upon My Heart

With your hands write upon  
my heart, Oh Lord,  
tell me how you wish  
to use me.

With your love inscribe  
my heart, Oh Lord,  
explain your desire  
clearly.

With your grace engrave  
my heart, Oh Lord,  
let me know what  
you want me to do.

Write upon my heart  
your every diagram,  
because I will do it  
for you.

Amen.

### All Because

Everlasting joy will be the crown  
    upon my head,  
    as gladness and enchantment  
    overtakes my life.  
Everlasting contentment will  
    be the robe of my body,  
all because of the one Who paid the price.  
Sorrow and sighing will flee away,  
and upon my hands will I grip a sword.  
    With the blade of righteousness  
    will I strike down evil,  
all because of the Almighty Lord.  
    Amen.



### Joy Of the Redeemed

I m so glad the Lord will strengthen  
my feeble hands, and support my knees  
that give way. He whispers in  
my ear: be not fearful, because  
I am coming one day.  
He will come with furious retribution,  
but in His arms will I be free,  
because my eyes have been opened;  
my ears unstopped and hands free.  
The lame will leap like a deer,  
and the mute tongue will  
shout with delight;  
Healing will be for the leper,  
and blind will glow with sight.  
In the haunts where jackals once slept,  
grass, weeds, and papyrus  
will grow, and a highway will be there,  
a highway purer than gold.  
The Way of Holiness will be opened,  
to every redeemed woman or man,  
I am so glad I am able to follow  
Jesus, who guides me  
with His sweet hand.  
Amen.

Isaiah 35:3-10

### Prosthetic Heart

Lord please forgive my every  
transgression, and take out my  
heart of stone.  
Perform surgery with your hands,  
so that I am able to come home.  
Take out my old prosthetic heart,  
which is allegorical  
to my coarse ways,  
take out my organ with  
your precious blood,  
the blood that shed to save.  
I am tired living with a counterfeit  
heart, all I want is one free  
from all my clutter and mess.  
take out my stony heart,  
oh Jesus,  
and replace it with a  
heart of flesh.  
Amen.

Ezekiel 11:19

For I will pour water upon him that  
is thirsty, and floods upon the dry  
ground: I will pour my spirit upon  
thy seed, and my blessing upon thine  
offspring.  
-Isaiah 44:3

Precious Assistant

As the rain and snow come  
down from heaven,  
and do not return to it  
without watering the ground,  
so is God's Word that  
comes out of His mouth:  
it will not return without sound.  
He will accomplish what  
He desires & achieve the  
purpose for which He sent,  
and I know I'll stand  
to be His light,  
I know I will be  
His precious assistant.  
Amen.

Isaiah 55:10-11

### Our Vindication

When I m low and heavyhearted,  
it is then I pick up to read,  
the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah,  
and raise my hands to plead.  
When I m disheartened  
from every sin I done,  
it is then I hear what Jesus says to me,  
For a brief moment I was  
angry at my son, but again  
I open his eyes to see.  
When I m miserable at  
what I am in life,  
when my heart alights with angry fire,  
I see that Jesus will build me with  
stones of turquoise, and  
my foundations with sapphire.  
So when I m near to the ground  
in heartrending tears, when I bend  
over with anger and irritation,  
I just read that the Lord will  
establish me in righteousness,  
because that is our  
vindication.

Isaiah 54

## Garden of God

Just like the beautiful branches  
that overshadow the forest,  
just like the precious water  
that nurtures the ground,  
so is Jesus whom I rest in  
the shadow of His wings,  
who nurtures me with  
love abound.

Deep springs will forever make  
me grow tall, because in  
Him will I fully expand,  
just like the birds that sing  
melodies to the forest,  
so to He whom I raise  
my hands.

Oh how I love walking in the  
garden of God,  
With Jesus guiding me along  
the way.

In His holy presence will  
I live in eternal peace,  
through the roses I  
never go astray.

Amen.

Ezekiel 31:3-9

### Blood-Colored Roses

When I m stooped over in  
misery and fear, and when I m  
crouched down in pain,  
I then think about the beauty  
of roses, how symbolic  
they are of why Jesus came.  
How precious those roses  
always are; a pictogram  
of King who s blood was shed,  
of a Saviour Who died  
for my transgressions,  
of a Shoulder where I can  
rest my head.

So now every time when I m  
bent over with troubles of life,  
every time I m twisted with  
satan s deceit,  
I will look to those  
blood-colored roses,  
as a reminder of what  
Jesus dripped from His feet.  
Amen.

### Accurate Faith

Like a bad tooth or a lame  
foot; is reliance on the unfaithful  
in times of trouble,  
so I will place on me a shield  
of undying assurance:  
my trust in Jesus will not make me stumble.  
In turmoil will I no longer  
suffer, in mayhem I may  
never go astray,  
because without faith as my  
shield, my sword  
strikes the mistaken way.  
Faith will always be my  
conduct of strength,  
because when life  
hurls troubles along my trail,  
I will put on the shield  
of everlasting reliance,  
then can I make demons  
tremble of hell.  
Amen.

Proverbs 25:19



Can a mother forget the baby at  
her breast and have no compassion on  
the child she has borne? Though she  
may forget, I will not forget. See,  
I have engraved you on the palms of  
my hands; your walls are ever before  
me.

-Isaiah 49:15-16

### If My Enemy

If my enemy may ever be  
hungry, if my enemy may  
ever be ample of thirst,  
I will feed him and  
provide him water,  
for that is what God  
sees as pure worth.  
If my opponent may  
ever need clothes to wear,  
if my foe may ever  
need some aid,  
I will take the shirt off my back,  
and give him what he craves.

Proverbs 25:21-22

### Shifting Sea

Like the movement of  
incessant waves,  
that crush into the  
squelchy sand,  
so is the wicked devoid of peace,  
because of the works of  
their hands.  
The immoral may never find  
total leisure, because their  
heart burns with abhorrence  
and sin,  
but I thank God I rest  
In eternal peace, and in security  
from all evil men.  
I thank God I rest  
in the shadow of His wings,  
and in His heart I am  
written in blood,  
that I may be safe from those  
adrift in the shifting sea,  
who lack the heart of love.  
Amen.

## God s Holy Fire

Since my prayer is gasoline  
to God s Holy fire,  
since my prayer is petrol  
to His holy name,  
then may I stand with a raised hand,  
and strike down satan s mien.  
I release the sword of the Lord  
to pierce every strategy of lucifer,  
let it be consumed in  
torturous fire,  
Let my prayer be fortified with the  
shield of faith,  
this Lord is all I desire.  
Let me release your flames  
to every nefarious pattern,  
that may be attached to  
my very soul.  
Since my faith is the key  
to overcome,  
then through prayer  
let God s Holy fire aglow!  
Amen.

Through Jesus Name

I cauterize the powers of  
darkness, and pierce  
the evil working in men.  
Through Jesus name  
I perforate the weight  
of wickedness;  
pray that men may turn from sin.  
I reduce the heaviness  
of unholiness,  
and through Jesus  
name I stab satan s  
heinous core,  
through the power  
of Jesus name I slay  
the dominion of darkness,  
that it would leave and be no more.  
Amen.

## Wicked s Web

Wicked men are  
springs without water,  
they are mist driven by a storm.  
Blackest darkness is  
reserved for them:  
their remuneration a hellish downpour.  
Their paths lead down  
into the clutches of satan,  
where in their eyes they  
see pleasure and peace,  
but little do they know  
the father of lies,  
who s trickery on earth  
will never cease.  
Into hell they will become  
known, if they do not  
repent and believe  
the name of Jesus Christ,  
eternal damnation will  
be their web they weaved,  
into fire they loose their life.  
Thank God I am redeemed!  
Amen.

2 Peter 2:17

For I am convinced that neither death  
nor life, neither angels or demons,  
neither the present nor the future, nor any  
other powers, neither height nor depth,  
nor anything else in all creation, will be  
able to separate us from the love of God  
that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.  
-Romans 8:38-39

## Spiritual Union

In spiritual union of  
celestial prayer,  
I lift my heart  
to the hands of Jesus,  
to where His compassion  
will never abandon,  
to where His love never leaves us.  
In harmony of  
heartfelt prayer,  
I lift my soul  
to the arms of the King,  
to where His mouth  
kisses my every hurt,  
to where His beauty  
makes me sing!  
Amen.



Seeking

If I would seek her with  
a passion for silver,  
and search her  
with a fervor for gold,  
then will I  
find the sweet knowledge  
of God;  
the knowledge that  
makes one whole.  
Amen.

Proverbs 2:4-5

By You

By you Almighty God  
I have been upheld  
by birth,  
by You my very life  
is treated better than treasure,  
by You I have been seized with your  
abounding love,  
the love for me with  
no measure.  
By You sweet Jesus  
I have been carried  
when I find one pair  
of footprints,  
by You I have been  
ordained with a  
gracious call.  
By you, Oh Lord,  
I have been treated  
better than gold,  
by you I stand  
in awe!  
Amen.

Psalm 71:6

### Sweet Request

Lord, establish me in  
righteousness, so that  
the memory of me  
may never fade,  
and let the name of  
the wicked rot with  
sweltering hell,  
unless they repent  
and be saved.

Lord, construct me with  
with walls of precious  
stones, so that I can  
stay firm in the book of life,  
and let Satan and all  
His angels be damned  
forever, with eternal torment  
and strife.

Amen!

Proverbs 10:7

### Sword of Holiness

Lord help me to realize  
that safety is not  
in the absence of danger,  
but in the wings  
of your Holy being.

Help me to realize  
that protection is not  
in the absence of peril,  
but in the process of  
your healing.

Lord help me to realize  
that your arms are  
my everlasting safeguard,  
that in your shadow  
I can stand against any  
fierceness,  
so that I can stand with  
you as I face danger,  
with a sword of  
holiness.

Amen.

Psalm 34:8

Let those who suffer according to the will  
of God commit their souls to Him  
in doing good.  
- 1 Peter 4:19

### Instead In Stone

Instead in stone I want  
to write in people s hearts,  
instead in marble  
I want to write in someone s snareS:  
engrave a love that is only through Jesus,  
etch a phrase that He entirely cares.  
Instead in granite  
I want to mark a verse,  
instead in brick  
I want to chisel a guarantee,  
that in Christ Jesus  
you shall be from bondage,  
in Christ Jesus you  
shall be set free!  
Amen.

### Timeless

When the clocks moves  
so slowly, and  
when time seems to move  
so fast,  
just imagine one  
thousand years with Jesus,  
how twenty-four-hours  
they seem to last!  
When the clocks move  
So slowly, and  
when time seems to move  
so fast,  
just imagine one  
day with Jesus,  
how a thousand years  
they seem to last!  
Amen.

Like A Little Child

In His arms I am  
held like a little child,  
with His kiss I  
am made to  
complete perfection,  
by His hands I  
am held through every step,  
one set of footprints  
for every direction.  
By His name I quiver  
like a little young boy,  
by His grace I am  
saved and cured.  
Like a little child I will always be  
happy in my Jesus,  
because on His wings  
I can freely soar.  
Amen.

Matthew 19:13-14



### Just Because

Just because we call  
on His sweet name,  
just because we  
have faith for His reply,  
for the Lord our God  
will fully answer,  
because of our assurance to rely.  
Just because He seems  
far away,  
in the most extended sea of  
weeping He can still fully hear,  
just because He  
is the Lord our God,  
who treasures our  
supplications so dear.  
Amen!

### In Your Name

In your name let me  
drive out every demon,  
in your tender name  
let my mouth be a  
piercing sword.  
Please hear my plea,  
sweet Jesus,  
my God and Almighty Lord.  
In your name let me  
stand before evil,  
with a breastplate of  
righteousness and a shield of faith,  
because in your name  
I run securely in a strong tower:  
a shield to keep me safe.  
In your name let me speak  
in tongues; handle  
snakes and fully expel.  
I shall not follow any  
road of man,  
but go in your name  
and leave a trail.  
Amen!

Mark 16:17-18

My son, be wise, and make my  
heart glad, that I may answer  
him that reproacheth me.  
- Proverbs 27:11

## Prepare The Way

As one let us call in the desert:  
Prepare the way of the Lord!  
Let us make straight paths  
for Him to respect  
and wholeheartedly adore.  
For every valley shall be  
filled in, and every  
mountain and hill made low.  
Every crooked path will  
become straight,  
the rough ways smooth as gold.  
All mankind will see  
God's salvation,  
all God's children will hear  
His sweet voice say,  
that now is the day  
of my Holy Mountain!  
So let's prepare Him  
the way!  
Amen!

Luke 3:4-6

## God Almighty

God Almighty had  
made the earth by  
His power,  
by His wisdom He has  
founded the world.  
By His understanding  
He has stretched out  
the heavens, by His love  
He made every boy and girl.  
God Almighty is  
the one you should  
call Holy, the one to fear  
and to dread,  
God Almighty is the way  
to salvation, because  
of the blood Jesus shed.  
God Almighty is the  
tower of safety,  
The one whose breath gave  
me life.  
God Almighty is the one  
whom I will forever serve,  
and to whom I commit my  
sacrifice.

Jeremiah 51:15

Scarlet to Snow

From scarlet to snow my  
soul did change,  
and what a magnificent  
juncture is was.  
From red to white  
my heart did alter,  
oh what a awesome action of love!  
From sullied to clean  
my life did amend,  
what a beautiful and blessed  
alteration.  
From scarlet to snow  
was my precious reward,  
thanks to God s gift  
of salvation.  
Amen!

### Lean On His Arms

Like a mother holding her child  
with a sweet embrace,  
like a mother holding her child  
with precious care,  
so will my Lord Jesus  
hold me in His arms,  
with His love as a  
harmonious flare.

Like a brother with his arms  
around my shoulders,  
like a brother with his  
help so near,  
so will my Lord Jesus  
assist my every problem,  
with a passion so  
manifestly clear.

Like a father who provides  
love so eternally,  
like a father who shelters me  
with affection so pure,  
so will my Lord Jesus  
never forsake me,  
for I will lean on the arms  
of the Almighty Lord.  
Amen.

Isaiah 66:13

Robe of Righteousness

Array me in a robe of  
righteousness O Lord,  
clothe me with  
garments of salvation.  
Take out my heart of  
stone and make it flesh,  
purify me with complete  
purification.  
This is my plea of you,  
Almighty God,  
that you will give me  
the sword of your Holy Word,  
that demons quiver in my presence,  
with angels uplifting me with sweet allure.  
Let me take a stand and  
empty all my egoism and worldly lust,  
let me proclaim your name  
through your love and grace,  
let me trample serpents  
into nothing but dust,  
and be a light that shines  
your face.  
Amen!

Isaiah 61:10



I will put my laws in their minds and write them on their hearts. I will be their God, and they will be my people. No longer will a man teach his neighbor, or a man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, because they will all know me, from the least of them to the greatest. For I will forgive their wickedness and will remember their sins no more.

-Hebrews 8:10-12

His Eternal

With the rod of His mouth  
the Lord will strike the earth,  
with the breath of His lips  
He will slay the immoral,  
but with His righteous  
right hand He will  
hide His children,  
and by His grace we are  
His eternal.  
Amen.

Isaiah 11:14

## Out Of

Out of the mouth of a hungry  
God, do I hear such a  
longing heart, for people  
to just simply come,  
and from sin wholly depart.  
Out of the Spirit of a incredible  
Lord, do I feel such a  
overwhelming thirst,  
for people to come to living  
water, to wholly make Him first.  
Out of the soul of the living  
Christ, do I sense such  
a breathtaking desire,  
for people to come and make  
Him their Savoir,  
before they go  
into Hell s ineradicable fire.  
Oh how I hear Him &  
Amen.

## When I Was Knitted

When I was knitted in my  
mother s womb,  
when I was shaped and formed  
before my birth,  
Jesus Christ was with  
me every moment,  
figuring me by priceless worth.  
When I born into the air  
of this evil world,  
when I was alive under the  
environment of the sky,  
Jesus Christ was with  
me every moment,  
telling me it was for me  
that He died.

Isaiah 44:2

## Euphoric

Oh how softly does the Nightingale  
sing, a reverberation that  
stretches towards the sky,  
oh how stunning the sound  
of a cracking egg,  
Oh the beauty of God's breath of life!  
Oh how beautiful the trees  
that gesticulate in the wind;  
obeying the commands  
of Almighty God,  
oh how sweet the sound of  
a baby's laughter, how  
precious they are!  
Oh how lovely every life  
that is born by Jesus,  
oh how pleasant to be  
in midst of the hands of  
Christ,  
oh how euphoric I am  
to be in center of all living  
beings, I give God  
all the Glory for life!  
Amen.

### Put To Words

I can not put to words, the  
emotion that God makes  
me feel, I can not  
put to words the  
sensation that is so  
real.

I can not put to words,  
the pleasure Christ makes  
me embrace,

I can not put to words  
the Glory of seeing  
His face.

I can not put to words  
the eternal love that makes  
me complete,

I just give Him all the  
glory, and bow down  
at His feet.

Amen.

Thy hands have made me and  
fashioned me: give me understanding,  
that I may learn thy commandments.  
-Psalms 119:73

Little Lamb

Lift me up O Lord from  
the gates of death,  
pick up my body  
from the snarl of  
the immoral.

Carry me in your arms  
and bring me to your  
heavenly home,  
Where I can be yours  
eternal.

Walk beside me by still  
waters O Lord, tell me  
forever how loved I am:  
all because you have  
made me in your image,  
all because I am  
your Little Lamb.

Amen!



### Sweetly Pardoned

Through your tender mercies  
you hold me clear,  
of any sin I had done.  
Through your grace you forgave  
my every transgression,  
because of the blood of your Son.  
Through your loving care  
you arrayed me in a robe  
of snow, where once  
I was displayed in the skin  
of shame,  
but because I confess and ask  
for pardon,  
you'll always take my sin away.  
Amen.

Pearl of Great Price

Lord I laid myself at your  
feet, because inside  
I felt so blank,  
my heart felt so unfilled  
with crushing grief,  
my feet sensed the  
end of the plank.  
I felt like a lifeless  
stone; a mineral  
of motionless time,  
a rock that is frozen  
with fear,  
something of sand and grime.  
But then I heard your  
sweat whispering voice,  
a voice that comes from the  
God of life,  
Be still my child and know,  
that you are my pearl  
of great price.  
Amen!

Psalm 103:13-14

The Language of My Tears

The language of my sorrow,  
the language of my cry,  
oh how beautifully they are  
heard by the ears of  
Jesus Christ.

Tears glides down,  
teardrops drips  
to the floor,  
oh how sweetly they are  
caught by the hand  
of the Lord.

The language of my tears,  
the language of my sob,  
oh how superbly  
there are known  
by Almighty God.  
Amen!

No Matter

From the utmost of heights,  
from the lowest of  
low,  
my Lord Jesus Christ  
will be there wherever  
I go.  
From the peak of trepidation,  
from the absence  
of peace,  
no matter my situation,  
my God will never  
cease.  
Amen.

The Lord is gracious, and full  
of compassion; slow to anger,  
and of great mercy  
- Psalm 145:8

Do You Feel?

Do you feel lost? Don't know  
which way to turn?  
Do you feel like your very  
heartbeat slowly burns?  
Do you feel like there is sorrow  
everywhere you go?  
Do you feel like you are  
submerged in the lowest  
of all low?  
Do you feel sunken, into a  
boat with no oar?  
Do you feel like not caring  
any more?  
Do you feel like there is no hope,  
as if there is never any  
belief?  
Just turn to God  
for a supportive hand,  
who only provides eternal relief.  
Amen!

Psalm 33:20

## My Artist

Sometimes I feel like a blank  
    canvass, looking for  
    my own brush,  
to paint myself into something  
    elegant: but I suffer the  
    control of rush.  
Sometimes I feel like a white  
    piece of paper,  
    looking for my own lead,  
to draw out every single  
    plan of my life,  
but yet do I still feel dead.  
I always feel like there  
    is no completion,  
    that there is no color  
    for my heart,  
but then I realize Jesus  
is my artist, and in His  
sight I am a priceless  
    work of art.  
    Amen!

### Take A Moment

Take a little moment and  
look around, perceive  
with your eyes such a  
outstanding site.

Take a little moment and  
breathe in the cool air,  
and appreciate God's  
sweet light.

Take a little moment and  
walk around, feel the wind  
as it blows in your hair,  
take a little moment and  
sit down in the grass,  
feel His presence  
everywhere!

Take a little moment  
and rest in God's promise,  
that even though evil  
may be alive,  
you are safe in such an  
beautiful landscape;  
the atmosphere of  
Jesus Christ.

Amen!



### Pathway

Never loose your way in  
the world s thick mist,  
no matter how murky  
it may seem.  
Never let go of God s  
sweet hand, no matter  
how far away He  
seems to be.  
Never misplace your  
precious pathway,  
no matter how hard  
the briars harm,  
because the clear road  
of man leads to destruction,  
and the pathway of briars  
to God s arms.  
Amen!

### If I Could

If I can stop one heart  
from breaking, if  
I could help one dove  
find its nest yet again,  
then I could never live in vain,  
but be a light for men.  
If I could ease the pain of  
one person, if I could  
only kiss the face of a crying  
child,  
I could never live in vain,  
but be for the drowning  
a precious isle.  
If I can stop one soul from  
death, by telling them about  
the mercy of our God,  
then I will never live in vain,  
but hear Jesus say:  
Oh, how precious you are!  
Amen.

I will heal their backsliding, I  
will love them freely: for mine  
anger is turned away from him.  
- Hosea 14:4

An Ode To Sinners:

If you were driving in your car,  
or at home eager to  
probe in sin,  
then suddenly you hear a loud  
noise, from somewhere  
outside or within,  
what would you do, if  
all the people are suddenly gone,  
into the sky to abide in Christ,  
approaching their new home?  
What would you do, if  
all those angels left,  
left you stranded for satan,  
left you stranded for dead?  
What would you do, when  
you realize you weren't  
in Christ, who was the  
only one to save,  
the only one of life?  
What would you do, when  
weeping and gnashing of teeth,  
suddenly come upon your  
sinful hide, with no relief?  
What would you do, when you wish  
you flew from sin?  
Nothing. It's too late.  
You wasn't born again.  
Amen.

Oh How I Feel!

Oh how I feel so embellished  
by peace, that my God  
will on no account  
cease.

Oh how I feel so saturated  
with perfect haven,  
as God's presence  
satisfies His children's craving.  
Oh how I will feel so garlanded  
with undying love,  
when Jesus Christ tears the skies  
and excels above.

Oh how I feel so loved, accepted and free,  
when my Lord God comes  
to abide with me.  
Amen.

## Deep Silence

Through the deep silence  
of a forlorn heart,  
is the nest where strength  
comes alive,  
through the deep fault  
of a timorous soul,  
is the place where  
Jesus cries.  
Oh how heartfelt is the Lord  
Almighty, when one  
becomes so sad,  
how caring is His grace  
and glory, when He whispers  
the love He has.  
Through the deep stillness  
of a timid body,  
is the place of healing and  
relief,  
just turn your silence to  
God Almighty, who  
restores your  
every grief.  
Amen.

A Blessed Fact

Lord your eyes shine like  
radiant treasures,  
your arms reach out like  
a righteous gemstone,  
your face sparkles  
with love of no measure,  
your heart is my  
gracious home.

Lord your feet excels  
like a perpetual charm,  
your kiss takes away  
all my strife,  
your grace is an  
shelter from all harm,  
your being is my  
very life.

Amen.

Panting

As the deer pants  
for streams of water,  
so my soul pants for you,  
O God,  
as the hungry gasp for  
living bread, so my  
heart longs to know how  
great you are.  
As the darkness vanish  
when pierced by light,  
so you make my  
troubles disappear,  
As the trees raise their hands  
in glorious delight,  
so my soul longs to feel  
You near.  
Amen.

Psalm 42:1



For I reckon that the suffering of this  
present time are not worthy to be  
compared with the glory which shall  
be revealed in us.  
-Romans 8:18

### Supplication

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust:  
let me never be put to  
confusion.  
Deliver me in thy righteousness,  
be thou my strong habitation.  
Incline thine ear unto me,  
and save my very life.  
For thou art my rock and  
my fortress, for  
thou art my hope,  
Jesus Christ!  
By thee have I been holden up  
from the womb, my praise  
shall be continually of thee.  
My tongue also shall talk of thy  
righteousness all the day long,  
simply because thy blood  
hath set me free!  
Amen!

Psalm 71

### You Been There

Through every step of my  
route, through every  
fall of my flight,  
Lord you been there every  
single moment; with your  
grace and marvelous light.  
Lord you been there when  
my heart ruptures with fear,  
you been there when  
darkness consumes me whole,  
God you even been there  
every breath I took,  
for your hand never  
let me go.  
Through every footprint  
my foot toddled,  
through every moment  
the devil wolf-downed  
my heart,  
through every sin that held  
me captive,  
still you never depart.  
Amen.

### Plea

Enter exhaustively in my spirit,  
cut asunder all the ghastly infection,  
bathe me oh Lord with the  
saving power of your blood,  
into sweet, inclusive perfection.  
Engrave in my soul the  
symbol of the cross,  
so that it can shine against the  
power of the devil,  
take my hands and implant  
the sword of the spirit,  
entitle me an angel who once was rebel.  
Enable my path to shine  
your holy light,  
because by this I can  
surely declare,  
that through your grace  
alone I can stand in purity,  
through your love  
I rest in your care.  
Amen

### Sword of the Spirit

In my heart I feel as an  
ephemerid; my days as if  
already past,  
I can not sense another twelve hours,  
and the night doesn't seem to last.  
In my soul I feel as an  
diamond, hidden deeply  
beneath the earth,  
You tell my oh Lord how priceless  
my heart is, but it seems  
like all is exposed apart from my worth.  
No one cares to hear my preaching,  
because I do not long to scratch  
itchy ears, I long to give  
the example of your piercing Word,  
even through many tears.  
I should not care what the world may see of me,  
I should not care what the  
sinners may say,  
as long as I hold the sword of the spirit,  
my value will shine more and more  
every day.  
Amen.

## The Door

Oh the years I ve been scraping  
my fingers against this door,  
grasping the knob with agony and pain.  
Oh the years I ve wasted trying to  
enter on my own, when all I had  
to do was receive His grace.  
Through all this time I ve been  
attempting my own means, when  
all I had to do was get on my knees  
and plea;  
that God s granted entrance  
for my soul would be  
out of love and entirely free.  
Many men try to grasp this knob,  
and open it by their own technique,  
but little do they realize  
it can only have been opened  
freely,  
for those who heartily seek.  
Amen.

I cried to Him with my mouth,  
and high praise was on my tongue.  
-Psalms 66:17

With You in my Heart

With you in my heart, Oh Lord,  
I am a star in the darkness night.  
Those in the shadows shall observe your glow  
in me, and the evil shall flee in fright.  
With you in my heart, Oh Lord,  
I know your children shall shine in righteousness,  
Those in chains of iniquity shall despise your Word,  
but darkness can not shine into holiness.  
With you in my heart, Oh Lord,  
I am a gemstone among grains of sand:  
a stone with a firm foundation, and  
those who have a form of godliness shall sink  
without strength to stand.  
With you in my heart, Oh Lord,  
Satan can not, by no means, surpass me,  
For his snares fail and give way,  
For with you in my heart,  
Oh Merciful Father,  
I shine brighter and brighter  
Each and every day.  
Amen.



## Restoration

Restore me to my health, oh Lord,  
bring back the wellbeing of my bones.  
May my heart never be polluted with  
immoral indulgence,  
that leaves me sick and alone.  
All this Lord I pray unto thee,  
all this I pray for the sake of your name,  
for as me and my house we will serve you,  
for as me and my house we  
give you praise.  
Restore us to the right way;  
the way, the truth, and the life,  
let our ears be opened unto the truth,  
and our eyes open to see the Light.  
Restore us oh merciful Father,  
reinstate our relationship with Thee,  
for there will come a time we shall  
see your full splendor,  
and we will be with you eternally.  
But oh, until then &  
Amen.

## The Voice

Oh the voices of the mouth of the world,  
the quantity of them so very unsettled,  
how many lies and lures shall the  
enemy whisper, how much shall he utter?  
I am weary of it s mumbling,  
as if a thousand heads were in my own,  
but there has never been such peace,  
the moment I invited the Truthful One.  
The moment I invited the honest voice,  
the second I request His voice in my mind,  
was the moment all the other voices  
ceased: as if there was an halt to all time.  
I have never felt so peaceful,  
I have never felt so free,  
the moment Jesus said My sheep  
Know my voice,  
all because I know their plea.  
For I know the cry of their hearts,  
for I know the lies they perceive,  
but my children will always know my voice,  
because my voice will  
set them free.  
Amen.

### Whole Surrender

How can God mend a broken heart,  
if not you give Him every piece?

Does it not take every piece  
of a puzzle, to complete  
such a masterpiece?

How can God mend your broken spirit,  
if not you surrender your entire concern?

Does it not take all facts of a  
subject, for it to being thoroughly  
learned?

How can God receive your soul,  
if not you surrender your entire will?

For it takes whole surrender,  
for God to wholly heal.

Amen.

Canst Thou, Oh Poet?

Oh poet, canst thou hear all the notes of  
the melody of God,  
canst thou understand the tune His  
voice doth intone?  
Canst thou put to words all the observations  
of God's splendor,  
and the glory of His superb throne?  
Oh poet, canst thou hath the words laudable,  
to explain the heavenly angel's choir?  
Oh poet, canst thou clarify the  
sweetness of His beauty,  
and the potency of His power?  
Oh poet, canst thou heart contain the language,  
to expound the mystery of Christ?  
Canst thou write about His breadth and depth,  
and put those amplifying words to life?  
Most ah surely not.  
Amen

*Anthology of Praises*

1. My hands reach out for an harp to play soothing music for you, O God; my breath is weak from panting thy praises deserved. My love and thanks for thee is beyond my own imagination; a love too deep and too broad to fathom.

2. My cry of joy towards you is incessant; a cry that reaches beyond what my hands could raise: a cry of enchantment that is elevated above every star; in all my weakness do I still cry out to my Jesus: the Saviour of the world.

3. When my tears are beyond what my eyes can handle, my love for thee is still unwavering; a blessed, endless, and explosive love that ruptures my heart by every beat.

4. Both my hands still reach out for an instrument worthy enough to give you an endless praise, but I find none that can match your deserved worship; then your whisper tells me my voice is strong enough. So now I use my breath, until wind blows away my dust, to give you worship, even in the Kingdom to come.

6. Thank you, my God, when my Spirit was low, for comfort and a guiding voice<sup>¾</sup>a light that led me out of intense darkness; a hand that guided me out of extreme shadows: a mercy that uplifted my rotten heart into a indescribable brightness as vivid as the sun set on high.

7. My love for thee, even though never comparable to your love for me, streams through my every vein; like living

waters that pump the blood by which I m saved: your own. No words could ever describe the indescribable.

8. In my breath I do praise you for what you are, my hands are perpetually raised: psychically and spiritually. Thank you O God for your divine and tender mercy: because without you it would have been better if I was never born.

9. Without you as my Lord, my Abba, my dust would not only unite with the earth again at that day when it is time, my soul would as well. Then into hell would I be known, and my remembrance as if it was never so. So I thank you Father for the gift of life: a gift that I am unworthy of, but yet freely given to me by your great love and grace. I say Amen.

10. My toils and troubles seem harsh against my heart of flesh O Lord my God, and sometimes do I wonder why you seem to be hiding as if I am going through a test. Now I realize you are my teacher, who is silent but yet ever present. Even though I may not pass: your mercy still sustains me.

11. In you alone, O Jesus, do I position every single ounce of my confidence; into your hands I commend my Spirit, into your arms I laud your embrace, and at your feet I fall down before your throne for mercy and love. In you alone do I entrust my soul. Thank you.

12. Your book of remembrance is deep with my tears of sorrow from my past, but since your grace and mercy has uplifted me from my constant mourning, now my tears are kept in thy past as a lesson: to trust in you for help. You alone are God. Glory to God in the Highest. Thank you.

13. Let the impenitence of sinners be a lesson to me; the ignorance of them are a lesson learned in my heart: that they are a reminder of the voyage to hell, a place where no thanks goes unto thee, Lord. A place shaped for sin. I can only pray for a sinner, and pray I provide a teaching for them about your sweet, tender, precious, and loveable Word: a light that can fully outperform darkness. Thank you.

14. Music seems to be flooding my organs as though brook waters purr in my ears when I hear your sweet voice, my Prince of Peace: a composition where no human, nor angel, could generate: it is the only harmony fashioned by your sweet hands. I give thee thank for thousand generations and eternal generations to come.

15. I give you praise for my ability, by you, to soar. I am a jovial spirit that does not sit back and simply yearn for something to happen; instead I embark on the beam of light through your facilitation, and oh, how I soar liberally.

16. The dynamic dimension of your elegant value is like sitting under a willow tree listening to the birds perform a graceful piece of music. The dimension of your love, to me, settles deep within my soul like the calm, tranquil waters that flow down a creek: and compelling as that of a waterfall. Thank you Father.

17. Your arms are more influential as that of a human shepherd: for you are the perfect Shepherd. Reach out your rod and hand to guide me back from the rainstorm.

18. Your comfort is as consoling as the shade under a

mighty oak; after wondering in the sweltering heat. You restore my confidence with a kiss as sweet as honey, and you pacify my every heartache; like a mother holding her child with a compassionate smile.

19. My gratitude for your mercy is as high as mountains; higher than the pinnacle of the galaxy. My appreciation for your tender love is as effusive as a mother dove empathetic for her young. Amen.

20. You turned my darkness into a bright, precious radiance; your light floods my veins; every filament of my body and soul: like a downpour of heavenly-flared fire. You convex my despair into saccharine sugar, and my hands quiver with ecstasy by the mention of your very name.

21. Lord my appreciation could never be clarified by any word in the vocabulary; for it is a gratitude that is as enriching as that of a little naïveté doe, but yet powerful as the immense enormity of the sea. My gratefulness for you is as warm as a child's embrace, and as special as a father's tears of ecstasy.

22. Whenever I am lonely, some moments I feel like I am at face with a blank whiteness; and I long to reach out with a brush of many colors to paint my future, but yet every stroke coalesces in a blur: but then I see that the brush has always been in your hands, O God, and my future is yet to be painted before my eyes, even though it is already a masterpiece completed. Thank you.

23. No lamentation or distress could be found eternally in the rhythm of my heartbeat; for my heart is now a heart of flesh; whereas once I was displayed in skin of shame; once described as a grieving wolf: but now, since your blood has saved me, O Lord, my soul is at rest and content as that of a sheep.

24. Once I was aware of my body, shifting around like a statue in motion, with every ounce of me like granite; unable to love. But since thou has touched me with the core of your Spirit: I now settle in flesh. Thank you.

25. Even though you solve not all the problems on earth, sweet Lord, every miracle mirrors clear signs of how life should be: and a promise of how it will be in the Kingdom to come. Thy Will be done.

26. As a lamb in your arms, you tend your flock with mighty arms of a Shepherd; and my every heartbeat will eternally be close to yours, as one. Amen.

27. Lord, I will stand still and consider the wondrous works of your mighty hands; and stand at rest to contemplate how you dispatch every cloud to shine. I will look upon every cloud and see how they are perfectly balanced, and engrave my ear on how heavenly and perfect your knowledge is, and how you emerge from the north with golden splendor, and awesome majesty.

28. Lord, with bended knees do I radiate the wondrous splendor of your grandeur. I take in the aroma of the light and optimistic picture of your Word, and stand in awe as you open rivers in desolate heights.

29. Lord I cannot take in the way you stretch out the Heavens like a curtain. You had me the moment you laid the beams of your upper chambers in the waters; the moment you made known to me that the clouds are your chariot: that you walk on the wings of the wind. I can not express my gratitude enough knowing that you blessed your angels with spirits; and your ministers with flames of fire. Amen.

30. Lord I am the portion of the earth that is satisfied with the fruits of your works. Your living bread strengthens my heart, and my face shines with your anointing oil. Just like the sun knows when he will let the moon have her turn, so do I know when to give you praise, honor, and glory: but my part is perpetual. Blessed be the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!

31. When you open your hands, Dear God, my soul ignites with fiery passion: a flame that sets me to the pinnacle of what my heart can contain. Even though a poet; which I could never explain the pinnacle of your power; that one flame above me by your hands displays what is beyond words. Thank you. Amen.

32. Lord if you used only the ideal people who are perfect, nothing would ever be complete according to your purpose, so I thank you Father for using me, to do your Will, thank you for using me: a imperfect soul that is precious to you.

33. I do not want to use my heart to praise your sweet Holy name in futile approach, but use my heart to worship according to my love for you, and nothing else. Thank you Lord for this blessing.

34. If my beating heart were crafted with the instrument of ten thousand strings, and my mouth formed as a psaltery; still I would never give thee thy praises merit, but I do contain something more valuable than the melody I am not able to sing enough: love. Thank you Father Abba.

35. I feel every fiber of my being anointed with sweet oil. Every muscle burned with Holy fire: every filament of my veins a combustion of tender love. Life is within me, existence is within my heart. Oil overflowing my soul: my body cosseted in the palms of Jesus. Thank you God. My thanks towards you is too wonderful for words.

36. My heart of flesh longeth for the strength of the Lord; because some moments life will throw spheres of fire upon me, but my God reminds me that the fire is set below my heel, and my heel is above it's head. Amen.

37. When the land below me is set on fire of darkness, and my eyes are bearing in mind the appalling trepidation of it all, I then raise my hands to you Dear Lord, because you are as beloved as an breeze on a blistering day; and a shadow from every high temperature. I express my gratitude as best as I am able.

36. When I am lost within the paths of life that seems equivalent to the shapes of an kaleidoscope, Lord even then I find your hand an everlasting guide: a funnel of light I see when darkness chokes my throat to a point where it seems a demonic goat is garroting me.



37. Sporadically do I go and hide in a attractive cave from the harms of life, but then do I realize the ravenous bear inside lurking in the darkness. Thank you Lord for helping me realize that all I had to do, to be safe, was just stand still in my place, and then trust in you. It is then do I become invisible to satan. Thank you gracious Father.

38. Lord thank you so much for ordering my steps, and I thank you, being that even though I slipped and periodically fail, your mercy helped me back up: mercy that is as sweet as sugar and higher than the heavens to those that fear your precious, sweet, tender name. Amen.

39. Lord all the men of proud expressions convey such a passive appearance that seem like honey to the simple, but little do they know the sin that had created all the sin; it is like a man walking with a inebriated saunter: his honey-like iniquity invisibly digging his own depth into hell. Thank you for letting me become conscious of this.

40. Every action of man is counted as perceptible into thine eyes O Lord, and every erroneous offense is marked against us, but thank you for the unwrapping of repentance, for it unwraps the gift of life.

41. The hands that shed innocent blood are like famished wolves that seek the whiteness of little sheep; their hunger is like that of an ant glazing at sugar: deep and intensely depraved. But I thank you that my heart is that of a little sheep; and even though I stand as prey to the wolf, thy hands will forever comfort me, only because I put my every ounce of trust to you, My Shepherd. Hallowed by thy Name.

42. Lord I commit my every thought towards you, and my mindset is established by your Word and rectitude. I thank you for the medal of having you as my Savoir and the award of having you as the air I breathe. Thank you.

43. The breath of the beast is hot and blistering, invisible to all the workers of iniquity, and ubiquitous to the children of God. I thank you Lord for the bravery to stand ahead of this breath and slay it like a sword in thick mist. I also thank you for the chance to warn those who do not feel the breath: to caution them that the inhalation will soon be as jagged teeth unto their own souls if they do not repent.

44. My heart is upright and vertical in love; therefore my God will put aside the wicked and look upon me with a everlasting smile. I thank you O God for your beloved and life-saving hands which uplifted me out of the destiny of doom.

45. One ounce of love evaporates every sin I have every done; one degree of remorse fades away the pointing finger of the serpent. One particle of deserved condemnation sets me free from the eternal flame. I thank you my Lord for existence.

46. Every episode of waywardness within the lapse of my youth is a lesson for me; condemnation had set my heart on fire and made me comprehend the meaning of wrong indulgence itself. Sin has a unseen countenance; a mask of pleasure that swathes a face of malevolent damnation.

47. My eyes are indolent for the visions of Heaven, and my hands are lethargic of giving you the reverence your heart is worthy of. Thank you God for my capability to cry out to you daily.

48. Array me sweet Lord with the precious, beautiful cloth of your sweet righteousness: sprinkle your anointing oil over the skin of my bones, for I feel like my carcass is closer to the grave; every day my bones nearer to the dirt where worms are ravenous for my soul. My foot slippeth and my hands fail, but into Thy heart I cry out for a robe of snow to dissolve all blackness that may slither in my heart.

49. For you know my heart Dear God, you know the rhythm of my beating and the resonance of my sporadic aching. You know when my body rises and the desires and contents my soul contains. You know when my tears commence and when my organs throb with pain. You know me even though I sin; for you look at me in the eyes of precious Grace. Thank you dearly and Amen.

50. Lord sometimes I feel like condemnation is knocking on the door of my heart, and into your hands do I give it all to you. Thank you for being my God and thank you for letting me rest on the zenith of your shoulders. Thank you for being there to bestow the grace and mercy of your being when my foot was marching through the mud of worldly matters. Thank you for being there when my energy was feeble. Thank you for choosing me as I am, and thank you for my being able to praise you daily, even in the nucleus of all my dreams. Let everything that hath breath praise ye the Lord.

51. The un-forgiveness within men is a burden that keeps score to all iniquities, but your love O Lord keeps no verification of wrong. Your exquisiteness is the melody of a mountain brook, your splendor begging description.

52. Throughout history as the waters created the Grand Canyon, this is the timelessness of your magnificence... a blessed fact that, even though your plans seem to take a long time: in the end you give birth to something breathtaking

53. God you are the imaginative painter of autumn's masterwork, the stunning stature of Sequoia trees and the euphony of a poet's pen. Your love is as tender as a mother's care, your heart is as sincere as a little child, and your hand as strict as a father's castigation. Your majesty sings as soft as a hummingbird's wings, but yet as powerful as a detonation.

54. No words could explicate the power in your very voice; it is sharper as a double-edged sword; cutting asunder the wicked and brutal men. Your wrath can not be hidden from evil's eyes: your breath can not be tolerable to the heinous hearts of malevolent monsters.

55. Like a precious and valuable diamond excelling flamboyantly through my inner being, Lord your overwhelming love courses through me utterly, igniting the light for the world to see. I glow with delight and happiness and my mouth can only praise your name. Into your heart I give thanks

56. On wings of eagles do I soar from side to side with the strength you give me. With the heart of a dove do I fly through complexity and with the hope you sustain me with. With the courage of a lion do I prey down evil with the wisdom you delegate. In you alone can I breathe, in you alone, my God, do I exist.

57. The most astonishing prose of poetry could never illustrate the smile on your face, my Lord. The most awe-inspiring manner of description could never express the glint in your eyes; a glimmer that shakes me to the very bone: a shimmer that brings me to my knees in awe. The most striking and arresting sparkle of a million rubies could never render the full detail of the blood-stain on your palms: the meaning of it all is just beyond portrayal.

58. Your love will always be a mystery to me, and your grace will forever amaze me to the very core. Your heart is like living waters that brim over each and every soul with breath-taking respect. Your arms will always be wrapped around me when I cry; my precious, precious, Abba.

59. The grief of hell, though deep, could never be as deep as the love of you, Jesus; a love as delicate as a rose, with thorns that a man has yet to climb to get to you. The delicate scent of enchanting beauty is ahead of what any man could inhale. A breath-taking scent: an aroma of sweet milk and honey.

60. Ignite my heart to feel you more, O God: burst me into heavenly flames of zealous love that I may know more and more of your glory and celestial compassion. Liberate every stone that is compressing my heart O Lord, so that every inch of me is flesh.

61. Lord you are the inspiration and the creative Spirit through every artistic soul on earth; the harmony that gently surges through each musician's veins: giving them ability to form and construct, all according to your plan.

62. Lord you are as elegant as the sunrise; which reflect your mercy. Your ways are like the pattern of a geometrically designed snowflake: each different with each soul, but yet all according to one purpose.

63. God you performeth the panache of the mountains as if it was fashioned with music itself. You set the sky on fire with the splendor of the clouds that reflect the dust of your feet. You shew forth your lovingkindness within the smile of sweet, precious children, and your heart plays a sweet tune of serenity upon the hearts of every mother.

64. Like a mountain of vibrant spices, and like a valley of special flowers, so is your eyes, my God. They sparkle like energetic trinkets, and the velvetiness of them are like a thousand creeks running together over supple stones.

65. Your arms are like a peaceful meadow for the dutiful, but are a striking blade to the wicked. Your feet display such stunning shows as the clouds above form in different contours, but they stomp down the immoral: even below the dust.

66. Just like the cool autumn breeze kissing the skin of

my smile, so is your whisper of correction unto my ears. They are straightforward and they lack any manner of human knowledge: for your wisdom is far beyond what any man or woman could empathize.

67. Lord when you breathe the breath of life within my form; in the womb was I fashioned by love and spirit. My heartbeat thumped of life, and my mouth panted for thy praises ought to have. When I was born, held in the strength of a doctor's hands, I lifted my arms as if I worshiped you before hand. My cry of existence was an precious, heart-warming example of what all of your fingers compose. Use me as an instrument of righteousness. Amen.

68. Lord I feel like an lamb carried on the peak of your shoulders; the softness of your hair comforts me and your strong hands uphold every contour of my body. The weight of me is like an feather to your fingers, dear God, and the height of me is like the stature of a small, precious child. I am safe as I lean against your face. I sleep in peaceful dreams as you whisper the sweetest lullaby ever known to man.

69. In your chastisement I find both terror and relief. I take in the air of all punishment deferentially and I will always learn from your reprimand. Your hands always teach me from right and wrong, and even though my foot may slip into the morass of the world, your mercy is superior and your grace abounds much more. Amen. Hallowed be the name of our merciful Lord Jesus Christ forevermore.

70. Lord you are ahead of what our minds could think and beyond our reach, and your power is like the mighty force of an earthquake that quivers beyond what man could ponder by your wrath, and soothes every aching heart beyond what every herb of the earth could do. Your fingers compose the melody of the birds and the colors of the glistening lakes. Your palms showers your blood through every believer like a wash of potent rain. Your mind contains more thoughts towards us than the sand on the seashore, and your mercy is more enhanced and higher than the theatrical colors of the milky-way.

71. In the same way a tree appeases itself in a calm, sunny day; with its limbs stretching out into the unflustered wind, so do I when I sit with your Word in my hand, and as a tree grows by its seed, so do I nurture as each verse mounts in my mindset.

72. In the same way as a child expresses his exhilaration after he receives a special gift from his mother, so do I feel when I stand in prayer: my heart throbs with joy because of the promise you give me, Lord thy God: a promise of eternal ecstasy and the everlasting love that sets down deep within each precious child. Hallowed be the name of the Lord Jesus Christ now and forever more. Amen.

73. Lord enwrap your tender, all-consuming love through me like never before, for my heart is defunct with a fracture that is nearly unable to mend. Your love is the only remedy.

74. Your majesty, My God, reveals secret things

incompetent for a natural man to discern; it divulges hidden treasures that loosens facades that conceal it. If only we will become more keen on a true child of God, then your majesty and grace will soak us.

75. Lord, my guiding focus is a quest every dubious soul longs for: and that is you. Thank you Jesus for the precious opportunity to know you. Unlike the burning souls who face the fact that they are eternally separated from your Holy presence, I live in this world enwrapped by opportunities to serve you. I dedicate my heart to yours, God. Let my every breath be according to your will. Hallowed be thy name forever and without end.

76. Lord, as my ardent love for you flourishes daily, deepen my thoughts into more profound and inestimable realms of who you are. Engrave me in the Lambs book of Life as a little olive tree, or at least consider me as one little leaf, for even at my best state: I still am a worm compared to your glory.

77. My refuge is in the core of your being my Lord, for you perceive my every thought, and every prayer I utter: I give and fully entrust in the palms of your hands.

78. Lord: the valley of the shadow of death is in midst of every step I take. So let your hand carry me, Jesus, in this quicksand-world of only one pair of footprints to be seen. Supply all my needs, for I commit my every heartbeat to you. Through faith do you never leave me, and through love does your merciful light guide me. Amen.

79. Through the warfare that transpires in the ambiance, I still stand within it all enfolded in your peace. For you are the rock that I stand on Lord thy God: a higher foundation that sets me above the mucky grime. With your Word burning in my heart like living water ready to be splashed upon evil, so do I stand and give you praise forevermore.

80. I am clutched tight in a heavy laden, but when I break free I cry out your name Abba Father; and rest in serenity as you whisper in my ear: Be still, and know that I AM God. Your voice tells me all.

81. Like shooting stars and majestic wonders, so if your mercy: for your clemency, like shooting stars, outstretches ahead of the heavens to those who fear your name, and like majestic wonders: outperforms any other revelation known to man. Amen I say. Amen.

82. Lord there are chains in your heart; manacles that reach out and arrest me into the love prison of your soul. May they tauten me stronger than ever before so that by my mistakes I can never break free or escape. The devil has the saw to cut these chains, but his blades always break. Amen.

83. Lord when you place your tender hands upon my head I feel elevated above all the elation could offer man. It surges through me like lightening and my every fiber shakes chaotically.

84. Lord your fingers compose music within each humble spirit. I deny myself right now so that your enthralling melody can assemble me into the composition of your Will,

for my body is nothing but a malicious worm: meager and feeble; therefore I refute my heart so that you can sing within me.

85. Your guiding and overseeing eye is the most tender pilot, Oh Lord, and it conducts my every step into the pathway of peace and rectitude. Please take the wheel.

86. Lord as my knees kneel down before you, you whisper that I am able to stand against the devil's deceitfulness. Only in you can I stand before all the world without trepidation eating away my flesh. It's when I bow on my knees I truly stand.

87. What can I contrast or balance to your glory, Jesus? There is utterly nothing that appraises as much as your tender love. Your love sets the sea in motion, it cools the heat of trees with a breeze and lifts the chin of one in tears, it calms the heart of one in fear, and it settles brawny mountains in its place. Your love is unparalleled. Amen

88. As the potter treadeth the clay, oh Lord, so does your forming hands upon the core of my life. I am the sweat that dripped from your brow, I am the scars upon your back, I am the nails that ruptured the skin of your hands, and like the kiss of Judas, I am the meaning behind it. Yet your love for me is why you died. Amen.

89. Lord let my cry be not dressed in monarchs or in gold, let not my cry be civilized or refined as one in a imperial mansion, let not my cry be as the mouth of the Pharisees, nor let it have the purpose to be heard by other men. Let my cry not be dressed in fine clothing, but let my cry be as that as the one who screamed in the wilderness. Amen.

90. As the purpose of an shrewd watchman, Lord help my eyes see the variation between evil and holiness. Your serving hands are the facilitation of my watching heart and with respectful fear do I bow down before you. Amen.

91. If my heart is your harp, Oh Lord, please reach down and engage in recreation. Tune me into the melody you want me to be in this dark world. Let it be played with angels along with your cherished, precious fingers. Let it be heard throughout the deaf world of the unbelievers. Only your song can pierce the deafness. Amen.

92. I, oh Lord, your unworthy vessel, have been predestined by your saving grace, and like celestial bells seeping ancient, abiding truth, I will live my life as your melody, with the voice of a psalmist and the light of stars that excel evermore. When in despair, have I humbled myself as nothing to find you as my everything. When in the strike of your correcting rod have I opened my eyes to see my calling for your Holy Will, when I died have I truly lived unto life unending. Amen.

93. To dwell on the profundity of your thoughts towards me oh Lord is impossible, but since you have the ability to make possible, you only give me enough knowledge to know the countless grains of sand on the seashore. There is not one instant that I am not on your mind sweet Jesus, for above all else you thought of me when your flesh was pierced



d on the tree; and as your blood poured out like salt on open wounds, my unformed body was always on your mind. Amen.

94. Lord everything in this world is easy for us to put our hope into, but by your Spirit they are all insufficient, except one adequate source: your love.

95. Oh Lord, in this chaotic earth, there are so many wolves wearing the fur of sheep. They stand with silver but serpent tongues. Your Word may be on their lips, but in their hearts I see cobwebs holding pride or mammon. People follow their suits and while their ears are being tickled, they are led by wolves into the realms of false prophecy. Lord help and hold this heart you mold, so that pride may never enter my life, grip it taut. I would rather travel barefoot and pierce the Sword of the Spirit to sinners who would hate me than stand in a fancy suit to hear those who clap at vanity. Amen.

96. Lord a man can know your Word thoroughly with a creative speech, and their words may even lead a lost soul to repentance, but if they talk with pride then they are altogether vanity. If they are to be seen than heard, with the lust of mammon then henceforth their judgment is at hand and are ready to set foot into the hellish abyss where hypocrisy will burn. Narrow indeed is the way. Amen.

97. Lord there is a breathtaking luminosity about the calm luster of the morning. The tune of the birds were as if they were angels in saintly performance, with their soft, drone of whistle that placates my ears into serenity. The atmosphere around me, and the newness of it, were as if you were showing me a piece of elegance. The morning surely does reflect the freshness of your mercy, oh that beautiful radiance!

98. The outer shell around my heart oh Lord is like a brickwork caused by man, so please reach down and destroy its stringency, and hold ever beat in your palm as the heart of a newborn, for in you can I truly pulsate peace and life.

99. Lord, when your love engulfs me like the enormity of the sea, the inner sentiment of my belly explodes with waves of ecstasy. My chest tightens with the amazement of your glory, and my soul dances to the music of your holy voice.

100. So I thank you, oh merciful Father, that my soul is reserved and secure in the palm of your hands, which was only possible by the blood of your Son Jesus. With all I am I praise you, with all my soul I will bow before the breadth and depth of Almighty God. Amen.





