

SPIRITUAL PAINTINGS

MINNIE "PENNY" PENNER

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Minnie "Penny" Penner

Preface



I suppose that for the greater part of my life I have observed and admired the beauty of God's nature in trees, streams, flowers, valleys and the mountains. I don't think that I'm really aware of the time in my life that I felt the need to express my feelings for God's great works; however, I know that I have admired the great paintings of nature, taking special note of trees, finding that no two trees are the same and becoming even more aware of the beauty that only God could create. Too, I am certain that for many years I was filled with a desire to be able to express myself as the great artists did in their paintings. Often I would remark to my friends and relatives that I would like to have been gifted with the talent to paint.

One day in February, 1963, (strangely, the month of my birth) I knelt in prayer and told God how much I enjoyed the paintings of nature. I told Him that I would have been very happy if I had been born with the talent to paint pictures, and if He had given me the talent I gladly would have shared it with other people. I didn't ask God to give me the talent, but was talking to Him as I would to a friend. After thinking about the beauty of God's creation and communing with Him for awhile, I suddenly received an inspiration which seemed to come to me in these words, "You can be a painter—a spiritual one, and the pictures can be painted in poetry." This came as a surprise to me because I had very little experience in writing poetry, having only written a few poems during my life. Deep meditation befell me as I thought of the comparison of painting with words to painting with oils. Both would take a variety of material and would cost someone something. Both would require time in touching up the picture after being sketched so as to be able to present a finished picture and both would give the joy of creating.

In March, 1963, the month after having received this inspiration, I became deathly ill. During this time I re-consecrated my life to take God's way no matter where the path would lead me, and resolved that I would try to paint God's message in the only way I knew how. In many

mysterious ways, God through His great wisdom, has given material for these spiritual paintings. Some material cost tears and heartaches and some material was received through happiness. Although I cannot say these altogether depict true experiences of my own, they do reflect true to life happenings I have personally observed.

Life, as we know, is full of trials and tribulations, inequities and injustices. One of the many problems of our society is that of broken homes so frequently blamed on the unmarried girl. This impressed me so much that I felt the desire to try to create pictures with words so that in some small way I could show, with God's help, that the single girl can also bring happiness through reconciliation of troubled marriage partners. Many of the poems do deal with marital problems but others deal with morals and principles and some are prayers. I trust that after looking at these paintings in a spiritual way, they will become a blessing for which they were intended.

Though I don't have the privilege of being a painter of God's creation in the nature of trees, streams, flowers, valleys and the mountains, I am pleased to be able, with God's help, to paint about God's creation—the nature of people. As I promised God that I would have shared the physical paintings, so with this book I share these poems.

I am deeply and humbly grateful to those who have given their touch of advice and constructive criticism.

Because most of the poems involve conversation between two or more persons, the verses have been indented to indicate the change in the person who is speaking.

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Won't You Give a Good Word Today?



"Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but
a good word maketh it glad." Proverbs 12:25

Let us read Proverbs twelve and twenty-five
In this troublesome world, 'tis true.
Many, many hearts are heavy-loaded,
Sometimes 'tis me and sometimes 'tis you.

Every human being some time in life,
No matter how rich or poor he be,
Will need to hear a good word spoken,
So from his load he can be free.

Just one good word may bring a big smile;
It can cause tears to be wiped away.
To cheer a heavy-loaded heart, my friend—
Won't you give a good word today?

Oh! to be one to lift a heavy load,
A good word will not make sad.
It may be needed by a tear-shedding man,
And sometimes it may be a lad.

There may be one who feels forsaken,
No more attention does he get.
Who will be one to consider him
With a good word, who'll pay the debt?

There may be one who feels unwanted,
Weeping as tho no one did care.
Will you quickly rush to his rescue,
Smile, and a good word with him share?

Sometimes just a pat on someone's back,
And with a good word spoken, too,
May lift a load from a saddened soul.
This we all can easily do.

A good word may brighten a countenance
That often appears very sad.
Oh! if everyone would realize
A good word can make one glad.

Too often it's the heart-piercing words
That people so easily say.
But who will stop long enough to think—
Won't you give a good word today?

To lift a load doesn't take big words,
Spoken with great dignity;
But just a smile and a simple word,
Spoken with true sincerity.

A Friendship Is Regained



Ted, there've been some words that you have said
Which have hurt me very deep.
So today our long friendship will end,
And I don't care if you weep.

But, my friend, Fred, what words did I say?
For it hurts me to hurt you.
Perhaps you didn't get the meaning,
For no harm I meant to do.

Never will I care to discuss it
For it should not have been said.
So my friendship you shall never gain,
Let us part now, ex-friend Ted.

Oh, dear Lord, I now am very sad,
For I thought so much of Fred.
But in vain I tried to clear it up,
Of something he said I said.

My dear servant, do cheer up today,
All you can do is your best.
For this circumstance I know quite well,
So I'll take care of the rest.

Your friend Fred should have considered this,
About the words he just said.
For now he has hurt you twice as much
As you hurt him, tearful Ted.

For his friendship meant so much to you,
Now you're hurt 'cause you hurt him.
And you're hurt 'cause his friendship you lose,
But Ted, please do not get grim.

Dear Lord, it seems I cannot this bear,
Help me his friendship to gain.
Lord, I'll go to any just limit.
Oh, please heal this inward pain.

And Lord, if Fred only knew my hurt,
Would he step right in my place?
Lord, will you permit me once again
To see my former friend's face?

Tho I may never know what hurt him,
Golden words I'll try to speak.
Yes, a precious lesson I have learned,
In prayer better words I'll seek.

And, Lord, you know I have forgiven,
If perhaps he did me fail.
I willingly accept this as my blame,
Now with your help I will not quail.

Ted, please accept my apology,
For I know I've hurt you deep.
And the sorrow all came back to me,
From a friend, seed I did reap.

Forgive me for not forgiving you
Of those harmless words you said.
For your friendship means much more to me—
Than a grudge, believe me, Ted.

Dear Lord, I thank you for my dear friend
That you helped again to gain.
Keep me tender lest others I hurt,
And cause them great inward pain.

“Though I’m Ten Payments Behind”



Friend, I don't care to pay you now—
The money I do you owe,
For there is more I want to buy
Before my account gets low.

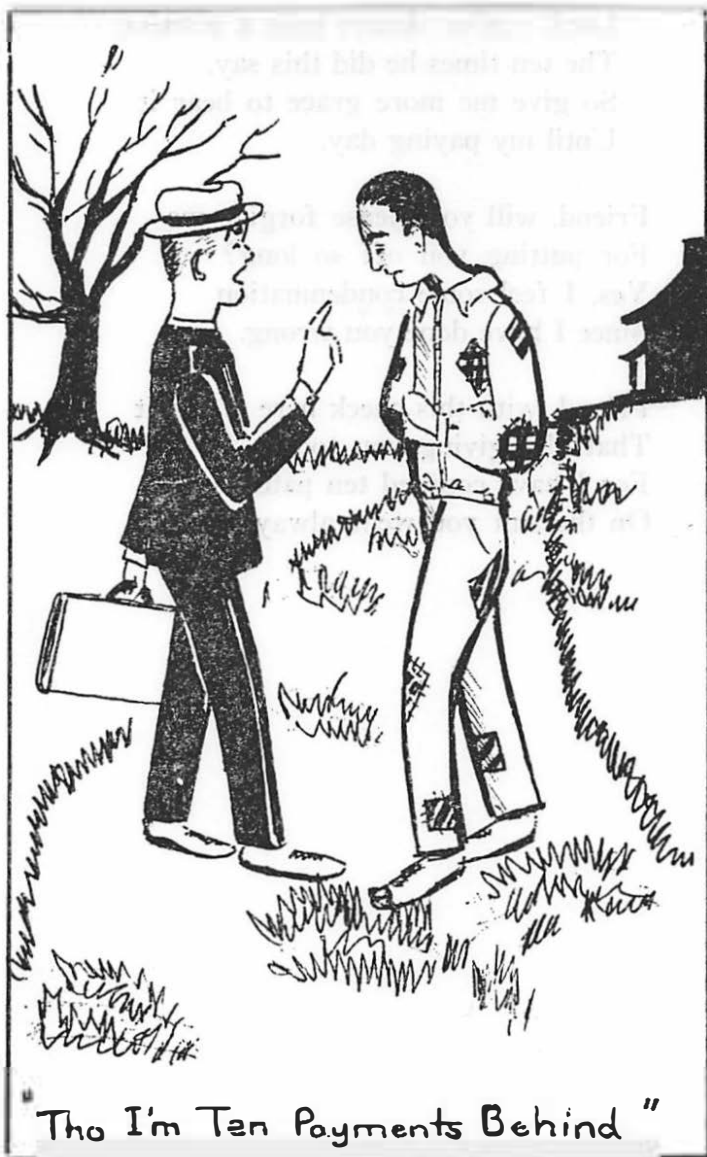
I might see something good I want;
Then there's always things I need.
Friend, I trust you will gladly wait,
And from your thoughts have me freed.

Though I am ten payments behind,
I have a high-honest rank;
So I'll not write you a check now
Of my money in the bank.

Do bear with me a while longer
Like you have done in the past.
Eventually I'll get you paid,
But of course you will be last.

Oh, dear Lord, I need a refuge
Wherein I can run and hide.
I have heard this “excuse” ten times,
The “reasons” I'm put aside.

Lord, I wish he would consider
That I might need it, too.
Then I know he would pay me,
Which would be right to do.



Lord, you've always been a witness,
The ten times he did this say,
So give me more grace to bear it
Until my paying day.

Friend, will you please forgive me
For putting you off so long?
Yes, I feel some condemnation
Since I have done you wrong.

Friend, with this check here is a suit
That I'm giving you today,
For I have counted ten patches
On the suit you wear away.

Won't a Smile Do?



One very good way to please the Lord
Is to lend a helping hand.

For many are in great trouble
Throughout this enormous land.

Sometimes a smile will do.

One may give a drink of water
To one thirsty who can't walk,
Tho in need, he won't say, "thank you,"
If he's not able to talk.

But won't a smile do?

If there is one who is hungry,
Just offer him some good food.
And if he grabs with no "thank you,"
You should not think he's too rude.

But won't a smile do?

A saddened child may need a toy,
Who is much younger than two.
Of course, "thank you" he will not say,
But won't a great big smile do?

Yes, won't a smile do?

The neighbor may be very ill,
Her laundry may not be done.
Tho she forgets to say "thank you,"
The smile she gives could mean one.

Yes, won't a smile do?

A Liar Learns a Lesson



Friend, I'll pay you twenty dollars,
If you'll tell a lie for me.
And if everything is successful,
Again I'll call on thee.

All right, but I want the twenty first,
Then your lie I will tell.
Give me the money right now,
And I will serve thee well.

Now listen very carefully,
This is what you must say . . .
After all that is said, my friend,
Don't you say yea or nay.

Thank you for this twenty dollars,
But I won't tell that for you.
And you'll not get this twenty back,
Our friendship ends now, adieu.

He certainly did tell a lie,
My own trap I did set.
But this will never happen again,
No, I will not this forget.

I still need this lie told for me,
But this time I'll be wise.
The lie must definitely be told first,
Then I will give the prize.

Friend, I'll pay you ten dollars cash,
If you'll tell a lie for me.
But of course the lie must be told first,
Not till then will I pay thee.

Good, that sounds like a bargain,
But my friend, what shall I say?
I'm anxious to get the ten dollars,
I'd like to have it today.

Say all this, my favorite friend,
This -- that -- if -- didn't -- and -- and --
If you can tell that big lie for me,
You'll be the best in the land.

That will be very easy to do,
And not long will it take.
I appreciate your friendship,
Now let us have a handshake.

Friend, was the lie very successful?
Did everything turn out fine?
Did you say all that I asked you to,
And you didn't change a line?

My friend, everything went very smooth,
They said you now were free.
You ought to consider me a good friend,
Now pay the money to me.

All right, here is your ten dollars,
Thank you! thank you! my friend,
You're the best friend I've ever known,
And our spirits do blend.

Thank you for this ten-dollar bill,
But I just told you a lie.
I didn't tell them what you told me,
But I'll keep this cash, goodbye.

I paid you to tell a lie for me,
And not a lie to me!
You'd better do what's right, you cheat,
And give me back my money!

Joe, if I would lie to someone else,
You know I would lie to you.
Aren't you wise enough to figure that
Liars with lies don't get thru?

I have set my own trap again,
Thirty dollars my lie cost.
Instead of lying for me, 'twas to me,
Against my wishes they have crossed.

But I'll find someone to tell this lie,
Here is a good "honest" friend.
I know that he will keep his word,
Our friendship shall never end.

Friend, will you tell a lie for me?
I know I can you trust.
For you've never been "dishonest,"
Do me this favor, you must.

I'll pay you twenty dollars cash
If you'll tell the lie today.
And if everything goes very well,
We can both shout "hooray."

In a business-like way you must speak,
And say - - and - - and that all - -
Don't even leave a trace of a lie,
Or on me they will call.

Now in case they question you about - -
Just boldly say that you are - -
Keep your head up and look serious,
Lest on me you leave a scar.

Then if they should ask you for some proof,
Say that you - - and that you know - -
This is a ticklish situation,
No dishonesty must you show.

Friend, I'm anxious to get it done,
So I shall go on my way.
Don't worry about the outcome,
It will be cleared up today.

They really got me cornered good,
I said what you told me to.
Now give me something else to say,
Lest a scar be left on you.

But of course, each lie that I tell
Will cost you twenty more.
For I won't do this for nothing,
My conscience is already sore.

Go back and tell them that -- and -- that --
And don't let your eyes turn.
Pretend to be very sedate,
Talk with a deep concern.

Friend, it still didn't work out right,
A lie can't be proven true.
Now pay me my forty dollars,
My lying for you is through.

No! my friend you have failed me,
So the forty I won't pay.
You promised to have it cleared up
When we talked the other day.

If you don't pay me the forty dollars,
I'll tell them it was a lie.
You better hand it over right now,
Lest I blacken your eye.

Well, all right, here is your money,
Our friendship now does end.
And I have come to a conclusion,
We liars do not blend.

This ordeal cost me seventy dollars,
And I lost a lot of sleep.
Also I've sold my own reputation,
And 'twas sold very cheap.

I have lost my very best friend,
And also a lot of weight.
Now I have a guilty conscience,
With honesty I don't rate!

Every bit of this came about
From one delinquent bill.
Which would have cost but thirty dollars
And is yet unpaid still.

Yes, I have been out seventy dollars;
The bill I didn't want to pay.
But the lying just didn't pay off,
I must pay the bill today.

I've learned my lesson about lying,
No more care I to lie.
One lie just leads to another,
To lying I've said goodbye.

Tho lying does not always cost money
Like it has done for me,
It does cost many sleepless nights,
And a lot of misery.

So, liar, listen to this ex-liar,
Lying just does not pay.
All of your lies will catch up with you,
And today may be the day!

Do You Have to Be Thanked?



Do you always have to be thanked
For everything you do?
Yet you never are thankful
For what others do for you.

Do you always have to be thanked
And make sure they see "ME"?
Yet the good things others do,
You are blind and cannot see.

Do you always have to be thanked
For every little deed?
And if they forget to say thank you,
Are you quick to judge their seed?

Do you always have to be thanked
With both your ears open wide?
Yet you act as tho they owe it
When you're on the other side.

Grudges Can Multiply



'Tis a sad picture to behold indeed
That grudges do truly multiply.
And if you do not believe it is true
You may learn the hard way by and by.

One day I wounded a close friend of mine,
Yes, but it was done innocently.
Then this friend held such a very deep grudge,
Both caused each other some misery.

I held a grudge cause he did not forgive,
Then this made the grudges equal two.
Then my grudge brought about an evil deed,
So another grudge he said would do.

So we became the worst of enemies,
We mistreated each other with hate.
It just started from the tinniest wrong—
The other didn't appreciate.

So on and on the grudges multiplied
From one to two, then three, four and five.
For every grudge that he did encourage
Made another one for me alive.

If the first wrong would have been forgiven,
The other wrongs would not have been done.
Now I have learned to forgive the least wrong,
So 'twill not aid in another one.

Are You Feeding Pride or Humility?



Humility, wonderful Grace Divine,
I've seen you go up and down the street
Seeking for a good home to welcome you
That you might warm your weary, cold feet.

There were many times I would ignore thee
When I heard thy steps and faint knock,
For Pride advised he would never feed thee,
Therefore the door he would quickly lock.

One early cold morning when I looked out,
And the snow was very, very deep,
I saw thee lying in the neighbor's yard,
But I knew you could not be asleep.

Often I would long to invite thee in,
To give thee a good hot meal to eat,
But then Pride would quickly interrupt
And say, "We will not share our heart."

With tears I often pled to let thee in,
That with me you could sweetly abide,
But the wicked one had preeminence,
Yes, and his name is nothing but Pride.

I remember the time at my back door
When I gave thee but a crumb to eat,
And with big tears you thanked me joyfully,
Then asked if the meal I could repeat.

Sometimes my heart would ache as you passed by,
I wanted so much to bid thee in,
But Pride said your clothes were too tattered,
For we were rich and all of our kin.

I have a secret, Oh, Humility,
While you went about hungry and poor
Pride feasted on large bowls of selfishness,
And would sneer when you came to our door.

Humility, come live with me today,
Thank God, I no longer live with Pride.
I'll feed you on the richest of foods.
Oh, may you always with me abide.

Humility, I'll feed you more than crumbs,
Platters of love and submissiveness.
Yes, you will become fat and flourishing
With bowls of kindness and tenderness.

Thank you, for that is what I've been seeking,
For a home to call my very own.
My menu also includes forgiveness,
Which oft will find me in prayer alone.

There are other foods I enjoy eating,
Very large stalks of unselfishness,
For dessert I eat lots of forbearance,
And my favorite drink is gentleness.

Lord, I have become very sad indeed,
Much food I prepare Humility.
But I've never seen him abiding here,
Yet the bowls and platters get empty.

Christian, don't be sad, I know what is best,
For his presence you will never see.
Just be faithful in preparing the food,
Then Humility will abide with thee.

Tho in the person you cannot him see,
But the RESULTS of his presence will show,
So, Christian, just lift up thy weeping head.
If Humility is there, God does know.

Lord, Take Me to Heaven



Lord, you know what to permit today
That my future will be happy.
Yes, I will trust in thy great wisdom
In all things permitted for me.

Lord, in my own limited wisdom
I would want it so and so.
But I will take thy path of wisdom,
For all the future you do know.

Yes, it would be my fleshly desire
That all sickness you withhold.
Yet thy great wisdom may permit it,
That I might stay in thy sheepfold.

God Answered Prayer



It was a very cold rainy night,
No light was given from the moon.
And I was in such a great hurry
I couldn't get home too soon.

Then suddenly I had a flat tire;
Oh, just why did it happen now!
I was tired and it was late at night;
Why would God this trouble allow!

Then quickly I got out of my car
And at my right to my surprise,
I saw one agonizing in prayer,
And mewling, trying to rise.

This man was lying near a ditch;
He was suffering with deep pain.
I could tell, too, by his tattered clothes
He endured long from the rain.

Sir, I have earnestly been praying
For three hours or maybe more
That somehow God would send me some help.
I am so painful, Oh, so sore!

Then I thanked God for the flattened tire
That He permitted in the rain.
God was answering a fervent prayer
For a man lying in deep pain.

He Reaped Unforgiveness



"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6:14, 15.

Dear Friend, please do forgive me
For all the wrong I did.
I know I'm truly guilty,
And it cannot be hid.

I've already forgiven,
Yes, many years ago.
No Christian can hold a grudge,
And spiritually grow.

Friend, it was some time ago
That you said you forgave.
In my heart I don't feel it,
Oh, for relief I crave.

I'm asking you now again,
Oh! won't you forgive me?
Please do prove your forgiveness,
And grant me some mercy.

There's nothing to forgive,
It's done and of the past.
And it's like it never happened,
Please believe me at last.

Forgiveness I truly want,
Won't you grant it to me?
I am so miserable.
Oh! won't you hear my plea?

You are forgiven, my friend,
Here again I do say.
Why do you disbelieve me?
Accept my word today.

My friend, I'll ask you once more,
Do forgive me just now.
Grant so that I can feel it,
How can I lower bow?

Dear Lord, he won't believe me,
And there's nothing to move.
I know I have forgiven,
With love I try to prove.

I never do mention it
And didn't retaliate.
Dear Lord, what is the answer?
You see I don't show hate.

He's reaping unforgiveness,
Though you did all to forgive.
It is in his heart and thoughts,
That's the way he does live.

Your friend has forgiven you,
Unforgiveness you reap.
The reason you feel so sad within,
Because grudges you do keep.

Lord, I now see the answer,
Just why I feel this way.
I've learned my lesson very well,
I'll start forgiving today.

Now that I've forgiven others
I have been forgiven, too.
Great inward peace I'm enjoying.
Lord, for your love I thank you.

Dad Writes a Letter



Dear Son, I'm still in this rest home,
Looks like I am here to stay.
Oh, how I wish that you would come
And be with me for a day.

Many lonely hours I sit here,
Just in my big rocking chair.
Couldn't you show some interest
And make me feel that you care?

You live only ten miles away
And you have a nice new car.
You could visit me quite often
Since it isn't very far.

I have before me your picture,
But it doesn't take your place;
For I long to see you, my son,
And speak with you face to face.

This is what I'm trying to say,
Yes, I do feel rather sad.
Son, please do come see me today.
With much love, your lonely Dad.

This is the third letter this week
That I've written to my son.
I wonder if he'll consider
Answering just this short one.

Dear Dad, I received your letter
That you wrote the other day.
But I have truly been busy,
I trust this does you allay.

I have gone to many ball games,
We have had some parties, too.
So I hope that you understand
Why I didn't visit you.

We thought much about taking you
When on our sight-seeing tour,
But we thought the road was too rough
For an old man to endure.

The care of our pets takes much time,
So, Dad, you can easily see
That we just can't neglect our pets
To visit, don't you agree?

Dad, if there's anything you need,
Just feel free and let me know.
I'll get around to seeing you,
Though you may think I am slow.

I guess there's nothing else to say,
I hope no words I did lack.
So I will close this letter now.
With deepest love, your son, Jack.

I might as well get accustomed
To this life that I must live.
My son thinks much more of his pets,
His attention he does give.

Yes, my son is so occupied
With things besides me, his dad,
But God can make me reconciled,
For I need not be so sad.

It has been twenty-five years now
Since I've laid my Dad away.
Now I am in a rest home, too,
Until my dying day.

I feel alone and forgotten,
Oh, I wish someone would care.
Now I know just how my dad felt
When I left him lonely there.

I now do live in much regret,
For I'm reaping what I sowed.
Yes, there is a reason for this,
Much unthoughtfulness I showed.

Young people, learn this lesson well.
Your parents are getting gray.
Much attention should be given,
Ere they see their dying day.

Can You Halt a Big Talker?



Friend, I have something to tell you,
It is interesting to know.
Then after I get it all said,
To tell others I will go.

Fred did - - and Fred did - - and Fred did - -
The wrong Fred did is so great.
And if you will keep listening,
I will tell it all this date.

Then Fred - - and Fred - - then Fred - - and Fred,
Fred also - - then Fred - - and Fred - -
Why do you put cotton in your ears?
About Fred more must be said.

Friend, just tell me how many times
You called Fred's name in prayer.
That is the way of a Christian;
Call Fred's name while kneeling there.

But Fred has done a lot of wrong,
First I'll tell what he has done.
Next month I plan to pray for him,
'Cause telling it is more fun.

Lord, help this one who likes to talk—
Who talks so much about Fred.
Help him to see that he needs help
For all the things he has said.

Help him to see he ought to pray
For the one who has done wrong,
Instead of spending so much time
To talk to a listening throng.

Some may not advise to rewrite this poem,
But we'll rewrite it just the same.
For many people do act this way,
But let's not call out a name.

Friend, I have something to tell you,
It is interesting to know.
Then after I get it all said,
To tell others I will go.

Good, I am so anxious to hear it,
Please hurry and do tell it all.
My ears are perfumed for your voice,
Now quickly a name to me call.

Fred did -- and Fred did -- and Fred did --
The wrong Fred did is so great.
And if you will keep listening,
I will tell it all this date.

Then Fred -- and Fred -- then Fred -- and Fred.
Fred also -- then Fred -- and Fred --
Then Fred -- and Fred -- then when Fred --
And Fred -- then Fred -- and Fred -- and --

And Fred - and - - and - - then Fred did - - and Fred
Then Fred - - then - - and Fred - - and - - and - -
My friend, why are you stretching your ears?
Have I already too much said?

Oh no! the more you talk the better;
This is so interesting to me.
I would lot rather hear this than pray,
'Cause I don't like to bend my knee.

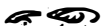
Then Fred - - let's get geared to broadcast this,
You go west and I'll go east.
Repeat all of this wherever you go;
So that all on this can feast.

Let us encourage everyone we tell
To repeat it in entirety.
Fred's name should never be left idle,
My friend, don't you agree with me?

Oh yes, friend, and if you should hear something
New about Fred that I don't know,
Call me tho' it be 3 A. M. at night,
And much thankfulness I'll show.

At 3 A. M. he should have done this:
Bowed and called Fred's name while there.
But this is the way of some people,
To mention names but never in prayer.

A Drunkard Becomes a Christian



One night while sitting in a beer tavern,
Like a little baby I did cry.
Then the bar maid said, "You need a new wife,
You should tell the present one goodby."

But I kept on crying and drank some more,
And my tears did freely flow.
Then at 3 A. M. I said 'twas enough,
So to my wife I then did go.

The very next night I went back again,
To try to drink my troubles away.
Again I cried like a little baby,
Then those same words the bar maid did say.

Every place that I did go—to my home,
Each day at my job or at the bar,
My troubles seemed to follow me around
Tho' oft I roamed about, near and far.

Then one day I knelt in real earnest prayer,
This poor sinner man, O Lord, do save.
For many years I have been in bondage,
To the drink habit I am a slave.

Such glorious freedom to me was given,
From the drink habit I was set free.
Now surely I owe my life to Jesus
Because of what He's done for me.

Love Rebuilds a Home



Jim, my decision is already made,
I don't love you any more.
Here are your papers and all your clothes,
And there's the open front door.

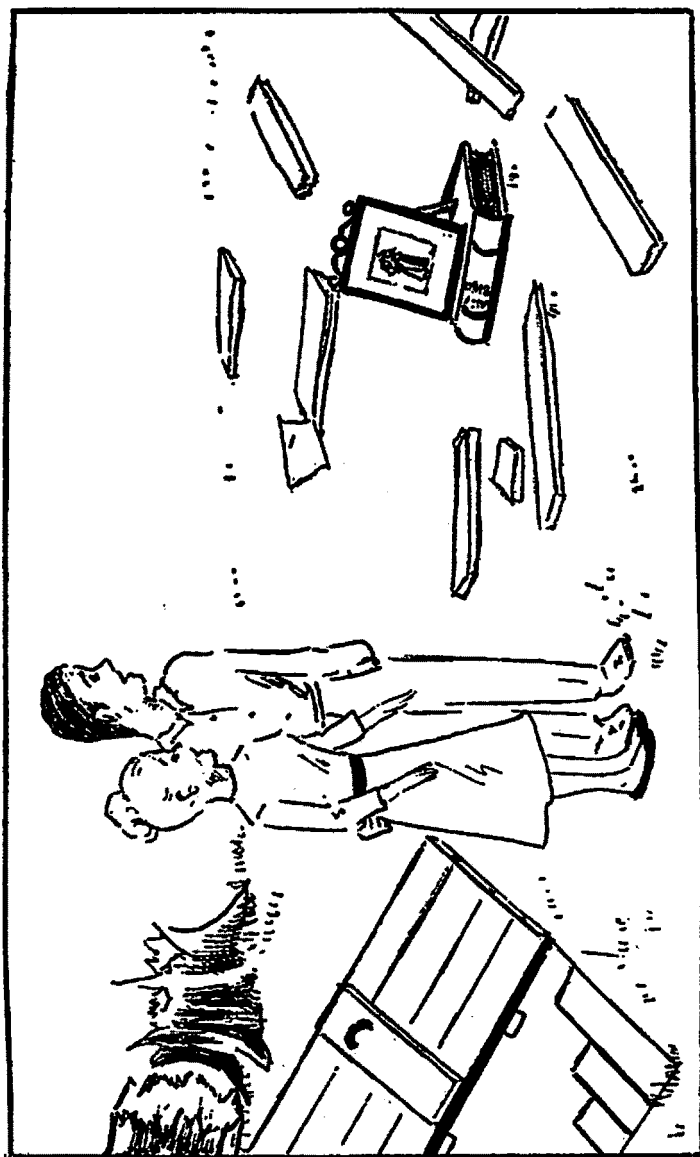
All of the debts will belong to you,
And what is paid for we'll call mine.
There's one more thing before you leave tho,
You must sign your name on this line.

I got the money out of the bank,
But this fifty you may keep.
It will help you buy a little food,
And to get a place to sleep.

My friend, now my home seems so empty,
Since I have sent Jim away.
But I will fill it with furniture,
And get a dog and a cat today.

Dear Nell, please excuse this short letter,
But this has been the third day,
And I am so lonely without you,
Nell, I just can't stay away.

If you don't mind I'd like to see you
Tomorrow at six P. M.
I'll be glad to talk across the fence,
And you need not let me in.



"And everything else was blown away!"

This separation has made me think
About the day when we wed,
And how we stood so close together
Holding hands while the vows we said.

Is there any possibility
Of our being reconciled?
We ought to consider examples,
The humility of a child.

I am sorry for any wrongs done,
For all this I take the blame.
Yet I am not sorry for one thing,
Nell, that you still have my name.

Goodbye, Dear, I plan to see you soon,
Tomorrow at six P. M.
I hope you consider this deeply—
With unwavering love, Jim.

Now just who does Jim think that he is,
Wanting to come talk with me!
I don't care to hear another word,
His sweet talk brings me misery.

I'll not answer the door when he comes,
No matter what he does say.
I'll prove I have a mind of my own,
That's why I sent him away.

Nell, I'm not a minute too early,
For that storm is coming fast!
Yes, we better go to the cellar
Or five minutes we would not last!

Jim, let's go and see what has happened
Since the storm above us did blow.
I am so glad you came when you did,
And the storm to me did show.

Look, Jim, here is our wedding picture
On our Bible near the front door.
And ev'rything else was blown away.
Jim, I think I love you even more.

Yes, I sure would like to have you back,
But we have no place to abide.
Or have you decided to leave now,
And let me sit here outside?

Excuse me for crying, but I'm sad,
And I don't know what to do.
Let's go back to the cellar to pray,
I'm convinced I still love you.

Yes, that is the first thing we should do,
Let's seek God with all our heart.
Because we had many storms of life
Which caused us to be torn apart.

Lord, please forgive me for everything.
I have lived such a bad life.
Be my refuge in the many storms,
And I'll be to Jim a good wife.

Lord, please forgive me for all wrongs,
Such a bad life I did live.
Against the storm, oh be my fortress,
And my love to Nell I'll give.

Are we sure we can stay together,
Regardless what comes our way?
Or is our foundation sinking sand,
Let us decide this today.

Nell, remember our wedding picture?
It went through a terrible storm,
But God caused it to land on our Bible,
A miracle He did perform.

We can be very sure of our marriage,
The storms may add to a large sum,
But if the foundation is the Bible,
We'll prove our love while the storms come.

A home that God's love has nailed together,
No storm will ever tear apart.
For God's love is stronger than hatred,
So let's keep His love in our hearts.

Tears of Loneliness



If I could shed the tears of loneliness
That I feel flowing inside,
I feel they could become a mighty river
That would flow many miles wide.

Right now I'm shedding tears of loneliness,
I'm an unwanted little boy.
My mother has told me goodbye.
Get big, tears, I have no joy.

I, too, am shedding tears of loneliness,
His little girl my daddy won't keep.
He tells me I am too much trouble.
Come on, tears, and put me to sleep.

Right now I'm shedding tears of loneliness,
I'm a young man of twenty-five.
I've searched and searched for a fair young maiden,
But my tears ask, Is there one alive?

I, too, am shedding tears of loneliness,
A happy child I once was known.
Now I am a virtuous young maiden.
The tears I shed, I must shed alone.

Right now I'm shedding tears of loneliness,
In the morning of our wedded years,
The one I love has already left me.
Feel free to flow, oh, faithful tears.

I, too, am shedding tears of loneliness,
Another woman took my last name.
I'm known as the former—the Mrs. Ex—
Oh tears, oh tears, who'll take the blame?

Right now I'm shedding tears of loneliness,
They say Grandfather is too old.
But there are none too old to be lonely.
Flow on, flow on, yes, tears be bold.

I, too am shedding tears of loneliness,
In a rest home I am put to stay.
No more do I hear the word, Grandmother.
Tears, will you comfort me today?

Feeling unwanted, unloved and forgotten,
Billions of tears are shed every day.
It's better to shed the tears than cause them,
This in sincerity we can say.

So don't feel ashamed to shed some tears,
Whether a man, woman, girl or boy.
And if it be a maiden or an unwed man,
Some day your tears God may employ.

Words—Words



Words, words, oh words that are spoken!
They can cause sorrow or make glad.
There are times you should be silent
Rather than make others sad.

Words have divided many friends;
Their tender hearts were torn apart.
It is better to keep quiet
Rather than shoot words like a dart.

Words have kindled very large fires,
Which have caused many to shed tears.
And they can be so quickly said;
Some are vanity—only jeers.

A Lesson in Friendliness



Friend, you hurt me the other day
When you didn't speak to me.
And I feel sorry for myself,
For I think so much of thee.

Do forgive me for not speaking,
For I really meant no harm.
Paul, why are you still shedding tears,
You need not be in alarm.

* * *

You didn't speak to me again,
I thought better you would do.
My Friend, can't you understand me,
I want attention from you.

Friend, there were so many to see,
So I couldn't speak to all.
Therefore, I spoke to those nearby,
Try to understand me, Paul.

* * *

My Friend, again you did shun me,
The third time this has been done.
It looks like when you would see me
That to me fast you would run.

Paul, I didn't even see you,
How would I know where to go?
Others want some attention, too,
This you should certainly know.

* * *

This has been the fourth time this month,
That to me you didn't speak.
So I guess I'll go somewhere else,
For better friends to seek.

Oh, Lord, will you please hear my prayer,
I didn't mean to shun Paul.
That must be a human weakness,
I can't seem to notice all.

My child, please do cheer up today,
I know you have done your best.
Your friend thinks too much of himself,
Just be calm and in me rest.

Lord, please direct me where to go,
I want friends who are friendly.
Because all of those over there
Never do speak to me.

Four times recently I've been hurt,
Attention they do not give.
Surely you have some friends for me,
So that I can happy live.

Paul, you think too much of yourself,
My Word says that you're a worm.
How many worms have you spoken to,
Those that on the ground do squirm?

I haven't spoken to any worms,
Lord, I ignore them all.
I guess I should be willing, too,
For no one my name to call.

And Paul, there are other people
That appreciate smiles, too.
Why can't you be one to give them?
Think seriously, will you.

When you're not getting attention,
Paul, like you think that you should,
Think about others that need smiles,
You could, if you only would.

Remember you're not the only one
On this earth with a care.
Those that you have neglected too,
Are also carrying their share.

Perhaps this very friend of yours
That you said neglected you
May be going thru some big trials
And needs your attention, too.

Let me tell you this once again,
Of yourself you think too much.
By this you increase others burdens
When to them you speak of such.

And in this life you must face facts,
Everyone must do without.
Whether a smile or a hand shake,
You must face it and not pout.

And when you think someone should speak,
In spite of all, they do fail,
You should ask yourself this question,
How many times do I quail?

Lord, I thank you for what you've told me
Since I've bowed down in prayer.
I know friendliness works both ways
And I haven't done my share.

Next time I'll be quick to speak first
When this special friend I see.
I admit I'm the one that has failed
And not my friend to me.

I'm getting more than I deserve,
'Tis a fact I surely know.
Lord, from now on I'll do better,
Interest in others I'll show.

This hour on my knees has been pleasant,
Such good counsel you do give.
Lord, I welcome more hours like this,
So that I can better live.

Lord, there are those who want attention,
You know where, why, and when.
So with your help I'll do my part,
By starting right now—AMEN.

Do I Forgive Before I Am Asked?



About my life many untruths were told,
Like Joseph it was as if I were sold,
My reputation was handled so cold,
But I forgave before I was asked.

Many promises were made and not kept,
Very sharp words said which hurt to the depth,
I humbled with tears as I prayed and wept,
For I forgave before I was asked.

Tell me, Christian Friend, did they ask at last?
Did many days, weeks, months and years go past?
You were true and faithful and stood steadfast,
And did forgive before you were asked?

For many years did no grudge have a place?
You didn't speak evil in any case?
Forgiveness, the entire past did erase?
The hurts were healed before you were asked?

Yes, forgiveness is a fruit of a Christian,
Hypocrites fail to put it in action,
Let's make a thorough examination.

"DO I FORGIVE BEFORE I AM ASKED?"

In forgiveness you don't retaliate,
You lay aside any actions of hate,
And it leaves your heart in a peaceful state—
If you forgive before you are asked.

Pray On If Tempted On and On



Tho your temptation may be great,
It is just common to man.
Do not yield early or late,
Be bold and for the right stand.

You may be tempted o'er and o'er,
Remember the vow you sealed.
Be more than a conqueror,
Boldly say, I will not yield.

If you are accused of yielding
When only temptation came,
Just rise above that feeling,
Temptation is not a shame.

Yielding will bring condemnation,
Whether in a wish or a deed.
There are no hidden secrets,
Not even a wish—take heed.

Tho the foe may keep tempting,
You oft may need go for prayer.
Don't give up in frustration,
God will take note over there.

It is all right to pray all day
Till resisting strength you gain.
It's so much better to pray
Than to your life bring a shame.

Jesus knows how to secure thee,
In the flesh was tempted, too.
Just call and plead his mercy,
He will take you safely through.



The Answer Fit



Once I was asked an unusual question
I thought I did understand.
So then I gave a truthful answer
At the questioner's command.

Later when the truth was fully known,
I found I misunderstood.
But the answer I gave fit perfectly,
And the Lord knew that it would.

If I had understood the question,
I wouldn't have answered that way.
God, no doubt, caused the misunderstanding,
And the answer fit that day.

People “Think” But God “Knows”



My friend, I THINK you are very selfish,
You didn't give to that I see.
I THINK you get a big monthly pay check,
You should give to benefit me.

I also THINK you are very selfish,
A miser's life I THINK you live.
I THINK you close your bag to many things,
For not much money do you give.

My dear friends, I THINK he is selfish, too,
He won't give when I give a hint.
I THINK his bank account must be fat,
His selfishness gives him a scent.

Dear Lord, you know how I just love to give
Of my giving I make no boast.
It hurts because they THINK I am selfish;
Of my giving I want no post.

My servant, I KNOW you are doing well,
Their THINKING does not make them
right.
You cannot keep the people from THINK-
ING,
For they judge you only by sight.

My servant, just keep on giving freely
In the way that I do you lead.
It is what I KNOW about you that counts
For their THOUGHTS do not plant
your seed.

It is not right to let everyone know
Where, why, when and to whom you give.
Just remain faithful and true, my servant,
For I'll always KNOW how you live.

Remember, I don't presume, I KNOW.
I'll KNOW when you hold your bag too
tight.

My servant, just lift up thy weeping head,
I KNOW you are doing all right.

They are hurting self more than hurting
you

When they THINK so wrong about thee.
My servant, just keep giving in secret,
Your stewardship I always see.

It's better to suffer wrong than do wrong,
I'll give thee grace all this to bear.

No, I'll never leave thee nor forsake thee,
Be assured that for you I care.

Thank you, Lord, for all the encouragement,
Thou doest KNOW how to lift me up.
For I KNOW you trod this path before me,
So with your help I'll drink my cup.

Suffer and Take



I'd rather suffer the greatest of wrongs
Than to ever plan to tell the least lie.
I'd rather suffer the greatest of blames
Than to decide to spiritually die.

I'd rather suffer a wrong than do it,
For suffering will bring about great peace.
I'd rather suffer the blame than give it,
For taking may bring another release.

If one is weak enough to do you wrong,
Then to fix it, he too may not be strong.
If one is too proud for himself to blame,
Then he's not humble to admit the same.

Suffering wrong may cancel another,
And taking the blame may free some other.
So, Dear Christian Friend, just say, "It is mine
To suffer and take all of my lifetime."

To Wreck a Home There Is a Route



It is eight now so let us start to work,
Then let us take a break at ten.
Don't forget you're going with me today,
Please refuse all the other men.

· · You go out the back and I'll take the front,
Let us meet two blocks away.
You leave five till ten and I'll leave at ten
For a thirty minute break today.

I'm going to look around very good
To see if anyone we do know.
Everything looks clear unless someone —
Go to the other table, there comes,—Oh!

I hope no one suspects anything,
Secretive things we always do.
Mister Brown has gone back to the office,
So I'm coming back to sit with you.

Honey, my wife likes to be called sweet names,
Most of the women do, don't they, dear?
Sweetheart, would you like something else to drink?
You are, . . . Sugar, I'm very sincere.

Sweetheart, my husband likes sweet names, too.
He also likes a kiss now and then.
You're not any different than he, are you?
"Kiss," Sug, now let us kiss again.

Sweetie, isn't it about time to go?
Dear, let us walk one block apart.
We can't afford to give a hint, honey,
Tho the talking we hope won't start.

My love, I'd like to take you home this eve,
And we'll take the long route home, too.
Now, Sugar Dear, you tell your husband that ...
Darling, does that sound all right to you?

Dear, that sounds like a wonderful idea,
I can hardly wait till five, darling.
But let's not walk together to the car—
Now will you a love song to me sing?

"Crash," "bang" Oh, we're in a terrible wreck,
Our secret ordeal did not pay.
Oh God, help us, help us, we need you,
Get us out of this wreck right away.

Betty, the fire engine is coming fast,
And Oh, the blaze is soaring high.
My conscience hurts and I'm in awful pain,
It didn't pay to act out a lie.

Oh! if we men could only realize
To wreck a home there is a route.
It causes many tears and many heartaches,
And little children are tossed about.

All, no matter how rich or poor they be,
Will admit a car wreck makes sad.
But why can't people realize
A wrecked home is just as bad.

Men, I've learned things thru pain and sorrow,
I took the route to wreck a home.
Never again will I leave my darling wife,
And with another man's wife roam.

Women, I am in pain with broken bones,
And I have a hip out of place.
Also I have had to have some stitches
On what used to be a pretty face.

A wrecked home mars many pretty faces,
Instead of blood, on pillows are tears.
Women, don't ever take the wrong steps,
Cleave to "your" husband all your years.

May I Learn the Lesson Still?



Christian Friend, you spoiled my chastisement
When you sympathized with me.
I needed all of that correction,
But I failed and I'm sorry.

Christian, I only told you for prayer
And not for the other reason.
No, your pity for me didn't help
During my chastening season.

O Lord, forgive me for telling it,
And not taking your good will.
Lord, I shouldn't have made the mistake,
May I learn the lesson still?

Would you please bring it about again?
Oh, how I would like that gold!
This time I promise to seek your face,
'Cause you're the shepherd of the fold.

Poor, But Rich in Love



My dear, it is cotton picking time,
And, oh! our debts are many.
So let us work hard from morn till eve,
I'm depending on you, Jennie.

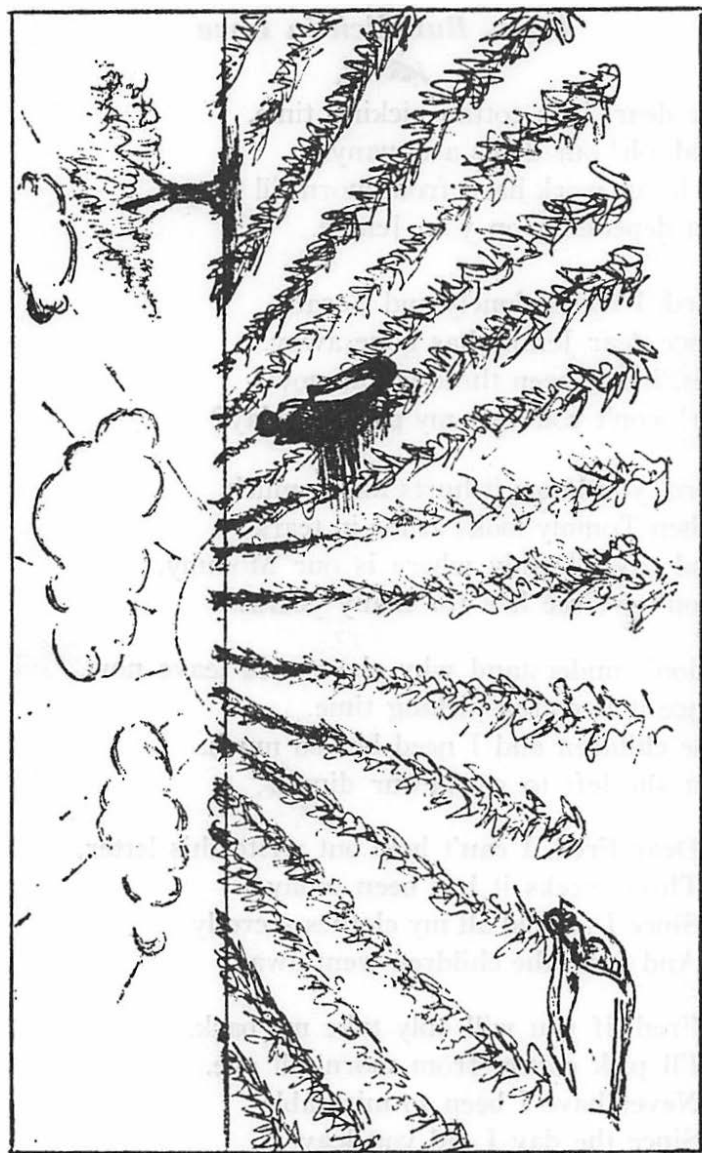
Lord, I feel so lonely and so sad
Since dear Jennie has gone away.
Yes, it has been three weeks now.
Oh! won't you hear my prayer today?

Lord, you know it hurts me so much
When Tommy looks at me in tears
And says, Daddy where is our Mommy,
Won't we see her for many years?

I don't understand why she would leave now,
Since it is cotton picking time.
The children and I need her so much,
But she left to spend our dimes.

Dear Fred, I can't help but write this letter,
Three weeks it has been today
Since I packed all my clothes secretly
And from the children went away.

Fred, if you will only take me back,
I'll pick cotton from morn till eve.
Never have I been so miserable
Since the day I did you leave.



"Lord, will You please send her back to me?"

So often in my dreams I behold
The children cry and say "Mommy,"
And I would see you picking cotton,
Then stop to kneel and pray for me.

Fred, I promise you now faithfully,
If only you will take me back,
I will never murmur nor complain
About pulling the cotton sack.

Write and let me know about the children,
Jane, little Betsy and Tommy, too.
Also tell me about their daddy,
Dear, I'm anxious to hear from you.

I'll answer this letter on my knees
For no return address do I see.
Lord, do hear this poor man's earnest prayer,
Will you please send her back to me?

Lord, I promise you now faithfully
If you will only send her back,
That I'll do all the cotton picking
So she won't have to pull the sack.

Permit me to answer the back door ;
Someone may need something to eat.
Or maybe one felt like stopping here
Just to rest his weary tired feet.

Oh! my darling, is it really you;
Long have I waited for this day.
Please come in, my dear little Jennie;
From us don't again go away.

Mommy, Mommy, Oh! how we love you!
Why have you stayed away so long?
Every day all of us would cry,
Because with us you do belong.

My Dear, you look so weary and tired
Since so many miles you did walk.
While you were gone I did much praying;
About you to Jesus I did talk.

No return address did you give me,
So praying was all I could do.
For God knew that I wanted you back;
Yes, He knew I'd ever love you.

Fred, I'm not worthy of your love,
Nor of any food to eat.
Neither am I worthy of a drink,
Nor time to rest my weary feet.

Fred, right now I want my cotton sack;
I'll pick till setting of the sun.
For I have failed you and the children;
I'm ashamed of what I have done.

My Dear, I made a promise to God,
If He would only send you back
That I would do all of the picking
So you wouldn't have to pull the sack.

Since we needed a quilt for our bed
I cut your cotton sack in two,
For I knew during the cold winter nights
The warmth would feel so good to you.

Fred, I appreciate your kindness,
And tho of this world you are poor,
I know you are very rich in love,
You have proven it o'er and o'er.

Lord, I thank you for answering my prayer
And for bringing her back again.
Truly you have proven your greatness,
Even before I said Amen.

What an Example!



Pass the dessert, please pass the dessert.
Mom, oh Mom, can't you hear me?
I said please pass the dessert, please, Mom,
For I am in a hurry.

Son, you've already had your dessert.
Tell me of what you do speak.
You have had your cake and ice cream,
For what else do you seek?

Please pass me a cigarette, Mom,
I think I deserve one, too.
Dad just got through taking one, Mom,
Then he offered one to you.

Son, you are not to smoke cigarettes,
This I do now firmly say.
Don't you ever put one in your mouth,
Your Mom you must obey.

Lord, supply me with some cigarettes,
I want to smoke like Mom and Dad.
But they are too selfish with theirs,
And that makes me very sad.

Lord, I know they must taste extra good,
'Cause they eat their food so fast.
But they smoke their cigarettes slow
So that longer they will last.

Sonny, you have the wrong opinion,
Those cigarettes are not good.
Your dad and mom ought not to smoke
 them
And, Sonny, you never should.

But Lord, they smoke and smoke and smoke
Through the day and some at night.
But whenever I ask for one,
They say to smoke isn't right.

Lord, shouldn't they be an example
Of what they say is right or wrong?
Maybe I don't understand grown folks,
Lord, I hope I do ere long.

Sonny, your parents are no examples,
This I do now firmly say.
They ought to quit smoking cigarettes.
Sonny, pray for them today.

His Wife Prays On



The door was closed, then I knelt,
My tears did freely flow.
With words I was deeply hurt,
Oh! so sharply did they blow.

Dear Lord, please heal all my wounds,
Alone I can't this bear.
What he said hurt me so deeply,
But he said he didn't care.

Wife, are you praying again?
You don't need to pray now.
Arise, for it does not help,
It is awkward to bow.

With tears I kept on praying
While those words did blow.
I knew God was listening
As to Him I bowed low.

Wife, do you call out my name
When you kneel there and pray?
Would you tell me this one thing,
Just what words do you say?

I humbly pray for all those
Who hurt me very deep.
And ask that God will bless them,
So that good they can reap.

Wife, you have proved a good life,
Your light has truly shined.
For when I spoke to you crossly,
You were always so kind.

I admit my conscience hurt
When I spoke harshly to you.
Now I have a question to ask,
Is my apology due?

My dear, you are forgiven.
Yes, I have victory.
And I'm convinced you have regret;
I accept your apology.

Do You Tell Jokes?



I have fourteen good ones to tell;
Let us exchange our jokes;
And we shouldn't waste any time;
Let's call in all the folks.

Oh! these jokes are all very good;
Now I have one to tell.
It is the "Class A" laughing kind,
And I can surely tell it well.

I've enjoyed these jokes;
I wish I knew some more.
I've had a worthwhile afternoon;
Such short hours—only four.

Friends, if you think of more later,
Just call me on the phone,
For I wouldn't think to miss them;
Such jokes I've never known!

We are making a call for prayer;
Everyone do come in,
For there is much to pray about;
Come all, women and men.

We make this bid to you again;
Can't you hear this good call?
You should all be in a hurry;
Come people, do come all!

We don't want to meet just for prayer;
Jokes we would rather hear.
Our time is too valuable;
Your calls have met our deaf ear!

Look! only three came in to pray;
But forty went for jokes.
Let us just pray for all of them—
All the joke-loving folks.

How the Poor Are Oppressed



Farmer Jones, this is my lot in life,
Looks like I'm meant to be poor.
I'll have to sell my good, needed mule
To get some food inside the door.

Farmer Brown, I could give you a lift, but
Your only mule you have to sell.
For what price can he be mine, my friend,
And does he work very well?

Farmer Jones, I've been his master long,
With regret I'll let him go.
I have no choice you can easily see,
We only have one potato.

I'm very eager to know, Farmer Brown,
What is the price today?
I like to assist the poor people,
And bring them smiles along the way.

Farmer Jones, I'll take thirty-five dollars,
And I'll also give you his hay.
For I do need the cash badly, Sir,
Yes, I'm truly in need today.

Now, Farmer Brown, he isn't worth that,
On his hoof don't you see this sore?
But to help you I'll pay twenty dollars.
He isn't worth a penny more.

All right, Farmer Jones, he is yours now,
Twenty dollars I will take.
Thank you for helping me out today,
Now let us have a hand shake.

Jennie, I used my smart head today,
This good mule belongs to me.
I just bought him from Farmer Brown,
Who lives in much poverty.

Frank, what did you pay him for the mule?
Did you deal with him good and fair?
Or did you do the same unjust way
Like you do the poor here and there?

Jennie, I paid him twenty dollars,
And I left him with a smile.
So he better be satisfied,
I'll not trace back that mile.

Farmer White, I know you are very poor,
I'm glad you came by my way.
I like to favor the poor people,
I'll sell you a good mule today.

Farmer Jones, I have not much money,
Look here at my soleless shoe.
Tell me tho, what price can he be mine?
Then I'll see what I can do.

My friend, I'll do a special favor,
Forty dollars is the price.
But I must admit, he's worth fifty,
Since you're poor, I'll sacrifice.

Farmer White, make up your mind today,
I'll not take a penny less.
I'm selling him at a bargain price,
In helping the poor, I'm limitless.

"Whistle" Jennie, I'm very happy,
A nice big profit I got.
I only had the mule fourteen hours,
Twenty dollars is a lot.

Frank, I feel uneasy about the deal,
Do you call that righteousness?
The Bible speaks plainly about those
Who the poor do oppress.

Farmer Brown needed the forty dollars
Many, many times more than you.
Aren't you ashamed of what you told him
When you said twenty would do?

"Whistle" My conscience doesn't bother me,
He didn't have to let him go.
But I noticed he smiled in tears,
And shook my hand very slow.

Then again you worked thru deception
When you sold him to Farmer White.
You pretended to do him a favor.
Don't you know that's not dealing right?

Farmer White didn't have to buy him,
But he needed the mule badly.
Poor man, he showed me his soleless shoe,
For he lives in much poverty.

Dear, I didn't sleep very well last night,
The night so long did seem.
I kept hearing the same word—Oppress;
Jennie, what does oppress mean?

Frank, I've done some extensive studying
On this one word "oppress."
The poor are the subject of oppression,
But few of the rich will this confess.

It'll do you good to follow out these words;
Encroach, tyrannize, master,
Aggrieve, overbear, browbeat, burden,
Beset, harass, pursue, encumber.

Every one of these words has found me,
Thru it all I became rich.
I'm the biggest miser in the land;
For the poor man's penny I did itch.

This studying has done me much good.
I must admit, Dear, I'm guilty.
I've delighted in bringing oppression
To those who lived in poverty.

Instead of offering some assistance
To help the poor every day,
I looked for the opportunities
To get something to come my way.

One time I hired two very poor men
For so much—an eight-hour day.
I slowly turned the clock back two hours
So they'd do more work for less pay.

Once I gave a poor man thirty-nine cents,
Then I boasted for a week.
And every place that I would go,
For some praise I did seek.

In obtaining my black angus cattle,
To many poor men I did lie.
One time a widow woman I cheated
And left her all alone to cry.

I have thousands of acres of land,
Turkeys, hogs, sheep and all—
Stocks, bonds, and a bank account in the—
And servants who answer to my call.

When poor Farmer Sim's wife was very ill,
For some help he surely did yearn.
I gave him three dollars and eight cents,
Then asked for a hen in return.

When colored and white were on the same job,
Partiality I did show.
I paid the white more money per hour,
That wasn't right I well do know.

One winter I loaned poor Joe ten dollars
To buy himself a pair of shoes.
And I charged him ten per cent interest;
A way to gain I'd always choose.

Jennie, I've quickly made up my mind
Good deeds from now on I'll do.
Take this, Dear, and spend it freely,
Thoughtfulness will begin with you.

Thank you, and I'm happy you have changed,
Now I expect some happy years.
Oft when I saw you oppress the poor,
I couldn't help but shed tears.

I know all rich men didn't obtain theirs
Like I did most of mine.
But they should consider the poor,
And to begin now is a good time.

Many golden opportunities
To help the poor—time I did waste.
I'll sell some property and redeem time,
To help the poor I will make haste.

My experiences I'll never forget,
I've learned my lesson well.
Never again will I oppress the poor,
And my lesson to others I'll tell.

He Reaped Unmercifulness



It was a peculiar circumstance;
Was allowed no explanation.
I begged for one opportunity
Just for a short conversation.

I was refused any words to say;
Often I prayed, my grief was deep.
Unmercifulness was truly shown;
Some days I could neither eat nor sleep.

Then I consecrated my life to God;
Dear Lord, just take complete control.
You know I'm not allowed to speak,
And see the groaning of my soul.

I surrendered to His precious will
And knew God would work it out.
By working in mysterious ways
His judgments He did bring about.

After two long years had passed and then—
The one who did not show mercy
Was in a peculiar circumstance
Exactly like the one with me.

This misunderstanding is so great,
Oh, why did this happen to me!
It seems almost more than I can take,
Please grant me some tender mercy.

Give me some time to explain my case;
This accusation is not true.
Great unmercifulness still prevails;
Oh, I wish I knew what to do.

To him these words were richly spoken:
Yes, whatsoever you do sow,
All things you will reap, some in sorrow;
Then he bowed his head very low.

Dear Lord, will you please forgive me now,
Oh, I'm reaping the fruit of shame.
Yes, I remember two years ago!
Now I am suffering the same.

Friend, I'll explain to all involved
My accusation was not true.
I know perfectly how you did feel
When such great pressure was on you.

Two years ago I submitted it,
And never a grudge did I hold.
Of course you are freely forgiven,
Now God will surely bless your soul.

Dear Christian Friend, just take great courage
If many years you may have a scar.
Just put your faith completely in God
For He knows who and where you are.

If unmerciful—consider this;
Unmercifulness you will reap.
So be careful in all your dealings,
For God will protect His own sheep.

Yes, if you falsely accuse someone
And not allow them time to explain,
You also may come to that place in life
When you, too, must suffer inward pain.

What A Neighbor!



Belle, I surely do appreciate you,
You have been so neighborly.
There is no limit to your kind deeds,
So thoughtful you are to me.

I don't know what I would ever do
If you should ever move away.
Seems that you never are too busy
To help any hour of the day.

Thank you for all the clothes you've given,
Belle, it means a lot to us.
And 'twas so nice of you to take Joe
When he carelessly missed the bus.

Belle, you will never, never know
How much I appreciate you!
I can't find enough words to say,
So many kind things you do!

I know I can never repay you,
So many, many things you've done!
But let me tell you this one thing, Belle,
If I'm ever needed, I'll run.

Yes, Belle, if you ever need some help,
Just feel free and on me call.
I'll show my appreciation,
I won't hesitate at all.

Goodbye, Belle, let me say thanks again
For being so neighborly.
There ought to be more neighbors like you,
And fewer ones like me.

Phil, I am very ill this morning,
I can hardly get out of bed.
So before you go off to your work,
Will you give the children their bread?

Yes, Dear, I'll gladly do anything,
Just tell me what I should do.
And do you want me to stay home from work
So I can stay close to you?

No, Phil, Jan offered to be of help
When I saw her the other day.
She'll be happy to fix our lunch,
And the children can quietly play.

"Ring" Jan, Belle is very ill this morning,
She'll appreciate what you do.
I must hurry and go on to work,
Goodbye, Jan, and thank you.

"Ring" Belle, I'm sorry I can't help you,
For my day is fully planned.
Perhaps next time I can be free
To lend a helping hand.

This morning after I mow the lawn,
I'm taking my dog for a walk.
And then this afternoon my plans are
To teach my bird to talk.

Phil, I have been ill a week now,
And my beans are ready to can.
But since I am too ill to work,
Let us offer them to Jan.

"Ring" Jan, would you like some fresh beans?
They are ready for us to pick.
Belle is unable to can them now,
Since she is still very sick.

I'll be over in a few minutes,
With a bushel basket, too.
We all like fresh vegetables;
You're so thoughtful, thank you!

Belle, I do appreciate these beans,
Hope that you're not ill too long.
Stay in bed and get your needed rest,
So you again can be strong.

You certainly are welcome, Jan;
In a few days there'll be some peas.
You also may have the tomatoes,
And there's some fruit on the trees.

"Ring" Belle, how do you feel today?
Hope you are in recovery.
I have lots of extra time today,
So are your peas ready for me?

I do feel somewhat better now,
But I'm still very ill, Jan.
So help yourself to the garden,
To anything you want to can.

All right, I'll see you in a few minutes,
I'm coming with two wheelbarrows.
They will save many, many steps,
As I go up and down the rows.

Lord, I'm thankful for all my blessings,
They multiply day by day.
Surely I don't have room to complain,
Tho' I don't understand alway.

Phil, it's so good to be well again,
And to fill my place in the home.
I have so much to be thankful for,
No more in pain need I moan.

Phil, today I have a strong impression.
Yes, Jan I must hurry to see.
I don't want to fail in my duties
Of being very neighborly.

Good morning, Jan, how are you feeling,
And why in tears do you lay?
Is there anything I can do to help,
Has some sorrow come your way?

Belle, I have been ill for two days,
But I didn't want you to know.
I'm ashamed of how I treated you,
Now again I am brought down low.

Instead of offering to be of help
Like I promised you one day,
I feel I made your burdens heavier
When I your food did roll away.

Yes, Belle, I should have considered you,
I had a chance to repay thee.
But the opportunity is gone now,
And again you're waiting on me.

I should have canned some food for you,
For that's the way you would have done.
So help yourself to the storage shelves
Ere the setting of today's sun.

Permit me to say this once again, Belle,
It's good you are so neighborly.
There ought to be more neighbors like you,
And fewer or none like me.

Be Confident



You may be a chosen vessel
To suffer if God should call.
And if you are the qualified one,
Don't worry that you might fall.

God allows things for a reason,
And He knows what you can bear.
Just rest in His infinite wisdom,
His greatness naught can compare.

What you can't bear He also knows,
This assurance is so great.
Yes, He knows when to deliver you,
He will never be too late.

I'm Thankful To Be Painless



I went to bed with a painless body,
Then I arose and thus did pray:
I thank thee, Lord, that I still am painless
As I went to bed yesterday.

And thro' the day I enjoyed my good health,
Then in the eve I again did say:
Another day has passed but still I'm well,
Then in bed I painlessly lay.

Again the next day I arose painless,
What a blessing—am I worth it?
I thought—A body without any pain,
A miracle— I did admit.

But then I thought of the many thousands
Who day after day they are strong.
Then suddenly a calamity comes
Which leaves them singing a tuneless song.

Yes, that very day may come in my life
When health will not to me belong.
I may enjoy painlessness in this short day,
Yet pain may make tomorrow long.

Lord, I appreciate being painless;
Please take from others, pain away,
So they can be relaxed and sleep at ease,
When in the bed they, too, do lay.

How Gossip Goes



Hello, Friend, my name is Gossip,
I always have much to say.
Yes, I know some gossip stories
To tell it will take all day.

Now listen very attentively;
Nell, Jane, Frank, and -- did -- and -- and --
Why are your eyes getting so big,
And o'er your mouth why is your hand?

Oh, let me get on the telephone,
I, too, want to tell a friend.
This gossip is too interesting,
With me it will not end.

Thank you, Friend, let's quickly hang up,
So I can pass this along.
My friends will enjoy hearing this,
Their ears will be very strong.

Oh! Who told you all this gossip?
I want them to be my friend.
Both my ears perk up to gossip,
With gossipers I do blend.

I heard it from my friend, Mary,
We exchange the things we hear.
And sometimes I even eavesdrop,
I'm so thankful for my ears.

The things I told you the other day,
My friend, none of it is true.
And, friend, if you repeated it,
You better clear it up too.

Friend, remember what I told you,
No part of it is so.
We must talk just as eager now,
Clear it up wherever you go.

Friend, I have something to correct,
I told you a gossipy tale.
I hope you haven't repeated it,
For no good did it avail.

I told it to the office crew,
All of it they did believe.
Even tho it was shocking news,
They gladly did all receive.

Whenever it comes to office work,
Our minds not much do exert.
But whenever it comes to gossip,
Our minds are very alert.

I've learned my lesson the hard way,
My name no more is "Gossip."
Tho I've repented, I still regret,
From now on call me "Hush-up."

A Marriage Story



It is a very common custom
To ask the father of a maid,
May he have his daughter for a wife
If he can truly make the grade.

Oh, young man, do listen unto me!
If you want me to be your wife,
You must ask my heavenly Father
If I may share with you my life.

For in God's will I do want to be,
Since my life is on the altar.
His wisdom is much greater than mine,
In His will, I shall not falter.

Dear Lord, I have come to the age now
When I desire a faithful wife.
Lord, since I fully belong to thee,
Your wisdom shall direct my life.

I surrender all of my desires,
Lord, you know who is meant for me.
In you I have such great confidence,
So I'll patiently wait on thee.

Yes, Lord, you know who should be my wife,
I'll submit if you must delay.
I trust I'm not getting too anxious,
Please do guide each step of the way.

Young man, do listen to my counsel,
For I have many things to say.
There is a lot to be considered
Before you see your wedding day.

Young man, to deserve a faithful wife
You first must be true unto me.
Yes, you must serve me with all your heart,
Then other things I add to thee.

Do you promise to take the maiden
To be your very, very own?
And will you be faithful in this vow,
To leave all others alone?

Young man, do you promise in sickness,
Her humble working place to take?
And then don't feel sorry for yourself,
Nor think you made a big mistake.

With your ways you must this consider,
She is to be your very own.
Just as with the first couple God made,
For Eve was made of Adam's bone.

A divorce from her you cannot get,
It is until death do you part.
And against all of my marriage laws,
You must not get a hardened heart.

Young man, you have heard all my commands,
All of these laws I do set forth.
Do you want to think a while longer,
If perhaps she isn't them worth?

Oh, dear Lord, I accept all of them,
Yes, I to her alone will cleave.
No, Lord, never will I go about
To seek an excuse to leave.

Young maiden, this counsel I must give,
Yes, I have much to say to you.
Are you willing to forsake others,
And to him alone be true?

There are a great many attributes
Which must be to make a good wife.
There's a great cost that you must count
Before entering in this life.

Are you willing to bear his children,
Gladly call them after his name;
And not bear any other man's child,
So 'twill not bring about a shame?

You must not forget all your duties,
Which means be a keeper at home.
The children should be taught to obey,
And not left on the streets to roam.

This statement I shall now firmly make,
Just in case your husband is poor.
You must stay with him in poverty,
And never seek a richer door.

Or if he should become very ill
And the bank account gets very low,
You must not feel sorry for yourself
And for another man go.

Or should he become an invalid,
Do not say, "this I cannot bear."
'Twould be a time to prove your great love,
And always show your tender care.

Though he would be ill for thirty years,
Could you live without a regret?
Would you still rest in this assurance,
It was good that you two once met?

With God's help we've made our decision;
We're ready for the vows to say.
Each of you may truly witness
The vows made on our wedding day.

Friends and relatives who here have met,
Let us witness this wedding day.
May we give our closest attention
And hear what they have to say.

Both of us chose God's love first of all,
And then we prayed for each other.
While apart we lived heavenly pure
To God and to one another.

It is "I will" to all of the vows,
We don't hold in reserve a thing.
And now, witnesses, if you don't mind,
Here is a song we want to sing:

"Truly with no reserve I love you,
And with God's love it is complete.
God's great wisdom led us together,
Our vows we shall ever repeat.

Indeed I now am very happy,
My Love, you are my chosen one.
All my future days you will brighten,
As the rising of the sun."

Confidently we can truly say,
The days together we shall be
Happy with Jesus and each other,
And have perfect harmony.

We have heard your song and all your vows;
You now are husband and wife.
Do not forget the vows you made,
As together you start your life.

Permit us to introduce ourselves,
Since now we are husband and wife.
This is just a common thing we know—
Mr. and Mrs. Life.

Do You Really Forgive?



Words are often said, "You are forgiven,"
And then perhaps before a week goes by
The deed may be told and magnified, too.
'Tis sad for no one does it edify.

Let's consider the truth of forgiveness,
In your heart is a great inward peace.
Yes, whether all the deed hurt or hindered,
From *all* harm—not just part—you gave release.

God is pleased in an opportunity,
Your forgiveness in love to manifest.
When you have a chance to retaliate,
Instead, do him a favor at your best.

Though seventy times seventy in one day,
And if more—they continually do wrong,
Never the less a grudge you must not hold,
But to forgive would still to you belong.

Unforgiveness is an evil deed, too,
It may be worse than the other deed done.
The other one may have been innocent,
But to forgive your heart should never shun.

In The Evening of Our Years



Good morning, Wife, I'm packing my clothes,
I'm thinking about leaving today.
For I have me a little sweetheart
Who lives not too far away.

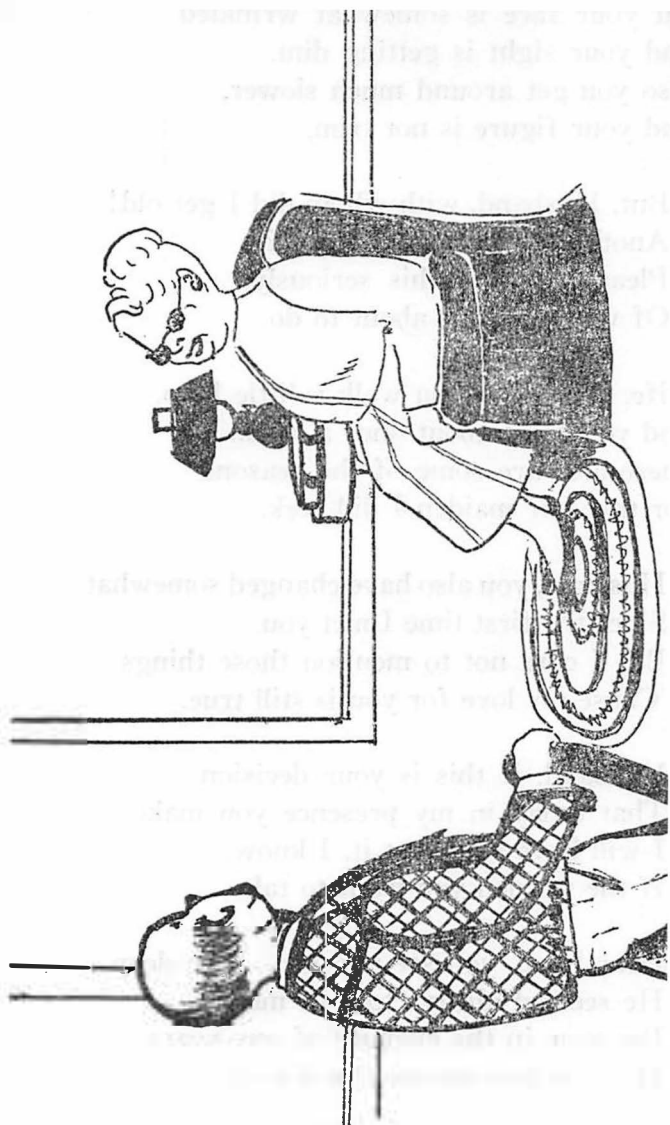
But together we reared the children
Thru intense heat of the day.
Now in the evening of our years,
Oh! why will you go away?

Wife, I have found a fair young maiden,
Beautiful she is to me.
So today this is my decision,
Together, happy we shall be.

Remember in the dawn of our years,
How our love was proven great?
And how we vowed to stay together
As we toiled from morn till late.

Wife, I do agree you have worked hard
All the thirty years gone by.
But this maiden caught my affection
When I looked her in the eye.

Consider the heat-of-the-day trials
When together we shed tears.
Why would you choose now to forsake me
In the evening of our years?



"But, Husband, with whom did I get old?"

But your face is somewhat wrinkled
And your sight is getting dim.
Also you get around much slower,
And your figure is not trim.

But, Husband, with whom did I get old!
Another man, or was it you?
Please consider this seriously,
Of what you are about to do.

Wife, you know you walk a little limp,
And you faint about once a week.
These also are some of the reasons
For this fair maiden I did seek.

Husband, you also have changed somewhat
Since the first time I met you.
But I care not to mention those things
'Cause my love for you is still true.

Husband, if this is your decision
That today in my presence you make,
I will have to accept it, I know,
If the maiden you want to take.

Dear Lord, you see my grief is so deep,
He seemed always to love me so.
But now in the evening of our years
His love to someone else does go.

Wife, I've changed my mind, please forgive me,
My love for you is still true.
No maiden could be ever so fair
That I'd want her instead of you.

I can't forget heat-of-the-day toils—
Our sorrows together did share.
Wife, I love you more than anyone,
Tho I pretended not to care.

That maiden is not heavenly pure
To come between a love like ours.
Now with God's help you never shall have
Any more tear-shedding, sleepless hours.

Husband, I'm at a loss of words to say,
For the decision you have made.
I don't regret any tears I've shed,
When for you, my dear, I prayed.

Two Hypocrites Converse



Brother, did you happen to see the one
Who stole the pears off my tree?
And so many other things are missing
From my private property.

I did, but I have repented of it,
Don't you know I like to pray?
I feel that God has forgiven me
But I'll pray again today.

Brother, today will you please forgive me,
So I'll remain a friend to you.
But I'll keep everything I have stolen
Regardless of what you do.

Of course, Brother, I plan to forgive,
But let a few more days go by.
For there are people I want to tell,
And I don't care if you do cry.

"Sob" please don't tell any more people,
Consider how you would feel.
Yes, I am so sorry for it all,
Brother, grant my earnest appeal.

Huh! I'll tell it wherever I go,
So a lesson you will learn.
You need not try to shut my mouth,
Your name with fire I'll burn.

Brother, I am asking you once again,
Please, please forgive me today.
I am living in the deepest regret,
Don't cast my good name away.

Brother, I'll not consider your plea,
Goodbye, I'll see you in three days.
It's a joy to see your head hang low,
When I'm through you'll change your ways.

I've talked about you for three days now,
So today I do you forgive.
Yes, you're forgiven for all the wrongs,
Now, Brother, happy you can live.

Goodbye now, I have granted your plea,
"Whistle" So I'll go on home now.
It's easy for me to forgive, "whistle,"
Arise, don't be sad and bow.

Now wait just a minute, my brother,
I haven't forgiven you.
You did me a wrong for telling it,
Again wrong to you I'll do.

Yes, I will talk about you now,
You think you're so nice.
But you sold my good reputation
To anyone at any price.

I'll tell people that you're not righteous,
Because false things you did tell.
Yes, I shall convince people quickly;
Your reputation I'll sell.

Wait! don't be so anxious to go,
Brother, you did me wrong first.
And I told you that you're forgiven,
For what else do you thirst?

Brother, I'll go now to tell my wife,
She will be convinced fast.
Then tomorrow I shall see our friends,
I'll retaliate good and last.

If you do, I'll do you wrong again,
And fiery words I will say.
So consider this seriously
Before you go on your way.

But, Brother, remember what you said,
"IT IS EASY FOR ME TO FORGIVE."
Now I will put you to a good test
To see if you so righteous live.

But, Brother, you did wrong to me first,
So to tell it, I felt clear.
Now if you go about with evil talk,
I'll talk again without fear.

Hello Friends, what is all this trouble?
Such good friends you used to be.
Has something awful come between you,
That you both cannot see?

Friend, he has a big mote in his eye,
And I'm trying to get it out.
But he has such a contrary nature,
He doesn't like the get-out route.

Wait a minute, he has a mote, too,
It's so big that "good" he can't see.
So I am trying to get it out,
Then happy he will be.

Now, let's take this problem seriously,
You both have motes, you say?
All of the answers are in the Bible,
Let us read in it today.

Yes, here is the answer very plain,
Here in Luke six and forty-two.
Now read it slow and carefully,
Then you will know what to do.

Brother, forgive me for all of the wrongs,
I have a beam in my eye.
That's why I couldn't get out your mote,
I must go pray now, goodbye.

Brother, will you please forgive me, too,
The beam in my eye is great.
That is why I couldn't see your mote,
Oh, I have been full of hate.

Brother, I freely forgive you for all,
Now I have great inward peace.
I have never known such happiness,
From bad feelings I got release.

Brother, you are freely forgiven, too,
Now God's word I shall obey.
And since the big beam was taken out,
All hatred has gone away.

Now, Brother, I'll restore everything,
Each item that I stole.
I'll also pay you for the fruit I ate,
For now I am in God's sheepfold.

Brother, isn't it a miracle
Of God's grace to bring us low?
I am now a genuine Christian,
Call me ex-hypocrite Joe.

Could We Pray This Way?



Lord, over the rolling, tossing sea of life
I want protection for my soul.
My wisdom I must not and will not trust,
The helm of life it can't control.

In the many, many years that have gone by
You have piloted others o'er.
So, Lord, I will not question your wisdom,
Use it on me I now implore.

Tho' oft I may be tempted to question thee,
Oh why, Oh why are things this way?
But as my soul reaches to the realms above,
Trust my wisdom, I'll hear you say.

Tho' often my friends may say to me "don't"
When your tested word says, "do,"
I'll obey, leaving the results in your hands.
Yes, Lord, I will obey you.

Tho' my bosom companion misunderstands
As I travel o'er the stormy seas,
Yet I'll say your wisdom permitted it all,
And 'twill all mean for good to me.

Tho' my dear, loving children would leave me
All alone to suffer great gall,
I'll be blest from the Blesser above,
For on your name I'll always call.

Tho' some may scoff and laugh me to scorn,
And question the hope within,
I will still rejoice because of your love,
And that I'm delivered from sin.

Tho' some may willingly ride over my head,
Dear Lord, I will still hear you say
My servant, keep looking up to me,
Vengeance is mine, now and alway.

Tho' some may hurl out great, fiery words,
And pass judgment from hand to hand,
Lord, I'll be like the three Hebrew children
While in the midst I must stand.

Tho' some may bring false accusation,
And give me no time to explain,
Lord, if your wisdom allows this to be,
It will be for my good and not vain.

Tho' I may be tempted o'er and o'er
In many things wrong to do,
Lord, with your help I won't have to yield,
But I'll remain faithful and true.

Tho' I may be despised and cast aside,
Lord, all this and more you did bear.
I'll never need to question your wisdom
Because you will always for me care.

Tho' my reputation is sailed abroad,
And for years it may not return,
Lord, whatever they do with it there,
May it only be your concern.

Tho' some say I have wisdom of a fool,
Lord, you know beyond what people know.
So I'll neither faint nor give up in despair,
But to the giver of wisdom I'll go.

Tho some may mock then ask, where is your God?
And why in great pain do you lay?
Lord, if your wisdom permits me to suffer,
You're wise enough to take pain away.

And, Lord, when it comes time for me to die,
I'll still leave myself in your hand.
Because if I should trust my wisdom then,
I could miss the Promised Land.

Are You Planting Weeds or Flowers?



I'm going out to plant my flower garden.
Oh, how I do value all these seeds.
I can hardly wait for the bright blooming;
I'll guard them carefully against weeds.

My Friend, I am sadly disappointed,
For years they've grown higher and higher.
During all that time they never did bloom.
How sad, for there's nothing to admire.

But, my Friend, what kind of seed did you plant,
Do you the difference really know?
For flower and weed seeds do resemble,
But it is plain to see which does grow.

They're all flower seeds and I'll not give up,
Maybe they'll bloom after few more years.
Tho' it will be toil digging about them,
And oft I may work while in tears.

Here are some names of the seeds I planted:
ME, MINE, I AM, MY and triple I-I-I.
Of all the seeds, seeds I-I-I grew the highest,
They grew fifteen feet up in the sky.

Oh, my Friend, you planted nothing but weeds,
It is no wonder they did not bloom.
All of them will have to be pulled up,
Then for your flowers you will have room.

My Friend, for twenty years I let some grow,
And not one flower did I e'er see.
The more I watered, the higher they grew,
And just caused me grief and misery.

All right, Friend, I'll gladly take your advice,
The first ones to die will be plants I-I-I.
For I surely don't want such weeds like that,
Growing fifteen feet up in the sky.

So it is in an individual's life,
Who goes about boasting about "I."
One who thinks there's no one as good as he,
Of "I" his estimation is high.

If that person could only realize
Why in his life no flowers do bloom.
Then he would be quick to remove the weeds,
So he could bear flowers instead of gloom.

Say Yea, Nay



Your words should be yea,
And some should be nay.
Whatever you do say
Should be good every day.

You should not tell a lie,
For a sale in a buy.
It can cause one to cry
And spiritually die.

If you're slapped on the cheek,
Just accept it very meek.
And before you must speak,
Good, tender words do seek.

And when you go to bed
Your face need not be red.
Don't cover up your head,
'Cause yea and nay you said.

A Strong Love



Friend, why will you marry that man,
You can't always have your way.
Are you sure he is the right one?
Listen what I have to say.

Think of all the pain you must bear
When a mother you become.
Can you say that he is worth it all,
Have you added up the sum?

All sacrifices shall prove love;
My ways I gladly forsake.
He is known to be trustworthy;
I don't shrink his name to take.

Yes, I consider his judgments
Concerning me to be right.
I'm not expecting to worry;
With him my hope will be bright.

I have utmost confidence
That he will take care of me.
It will be good to be his wife;
Very happy I shall be.

His presence shall be my delight,
Oh, I gladly take his name.
And if you loved him as I do,
You also would feel the same.

It is the same with all Christians;
Their love for God is so strong.
Christians love God with all their heart;
For Him they forsake all wrong.

They consider not the sorrow
That so often comes their way;
For they have such great confidence
On one who does hear them pray.

It is true there are many things
That Christians must truly endure;
But it should all be counted for good,
For they know their crown is so sure.

I see perfectly what you mean,
For the cord of love is strong.
No sacrifice can be too great
For the one to whom you belong.

Two Enemies Become Friends



Remember that wrong fifteen years ago,
Joe, I still haven't forgiven you.
You better make a quick adjustment now,
Lest I prove to you what I can do.

But, Bill, I gave you half of the money,
And I'm sure you mailed me a release.
So you might as well give up getting it,
I suggest you get your mind on peace.

Peace! I'm determined to get that money,
And right now you might as well be told
That I'm ready to fight, only to win;
I've got what it takes and I am bold.

Bill, I'm experienced, too, in fighting,
'Twould be easy to blacken your eyes.
You will never get that money from me;
My strength many others did surprise.

Wham! How is that for a blow, you cheater;
You better give in to me now.
Or you will wish you did in ten seconds;
Are you ready to surrender? pow!

Just wait, I will get even with you soon,
But I shall wait until this sore heals up.
You will be going backwards in circles,
When you get your very bitter cup.

Ha! Ha! Ha! I won over him today;
I shall prove that he is not so wise.
He's got to satisfy me with money,
Or he will get another surprise.

Friends, those two have a choleric nature;
Did you hear about that awful fight?
Joe didn't submit even tho in pain;
He went home in a pitiful sight.

Joe, I've become a genuine Christian;
Yes, I got real salvation last night.
Such inward peace I never have felt;
Forgive me for not treating you right.

Bill, I've been a Christian for fifteen years;
My name is on Brother Backbite's book.
We two have such wonderful fellowship;
In the basement of the church we rook.

Joe, there is an absolute difference
In religion and real salvation.
For I've had a religion for ten years;
It never changed my conversation.

Do you mean I can be a church member
And yet still not be ready to die?
My pastor says I am living all right
He says it's not wrong to tell a lie.

Yes, Joe, the Bible speaks of vanity;
Many people a religion know.
"Howbeit in vain do they worship me;"
Are you sure you are a Christian, Joe?

I have nothing but a vain religion;
The word of God does reveal it so.
I feel conviction and I want to pray;
What a shameful life! I must bow low.

Oh! Lord, please forgive for all I have done;
Make me over, a creature new.
Yes, make me a regenerated man,
Then I'll obey your commandments true.

Bill, I have been redeemed from all my sins;
Oh! please forgive me for all the wrong.
I gladly pay you all of the money,
For it does truly to you belong.

Joe, you need not, the debt is all canceled.
You will never need to pay me back.
Use it for support of your family,
And here is a full grocery sack.

God bless you, Bill, for your tender kindness;
Oh! Brother, this means so much to me.
It is so wonderful what God has done;
Just yesterday we didn't agree.

Yes, Joe, God has taken out all hatred,
And in my heart is real divine love.
Oh! now we can rejoice with victory
That both our names are written above.

Brother Bill, help yourself to my garden;
There's also some peaches on the tree.
I do thank God that you are my neighbor,
And that we have peace and harmony.

Have you heard the latest about those two?
They both say they have real salvation.
I doubt it! For they have been too wicked;
Let us just watch their conversation.

If they do, I know it couldn't last long;
'Twould be impossible for those two.
They have had too many disagreements;
It couldn't be! It just can't be true!

Bill, I am rather discouraged right now;
Those people are talking about us.
Can't they see that we are creatures new?
We have forgiven and do not fuss.

Dear Brother Joe, do not be discouraged;
Let's prove we have a heavenly birth.
May we set all our affections above,
And have them not on things of this earth.

Yes, I realize we have a duty;
The Bible speaks of a fervent love.
Let them talk, we must live holy and right;
Our lives will prove our names are above.

That's right, Joe, and when they finish talking,
I wonder who will bow down with shame.
Our past is in the sea of forgetfulness;
Their talking will not blot out our names.

Bill and Joe, we want to apologize;
For many months we cast your names out.
You've proven to have Bible salvation,
While much trouble we brought about.

You have such fervent love between you two;
It makes us hang our heads in great shame.
For all of the evil we brought to you,
We are sorry, we take all the blame.

Yes, we all speak these words in one accord;
You two always happy seem to be.
"If God can make such a change in you two,
I know He will do the same for me."

Friends, you are making a wise decision,
In trading the old life for a new.
Yes, it is truly a great miracle,
What glorious things that God can do!

I Like to Argue



Brother, I won that big argument,
I've silenced him three times today.
Brother, you can be that wise, too,
Just learn talking my way.

But Brother, you lack much wisdom,
Humbleness doesn't work that way.
You should manifest meekness and love,
And use a bridled tongue each day.

I like to argue, it thrills me so,
It's a great hobby to me.
Seldom do I admit I'm wrong
For I'm very wise, you see.

Brother, my pity for thee is great,
Of wisdom you are ignorant, I see.
I do hope you become ashamed
When in God's mirror see "ME."

Shoes on The Needy Feet



Daddy, Joe and I have had fun
While out in the yard to play.
But I had to take my shoes off,
And I don't know where they lay.

Son, you must find those shoes right now.
You should have kept them on your feet.
Now, Son, don't waste any time,
And I will not this repeat.

But, Daddy, I can't help but cry,
For each time when I them wear
I get many painful blisters.
Dad, I wish that you did care.

Since you bought those shoes for me,
Remember my feet have grown.
Daddy, can't you see they're too short,
Don't you any money own?

I am too poor to buy you shoes,
So you must wear them some more.
And it does not matter at all,
Even if your feet are sore.

Dear wife, last night at the party,
Soberness I did NOT lose.
But this morning I discovered
I have no billfold and shoes.

I wonder where did I lose them,
Surely I didn't drink too much.
I just can't imagine such things,
ME! NO! I wouldn't do such!

Daddy, you need some chastisement,
Because of the shoes that you lost.
You are even older than me,
And yours a lot more do cost.

Dear Lord, my son is surely right,
His reproof is not too late.
Please forgive me for all my sins,
Give me a new heart this date.

Thank you, son, for the correction,
Liquor did my words belie.
When I look at your painful feet
I can't help but bow and cry.

And, son, oft' because of liquor
This sad story does repeat.
But now instead of losing shoes,
I'll help shod the needy feet.

A Peaceful Assurance



Dear Lord, I know there's much I don't know,
But there's one thing I definitely know,
It is worth more than what I don't know:
With assurance I know that you know.

I want all things my way—my wisdom,
But you want things your way—your wisdom.
You know how to direct your wisdom,
So your wisdom cancels my wisdom.

For many years myself I did trust;
I failed; so now I am in thy trust.
To trust in thee is truly a trust;
What an exchange, my trust for your trust.

For many years myself I did please;
Through my pleasing I did not you please.
Now you're pleased when you know I you please,
And it pleases me when I do please.

*I know it pleases the Lord to trust His great wisdom
And I'm pleased to know I should trust His wisdom.*

My Untame Tongue



O tongue, O tongue, O tongue, O untame tongue,
Tell me why you speak so bold.
Instead of bringing warmth to others' hearts,
Your rudeness leaves them in the cold.

I have tried in vain to lock you up
Within a wall of kindness.
But your behavior is with no regard,
Nothing wrong will you confess.

Once I checked the gate of courtesy,
And noticed it was locked.
But somehow with your untameness
You got out and then me mocked.

Then behind the prison bars you were,
And before my back I did turn
You made your escape and ran so fast,
Which left my heart to ache and burn.

How shall I handle your untameness,
Don't you know the golden rule?
How I wish I knew where to send you,
Something like an unruly tongue school.

Many trails of fire are left sometimes,
With a mighty force you strike.
Instead of improving on yourself,
You speak of all you do dislike.

Often I wonder how I would feel
If I could for a minute be free.
But after thinking about it, I ask—
What would I do with tongueless me?

Sometime I wish you were a balloon,
So you could burst, then be no more.
But a tongue you are and a tongue you'll be
Regardless whom you may score.

Once I said that I had you well tied,
With a rope securely I thought.
But when the conversation began,
For preeminence, O how you fought.

Your determination is so great,
Through the door of "don't" you do.
Then through the doors of "do" you don't,
O, what shall I do with untame you?

Then to my amazement at one time,
Through a keyhole I saw you go.
Seems like there's nothing that can hold you,
Tongue, you are my deadliest foe.

O'er the fence of humility you went
To chase an argument down.
Even tho you stumbled and hurt yourself,
You arose without a frown.

Tongue, isn't there any limit to you,
Around my friends you set great fires.
And instead of bringing comfort to them,
On the fire you add some briers.

I have counseled with you from morn 'til eve,
But it all seems so in vain.
I wish I was experienced with tongues,
In mastership O, how you reign!

I am at a loss as to what to do,
And I don't know what else to say.
Seems like you would wear out sometimes, but nay,
You go beyond a twelve-hour day.

Tongue, what about the promises you make
The first day of every year?
Do you think I expect too much from thee,
You get me cornered, then you flee.

Tongue, you know what has been said, has been said,
All of the facts you now must face.
And if you would not have been so hasty,
You wouldn't have caused so much disgrace.

How I wish I could erase all of it,
Don't pretend to be innocent now.
Yes, you know what I meant when I said "it,"
You ought to go hide and bow.

Tongue, there could be such love in all your deeds,
If you would carefully weigh them out.
But as I have said many times before,
Your untameness brings wrong about.

Remember that very special occasion
When you told me you would stay hid.
But as soon as you saw the microphone
You said . . . tho I did forbid.

I've admonished you many, many times.
So many shifty things you've done.
O how I wish you would take earnest heed,
But to mischief you do run.

Tho often you cannot even be seen,
O'er the waves of the ocean you go.
And then you move at the first impulse
To see whom you can overthrow.

Then one day I thought you were well-dressed
With a good behavior costume,
But when I sat down to relax somewhat,
You sneaked on "hear me boast" perfume.

A forest of good words you set on fire
By saying that none you could trust.
When I tried to extinguish it with love,
In my face you threw some dust.

If I only knew what I should do,
O why, O why don't you get tame?
I'll give you one more chance to straighten up,
If you don't, I think I'll change my name.

Tongue, I could go on and on about you,
So often you have brought me shame.
But before I go on, I wonder
If it'll help to change my name.

Tongue, I have come to a good conclusion,
There's one that can master you.
But of course I must become willing,
Then the job I know he'll do.

God has a harness of obedience,
Yes, and he will hold the reins.
If I do my part, God will do His part
In bringing a halt to inward pains.

I know that God can do this big task,
He's tamed tongues before my time.
So right now I will get on my knees,
And ask Him to tame mine.

Lord, you know all about my untame tongue,
It has mastered me for years.
So much misery it brings to me,
Yes, often it brings me tears.

It has cursed, lied and boasted loud,
And never would give heed to me.
Lord, you're experienced in taming tongues,
O won't you hear my earnest plea.

Lord, I've tried to conquer it with a whip
Many, many times all day long.
But at the times I thought it was whipped,
He got away and still was strong.

Sometimes all night I'd beg and cry,
And I've threatened to change my name.
I've counseled and even bit my tongue,
But still it remains untame.

Lord, I have tried in vain for fifteen years,
So now I submit to thee.
Whatever it takes, please tame my tongue,
Do this favor for others and me.

Dear Soul, you have made a wise decision,
All this decision should make.
I've tamed tongues for many generations,
And I know just what it does take.

So just put your tongue into my hands,
And let me the reins control.
The sooner, the happier you'll be,
So do it now, O precious Soul.

But remember some mistakes you will make,
A human being you'll always be.
But don't be afraid of the wisdom I use,
Only in love will I chastise thee.

Poverty Sam



Hello, Mister, we've walked many miles;
My name is Poverty Sam.
This is my dog, Fido, and we're friends;
A very poor man I am.

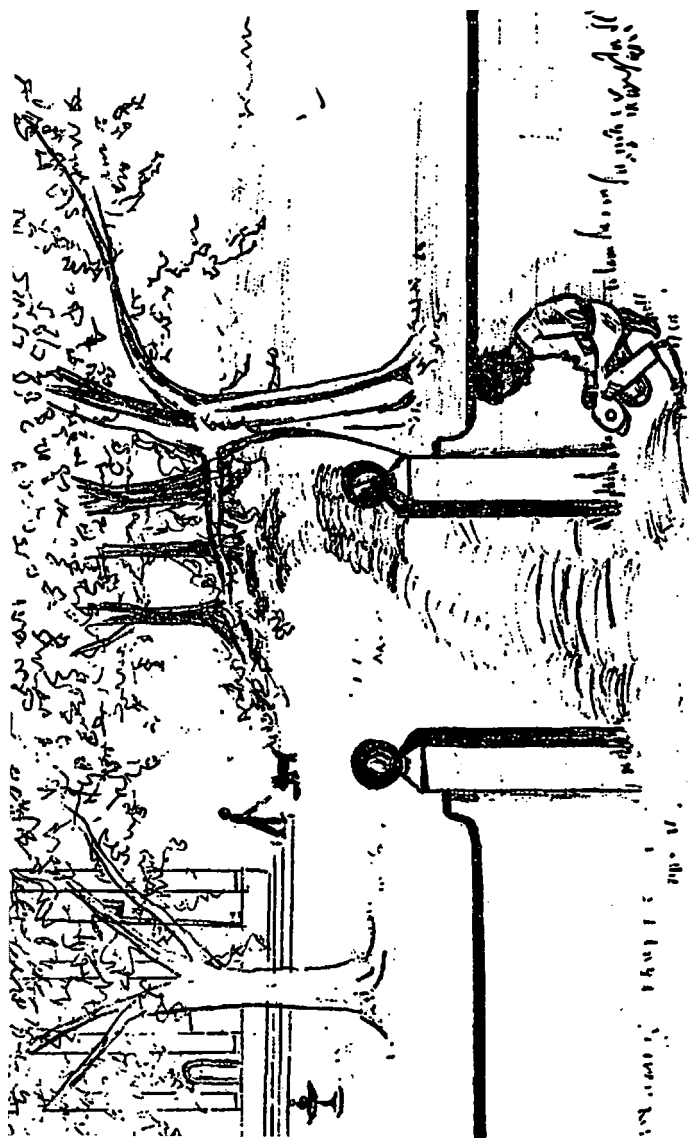
Mister Man, we are very hungry;
Please give us a biscuit or two.
And it need not be cold nor hot, sir;
No, just any kind will do.

I see you gazing now at my feet,
Sir, I only have one shoe.
I change it from one foot to the other,
For that's the best that I can do.

I don't have any use for you, Darky,
No need to shed your tears on me.
I don't want to waste my time on you,
Furthermore, get off my property.

But, Sir, I just want a little food,
So I may go on my way.
And Fido too is so hungry,
We've walked many miles today.

My wife and my children are no more,
The Lord done took 'em all home.
Fido and I always stay together,
In this world we're left alone.



I'm thankful for Fido's meat

I guess I should have a tender spot,
So Fido I will try to feed.
Sam, now I don't want you around here,
Go away now with some speed.

You may wait out at the entrance gate
While I give Fido food to eat.
Sam, leave now lest I give you a shove,
And I will not this repeat.

It is needless to say, never again
Do I want to see your face.
For I don't want a person like you
Wasting time on my place.

Fido, enjoy this big piece of steak,
And here's a drink of water, too.
Poor dog, eat this to your heart's content,
Yes, just eat 'til you are through.

Lord, I thank you for Fido's good food
That the rich man gave to eat.
Tho' I'm hungry and was turned away
I'm thankful for Fido's meat.

Bless the rich man, please do, dear Lord,
In your own good will and way.
And Lord if you want to use me,
Feel free, O Lord, I pray.

Lord, I still am very hungry,
I do need something to eat.
Lord, I cannot walk much further,
You see the soreness of my feet.

Lord, thank you for this big melon
That the farmer freely gave.
Do bless him richly for it, Lord,
From sorrow his life do save.

Fido, it's good we met this farmer;
Let us rest our weary feet.
For tomorrow is another day
That we must endure the heat.

Lord, I thank you for the needed rest,
And for the lunch they packed us, too.
Today I'll again look for some work,
It's good to converse with you.

Fido, I see something up the hill;
A wrecked car it seems to be.
Oh, look! a man is pinned inside,
And he needs help; let's hurry.

Sam, I have been in here two long days
And, oh, I am so hungry.
Do you have any kind of food
That you might give to me?

Yes, Fido and I have some lunch;
Two big biscuits, bread and meat.
You also may have this cool water,
All of it freely drink and eat.

Tearful Sam, don't you remember me?
We met just the other day.
I'm ashamed, but I am the rich man
Who rudely turned you away.

Oh yes! Mister, I remember you,
But helpful I want to be.
I don't hold a thing against you
Because Jesus lives in me.

"Sob," "Sob," O God, we need your help;
Please do help us get him out.
Yes, Lord, endow us with some strength,
Some way, please bring it about.

Sam, it's a wonder you didn't laugh
When you saw me here inside.
But as you say, God is the answer,
I know He does with you abide.

Sam, my heart has truly been touched—
Remember me when you pray.
'Twas like refusing to feed Jesus
When I rudely turned you away.

Mister, I'm thankful to be of help;
One commandment Jesus gave—
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
So with love I the road of life pave.

Tho' I care not to leave footprints of fame
As I walk day after day,
I always pray, "Lord, you may use me
Any way you wish today."

Jesus Wept, Too



When our Saviour was in the Garden,
It was not at a public show.
For He was all alone a-weeping
When His eyes the tears let go.

You may be in a great temptation
When it seems there is no help nigh.
Just keep kneeling before the Almighty,
Shedding tears while to Him you cry.

It's no sin to shed tears in public,
For our Saviour often did, too.
But He was alone when some tears fell,
An example for me and you.

There may be times you feel forsaken,
When no words you can seem to say.
But God knows just why you are weeping
When you kneel and desire to pray.

Yes, when things happen you don't understand,
All you can do is bow and weep.
Remember Jesus will succor thee,
For He, too, was in grief very deep.

Tho' the tempter may whisper to thee,
No good Christian two hours would weep.
Just rest assured that God will aid thee,
For He knows the cry of His sheep.

So be encouraged, weeping Christian,
Some great battles that have been won
Came about after many tears were shed
Long after setting of the sun.

Christians aren't all dispositioned alike,
Some never cry when they kneel.
So don't feel sad if no tears are shed,
For God still knows when your prayers are **real**.

Accepting Judgment Brought Peace



I can't forgive you! I can't forgive you!
Friend, do earnestly pray for me.
I know Christians should forgive others,
Yes, I must pay this debt to thee.

I've never had this to happen before,
Tho' what you said hurt, I must forgive.
Since you're a Christian, I'm asking for prayer,
Because I want to better live.

Henry, I can see you shedding tears,
You seem to be hurt very deep.
Perhaps you misunderstood me, my friend,
Tell me what caused you thus to weep?

I cannot tell! I cannot tell, my friend!
But I know I must forgive you.
Yes, I do feel that you were innocent,
Surely no harm you meant to do.

O Lord, you see the groaning of his soul,
He's hurt of something I have said.
I don't know what else to ask of thee, Lord,
But feed him from the living bread.

Lord, help me to have a forgiving heart,
I don't want to yield to hold a grudge.
But I am as helpless as I can be,
This case, O Lord, do righteously judge.

Henry, listen to this righteous judgment,
It must be put directly on you.
For you are the one that has caused the hurt,
Your friend no harm did he you do.

Because you had much lack of wisdom,
Those unwise words you did say.
And your friend took it with much meekness,
Tho' three times to me he did pray.

So, Henry, accept these facts I state,
You are hurt 'cause you feel guilty.
And it isn't from what your friend has said,
But you noticed his humility.

You are trying to put the blame on him,
This judgment do you gladly hear?
Now you should ask your friend to forgive you
So that from all your soul be clear.

Tho he has already forgiven you,
To ask, is a debt to him you owe.
And if you refuse to ask, that is pride,
Humility you, too, can show.

My friend, will you please forgive me today?
I caused the hurt, and take the blame.
I didn't realize what I was doing,
When I pinned my guilt on your name.

A Mother Regrets



Lord, it seems that thru their days of youth,
I've neglected my children dear.
Now I feel unworthy to even ask
To give me a listening ear.

Dear Lord, I am truly unworthy
For a shadow on this your earth.
Such vain thoughts I believe it would be,
If I should think I am it worth.

Just a little unnoticed shadow,
Even tho it would fill no space.
Yes, Lord, that is how I feel today,
I'm not worthy to show my face.

Dear Lord, if words should be said today,
May I not take the "hearing space."
There are people more able to speak
Whose words are seasoned with grace.

Dear Lord, I am not worthy of time,
Nor even a sound mind to think.
Others could write about me better
By using their thoughts, pen and ink.

I am not worthy of your goodness,
Nor to wet the sand with my tears.
Permit me just one more line, dear Lord,
I am not worthy of my years.

No Smoking!



Have you seen the many signs
With these words, "No Smoking"?
Not many people take heed,
Which is quite provoking.

When one, though innocently,
May cross a smoker's path,
Ofttimes he is corrected
And sometimes in great wrath.

Dad, here is a poem I found;
It was out in the yard.
I trust after reading it,
Your pipe you will discard.

But He Smokes At Any Rate

A smoker the air does domineer;
Contaminates the pureness so near;
Understands not why you shed a tear;
And wonders why you sluggish appear.
For he smokes at any rate!

You wish so much for a place to turn;
Oh, how your eyes do already burn;
For relief you look about and yearn;
Yet the smoker puffs with no concern.
He just smokes at any rate!

You accidentally sneeze in his face;
The smoker thinks, Oh, what a disgrace!
He gets up from his chair in a pace;
His pipe lays there while you he does chase.
But he smokes at any rate!

You may just touch a beautiful cake;
But, Oh! you made such a big mistake;
He quits smoking to give you a shake;
Until you feel like your bones do ache.
But he smokes at any rate!

You cough some germs in his dinner plate;
Suddenly he grants a look of hate;
And, Oh! his voice is so irate;
But he just smokes on at any rate.
Yes, he smokes at any rate!

Son, I do get the picture;
I'll stop smoking today.
Here is twenty dollars worth;
Let's throw it all away.

Wrong Advice



Why don't you speak words that are sour?
Yes, other people's good words devour,
Why don't you do it this very hour?

Don't you think you have a speaking art?
Then why don't you shoot words like a dart?
Those two friends need to be torn apart.

Say ugly words that burn just like fire,
And don't hesitate to be a liar,
Tho others you get into a brier.

Why don't you prove you can speak well?
You can boast, speak harmful, then swell,
Then don't apologize, be like jell.

Say something bad but don't take the blame.
Anything sad it's all right to frame,
But what you say don't attach to your name.

What A Comparison!



A dog is loved but a child is not,
Let us this picture paint.
A dog is loved and fed very well,
But a child of hunger must faint.

Son, your daddy and I are divorced,
Now, go find you a home.
I don't have any more love for you,
On your own you now must roam.

But I will keep the little dog, "Jet,"
He is so cute and playful, too.
Now, Son, here's a sack with all your clothes,
I have no mother's love for you.

But, Mom, I'm just a lad of thirteen,
I need your counsel and advice.
Why don't you keep me instead of Jet,
Can't you his love sacrifice?

I'd rather not be bothered with you,
From your care I want to be free.
You see Jet isn't very much trouble,
I want no responsibility.

Mom, tell me where my Daddy is,
Maybe he will take me in.
Mom, don't you know it is cold outside,
And my clothes are very thin?

I haven't seen your daddy for six months,
His whereabouts I don't know.
Son, if I did I wouldn't tell you,
For no love would he you show.

Dear Lord, I can't help that I was born,
Doesn't anyone care for me?
I need clothes and I need my parents' love,
And right now I am so hungry.

Lord, won't you please reunite my parents,
Consider my just complaint.
I am too weak to go any further,
'Cause of hunger I now do faint.

Lord, help me to get my wife back,
I am so nervous and in pain.
This has brought about an awful sickness,
And I'm about to go insane.

Lord, I can't bear this illness longer,
Bring my husband back to me.
But first of all bring back my young son,
Yes, Lord, I love my family.

Mom, I'm so glad to see you again,
Six months has been so long.
I have suffered pains of hunger,
Under your care I do belong.

Son, I love you with a mother's love;
This, nothing can e'er destroy.
It's been long and you're fourteen, now,
I love you, my darling boy.

Daddy, I want you to know I love you,
Tho long you have been astray.
Every day to God I would talk,
For you and my mom I'd pray.

Son, I'm sorry that I have failed you,
All children want a father's love.
With God's help this won't happen again,
For my name is written above.

Dear, I'm glad we are reunited,
And to be blessed to have a son.
He is such a kind and a loving child—
I wish God would give us another one.

A Finished, Unfinished Poem



Young man, when I am in thy presence,
To me you often tip your hat.
For you want to be a gentleman,
That's all I'll say about that.

Before in your auto I get in,
You smile and open the door wide.
And you tell me you feel like a king
When I am sitting near thy side.

And when we're at the elevator,
You gesture to me that I'm first.
And you often question my comfort
By asking me if I do thirst.

When you're delighted at my presence,
Instead of blushing and to me bow,
Why not lay aside those cigarettes?
Please, young man, won't you do it now?

Yes, young man, it is more important
To me; cause I just love fresh air.
But whene'er you smoke those cigarettes,
Oh, how I wish I were elsewhere.

The odor is very repulsive
Of those harmful weeds that you smoke.
And while you enjoy all the puffing,
My clothes with all of it does soak.

Yes, young man, you do various things
'Cause you want to be a gentleman.
But let me say just a little more,
Take no offense at me, young man.

Why is it while sitting at the table,
With some pleasure I try to eat,
That you always smoke your cigarettes,
Which odorizes my meat.

I'd lot rather open my own door—
In the elevator be last,
Than to always smell those cigarettes,
Young man, which you now puff so fast.

I would rather you not tip your hat,
And never, never to me bow,
Than to breathe air of those cigarettes
That you with joy are puffing now.

Young man, if I should "miss speell" a word—
The dictionary I can't see.
I will just blame all those cigarettes
Which you now do puff at me.

"Cough, excuse me for such noise, "Cough"
But the smoke is, Oh, so thick. "Cough."
And . . . "Cough."

Young man, I cannot finish this poem,
Tho I try, I can't clearly think
For the air is so contaminated,
To blankness my mind does sink.

Confess Whose Faults?



Friend, I have some faults to confess.
... That is all I have to say.
Why do you appear so dismayed,
Haven't you enjoyed this day?

You confessed many of my faults;
It's your faults you should confess.
Now I'll do as you did me;
Can you call that righteousness?

The faults I confessed were called "some"
I didn't say yours or mine,
So freely I told them to thee,
Perhaps I did get out of line.

I think I have done you wrong, too;
My faults confess I right now.
Forgive me for confessing yours,
This sickness God did allow.

Those hours I spent telling your faults
Made another fault for me!
This is the first fault I've confessed;
Let's pray that my faults I'll see.

I also need a lot of prayer
For wrong I have done to you.
Let's just pray for one another;
Love will help us this to do.

Thank You, Mom



Dear Mom, here is a short little letter
From your across-the-ocean son.
Today I prayed through to victory,
Yes, my heart God's love has won.

Thank you, Mom, for all of your prayers,
For so long I have been astray.
But I have never known such peace and joy
Since I found the Lord today.

Mom, I thought I was getting by with things,
But your prayers caught up with me.
Now I'll help pray for my three brothers
That they God's great love may see.

Forgive me for the times I brought you tears
When my respect for you was due.
I wish there were more men blessed like me
To have a praying mother like you.

Tho' I am far away across the waters,
And your face I may never again see,
I want you to know I appreciate you.
Thank you, Mom, for praying for me.

A Deceptive Forgiveness



Of course I intend to forgive,
But I'll let the months go by.
I want to bring revenge to him first,
Yes, I want to see him cry.

He'll get a taste of what I've borne;
The suffering he caused was great.
He'll get a dose of what he deserves;
I'm happy to retaliate.

I guess I have brought enough revenge;
Now I shall treat him very nice.
With voluntary humility,
And at a counterfeit price.

Right now I do quickly forgive him,
Only to protect my name.
But I'm not sorry for what I've done,
For my wrongs I won't take the blame.

I'll put my arms around his neck,
And with a kiss I'll him betray.
Believe me I'll not apologize,
But I freely forgive today.

I'm very glad I got to hurt him,
Tho innocent I'll always be.
He was much easier to forgive,
When I did him like he did me.

A Child Speaks



Dad, why do you do as you do?
About anything you cuss.
But I always get a spanking
When with Jane I sort of fuss.

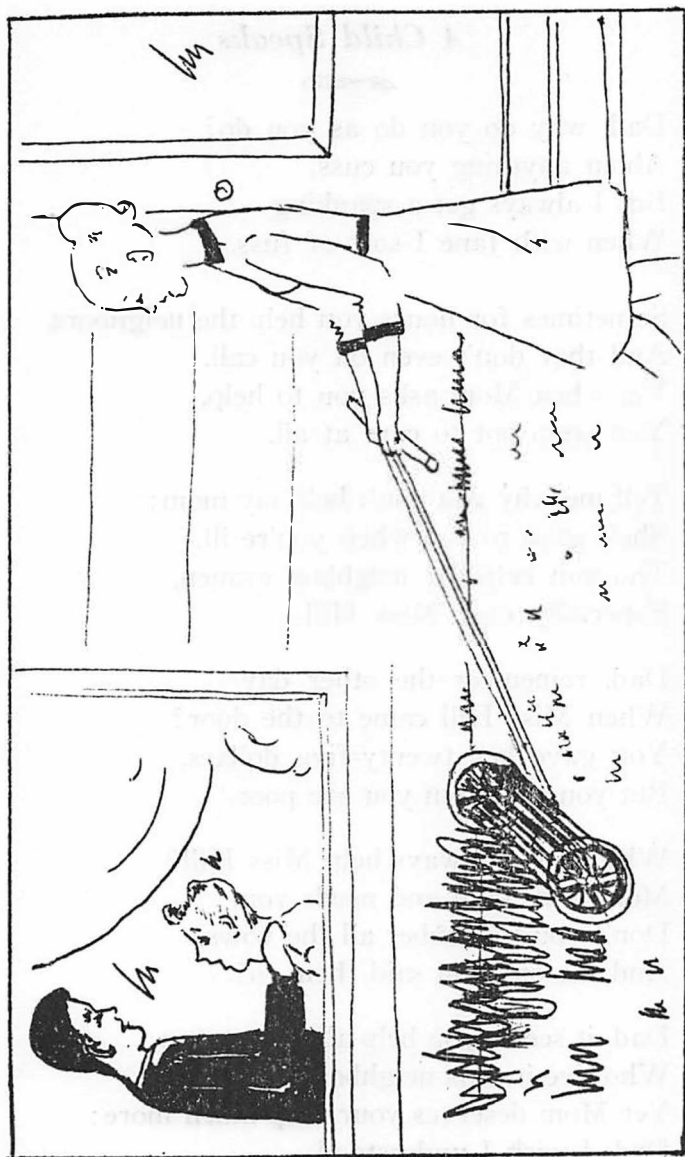
Sometimes for hours you help the neighbors,
And they don't even on you call.
Yet when Mom asks you to help,
You seem not to care at all.

Tell me why you don't help my mom;
She's good to you when you're ill.
Tho you help the neighbor women,
Especially one, Miss Hill.

Dad, remember the other day
When Miss Hill came to the door?
You gave her twenty-five dollars,
But you tell Mom you are poor.

Why do you always help Miss Hill?
Mom is so kind and needs you.
Don't you remember all the vows,
And the one you said them to?

Dad, it seems you help all the women
Who live in this neighborhood.
Yet Mom deserves your help much more;
Dad, I wish I understood.



"Tell me why you don't help my mom."

When Mom was so sick yesterday,
After work you stayed so late.
Dad, didn't your conscience hurt bad;
Since she on you had to wait?

And, Dad, you told me at one time,
If I neglected your dog, Jet,
You would spank me very hard,
Yet Mom you shun and forget.

Dad, I would like to pause just now
In this rhyme to hear you say
Your opinions about my mom;
Speak in your own will and way.

Son, I admit you are so right;
I've done her wrong, I'm guilty.
She married for better or worse
And kept all her vows to me.

My Dear, I have something to say;
Apology I must make.
Our son gave me needed reproof;
All I am happy to take.

My Dear, will you forgive me now;
Oh! I have done you so wrong.
Now I shall prove to the neighbors
That to you, Dear, I belong.

I have taken you for granted
When I thought to have some fun.
I knew you would not think to leave
Since I'm the father of your son.

I'm glad you proved to me your love,
And bore with me when in shame.
You couldn't be a better wife—
Dear, I'm glad you have my name.

You Will Reap What You Sow



You will reap what you sow,
Some morn, noon, eve or night.
You will reap what you sow,
All wrong doings or right.

I've sowed many a crop
In a far-away land.
The planting no one knows,
The wrong I did to man.

My friend, won't you listen,
All of God's word is true.
You'll surely regret it
When reaping comes to you.

Oh, I will not reap it,
I am too wise for that.
You cannot find my field;
Will you show me whereat?

Nothing is hid from God,
He weighs your thoughts all out.
Your crop you'll reap so sure,
God decides whereabouts.

I'll watch for the reaping
So it will not catch me.
I'll be very alert,
I am so wise you see.

Friend, God will not cancel,
His word will come to pass.
Its everlasting truth
We will all reap, alas.

Now it has happened to me,
These troubles I must bear.
My conscience did hurt much
When planting over there.

Yes, your time has now come,
With sorrow all around.
These troubles you planted
When others you cast down.

Oh, I see what I've done!
Carelessly casting seed!
Reaping is so bitter!
I should have taken heed!

Will you exhort others?
Sowing good seed will pay.
So when time for reaping,
'Twill be a welcome day.

Yes, sower, you will reap,
You cannot run from God.
Troubles you bring others—
The same path you may trod.

Oh What Love!



Husband, I'm glad that I'm your wife,
None could take the place of thee.
My happiness does always glow
When you show your love to me.

Many times these words are spoken
With expression, "I love you."
Yes, when you say them to me, Dear,
I know they are spoken true.

Your tender actions speak this way,
That it's me you want to please
And many things you sacrifice,
So nothing our love will freeze.

Wife, I know of a truer love
That to thee I'd like to tell.
With Jesus I am acquainted
And I know His love quite well.

Yes, I truly love my Saviour
And He surely does love me.
I often kneel in secret prayer
So closer to Him I be.

I tell Him all of my problems,
Difficult they are to bear.
And He solves each and every one,
Dealing tenderly with care.

And many times I part from friends,
With Jesus to be alone.
He knows all my deepest secrets
For I am His very own.

Some secrets He also tells me,
I'm so glad that I know Him.
Yes, my love for Him grows fonder,
My bright hope shall never dim.

Our bond of love shall never break,
What affection in my heart!
And the cord of love grows stronger,
Yes, from sin I did depart.

There's no greater satisfaction
Than to have God's act of love.
He deals with me so tenderly,
Oh wondrous love from above!

Wife, you think my love is so great
When I express it to thee.
But you have never known such love
As Jesus has toward me.

Let's Think Awhile



I think that my friends think that I think—
But I really don't think what they think,
And they may not think what I think they think,
But they may think what they want to think.

My friends' thoughts have given me some thoughts,
Their thoughts I thought were some of my thoughts,
The more thoughts I had about their thoughts
Puzzled me more on whose thoughts I thought.

I keep thinking of what they are thinking,
And I'm thinking they may be thinking
Of what I'm thinking about their thinking,
And our thinking leads to more thinking.

Facts are facts no matter what we think.
Some unthought thoughts we have been thinking.
Facts remain facts as long as they are facts.
They can't be changed through unthought thinking.

What About Fortune Tellers?



I go to the fortune teller,
Yes, many times a week.
And the reason I like to go,
For knowledge I do seek.

Tell me, what knowledge do you gain?
What of value does she say?
Is it profitable for thee
In a spiritual way?

All of the good that she tells me
Makes up for all of the bad.
Half of the time I am happy,
And the other half I'm sad.

Friend, God's word speaks of this evil,
Yes, it began years ago.
It is not a God-given gift,
A teller's evil does show.

But from her I get so much good
That I do not care to pray.
After I spend two hours with her,
Then I quietly go away.

How sad to spend two hours with her
And not five minutes in prayer.
Oh Precious Soul, see the danger
And cease going over there!

Hear Ye Parents!



Juvenile delinquency is seen throughout the land.
Should we the children blame who are led by the
hand?

Answer this question ye parents, if I may command.

You inconsiderate parents go here and there with
ease.

From dawn and past the dusk your evil ways do not
cease.

Think now—what is the delinquent problem? Tell
me please.

Juvenile delinquency is increasing, sad to say.

You negligent parents who lead your children
astray,

Why don't you both change your ways now? An-
swer me, I pray.

Parents, you're responsible to rear your children
right.

Why wait so long until they are all out of your
sight?

Repent, parents, don't you want to be a shining
light?

Children bring heartaches in the country and in the
town.

Oh! you thoughtless parents who in hatred do
frown,

Will you continue to sin, then miss your priceless crown?

Give heed all ye parents ere their precious youth is past.

Counsel with them from the Bible, for they're growing fast.

Why would you wait longer? hurry, answer me at last.

Their little hearts are so very tender, can't you see?
Yes, they need Christian guidance from parents who agree.

Won't you change immediately, why wait? hear my plea.

You can be a good example, yes, this very date.
Prove a godly, parental love, please pray and don't wait.

Oh! ye parents, it's getting late, yes—almost too late.

Hear all ye parents! awaken to your great need now.
Repent of your many sins, in true humbleness bow.
Promise to forever quit them, and hold to your vow.

Ere you read another line you should humble your heart.

Ask God to grant you mercy and give you a new start.

Then as you instruct your children, God will do His part.

Christian, What About Your Fruit?



I saw a cherry tree,
It was bearing potatoes.
I saw a berry bush,
It was bearing tomatoes.
 "Thou shalt not judge!"

I saw a potato plant,
It was bearing cherries.
I saw a tomato vine,
It was bearing berries.
 "Thou shalt not judge!"

I am a good Christian,
But I like to tell lies.
A good example I am,
Though evil I devise.
 "Thou shalt not judge!"

I am a true prophet;
When angry, I fight.
And if I don't murder
I think it's all right.
 "Thou shalt not judge!"

Let us rewrite this poem
With some common sense.
For if left like it is
'Twould be false pretense.

I saw a cherry tree,
It was bearing cherries.
I saw a berry bush,
It was bearing berries.

“By their fruits ye shall know them!”

I saw a potato plant,
It was bearing potatoes.
I saw a tomato vine,
It was bearing tomatoes.

“By their fruits ye shall know them!”

I am not a Christian
For I enjoy telling lies.
And I know it is wrong
Any evil to devise.

“By their fruits ye shall know them!”

I am a false prophet
'Cause I don't live right.
To hate is already murder
Even if I don't fight.

“By their fruits ye shall know them!”

I Had a Vain Religion



'Twas said I had a vain religion;
I must admit it was true.
I didn't have a change of heart;
My ways did not change anew.

I shook the preacher's hand quite well;
He wrote my name in his book.
My life was still not different;
In God's law I did not look.

They said this is our law and creed;
Their laws around me were tied.
I continued my nightclub work,
And when convenient, I lied.

I was asked to teach the children;
Had no righteousness to show.
We had a drinking party once,
And the preacher, too, did go.

Gamblers, adulterers and adulteresses—
All kinds were in this large church.
On Sunday we sang many songs
As we sat high on our perch.

We chose to let the preacher go;
He lived as bad as we did.
We found that he enjoyed sinning;
His sins were surely not hid.

Then we got another preacher.
He said he lived a good life,
But his wife he often did leave
To date a gambler's wife.

So on and on the evil went;
The church was two thousand strong.
We had cheatings and lawsuits, too;
Looked like everyone did wrong.

Praise God, I accepted the call
When God convicted my heart.
I gave up my vain religion;
From evil I did depart.

Yes, I repented of my sins;
Became a creature new.
For all the old things passed away,
Sin and vain religion, too!

Friend, come join this popular church;
The preacher not much does say.
One thing, tho, just pay us your tithes;
But you will never have to pray.

I need not join a church like that,
For I'm joined unto the Lord.
I'll not accept your yoke of bondage;
I'm free to obey God's word.

A Drunkard's Ordeal



"I'm a crossin this ere street
Cuz I jest wanna go.
So'zn I ken get some mo drinks,
Den I ken be so and so."

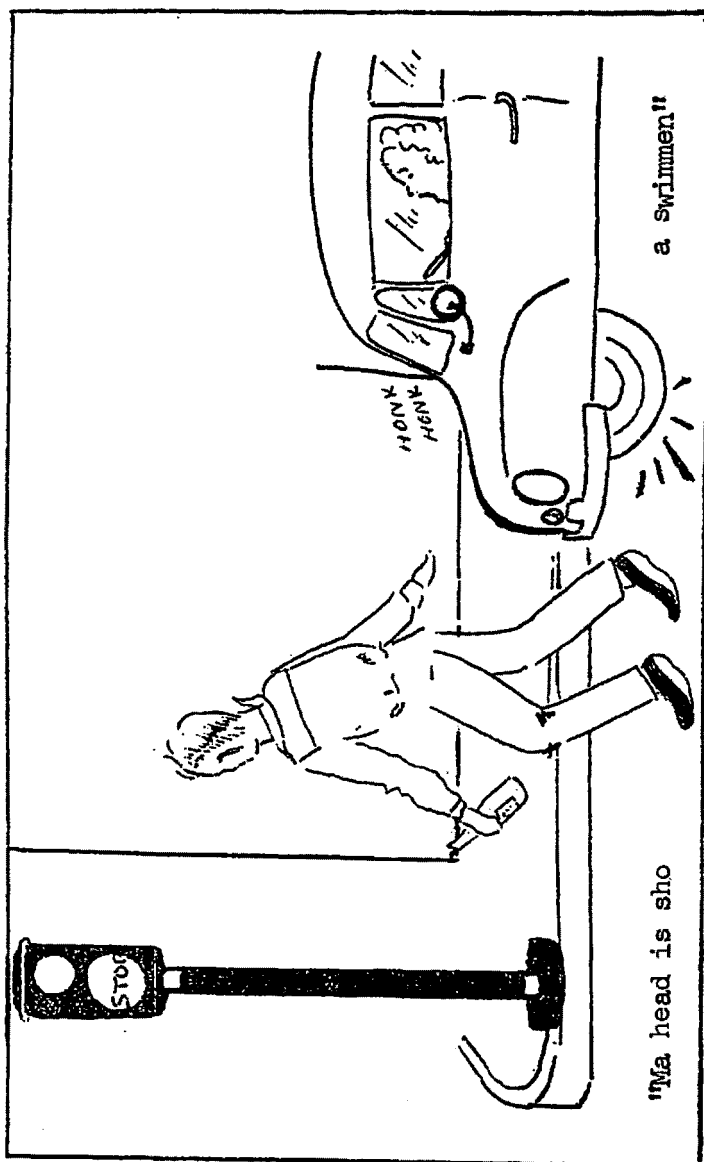
"Doze cars air a comin' fast,
Sir, lead me o'er dare.
'Cuz I need some strong watta,
Ya, I gotta drink ma share."

"Excuse me a stumblin' along,
And a walkin crosswise.
But I don' know whar ta go,
Cuz I've got ten eyes."

"Ma head is sho a swimmen,
And it duz weigh a ton.
I ken't walk sa straight, sir, man,
And I sho ken't run."

"Say, man, give me a quatta,
I'm sa hungry ya see.
I jest need a half sand'ish,
That will satisfy me."

"Thanks for this big quatta, man,
Some likka I'll get.
I'm a millionaire right now,
Ya, and I'm outta debt."



"Ma head is sho

a swimmen"

“Now ma clothes air a gettin wet,
Cuz the watta I spill.
I’m glad for ’is warm likka,
For I now do chill.”

“Is wall is a gettin sa steep,
But I’m gonna get up dare.
I’ll find me some mo likka,
’Cuz I gotta drink ma share.”

“What am I do’en in ’is box?
Ya treat’en me like a dog.
Air ya gonna sell me, sir, man,
Like ya did ma hog?”

* * *

Wife, I am going downtown
And taking Rover with me.
I think he will enjoy it,
And I’ll have company.

Rover, you’re a very good dog,
You know how to cross the street.
Yes, you are so intelligent
In directing your feet.

Wife, Rover was very alert,
Safe places he did go.
He never stepped in front of cars,
A lot of good sense he did show.

Henry, dogs do amaze me,
But, oh! a drunken man!
To have less sense than a dog
Is not in God's plan.

Wife, I had a dream the other night,
I'll tell it now to you.
It was a terrible dream,
I'm glad it wasn't true.

I'll be glad to hear it all,
Please tell it in detail.
But before you proceed, Henry—
Why were you in jail?

I dreamed that I was very drunk
While I was downtown.
I couldn't walk straight tho I tried,
And I kept falling down.

I acted in a shameful way,
And tried to climb a wall.
Unreasonable things I did do,
And drew the attention of all.

Excuse me for interrupting,
But it was not a dream.
Henry, it actually happened,
Tho' a dream it did seem.

Oh no! are you telling the truth?
Did I really act that way?
And I had less sense than a dog?
Let me hide, lest more you say.

Yes, Henry, all of this is true.
And there's more I could say.
But I can see you are ashamed,
You know drinking doesn't pay.

Now that this is true I've decided
That Rover needs the driver's license!!
And I should be wearing the dog tag,
'Cause Rover has more sense.

Wife, I can't forget this ordeal,
With drinking I am through.
'Tis a very good decision,
And, drinker, what about you?

Tho' She Keeps Doing Wrong



Fred, dear, will you forgive me,
I have caused you much grief.
Oh, will you please grant it now,
For I do want relief.

Yes, my dear, of course I will,
'Tis the right way to live.
A debt I would to you owe
If I didn't forgive.

I have done you wrong again,
So I shall ask the same.
But each time I do you wrong,
I shrink to call your name.

My dear, please don't feel that way,
Forgiveness remains the same.
I gladly do my duty
Before you call my name.

'Tis the seventieth time now,
That I'm asking you today.
Oh, will you still forgive me,
Even before you pray?

Yes, I readily forgive,
Nothing else would I choose.
If I held it against you,
Inward peace I would lose.

Now 'tis four hundred ninety,
That I've asked you today.
Are you truly forgiving,
In the good Bible way?

Yes, I continue to pay;
It is a debt of love.
I am anxious to forgive,
For my name is above.

Does forgiving get tiresome?
Do you enjoy it all right,
Tho you are always done wrong
Thru the day and the night?

Tho four thousand nine hundred
You would ask in one day,
I would continue to forgive
'Cause I am happy this way.

You May Be Sold



You may learn a spiritual lesson,
Thru the story of Joseph of old.
So you also can be a blessing,
After a season, when you are sold.

Your good reputation may be sold,
And carried to a distant land.
Yes, the grief may be ever so great,
But God will hold you by the hand.

You may be sold thru a fratricide,
From loved ones be taken away.
Do not cry as tho' no hope in sight,
Help will come some how and some day.

You may be sold thru great jealousy,
And a choleric nature, too.
But keep your eyes steadfast on Jesus,
Remember He will not fail you.

You may be sold thru such great slander,
Do not wonder, Oh! why, Oh! why.
For when God says, "Now it is enough,"
He will stop those who vilify.

You may be sold thru a ruffian,
It may appear there is no use.
Remember God's holy promises,
And do not faint at an abuse.

**You may be sold thru an orator,
One who can speak with much ill will.
But my brother you must not falter,
Just remain very calm and still.**

**You may be sold thru rigourism,
By those with a haughty spirit.
Keep your trust completely in Jesus,
For riches you can inherit.**

**You may be sold thru spite and hatred,
Great adverse criticisms, too.
Just seek God for abundance of grace,
He will all evil work subdue.**

**You may be sold thru much harassment,
And an occult enemy, too.
Brother, do not give up in despair,
God will still answer prayer for you.**

**You may be sold thru some fatuity,
Oh, such unreasonableness!
Thru this remain faithful to your call,
God will prove His righteousness.**

**You may be sold thru misunderstanding
From a good brother, we shall say.
God allows some mysterious things,
But in season, He'll clear the way.**

You may be sold thru mockery,
Such ugly words of derision!
God will give you courage to live right,
If you keep a firm decision.

You may be sold thru much roguery,
It may seem like lasting defeat.
But just humble to trust God's wisdom,
And enjoy the spiritual meat.

When in the spiritual famine,
Hungry souls arrive at your door.
Keep feasting from God's great storehouses,
And gladly point them to the poor.

Those who sold you, hungry will be,
Empty souls who want food to eat.
You will be glad for enduring grace,
And thankful for the spiritual meat.

So Brother, please get strength and courage,
When they sell you from a good fold.
There are hungry ones God wants to feed,
Who'll not be fed lest you are sold.

Then thru your much toil and suffering,
You can see it does surely pay.
For God will bring about the blessings,
Tho' years pass—then the famine day.

