

# **WAXING LYRICAL**

**One man's musing upon life  
and faith, uniquely told in  
verse.**

**From the mysterious mind of  
DAVID TAIT**



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## **A NOTE FROM DAVID**

In decades past in New Zealand, as in many countries I guess, it has not been the right thing for a 'real man' to be seen to be writing poetry, (except perhaps when trying to woo a lady!) so most of us haven't. I can't say that over the years I ever really had the inclination either, except for a couple of 'moments of weakness' when I was really feeling down and rhyming lines came into my mind.

All changed however at the dawn of the new millennium. I remember well, sitting at my computer, when the radical rhymes just flowing from my mind, through the keyboard and, almost magically it seemed, appearing on the screen. God was releasing a whole new dimension in my life. He never ceases to amaze me! It was the last thing I would have thought of doing myself!

Since then I have had lots of fun doing them, from time to time as the inspiration hits. Most take about a day to complete – 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration, as is the rule in most things of life. I trust you may also derive a little pleasure from reading them too!

This is my very first poem, written during a really hard period in my life. For we had lost our business and I was fighting desperately, ultimately unsuccessfully, to stave off bankruptcy. Written in the days before I became a Christian, (it took bankruptcy to do that – some of us are slow learners!) but I was starting to look at what really are the important things in life.

## **BESIDE ME**

When I look back on all we have done together,  
Picking the daffodils in the wind and the rain,  
I am so grateful that whatever the weather,  
And bearing the back that gives you pain,  
You have walked beside me.

At times it has been a lot of fun,  
We have laughed, cried and had the odd thrill.  
But more often you have had to run,  
To race, to get the job done, but still,  
You have walked beside me.

And now, when my life has collapsed around my ears,  
Your strength has helped me to keep my sanity,  
When I have been down and experienced new fears, While I have  
suffered great blows  
to my vanity,  
You have walked beside me.

I have worked so hard all these years,  
To yours and the family's cost.  
It is hard sometimes to fight back the tears,  
Yet no matter how much we have lost,  
You have walked beside me.

Your beauty has always drawn me to you  
Like the bee to the flower of the honeysuckle tree,  
To me I know you have always been true  
While surely, sometimes you have wanted to be free,  
You have walked beside me.

And though life at times seems bitter, twisted and curled,  
Your love gives me strength to go on fighting.  
I am just the luckiest man in all the world,  
To have your name next to mine in writing.  
You have walked beside me.

And now as I have to rebuild my life'  
To meet new challenges, to reach new goals.  
How blessed I am to have you as my wife,  
To know that however the countryside rolls,  
You will walk beside me.

Having looked at ' her' , we had better balance the picture by looking at ' him' . An introduction to the weird world of David Tait! You may like him (me – this is confusing!) or you may not, but he (!) is what he is. (I am!)

## ' TIS ME'

'Tis me, David John is the name,  
Born for business to be my game.  
For 30 odd years, I did give it a go,  
Often successful, other times low.

Ten years ago now, it collapsed all around,  
Misery in my life, did plentifully abound.  
So I gave my heart to the Lord, you see,  
For by now, I had come to the end of me.

In the time since then,  
My God I have sought and fought,  
In these years of ten,  
He has of me, taught and caught!

He restored me in the business world.  
At the same time, my desires He curled.  
Now he has me writing this book,  
I trust you find it worth the look.

David John is the one I would like to be,  
A 'King David' with a heart after his God,  
If only the Lord would say the same of me,  
A real sinner, but still worthy of his nod.

The Apostle John too, has a special place,  
In the shadow of Jesus, he did run his race.  
Given revelation of our heavenly destiny,  
Proved his love for Jesus was a reality.

Now when God gives you a book to write,  
Should you show yourself in the best light?  
Surely people, God won't want to offend,  
Our image, it's all-important in the end.

But my friend, that is not my style,  
Sweet savors, my readers to beguile.  
To be honest, revealing warts and all,  
For me, that has always been the call.

I'm far from being the perfect man,  
If I were, God wouldn't need a plan.  
Not needing to turn me around, into his image,  
Life would be boring for Him, or so I envisage!

For spiritual gifts are given, as He does choose,  
Yes, they are ours for life, them we never lose.  
Even at times when our behaviour,  
Does not do honour to the Saviour!

When I look at the television or stage,  
And see the perfect person, strutting their stuff,  
I begin to wonder, with the benefit of age,  
Is it really God, or are they calling my bluff!



The fruit of the Spirit on the other hand,  
Need to be worked at, with Him to stand.  
Not just for a splendid hour on the podium,  
But in all actions, we are to show no odium.

No, not all can be good looking, I'm certainly not!  
But the fruit of the Spirit, we are to display the lot.  
For it is in the life we lead from day to day,  
The depth of our commitment, we'll display.

So when I come to read a book,  
I always want to take a real look,  
At the life of the person who pushes the pen,  
What is he thinking, while writing in his den?

Now here you will find David's Musings,  
Over which I have taken some 'abusings'!  
Why are you focusing on yourself? Some do say,  
Others, revealing yourself, a dangerous game to play!

But life is a journey my friend,  
To be run out to the very end.  
To see where I'm at, on the way through,  
Will I trust, be of some benefit to you.

Now you may well not, be used to my style,  
I have many faults, not just one in a while!  
Have endeavored to be as open as I can be,  
What you see here, good and bad, it's reality!

I normally seek to build a logical case,  
On which my conclusions, then to base.  
So if at the start, you know you've heard it all before,  
Don't give up! By the end, there's far more in store!

As you read through, you may notice some change,  
Being young in the Lord, I am to give him full range,  
So if you aren't too keen on the person you first meet,  
Read on, by the end, you may find a new one to greet.

So now, that is a little of the story of my life,  
For the full version, you need to ask the wife!  
One day I hope we will meet in Heaven,  
All our failings healed, no sin, no leaven!

This poem attempts, inevitably inadequately, to describe some of the events of that day, a day that had amazingly, been specifically predicted hundreds of years before it came. Indeed it was foreshadowed from the very time that it became necessary, the moment that Adam and Eve were separated from God through sin.

Undoubtedly the best known and likely, the best poem also. I am fortunate to be able to share it around the world. It doesn't even matter if the listeners cannot understand English, the Spirit interprets it for them and it moves powerfully in the lives of all. I trust it will in your life too! Much of this is drawn directly from Scripture.

## SEVEN TIMES SHED FOR ME

(Matthew 27:46) "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabaacthani" He cried,  
My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?  
On the stroke of the ninth hour he died  
Rejected, cruelly nailed to the God deserted tree.  
My Jesus, shedding his blood for me.

To Gethsemane he came, the holy one  
(Luke 22:42) Father, if you are willing, take this cup from me;  
Yet not my will, but yours be done.  
For I'll ever be obedient, until you set me free.

(Luke 22:44) Being in anguish he prayed more earnestly,  
His sweat was like drops of blood falling to the ground.  
The disciples exhausted, slept on peacefully.  
Returning from his prayers, by Jesus they were found.  
My Jesus, he shed his blood for me.

(Luke 22:47) While he was still speaking a crowd came up,  
Included traitor Judas, with whom he did sup.  
The chief priests, officers, soldiers and all,  
They arrested him, for that was their call.

At the chief priests house they questioned him,  
(Matthew 26:67) Spit in his face and struck him with their fists.  
The cup of his blood now overflowing its rim,  
Grieving eyes closing, seeing through mists.  
My Jesus, again he shed his blood for me.

So Jesus, my Saviour, to Pilate was now taken,  
His determination to do God's will, never shaken.  
(Matthew 27:11) "Are you the king of the Jews?" Pilate demanded,  
(27:11) "Yes it is as you say". My Saviour then remanded.

(Matthew 27:23) "What crime has he committed?" The people, they were  
consulted.  
(27:22-3) "Crucify him! Crucify him!" The rabble cried out loud.  
(27:26) Then he released Barabbas to them, Pilate's feelings most  
insulted,  
(27:26) While he had Jesus flogged, simply to please the crowd.  
A third time, my Jesus shed his blood for me.

Seven hundred years before that terrible day,  
Through the prophet Isaiah my Jesus did say,  
(Isaiah 50:6) "I did not hide my face from mocking and spitting",  
To happen to Jesus, God's son, was not befitting.

(Isaiah 50:6) "I offered my back to those who beat me,  
My cheeks to those who pulled out my beard."  
With beard gone, Oh God, how could it be,  
So intense the pain, more than he had feared.  
Four times, my Jesus shed his blood for me.

(Matthew 27:27) Then the Governor's soldiers took Jesus into the  
Praetorium.  
No peace for him there, no place to rest, was no sanatorium,  
(27:28) They stripped him and put a scarlet robe on him,  
Preparing my Jesus to die, out on that awful limb.

(Matthew 27:29) They twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on his head,

(27:29) They put a staff in his right hand, for truly he was the righteous king.

They used the staff to beat the thorns in deeper and deeper instead,  
(27:30) Struck him on the head again and again, making worse his suffering.

Five times, my Jesus shed his blood for me.

Under the weight of the cross, voice slurred,  
(Psalm 22:15) "My strength is dried up like a potsherd,  
And my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth",  
Step by step weakening, as he headed south.

(Psalm 22:16) Hung on to the cross, "they pierced my hands and my feet."

(Matthew 27:33-4) At The Place of the Skull. There they offered Jesus wine to drink.

The time was coming near, with his Father again to meet.  
His blood poured out, his body near death, it began to shrink.

Six times, my Jesus shed his blood for me.

(Mark 15:33) Darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour,  
An 'awe-full', fearsome display of God's fury and power!

(Mark 15:37) With a loud cry, Jesus breathed his last,  
His worldly pain, now a thing of the past.

(John 9:33) The soldiers came to Jesus and found that he was already  
dead,

So now there was no need to break his legs.  
A lunging spear into his side, spewing forth blood so red,  
All poured out, right down to the dregs.  
This final time, Jesus shed all his blood for me.

Yes, seven times my Jesus shed his blood for me,  
Receiving from the Father, forgiveness of all my sin.  
He came to earth; he died, forever to set me free,  
He opened the heavenly gates, now to welcome me in.  
All because, seven times, Jesus shed his blood for me.

My thanks to the late Dr Derek Prince for his insights in discovering and teaching  
this truth.

From the total suffering of Jesus to a lesser, but still distinctly unpleasant, personal experience!

Just couldn't leave out this story of the sailing of my friend Neil Adam' s yacht from Whangarei to Tauranga, a 30-hour journey down the North Island of New Zealand's East Coast. Probably the longest 30 hours of my life!

## **DAYS OF 'CHUNDER'!**

When you take a landlubber like me,  
Put him in a yacht, way out at sea,  
While the yacht itself, does not go under,  
The fledging crewman, he does 'chunder'!

Being seasick's not a matter of great delight,  
Never to be given into, without a mighty fight!  
But as the swell rose up, then down, corkscrewing around,  
My stomach's contents, soon over the side, were found.

First lot gone - then I did reach,  
Wishing I still, was on the beach!  
But another lot arose from deep inside,  
Perfectly timed to remove all pride!

Yet still another flow from me did pour,  
Surely God - there can't be any more!  
But there was to be one final spew,  
And then you see - it all was through.

Hey David, you feel a lot better now,  
Stomach's all the better for the scour.  
"I'll be alright, for the rest of the trip",  
Glibly off the tongue, words do slip.

But the sea was soon ready to have another turn,  
Oh no! Once again, the 'gurgly gut', it did return.  
Surely Lord, can't be anything left!  
Of all composure, I was now bereft!

I held on for as long as I could,  
Much longer than I really should.  
But forth came the spew, in a fountain,  
I'm off once again, around the mountain.

Yes, another flow, then a third,  
Finally a fourth – what a nerd!

Feeling good again, I must be spent,  
For my guts apart, they had been rent,  
Nothing left inside, now to come out,  
Surely nothing left, for me to spout.

I slept well for a couple of hours,  
Fully in control of all my powers.  
Now surely I have conquered the sea,  
But if not the sea – well, at least me!

For an hour or two throughout the night,  
I enjoyed the trip – the stars were a sight.  
My mate Neil, was able to have a snooze,  
Confidence in me, again starting to ooze.

But the sea, was not yet ready to finish,  
Determined my pride, to fully diminish!  
Yes, the swells they did rise in an uncomfortable way,  
'Old man sea', always determined to have the last say!



By now my stomach, surely was bare,  
Empty of food, with the sea to share!  
But how little about myself, do I know,  
For there was still a little left, to let go!

And let go I did, four times more,  
The sea now, really settling the score.  
Before calming down all the rest of the way,  
"Beginning to enjoy this," I could now say.

Of course, all adventures do come to an end,  
Back on solid earth, my time now to spend.  
I had conquered the challenge inside of me,  
My fear overcome – with a little difficulty!

As I reflect upon what I have done,  
Of a victory earned, a race won.  
The surprising parallel of life at sea  
With God's working, occurs to me.

For as He continues to purify us in the fire,  
To remove the dross of sin, as is His desire.  
It can be likened to the act of 'chunder',  
Which wrenches the stomach asunder!

To empty ones gut, overboard,  
With some, will strike a chord.  
An example of removing sin from life,  
As God seeks, to keep us from strife.

Letting go of things, is not always easy,  
Amazing, how we hold on to the sleazy!  
But once we have given our homely habit away,  
We wonder, why so long, we allowed it to stay.

But surely Lord, there can be no more!  
I'm good enough now, to be in your store.  
But like the spew spraying forth, from the gut to the sea,  
The Lord finds more that needs changing, inside of me.

No more Lord! Please – I've had enough,  
My life's spew is horrible tasting stuff!  
But as the seemingly endless bouts of 'chunder' go on,  
A voice says "eat my food, and your sickness will be gone."

For as we give over our desires to Him,  
He then rebuilds us, limb upon limb.  
Until we come into His likeness you see,  
Yes, that's the place, He wants us to be.

A similar theme to the first poem I wrote, eight years earlier, in another time of trouble. Hopefully though, this one expresses a more mature faith. You be the judge. I know I am coping with the problems more easily now, knowing for sure that God is on my side.

## YOU'RE STILL THERE

There are times in life, when all seems lost,  
A cork in stormy seas, I'm being tossed,  
Battered about from head to toe,  
Don't know how or where to go.  
Hurting in every sinew!  
Impossible to continue!  
Head does burn!  
Nowhere to turn?  
Run away?  
Hey! Hey!  
Stop!  
Drop!

But surely, you're still there!

Now really, life is unkind,  
No, it's not just in the mind.  
What have I done, this fate to deserve?  
For it's you I've tried, always to serve.  
It's not on, Lord, such a fate to befall,  
I've done my best, have given my all!

But surely, you're still there!

My thoughts, they just churn away,  
Never in one place, will they stay,  
Drift in here, shoot out where?  
Yes! No! - Lord - it's not fair!

But surely, you're still there!

My mind's in turmoil,  
My body in recoil.

But you're still there.

How useless!  
All the stress!  
Such a mess!  
Can't you guess?

But you're still there!

Are you really still there Lord?

You're still there!

But you seem so far away right now,  
For I need you Lord, show me how  
To get back in contact, to talk with you,  
You've always been, so faithful and true.

Yes, you're still there!

"Be at peace David. Stop. Then you will hear,  
Gentle words of comfort, to your inner ear.  
For now that your life is all at sea,  
It's time to come, on bended knee.  
So when on me, you do totally rely,  
Together, we can reach for the sky."

Lord, you're still there!

"I'm always here for you, my son,  
Into my arms, you can surely run.

At times in life,  
All get in strife.  
But I have not been the cause of your pain,  
Instead, using circumstances for our gain,  
More about me to learn,  
You to me, then to turn."

Yes Lord, you're still there!

Into the fiery furnace I am bound to go,  
If the best of my Lord, I'm to get to know.  
This is the precious price to be paid,  
If more like Him, I wish to be made.

While hating this place, being no masochist,  
Of my great need for it, I am a realist!  
Yet even while suffering the searing, white heat of the flame,  
I will still stand strong in Him, calling upon His precious name.

Yes, my Lord, you're still there!

When writing my book, 'Eagles Fly High!' I would go sometimes go up and stay at some friends' holiday home about half an hour north of where we lived. This poem relates one of my experiences there. Ironically, I eventually left the words I wrote out of the book – saved them for another time. I thought the poem though, was worth leaving in.

## **THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT!**

Before starting this story, I had better expand  
On what I am doing here, in Bowentown land.

I came to write more of this book you see,  
Without interruption, in peace and tranquillity.

My day started well, out of bed not too late,  
In shorts and T-shirt, went down to the gate,  
From there to go running, but what did I find,  
Goodness gracious, my energy was left behind!

I plodded down the road at a snail's pace,  
Praying I wouldn't meet a familiar face.  
For vanity comes quickly, out there on the road,  
Jogging an easy way, your friends so to goad.

There was a reason for my slowness you see,  
For on the previous night, I had had no tea.  
No meals indeed, on the day before that!  
My body for me, would not go out to bat.

For I am fasting, seeking the Lord you know,  
Praying for his inspiration to help me grow.  
But in case you think I'm a super spiritual nut,  
I'm also expecting now, a shrinking of the gut!

Next, sitting at my computer, uninspired,  
Felt really down to it, suddenly so tired.  
I was to write about 'The Sheep and the Goats' you see,  
Expecting God's revelation - that should have inspired me!

I looked at the computer, viewed the writing on the screen,  
'The Blood and the Lamb', left from last night, it had been.  
Then the computer, it asked me to save,  
The answer no, was the one I gave!

In no time at all, I realised my mistake,  
No corrective action, could I now make!  
Gone forever, fifteen hundred words,  
A day's inspiration, lost to the birds.

I merely shrugged my shoulders, reacted very well,  
Not like earlier days, when in anger I would dwell.  
For the Lord had prompted me on the previous night  
To print out a copy. Thanks to him, all would be right.

But I'm afraid I was still most unenthusiastic,  
More hours of typing, don't seem so fantastic!  
For on my mind was 'Life's a Lawnmower Mate!'  
So I sailed into it, all twelve verses did I create.

This philosophical piece took right through 'til lunch,  
Not when fasting though, you're not allowed to munch!  
So I had a short walk, now taking time to ponder,  
About my mistake, my sanity beginning to wonder.

A little happier now, for the poem was fun to write,  
Too bad I have to work, so far on into the night.  
I got down to it, typing my lost copy in,  
Wasted hours really, but that was no sin.

The typing finished, took a wee drive,  
To see the area, view how people thrive.  
At 7pm I started again by gently rebooting the computer,  
But 'The Sheep and the Goats', it came not one word nearer!

What would I do? Was my day to be a waste?  
Because of one decision, that too made in haste.  
But the Lord, he had another idea – you wait and see,  
'The Sheep and the Goats', came flooding into me.

For hours I tapped furiously on the keys,  
Fingers hard at work, like ten busy bees.  
Five hours later, here it is - it's finished!  
My earlier despondency, quickly vanished!

Now it all goes to show, I guess,  
The Lord can get us out of a mess.  
On those days when everything goes wrong,  
We can rely in Jesus, if to him we belong.



Another Bowentown adventure. It is amazing how the Lord communicates with you when you are genuinely seeking Him. I am one of those strange people who enjoys running – well, most of the time anyway. This poem shows how the Lord is not 2000 years behind the times, but communicates with us in ways that are relevant to our circumstances and life.

## ON THE RUN

Running down the beach, exhausted I was feeling,  
Reaching the end, before long I would be keeling.  
So I stopped, taking some time to look around,  
It was perfect, sea beaten rocks there did abound.

Stark cliffs, forcefully thrusting through the sand,  
So powerful there, showing God's mighty hand.  
But from wee crags, big trees were able to grow,  
A loving God too, one who we can get to know.

I sat down on a rock to rest my weary legs,  
The water is close by, my attention it begs.  
As I watched the meandering of the sea  
The Lord said, "It has a meaning for thee."

So I looked through the rocks at the lip of a wave,  
Rolling gently towards me, as though through a cave.  
"Was the tide going out or was it coming in?"  
"It could it be the Spirit", I thought with a grin.

I watched the waves, resting on my perch of ease,  
Flitting in, sliding out, look at us! they did tease.  
"What is it Lord, you're trying to show me here?"  
"Bide your time, my son, no need to shed a tear."

Patiently I waited as the waves lapped on the beach,  
The Lord had a lesson, me he was trying to teach.  
Yes, the tides coming in – no, maybe it's going out,  
My decision making process, churned all about.

I can see it now, for the water's coming close,  
An answer revealed, before I become morose!  
"But what does it mean Lord, please reveal it to me,  
This incoming tide, the meandering of your sea."

"Now I have your full attention, the time is here,  
For in the right direction, you I will now steer.  
The waves are those of My Spirit, my son,  
With the tides of life, in and out, they do run."

Yes now I see, how the waves ebb and flow,  
Like moves of the Spirit, they come and they go.  
But the longer I sat, the more persistent they became,  
Greatly increased in power, it was no longer a game.

The Lord said, "This is what happened, over the times,  
For My Spirit is always with Me, He perfectly rhymes.  
My Spirit's tide was out, for many hundreds of years,  
But now is coming in, will put to rest, man's fears."

His Spirit's tide returned in a captivating flow,  
First it would come in, then out it would go.  
Sometimes in more, then sometimes less,  
But always seeking, God's people to bless.

As I sat on my rock, His words became clearer,  
Then a picture of my life, the waves ever nearer.  
For I'd sat back and watched The Spirit, oh so long,  
Did I need Him in my life, was it right, was it wrong?

Sitting there, the waves lapped playfully round my feet,  
Ever closer now, for The Spirit's coming, me to greet,  
Then suddenly my special, bigger wave came,  
Engulfing me, so I would never be the same.

When it happened in my life, came as a great shock  
To myself and others. Thought I would never unlock  
My heart to the wonders of The Spirit you see,  
No, there was no hope for a stalwart like me!

So onto the top of my rock, did I hop,  
There was no way now, I could stop,  
For the wonders of scripture, I was eagerly seeking to behold,  
Standing on the rock of Jesus, He would me, start to mould.

Standing on the rock gave a new perspective,  
For of new truths, I was ever more receptive.  
As I looked down there, into the water,  
Seeing the tide flow, allowing no quarter.

First there was the sand, a myriad of it you know,  
Pushed about by the tide, not seeing where to go.  
For there are many Christians just like that sand,  
Drifting with the flow, not knowing how to stand.

In the water too, were many plants a bobbing,  
So painful, one could almost hear them sobbing!  
For they had grown initially, but their roots were short,  
Overcome by the troubles of life, their God they did abort.

But the saddest of all to me, in the now seething cauldron,  
Were the dead leaves floating, no protection to call on,  
Even as I watched one, broken, smashed into a rock,  
Yes a Christian, but the Spirit's power, he did mock.

My heart lifted, looking at the rocks out there,  
For them, the turmoil all around did not scare.  
But as I looked closer, I could see rough edges worn away,  
For The Spirit was molding them, they were there to stay!

I realised then, the value of 'The Rock' in my life,  
For he protects me, from the effects of the strife  
That surrounds me. Christians, so hard to believe!  
Refusing the mighty power of The Spirit to receive!

I jumped off my rock, now surrounded by water,  
It's time to return home, for I must not loiter,  
My lessons for the day so moving, never to be spurned,  
But more was to come, still more wisdom to be learned.

By this time, my body would hardly canter,  
Kept going only, by pretending joyful banter,  
For I knew the end of the pain would be,  
When I reached the base of that fallen tree.

I thought I had reached the limb of my choosing,  
Only to find, it was now my mind I was loosing!  
So I plodded on, until my tree was found,  
My energy levels, now at zilch were around!

Oh Lord, please help me up this path,  
For I want to go home to a hot bath. (Shower actually!)  
I've not the energy to do this myself,  
Please lend to me, a little of thyself."

"Reached the end of yourself, that's good to see,  
For that is how I want you, permanently to be!"  
Words spoken gently but with firmness by He,  
"Yes Lord, I will try then, to give you all of me."

I walked up the path, past the Sewage Station,  
It so reminded me so, of the state of the nation,  
As I breathed in that foul, decaying smell,  
God prompted me, "How many will rot in hell?"

A few drops of rain started to fall around,  
Seen in the puddles but not on the ground,  
But symbolic to me, His hand making me wet,  
Today my own efforts did not raise a sweat.

"Drops of anointing," He let me know,  
"And as your faith continues to grow,  
The spots will increase, to a heavy stream,  
That is, if what you say, is what you mean."

As I sit reviewing what is written,  
My heart with wonder, it is smitten.  
It is ironic, for when I woke up today,  
No poem could I see, coming my way.

I know the Lord has called me to warn the lost,  
To repent now before they are forever tossed  
Into the pit of hell, from which there is no way out,  
Many souls out there, don't know what it's all about.

Also to warn the church, before it is too late,  
That many of you too, will meet the same fate,  
If you don't teach Biblical Christianity,  
Instead of a godly form of Humanity.

For the Lord is calling us to holiness today,  
This is now his call, that we must obey,  
To take part in his Tabernacle Church,  
Or be left outside, forever in the lurch.

His call is yours, His call is mine,  
No longer acceptable, no longer fine,  
Another Laodicean Church, us to be,  
Lukewarm, not red hot, in seeking Thee!

If you study the teachings the Lord has given me, you will quickly discover that God works in patterns of ' three' . So it is appropriate that he should give me three poems in Bowentown. Here is another lesson He gave me on Bowentown Beach.

## THE PATH

I came to a path as I walked along the beach,  
An insignificant path, with a lesson to teach.  
For we need, from our mistakes to learn,  
If the right way in life, we are to turn.

My walk had not been going too good,  
Wanting to get back as soon as I could.  
My mind wasn't working as well as it should.  
"I am sure my path was near that log of wood!"

You know how it is, being engaged in wishful thinking,  
Believing you're afloat, when in reality, you're sinking!  
When you are fed up, having had enough,  
The mind starts believing ridiculous stuff!

So it was, with this path today,  
I was so keen to be on my way,  
That I told myself it was the right one,  
No doubt about it, 'twas good as done.

At first glance, it looked just like the right path,  
If it wasn't, no worry, would surely be a laugh.  
Surely doesn't matter whatever path I take,  
My goal, in the end, I am bound to make!

The path looked easy, so happily, off I went,  
Keen to get home, my energy almost spent.  
I'm on the way, the pathway must be right,  
How could I doubt it, for I've seen the light!

But as I walked, a niggle started to grow,  
Is this truly, the way I really want to go?  
The scenery's nice, the way appears easy,  
But the rubbish there, that's a bit sleazy!

By now I knew the path was the wrong one,  
But what the heck, I am having lots of fun,  
Many new experiences to check out in life,  
This small deviation won't get me in strife.

So I went on with a new spring in my stride  
My pathway mistake, I knew I could hide.  
For all paths end up at the same place,  
I will surely get there, to see His face.

Then suddenly, I found my way blocked  
By sewage ponds, what had I done?  
The door to progress, now firmly locked,  
Where can I go, where can I run?

In desperation now, I looked all around,  
There must be a way out of this mess I am in.  
A faint track there, my eyes have found,  
Is named 'Repentance', for forgiveness of sin.



This path appeared difficult at first glance,  
Through bushes, and damp, long grass,  
But it was the only way my life to enhance,  
If in the end, my test I was to pass.

So I found my way back to the path of life,  
Grateful that Jesus made a way through the cross.  
Having left the path where wrong was so rife,  
In the sewage pond, He would no longer me toss.

He said, "My son, you made a mistake,  
It wasn't really your heart to go that way.  
But I came to forgive mistakes you make,  
Take care now, not to deliberately stray."

What does Christmas mean to you?

## **CHRISTMAS TIME**

Christmas time comes but once a year,  
To be happy, you drink lots of beer!  
Putting your gifts on the credit card,  
Then come the repayments, oh so hard!

But Jesus came on Christmas Day,  
Forever more to show the way,  
How to enter into God' s glorious presence.  
In the ultimate of all Christmas presents!

So this Christmas, for some cheer,  
Party less, put aside the beer,  
And enter into the Holy Place,  
To meet with God, face to face.

When you commit to something you have to keep doing it - week after week, after week. This is the case with a email newsletter I write called Praise God It' s Monday! (PGIM!) The final article each week is called, ' A David Musing' .

## MUSING ABOUT MUSING

Why do a musing?  
Simply to be amusing!  
Just to entertain?  
Looked upon with disdain.

To give a word of advice,  
About my cruelest vice,  
To add some spice,  
That would be nice.

Or to wax on lyrical,  
About something spiritual.  
To add a religious flavour,  
Looked upon with disfavour.

But what is left?  
I am simply bereft.  
If it is too deep,  
You' ll go to sleep.  
If too shallow,  
Be too hollow,  
So now I' ll end,  
Before I offend!

Satan loves and ignores the lukewarm in God. But those who are hot, look out!

## WHEN BAD THINGS ARE GOOD

There is a man, I do know,  
Who in God, desires to grow,  
When something bad in life, does come along,  
He' s not now sad, for it makes him strong.

When satan tries to destroy his day,  
He can now tell him to go away,  
Has learned that, when doing God' s will,  
Satan will run you, through his mill.

He will accuse you of being blind,  
And put evil thoughts in your mind,  
A mighty battle now does take place,  
Before you go on to win the race.

While satan' s antics seem so real,  
They' re an illusion designed to steal  
God' s vision and purpose from our life,  
Continually forcing us into strife.

The time to worry I have found,  
Is when the devil is not around.  
For when we proceed on our own way,  
He takes time off to go and play.  
He' ll try his tricks on another one,  
As our God, he tries to outgun.

So bad things are good, when we' re in God' s design.  
Defeated satan - you have no power, us to decline!

The ravages of time inflict themselves upon us all! As I am compiling this book, I realise that tomorrow is my birthday. Another year has been added to the irreversible problem. But I am one year nearer to the day...

## **BODY 'Not So' BEAUTIFUL?**

Adam and Eve, naked, did roam about,  
Fine clothes, jewelry, they were without,  
Forever and ever they were going to live,  
Nary a thought of dressing, did they give.

Created by God, with 'bodies beautiful,'  
So perfect in form - we can only drool,  
The ravages of age had no effect you see,  
Their bodies designed to last - for eternity.

Yet one sad day, in the course of time,  
Their thoughts with God failed to rhyme.  
For they ate forbidden fruit from the tree,  
Which greatly affected their longevity.

Now they knew they were naked, they were ashamed,  
Because their God, they had disgracefully defamed.  
But to show that God loved them still,  
He gave them clothes, even sent no bill.

But the putting on of clothes, had another side,  
As the affects of aging, they did wish to hide.  
Cause eternal youth had passed them by,  
Now to grow old, get sick, then to die.

When we're young, we know we'll never die!  
For our 'body beautiful,' it does all we try,  
We run and we dance, we jump and we swim,  
Yes, then it is easy, to keep the body in trim.

But the time it does pass, as the fruit takes effect,  
The results of our exertion, we can no longer neglect.  
The things we once did with energy, grace and poise,  
Now executed with effort, and a loud puffing noise!

Oh dear, oh dear, what is becoming of me,  
The kids do laugh, for they cannot yet see,  
That one day too, it will happen to them,  
Will be like me, coughing up phlegm.

For no one escapes the taste of a fruit so sweet,  
However much, life's ravages we desire to beat.  
The fruit brought the concept of time,  
But so little of it, now that's a crime.

Know what to do – I'll go for a run,  
So good for me – may even be fun!  
Though I realise you don't agree with that,  
It's certainly one way, to keep off the fat!

For as I look down towards my middle region,  
Something appears to be blocking my vision.  
My toes, I can no longer easily see,  
Blocking my vision, is more of me!

So much more than ever there was before,  
No, it's not me - surely can't be - I implore!  
Poking a finger downwards, it wobbles on its own,  
Surely that's not my stomach, I inwardly groan.

But it is, it is, it is, it is,  
Could be hers, maybe his,  
For we all suffer from much the same,  
As the invasion of fat, we seek to tame.

Now if nature seems mildly depressing,  
When our youthful body, age is repressing.  
God gave the answer to Adam and Eve,  
Clothes for the body, others to deceive.

We learn how to dress our bodies, to disguise their shape,  
Over sagging boobs and bums, various pieces we drape,  
We pretend to be what we no longer are,  
The spitting image of a Broadway star.

But now, to get more serious about this matter,  
Recently had a friend die, of lymphatic cancer.  
His body faded away to a shadow,  
Before being buried in a meadow.

For we will all die one day you see,  
As inevitably, as four follows three.  
For our body has a limited life span,  
So about it, we should have a plan.

There is only one plan, of which I know,  
If grass over me, is not always to grow.  
It's called salvation by grace.  
In meeting Jesus, face to face.

He died on a cross, two thousand years ago,  
To rescue us from death, that much I know,  
He rose from the grave on the third day,  
To give us a new body, in which to play.

To receive our new body, all we do,  
Is believe in Him, the one so true.  
By seeking forgiveness for all our sin,  
His eternal kingdom, we will enter in.

Our God is full of surprises! Comfort is not part of His vocabulary! This becomes a real test of obedience. Have you too experienced those special minutes in life that have changed your life? While they can come as a shock at the time, long term they we discover God' s wisdom in them. So it has been in this instance, for me.

## A MINUTE IS A LONG TIME IN GOD

When you are relaxed and enjoying life,  
And all is normal with kids and wife.  
When you are living in such a beautiful place,  
And all is going well in running your race.  
You are happy with how life is treating you,  
Challenges yes - not too many - just a few.

Then along comes God, with His own plan,  
Designed to upset the comfort of a man.  
One minute the world seems simply so good,  
The next, upon its head, is now being stood!

"David, I' m asking you to shift city and church",  
My comfortable brain, with pain it did now lurch!

"But surely my God, this cannot be true?"  
"Yes my son, it' s what I' m asking of you."  
"Well Lord , please give confirmation,  
To help me overcome my consternation!"

Over the past two weeks, confirmations I' ve been given,  
Logical improbabilities so great, must be God driven.

"Oh Lord, surely this is what you want me to do,  
Have your way in my life Lord, I give in to you.  
For you know best Lord, your plan for me,  
I accept it now Lord, on bended knee."

Yes, one brief minute is a long time in God you know,  
But obey His voice we must, if in Him we are to grow.



God often talks to us when we are relaxing. Some of my best inspirations and times with God came when I was relaxing in the spa pool we used to have. Great excuse to stay in! Oh, for another spa pool!

## DRIPS AND DROPS

Relaxing in the spa, after my workout,  
Pondering awhile, what life is all about,  
When a drip of rain, upon me, it did fall,  
These musings to my mind, it did recall!  
A drip of inspiration for me!

After a shower, I ran to my office downstairs,  
Recording my thoughts – yes, somebody cares,  
Then upstairs again, to help the wife,  
Always good, to keep out of strife!  
Going back down on my computer to type,  
Now getting caught up with all the hype,  
Punching out the words I have been given  
Before I forget them - with joy I am driven.  
And so this poem begins to flow,  
Full of good cheer, with me aglow.  
The keyboard is now being punched so fast,  
Sweat on my forehead, it breaks out at last.  
A drip of perspiration for me!

But as so often is the case,  
When the words I do chase,  
They decide to run away,  
No longer know what to say.  
Sitting staring at the screen,  
With frustration I do scream!  
A teardrop falls from my eye,  
No one's here, on me to spy!  
A drip of desperation for me!

"Do you want my help?" says a voice inside,  
"Now I have your attention, you cannot hide!"  
"Yes Holy Spirit, you sure have it indeed,  
Need you – please bring me up to speed!"

"David, there's a difference between a drip and a drop,  
You need to learn it, if your education's not to stop,  
I'll show you some disciples, from the Bible my son,  
How they learned their lessons, a real good job done!"  
A drip of revelation for me!

"The Apostle John on the Island of Patmos,  
Sat on a hard rock, there at a bit of a loss,  
Cried out to me in frenetic frustration,  
Gave him there, his greatest inspiration.  
For a drop of 'Revelation' he was given.

The Apostle Paul on the other hand,  
In dedication, he traveled the land,  
Much perspiration was his thing,  
Salvation messages he did bring,  
To the peoples of the known world,  
The banner of God indeed unfurled.  
He was rewarded in a special way,  
Allowed to visit heaven, just for a day.  
For a drop of 'Visitation' he was given!"

Jesus himself is the ultimate example  
Whose experience, all need to sample.  
Set out in life to do his Father's word,  
Doing all of it, that is, not just a third.  
He came to earth, to give up his life,  
Living for his Father, without a wife.  
So many drops of blood he did perspire,  
Fulfilling God's purpose, his only desire.  
Finally to die on a godforsaken cross,

Separated from above, the ultimate loss.  
After three days, in rising from the grave  
With rejoicing, eternal life to us he gave.  
Already three have seen glimpses of this heavenly glory,  
Followers of the cross, this has become our eternal story.  
For a drop of 'Transfiguration' they were given!

Mulling over what the Spirit has said,  
Of the glory of Jesus, alive and dead.  
Realising a drip I'd been, for far too long,  
Ignoring his drops of blood, oh so strong.  
No longer can deny what he's done for me,  
In giving himself, there upon that tree.

Now the innumerable drips of tears, sweat and rain, so often  
experienced in this land,  
Can become drops of inspiration, revelation and visitation, when  
placed in his hand.

Those important, yet unimportant jobs that have to be done before travelling! Not much time to write the poem either! Oh, to get on the plane for a rest! This was written for a PGIM! ' A David Musinga article just before Kathy and I left on a trip to Uganda.

## **ON THE WAY - NEARLY!**

The time has come to catch the plane,  
Off to Africa, we' re to go again,  
Must get all the last minute jobs done,  
Before getting on board and having fun.

So much to do, so little time,  
Had better then, finish this rhyme.  
Must go now and ring my Mum,  
Then Uganda, here we come!

I have been really blessed with a tremendous wife. Just took me twenty plus years to really recognise it! The poem tells a little of the story of our 34 years together.

## LIFE WITH THE WIFE

We met at a camp, some thirty-six years ago,  
What life was to bring, little then did we know.  
Yes, there was a spark, that brought us together,  
A mutual attraction - more than just the weather!

Maybe more notice, of the weather should have been taken,  
For just a few days later, the City of Wellington was shaken,  
By the 'Wahine Storm', the like of which is so rarely seen,  
A hurricane! Prophetic of our marriage, could it have been?

Still, two years later in the month of May,  
Kathy and David married, on a cloudy day.  
In Palmerston North Baptist, our vows were said,  
The journey of marriage, lay tantalisingly ahead.

Two years on, after tripping right around the world,  
Exploring our roots. In Britain, they were unfurled.  
We came home, ready to start our family of four,  
Two sons soon, followed later, by two sons more.

So twenty years of our marriage, it did pass,  
Oh me, oh my, the time! How it does go fast!  
Me, taking the male path of 'girls, gold and glory',  
The wife 'at home with the kids', you know the story.

Turning my back on God, over this time,  
The vibes between us, they ceased to rhyme.  
Resulting in tears, flavoring the baking you see,  
Kathy gently sobbing, while making muffins for me.

By now our business, we had lost,  
In stormy seas, vigorously tossed,  
But then, I did come to the Lord,  
For Kathy, that did strike a chord.

To Tauranga City, here we came,  
Life never again, to be the same.  
The Lord developed new love in me,  
For Him, my wife, and all the family.

Over the years since then, our relationship's improved,  
As the conflicts of the past, the Lord He has soothed.  
Kathy graciously forgave me of my wrong,  
On a new foot, life is now going along.

During the last ten years we have grown close together,  
Finding strength in each other, whatever the weather.  
So now, as we jointly share, life's hopes and dream,  
Our relationship's blossomed - you know what I mean.

Not to say that we never, ever disagree!  
That 'perfect' couple, I have yet to see!  
But we are learning to respect each other's opinions,  
So opening our marriage to exciting new dimensions.

Valuing our differences, to paint a finer picture,  
Our thought processes, an interesting mixture,  
For women think differently, as all men know,  
Frustrating sometimes, but helps us to grow!

As we go through turbulent times once more,  
My God - no, not again! I am losing the score!  
But this time, with God and Kathy on my case,  
I'm no longer alone, in running life's race.

'When the going gets tough, the tough get going',  
We face things together, our love ever growing,  
Amazing the miracle that God has done,  
For we enter life's battles, victory won.

So, looking back on those first twenty years,  
Could have avoided the flow of Kathy's tears.  
If only then, I had been willing to talk with the wife,  
Would have banished earlier, much strife in our life!

Now, as we cuddle together, under the covers at night,  
Here, 'in the best bed in the world', it is our delight,  
To share together, all the adventures of the day,  
And so our love blossoms - Lord, long may it stay.

Looking forward to the future, with excitement and hope,  
For the Lord's on our side, with problems we can cope.  
Our maturing love, gently tightens the bonds of unity,  
In the service of Jesus, we're fulfilling our destiny.

Now to the family! Mine wasn't – and isn't – perfect. But perhaps it is a lot better than it seems when we are young! The frequent Father/Son conundrum!

## **GOD IS GOOD!**

My Dad was a highly successful man  
A Knight of the Realm was he.  
His hand would be raised, "Yes, I can"  
While others preferred to flee.

Loved three short words, which got on my goat!  
'God is good' he would always say.  
For a job well done - even when sick on a boat!  
These three little words came into play.

Most of his life was filled with success,  
As Mayor of Napier the city grew strong.  
Excelled in his dealings with the press,  
'God is good', forever his theme song.

Now I found these words so very frustrating,  
Why 'God is good'? – 'Twas Dad who was reliable!  
Like a scratched record, the words were grating,  
For my heart, back then, was not set on the Bible.

For I had seen my Dad succeed,  
He worked hard, his job to fit,  
A brain and work was all you need,  
'God is good' - not a factor in it.

So I got stuck in, all work and toil,  
Never looked up, ploughed the soil,  
'God is good', was never right for me,  
Success comes, growing your own tree!



But my little tree fell to the ground,  
Not a very nice time to be around.  
Dad's 'God is good', now struck a chord,  
I ended up, giving my heart to the Lord.

So did a happy story end there?  
Don't worry, it has only now just begun!  
'God is good', as Dad did share,  
But applying it, that would be the fun!

Accept it?  
Not this bit!  
All beliefs?  
No reliefs!  
God is good?  
Things go wrong!  
Not so strong!  
Life's snares?  
Who cares!  
God is good?  
On the treadmill  
Always uphill!  
Never win,  
Back to sin!  
God is good!  
So frustrating!  
Ever waiting!  
Does He hear?  
Where's His ear?  
God is Good!

What is going on? I cried,  
Wouldn't care if I died!  
For your words Dad, 'God is good',  
In you, the test of time they stood!

For at a time near the end of his life,  
Things went wrong, he got into strife.  
Yet, 'God is good' stayed on his lip,  
Why wasn't it in line with my trip?

My Dad he died, things hadn't come right,  
But he didn't give in, to the end he did fight,  
In 'God is good' he continued to trust,  
From earth to earth, from dust to dust.

Yesterday, we took Mum to visit his grave,  
Four years to the day since he died.  
Simple words there, his memory they save,  
But 'God is good' is what he cried.

Over this time I have now learned,  
God's love is given it is not earned.  
Dad's 'God is good', I too can trust,  
As my life to Jesus, I give to adjust.

It' s amazing how subjective time can be!

## **LIFE!**

Life is short  
When watching sport.....

But life is so very eternally long,  
When the preacher misses the gong.....

Yet, if you time them both on your watch,  
The sermon will be shorter than the match!

Funny that!

Faith is an issue for all of us. As humans, doubt is a greater part of our nature than we would like it to be! But why?

## FAITH

I wonder why, when ' faith' is an issue,  
So often then, we reach for a tissue,  
To mop up the tears of doubt you see,  
That assail us now, both you and me.

For on the one hand, we trust God with our all,  
On the other, human doubt, our faith does stall!  
"Will He or wont He?" we are wont to think,  
Our faith, once so strong, begins to sink.

"You' ve always proved faithful to me, my Lord,"  
While former blessings, I wish I could hoard!  
Each new level requiring greater trust in Him,  
Memories of past successes faded, now so dim.

If today' s faith was the same as in the past,  
Our belief in Him, just simply wouldn' t last.  
It would just be our own strength that had won,  
Not that of our Lord, Jesus Christ the Son.

Now, today' s challenge is to break new ground,  
Then our faith in Him, it will be truly found.  
Oh Lord, please help me in my unbelief!  
You' ve come through again - what a relief!

Put simply, it' s the way God' s faith works,  
Though to our human spirit, it still irks!  
So if now, we are to mature and grow,  
Trusting Him' s, the only way to go!

Some people can inspire in the midst of terminal pain and suffering, My mate Basil was one of those.

## BASIL

It comes to us all, once to die,  
Our best to ignore it, we do try.  
Don't know how, nor when, nor where,  
Until death, in the face, does us stare.

For most, the sands of time predictably flow,  
Plenty of life, our ultimate destiny to know,  
Three score years and ten, normally more,  
The last few perhaps, may be a chore.

For some though, death comes as a shock,  
A life snuffed out at the tick of a clock,  
In the fiery inferno of a collapsing tower,  
Or a car, ramming another at full power.

But our Basil was chosen for a different task,  
A walk through sickness and pain was his ask.  
God knew what an inspiration he would be,  
And he surely was, both to you and to me.

Basil I have known for a good number of years,  
A wise man, a prophet, somewhat given to tears,  
A man well respected, both at church and at home,  
Salt of the earth, with not too much hair to comb.

But it was only during this current year,  
That Basil's character became so clear,  
Oh, what had I missed out on, in days now past,  
In a busy life, where spending time, comes last.

Unless the house has been built on a firm foundation,  
Trials and troubles easily lead to spiritual ruination.  
But through his pain, the light of his Saviour did shine,  
What I saw in his life, I would like to see in mine.

Of course, he did naturally ask the question,  
“Why me Lord?” I did hear him mention.  
Then his wry sense of humour would shine through,  
As into perspective, his whole life came into view.

Basil has been an inspiration to us all,  
Through his trials, he has walked tall,  
The quiet man - thought he had little to offer,  
In his ultimate test, came through to conquer.

Basil my mate, us you still inspire,  
In that certain faith, we so desire.  
I will miss you my friend, so Basil tears I now shed,  
As I seek to follow the path, in which you have led.

4 October, 2001

One of my favorites. It's self explanatory.

## TO BEARD OR NOT TO BEARD?

To beard or not to beard?  
That's the hairy question.  
For thirty years I've always feared.  
This subject - never to mention.

For you see my friend, I am not hirsute,  
To grow me a beard, too great a pursuit.  
Until the Christmas of ninety- nine, you know,  
When I plucked up the courage to give it a go.

Why not, I said to myself, with great bravado,  
Willing to be squelched - an over ripe tomato.  
If I don't give it a try, I'll never know,  
Whether or not my beard will grow.

What a terrible fate it would be for me,  
To go to the grave, not knowing if thee,  
Would grow to be little more than a fuzz,  
Or rather, long and strong - what a buzz!

Give it a go David, yes, that's what I must do,  
Too bad when people think I belong in a zoo.  
I will break the mould, live a new life,  
Then get in strife, for upsetting the wife!

Each day I look at the mirror, what do I see?  
Are my hairs really growing, or is it just me?  
Maybe I should count them, one, two, threeee....  
One thousand, two hundred and nine – yipeeee!

Gently stroking my prickly stubble, do I detect a problem?  
For there's a bald spot here - smooth as a baby's bottom!  
Right in the middle of where my beard should be!  
O Lord, please help me, please give me the key!

The Lord said calmly from way up on high,  
"No trouble David, to your stylist in the sky.  
The designer beard I have in mind for you,  
Is just the thing, will surely see you through."

"But Lord," I said, "you're up in heaven,  
And I live down here - at number seven!  
Your scissors would have be so very long,  
I'm afraid, that little me, you might prong!"

There has to be a better way, was my thought,  
In doom and gloom, I was now caught,  
Until the Lord said, "An idea – for I know,  
Shall we do it together? Let's give it a go."

Having no experience in beard styling matters,  
My confidence level is quite clearly in tatters.  
So I asked the Lord, "Please show me what to do",  
He said, "Don't worry son, my Spirit's with you."

I said, "that's fine my Lord, but can he hold the shaver?",  
"No my son, but with his help, your hand will not waver."  
"I have believed you Lord for far more than this," I said,  
"It is written, you have numbered the hairs on my head!"

I pick up my shaver, switch it on at the wall,  
My bit's done. Holy Spirit, now it's your call.  
My mind is so alert, my heart all a flutter,  
Awaiting the advice, he's surely now to utter.



A tentative stroke here, a subtle stroke there,  
Stroke here, stroke there, strokes everywhere!  
Then it's all done - now what can I see,  
Believe it or not – a designer goatee!

There must always be morals in a story so true,  
As we gather life experience, on the way through.

So growing a beard,  
Is not to be feared,  
But stopping the itch,  
Now there's a hitch,  
Reducing the grey?  
No, give it away!  
Appear intellectual?  
Truly ineffectual!

So by all means,  
Live your dreams,  
It's better late  
Than never mate!

For now I know fluff I can grow,  
It ain't so weird to sport a beard!

One of the greatest misunderstandings of man over the two millennia since Christ has been that you can earn your passage into heaven through being a good person – that is by works alone. The message of Jesus however was that the only way into heaven was through belief in Him – called faith. Perhaps why this poem was given to me.

## **A GOOD MAN GOES TO HEAVEN?**

I met a man, a very good man,  
He looked after his family well.  
And his son was his greatest fan,  
He had no fear of going to hell.  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

He went to church at Christmas and Easter  
And was most generous with donations,  
While the pastors words could not be clearer  
He'd sit there, in control of his emotions.  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

He was active in the community,  
A man of standing - a Rotarian indeed.  
Helping others at every opportunity,  
The pillar of hope to those in need.  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

He had a dear friend, a Moslem brother,  
Six times a day facing Mecca he'd pray.  
To the God of Abraham, indeed no other,  
Of course, he too had found another way.  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

Or the man in the jungle, he hadn't been taught,  
He would never have heard of the Jesus word!  
Living a good life, doing as he ought,  
In no way could he be for the sword!  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

This Jesus man, he was a great guy,  
The best role model of all to follow.  
Crucified, now living up there in the sky,  
But the only way – that rings too hollow.  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

The man I met, he suddenly died  
His funeral was very well attended.  
A pillar of the community the family cried,  
Their grief so great, for a life sadly ended.  
But surely, a good man goes to heaven?

He took the path to the heavenly gate,  
Full of confidence, had nothing to fear,  
More than willing to meet his fate,  
His ears so eagerly waiting to hear.  
For surely, a good man goes to heaven?

Jesus was waiting there; he's on the way in!  
Then seeing God's face, hope turned to pain,  
What if the requirement was forgiveness of sin?  
And repentance the key that brings with it gain.  
"But surely God, a good man goes to heaven!"

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life.  
No-one comes to the Father except through me."  
These words cut through his soul like a knife,  
They gutted him, oh how wrong could he be.  
"But, I thought a good man goes to heaven!"

"I tell you the truth, I don't know you", Jesus replied,  
The lake of burning sulphur now eternally his fate.  
Forever to burn, he cried, "To me the devil has always lied,  
Don't make my mistake – repent now before it's too late!  
For I've found out, a good man doesn't go to heaven!"

I heard the man's screams - not so far away,  
As Satan ever tortures him with his sword.  
My sins to Jesus readily confessed that day,  
"Thankyou my Jesus, please be my Lord."  
Yes surely, a forgiven man goes to heaven!

Thanks to Julian Batchelor for the inspiration of his little black book,  
"Why Good People Don't Go To Heaven".

Words that tell a succinct story!

## ...EPT

While Jesus wept,  
The Disciples slept,  
Could not accept,  
His divine precept.

His death swept,  
Felt totally inept,  
To themselves kept,  
While time crept.

Resurrection concept,  
No promises unkept,  
They became adept,  
So to service leapt!

When all else fails, we have our family! Or we should. When our family fails, they are still our family! Or they should be. Our family is our greatest source of both pleasure and frustration. They know us best. We cannot fool them. So here is a little about our family. Since the poem was written Andrew and Catriona have produced our baby Eva, our first grandchild. But 20,000km away in Scotland! Thank you Lord for emails!

## **LIFE'S A LAWNMOWER, MATE!**

Uptown, I heard a new saying - life's a lawnmower mate?  
Like us, in a range of models, whose features we debate.  
    Mechanical and manual, rotary and reel,  
    Push types and ride-ons, all made of steel.  
Being sold with a promise, yes, so sparkling and new,  
But we know they mean work, before we're all through!  
    Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

    Like a new baby, right out of the box,  
    Full of promise, when kept off the rocks  
    Of trouble, that can soon blunt our blades,  
    Just as we look set, to mow many glades.  
To mow through life, needs that something special,  
If we are to succeed, to develop our full potential.  
    Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

    Take my life's lawnmower for instance,  
    A racy model, but will it last the distance?  
For the challenge of a newly grown field, I will always look,  
Something different, preferably new, but never by the book.  
Though sometimes to discover, I've bitten off more than I can chew!  
To learn the art of patience, to pace myself, that is what I must do.  
    Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

My wife Kathy, is a model so different,  
With a long stroke bore, reliable, diligent.  
For she was born like her mother, a nurse she'd always be,  
Until she revved her sweet engine, ending up marrying me!  
The years that followed, oft times were filled with pain,  
Now she's finally fulfilled, having gone nursing again.  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

Our eldest son Andrew was not a lawnmower fan,  
Mowing lawns and gardening do not make the man!  
So he revved up his mower for a journey over the sea,  
To the land of Scotland, so his own man he could be.  
Once settled, he was motivated to make a good living,  
So tuning his motor, he went landscape gardening!  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

As the business built up, his lawnmower faster would run,  
Until the day he realised, two mowers were better than one.  
So he found a gorgeous, sleek new model, Catriona by name,  
Another nurse, could be worse, their directions both the same,  
For their mutual desire is to start a new church,  
To harvest people, not leave them in the lurch.  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

To Brendan, our next, life's lawnmower's been less kind,  
His teenage years a little temperamental, but never mind.  
For a more honest and loyal model you would not find,  
Always willing to help another mower, caught in a bind.  
Now as he tunes his motor, pondering where to mow,  
One day to find direction, then he'll know where to go.  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate.

Our Nigel is a non-mechanical type,  
Gets on with life - ignores the hype!  
He likes to tune his mower to sing,  
For making music is his big thing.  
Filling tanks with petrol, through university his way to pay,  
Nigel's found his Saviour, growing more like him every day.  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

Our youngest, Cameron, is a lawnmower freak,  
Forever racing the ride-on, until last week,  
When in one of life's many twists and turns,  
The mower bit him, now a lesson he learns,  
That life 'taint' straightforward, as it so often seems,  
To an adventurous bloke, eagerly entering his teens!  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

Now you know our lawnmower family, no two models the same,  
With such a mix of makes and types, who would be so game,  
As to try to work in harmony, to always stay in tune?  
About as likely as the cow, jumping over the moon!  
But we are still a family, mowing our way through life,  
Sometimes running sweetly, at other times with strife!  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

So how should we mow then, our life's uneven lawn,  
To keep it manicured, ensuring blades aren't worn,  
Maintaining our engine, so it will always go,  
There's only one manual, as far as I do know,  
It's called the Bible, sets out the rules,  
Of living our lives, so we are not fools.  
Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!



We don't always follow it - you can see from the above,  
For our family's an ordinary one, not yet perfect in love.  
    Yet love is the key to God's maintenance plan,  
    To keep us going, this lawnmower called man.  
Like any machine we falter, yes we weep and we spin,  
    But with Jesus our serviceman, we must finally win!  
    Oh yes, life's a lawnmower, mate!

One of the first poems I ever wrote. Written in a time of trouble - as most of the best poetry is.

## **A FRIEND IS THERE**

A friend is there to lend an ear,  
To listen while you shed a tear,  
To understand while others scorn,  
To give you comfort as you mourn.  
Yes, a friend is there.

A friend is there about you to care,  
The one with whom you can always share,  
Is there to help you carry your load,  
As you walk along life's wearying road.  
Yes, a friend is there.

A friend is there when your burden is great,  
You're crying out inside, ruing your fate,  
Desperately wanting to tear out your hair,  
Because life, it seems, is just not fair.  
Yes, a friend is there.

A friend is there to help you through,  
To be with you when you're feeling blue,  
To support you as you come to terms,  
With that stinking, rotten, can of worms.  
Yes, a friend is there.

A friend is there to gear you vent your spleen  
As you look back, wondering what might have been,  
Had you done this or had you done that,  
You wouldn't be in the place you are at.  
Yes, a friend is there.

A friend is there to help heal the sores,  
To turn you away from settling old scores,  
To look at life in a different light,  
Helping you separate day from night.  
Yes, a friend is there.

A friend is there both on heaven and in earth,  
Waiting, yearning, to help with the rebirth,  
One who is precious both above and down here,  
The one in whom you can confide, without fear.  
Yes, a friend is there.

Asking the question. Do you have the answer?

## **A DAVID MUSING**

For David Tait  
Is Running late  
Here' s a musing  
Find it amusing

Life was short  
People then fought  
Now life' s longer  
Are people stronger?

A little fun about a real 'mans' problem!

## 'GRUTS'

A man's underwear is a most sensitive subject,  
Not normally approached in a manner so direct!  
But is a most important part of a man's life you see,  
A topic worth exploring, just between you and me.

For a mans 'gruts' have new psychological implications,  
Likely to be the cause of an outbreak of bad relations,  
In an otherwise, very happy marriage you see,  
As a man's underwear, reflects his personality.

Now this hasn't always been the case,  
For in earlier days of the human race,  
There was only one kind available to the Kiwi male,  
White 'Jockeys' with 'Y' fronts, in which to set sail.

I readily admit now, to a phobia of my young life,  
For their lack of support, would see me in strife.  
To a grown man, a real problem they must have been,  
To me as a growing lad, in my thinking, it did seem.

But the 'Jockeys' did have one advantage,  
To Grandmothers, who never seemed to age,  
The right size was all they ever needed to know,  
When Christmas shopping, they decided to go!

Sad to say, this well depicted the age,  
When conformity, was all the Kiwi rage,  
Even though the nations 'Jockeys' you could not see,  
You knew for sure, all men had a certain similarity!

'Hanes' came along with 'Jockey' to compete,  
Their fit was much better, but far from replete,  
And of course, they were still the standard white,  
So no man, about his underpants, was able to skite.

But times did change, as they are wont to do,  
No longer was fashion restricted to the shoe,  
Coloured shirts then, made an appearance,  
Providing us men, with a further dalliance.

But the fashion designers were still not content,  
To their fertile brains, new perspective was lent,  
Or maybe, they could remember their youth too,  
A more comfortable alternative was now in view.

To us practical men, comfort is always the most important.  
So after decades of 'Jockeys', over which to rave and rant,  
Now had come a real choice for men to wear,  
That they were coloured too, we did not care.

The designers now clapped their hands, in great glee,  
For no longer were underpants, simply a commodity.  
For now colour and style had been introduced,  
To the range available, we were soon seduced.

Poor Grandma now, when she is wont to shop,  
For birthday or Christmas presents, has to stop  
Buying the old faithful underpants, ever so true,  
For she doesn't know now, which style suits you.

To grandsons this is a most desirable revolution,  
As we had feared grannies presents with a passion.  
Although we said thank you, and gave her a big kiss,  
We are now so grateful, those old 'Jockeys' to miss!

Life has become more complicated for men to live,  
Colour, style, different sizes, something has to give!  
So now when it comes round to clothes shopping,  
A man too, has to take his time, forever stopping!

But even more difficult than this, it would now seem,  
Is the image we portray, enough to make one scream,  
For to look right in the lockers of the gym,  
They must portray the right image of him.

I have to admit to once being an underwear skinflint,  
The cheapest pair would always do, whatever the tint.  
Until I was given a more comfortable pair,  
A little more expensive, but I no longer care!

Now I know that our God doesn't mind the underwear we wear,  
Whether we call them 'daks' or 'gruts', He surely doesn't care,  
For his eyes penetrate far more than skin deep,  
So over our underpants, we are not to lose sleep!

Before Adam and Eve sinned, there was no need for time, for they had eternity.  
The tyranny of time is one of the costs of man' s fall.

## A MATTER OF TIME

Isn't time such a wonderful thing,  
Seemingly as long as a piece of string.  
Not knowing where it begins, or is likely to end,  
With so much of it, you can give some to a friend.

In the bright sparkle of youth,  
It's never ending, 'tis the truth!  
So much to do, but with all the time in the world,  
No hurry to use it! In bed we lie, snugly curled.

Then comes along the responsibilities of life,  
Now it's time to settle down with the wife.  
Still the time ahead, it seems so great,  
To be lovingly shared, now with a mate.

But soon comes along the patter of little feet,  
And suddenly, time is no longer in surfeit!  
For now there just are too few hours in the day,  
To do all your work, no longer time to play.

The family grows up,  
With a cat and a pup.  
Then all of a sudden they are leaving home,  
For now it's their turn, the world to roam.

Where did all the years dash?  
Disappeared now in a flash!  
Yes, time it truly does you con,  
Once so much, now all gone.



Then it's time to do all the things we desire,  
As time passes, from our work we may now retire.  
But while the mind is willing, the body's now weak,  
For old man time, havoc on our person does wreak.

So the moral of the story, both for woman and man,  
Is to use every minute in the best way we can.  
For all too soon, time comes to an end,  
Then to heaven or hell, it does us send.

Do you too have days when you need to get something done, but it just doesn' t happen! Then, you will understand!

## TOMORROW

I would like some inspiration,  
But find only perspiration!  
My brain is running hot,  
My pen - certainly not.

Do you have those days too,  
When no ideas come through?  
No matter what you think or do,  
You' re dreams just wont come true.

It' s a struggle,  
Words you juggle.  
This way and that,  
Even kick the cat!

Not politically correct, of course,  
But neither is, ' eating a horse' .  
I' m so hungry I could,  
Well - maybe I should.

What a good idea!  
But I can' t even find anything to rhyme with this ' e-a' word  
It' s absurd!  
Nothing heard!

So now it' s time for bed,  
To go rest my weary head.  
Please ignore my uncreative pain,  
For tomorrow, I can start again!

This poem was written after becoming saddened, almost disillusioned, by the disagreements and arguments I have been witnessing on an internet forum I belong to, between supposedly 'mature' Christians, mainly ministers, who are meant to working together towards unity! How God must cry! I do!

Incidentally, we have had severe floods in New Zealand over the past few days. God's tears? Maybe increased floods aren't a result of global warming after all! But of the divisions in His church!

## **NOT SURE I WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN ANY MORE!**

Not so sure I want to go to heaven any more!  
For what I see here, shakes me to the core.  
What if heaven was to be the same?  
Who would there be to blame!

Not so sure I want to go to heaven any more!  
When all I see is raging arguments to the fore.  
What if heaven was to be the same?  
Who would there be to blame!

Not so sure I want to go to heaven any more!  
For we fight on earth and resentments store.  
What if heaven was to be the same?  
Who would there be to blame!

Not so sure I want to go to heaven any more,  
Down here, splits and divisions are folklore.  
What if heaven was to be the same?  
Who would there be to blame!

Not so sure I want to go to heaven any more!  
Disagreement' s so rife, just become a bore!  
What if heaven was to be the same?  
Who would there be to blame!

So maybe I should go to go to heaven now,  
To see how God deals with our sacred cow.  
Surely heaven can not be the same?  
There would only be God to blame!

So how about building His Kingdom on earth?  
There' s a radical thought, has some worth!  
Surely church wouldn' t be the same?  
When God' s kingdom, to earth came!

My friend, we simply have the choice,  
To disagree, or speak with one voice.  
To defend to the end where we come from,  
Or get on with it, and build His Kingdom.

His Kingdom now, has is to be within you see,  
Comes as we let Him deal with you and me.  
When we go on to seek His heavenly will,  
Division and strife, His will, will kill!

The kingdom that disagreement sows,  
Is built by treading on other' s toes.  
But the heavenly kingdom that God does see,  
Is founded upon co-operation and unity.

Will you help ease God' s frustrations,  
By taking the gospel to the nations?  
Putting aside, that which does now divide,  
The salvation message, others to provide.

Not one has entered through division and strife,  
For words spoken in anger do not bring life.  
Theological argument hasn' t saved a single soul,  
Nor a dearly held doctrine made a seeker whole.

But what works every time is a witness of love,  
Putting aside the jackal to become the dove.  
Yes, as we build His Kingdom on earth you see,  
Together, we can all look forward to eternity.

Saved the longest and spiritually deepest poem until last! The inspiration for the first two parts of this poem came from a cross-island trek Kathy and I went on when we were staying on the beautiful Island of Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands. For those who don't know, The Cooks are situated around the Tropic of Capricorn in the Pacific Ocean. A great place to visit! The last part is based loosely on the book of Revelation, Chapters 21 and 22, the biblical promise of what is to come. Hope it is both enjoyable and challenging to you. Of course it is just verse, so is not all strictly theologically accurate! Called poetic license!

## **VICTORY!**

### **THE MOUNTAIN CLIMB**

I rang a guide, booking a trip for the day,  
So Kathy and I, could go out and play,  
"Any special offers?" as I always ask,  
"Yes sir, but are you up to the task?"

"How much will it cost?" showing more interest,  
Now more open to tackling Mount Everest!  
"Our special offer is entirely free,"  
This now, I couldn't wait to see!

So off we go in a very smart minibus,  
Kathy and I, some others, a group of us.  
There we first meet our new guide to be,  
Jesus by name, seemed friendly to me.

Hopping off the bus, now ready and eager to go,  
Our lot in with Jesus, we were all willing to throw.  
Until Jesus said, "There's a small catch to my generous offer,  
The trip's tough, no turning back," the advice he did proffer.

Two people looked at the track ahead,  
Could see the markers, all coloured red.  
"Don't think we can do it," was what they said,  
"We'd rather stay in bed, being newly wed!"

"The choice is yours," our guide kindly does cry,  
"Maybe another day, you will come back and try,"  
As he leads the rest of us on, up into the trees,  
"You must try in life, even when there's no fees."

As we wend our way ever upwards on the path,  
Sweating heavily now, would love a cold bath!  
The blood red markers were now on every side,  
To tree after tree, with love they'd been tied.

This Jesus our guide, is oh so strong,  
Always encouraging us to move along,  
And when the load is heavy on our backs,  
He helps us out, willing to carry our packs.

He shows us all the interesting points along the way,  
Has a guidebook, called his 'Bible', I heard him say.  
Knows all the small birds, twittering from tree to tree,  
His oneness with the creation, is just wondrous to see.

For some aren't used to this mountain climbing lark,  
Exercise for them means a leisurely stroll in the park!  
Of these ones Jesus takes considerable, extra care,  
Before their continual grizzling, gets into our hair!

The tropical rain forest was so lush at the beginning,  
But as we progress, the trees they are now thinning,  
The further we go, the steeper the track,  
Some of us wish, we could now turn back.

But rules are rules, as teachers so often say,  
A condition of the trip at the end of the day,  
So we all plod on as the going gets harder,  
Learning new skills, seeking to be smarter.

Until two of the party hit upon a brilliant idea,  
A shortcut ahead, look! There, nothing to fear!  
So off they went, full of confidence that they best knew,  
More insight than the rest of us, two of the chosen few.

Jesus stands sadly by, watching them depart,  
Their leaving weighing so heavily, on his heart.  
Surprisingly he says, "Let them go, that is their choice,  
Should they cry out though, I will still hear their voice."

Another of the party misses a turn in the track,  
Off into the bush, a sense of  
direction did lack.

Jesus stops us all, while he goes to look,  
In finding this person, every care he took.

At the top of the mountain the scenery did change,  
The summit now in view, well within our range,  
Grasses indeed, now the landscape predominate,  
Sprinkled about with wild orchids, looking great.

At the summit we rest, our faces all aglow,  
We have made it! No more climbing to go!  
We thank our guide Jesus, for taking us right up there,  
But our own efforts too, we are wanting to compare.

Jesus just looked at us with a wry grin on his face,  
"How little they know, thinking they set the pace."  
But he says nothing, for we're still learning the way,  
"Let's go down to the waterfall", then see what they say.



So down the mountain towards the waterfall we wander,  
Satisfied with what we had done, but our legs do wonder!  
For we have reached our goal, or so we thought,  
In the ecstasy of our achievement, we are caught.

On the way down, we all get a little careless,  
Tripping over a stump, my side now a mess,  
Suddenly learning that a journey isn't complete,  
Until you are safely back, sitting in the bus seat!

More carefully now, we wend our way down,  
Conscious of our need, to get back to town,  
To have a shower, to again get clean,  
Jesus grinned, this he had often seen.

For he did, and still does, know more than we,  
Some of us by now, understanding him you see,  
Could glean that he has more surprises in store,  
For those who want to move on, who desire more.

## **UNDER THE WATERFALL**

Finally the track bursts out into a clearing,  
A sigh of relief, so many of us are feeling,  
But the few who noticed the grin, those minutes ago,  
With a new sense of anticipation, now begin to glow.

Here is a sparkling, different world.  
Vines aplenty with leaves unfurled,  
Spreading their wings with reckless abandon,  
We can see we are entering a heavenly garden.

Centre of the landscape is a refreshing waterfall,  
Cascading gently down over a sheer rock wall,  
Bouncing, dancing into a delightful rock pool,  
Over which the waterfall, as master, does rule.

The pool is bordered with trees so lush,  
The sound of the water, they seem to hush,  
And flying among them I see a pure white dove,  
Which Jesus tells me, is the sign of perfect love.

Is something about this place I can't work out,  
So I seek out Jesus asking, "What is it all about?"  
He looks at me, as only a father looks at his son,  
"Enjoy it my son, It's all for you, my job is done."

Looking back to the water I hear, "David come in"  
A voice from somewhere - seemingly from within!  
Now that is impossible, I think to myself with 'logicality',  
"Pull yourself together, clear your head, get back to reality!"

Coming to, I turn again towards Jesus, only to find,  
He's gone to the bus, leaving some of us behind.  
For you see, others did not want to go on into the pool,  
Would rather go back to the hotel, to enjoy their cool.

As Jesus hops in the bus, ready for the drive,  
He waves back at me, motioning me to dive,  
Lovingly now too, he points down by my side,  
He'd left me his guidebook, to take on my ride.

Opening the cover, not knowing what I'll see,  
A personal note there, one from him to me.  
"Trust in me, my son, I will never lead you astray,  
My Spirit's with you, always to show the way."

Sitting down on the rock, a tear in my eye,  
“Can’t ever repay him,” I think with a sigh,  
For the book of life, he’s so generously given me,  
With it beside me, I’ll always enjoy his company.

Hearing that voice again, “David, the water is cool”,  
See Kathy there too, already enjoying it in the pool.  
Taking the guide book with me, waterproof so I found,  
Now jump right in, to where Kathy is playing around.

A great splash - the water is so refreshing!  
Gives a new lease of life, ‘tis a real blessing.  
Can’t now understand my reluctance to hop in,  
Feel really at home here, amongst kith and kin.

Kathy calls me to come, walk under the waterfall,  
Together we stand there laughing, have a real ball!  
For the water has special healing properties,  
Curing us all our aches, pains and disease.

Such healing water, able to lift my spirits inside,  
No longer feeling the need, to run away and hide.  
Strange really, how it refreshes my soul,  
‘Tis so much more than a watering hole.

After playing round in the pool some more,  
Hopping out to dry off, being wet to the core.  
Sitting on the side, calmly enjoying the breeze,  
I am attacked by mosquitoes, as big as bees!

Slapping at one, then another, then a third!  
Slap, slap, slap, until that voice again I heard  
Coming from deep inside me, so gently saying,  
“Jump back in, it’s with me you should be staying.”

A few more slaps before learning my lesson,  
Wiser now, back into the pool I do hasten!  
In the refreshing water my bites do soon disappear,  
The Spirit, in the right direction, would me steer.

In him, by now, I was coming to trust,  
Just as Jesus earlier, had said I must.  
For such a slow learner I am sometimes,  
Until my head clicks, then the bell chimes!

So once again enjoying the play,  
Happy to go on from day to day,  
But I have to admit to becoming a little bored,  
“Surely there has to be more”, my inside roared!

## **RIDING THE RIVER OF LIFE**

“What is this I do hear?” the Spirit said,  
“New words appearing, inside your head.  
They are the ones I have been longing to hear,  
So you my son, in a new direction, I can steer.”

“For I must explain,” the Spirit then told me,  
“To move on, your decision only, must it be,  
For to do the will of our Father is the highest call,  
To attain this goal, you must sacrifice your all.”

“I can show you the way, point out the bends,  
But the success of this journey, on you depends,  
For this step involves 100% commitment,  
Your own desires, being substituted for atonement.”

“Sounds good to me” I said, after some deep thought,  
For giving up dreams is not what I had been taught  
As being the real way to be successful in life.  
But pursuing them, had only brought me strife.

“So how do we proceed?” I asked the Spirit,  
“Tis easy”, he said, “if you really want to do it.  
Look over to the far side of the pool,  
See there, the river starts, it’s so cool!”

Turning towards the river to look for a wee while,  
“Not many swimming in it,” I think with a smile,  
To my mind, that was so good to see,  
Appealed to the adventurer, within me.

Seeing one person take the plunge,  
Bobbing up and down like a sponge.  
Struggling at first, fighting against the flow,  
Before relaxing – now that’s the way to go!

Looking back at numerous people in the pool,  
All happily swimming, many playing the fool,  
Yelling out to them, “Hey, look what I have found!”  
But no one hears me, by pleasure they are bound.

The stream is so inviting,  
The journey so exciting.  
Now I can no longer wait,  
Others to join me at the gate.

Do a fine swallow dive, deep into the river,  
Bounce in the current, hither and thither.  
It is a new sensation to be unable to stop,  
The water too deep, me on my toes to hop.

Hearing that gentle voice again inside,  
“Relax now David, in me you do abide,  
Obey me implicitly on this journey of life,  
That’s the only way to keep out of strife.”

So relax I do, and float down the stream,  
No effort on my part, life is but a dream!  
So this is what living is all about!  
For me there is, now no doubt!

Looking up to the sky, what do I see,  
An eagle high above, flying so free.  
Eagle eyes searching the river below,  
A victory song, he does now bestow.

“But where will this stream take me?” I think,  
Once again questioning, not wanting to sink,  
“To the heavenly city,” the voice inside replies,  
I believe him again, to me he never, ever lies.

“The heavenly city, wonder what its like?  
I know!” The thought to me, then did strike.  
For it is described in the guidebook Jesus gave,  
The last two chapters - here it is - for it I did save.

Pondering this greatest of all cities as I float along,  
“Is it possible that to it, one day, I will belong?”  
Where the very glory of God has its home,  
Living in perfect peace, no more to roam.

To view its great high wall, with twelve large gates,  
Going in past the angels, now to be with my mates!  
Seeing the names of the twelve tribes there inscribed,  
With those of the Apostles on the foundations inside.

The wall is made of jasper, shining as clear as crystal,  
The foundations of precious stones, emerald to beryl.  
A main street of pure gold, like transparent glass,  
Like everything else in this place, it has real class!

Floating down the stream,  
Ever content in my dream,  
I'm being cleansed inside,  
No longer any sin to hide.

The voice inside now cries out – “Look! Look!  
A city ahead – greater than any picture book!  
The glory of God surrounds it from above,  
And the light of the Lamb bathes it in love.”

Struggling against the flow to take a look around,  
The voice said, “Don't David, you'll run aground,  
Just rest in me, only I know the way to take you in,  
Your own effort now, would merely end up as sin.”

So lying back, enjoying the current's flow,  
For the Holy Spirit, he knows where to go.  
The goal of my life is now about to be achieved  
With the Spirit's help, 'tis what I've perceived.

One last bend, the river runs through the gate,  
To a life full of gladness, no bitterness, no hate.  
Entering the city, to be completely surrounded by gold,  
More magnificent even, than the stories I've been told.

The river, from the very throne of God does flow,  
Yes, I am in his will, that much I certainly know.  
For the river flows through the main street of the city,  
Its gurgling waters bubbling, bouncing - oh so pretty.

Looking to the left, then to the right,  
The trees of life there, what a sight!  
Twelve crops of fruit each year they bear,  
An abundance of goodness for all to share.

Then coming to the final, eternal destination,  
On a throne of gold sits the author of creation.  
Welcoming there, truly magnificent in his glory,  
I see it is my Jesus, long promised in his story.

Falling at his feet, overwhelmed by his glorious presence,  
The air being charged with the most delightful fragrance.  
His face smiling, radiating so much love and care,  
I know it is he, for he still has his long black hair!

Then, the most amazing thing I have ever known,  
A culmination of all that in my life has been sown,  
By so many helpmates on my journey through.  
He held out his hand saying, "David, I love you."

As my hand grasps His, He gently raises me up,  
Saying, "Come, be with me and share of my cup,  
For you have overcome, won the final victory,  
Earning the right, to rule and reign with me."

Guiding me to my personal, hand built throne,  
My heavenly glory reflects a little of his own.  
For no longer does my earthly body smother,  
The joy and fulfilment, of being his brother.