

PUBLISHED BY: WALKING WITH JESUS MINISTRIES  
P O BOX 9143  
TAURANGA  
NEW ZEALAND

Email: [enquiries@wwj.org.nz](mailto:enquiries@wwj.org.nz)  
Phone: 0064 7 552 6455  
Fax: 0064 7 552 6456

WALKING WITH JESUS MINISTRIES: Is a non-profit, non-denominational Bible based ministry based in Tauranga, New Zealand, operating as a Charitable Trust. In accordance with the Lord's direction, materials are made freely available to genuine enquirers upon request. The ministry is solely funded by donations, as the Lord provides.

'EAGLES FLY HIGH!' from which this poem has been drawn, is a trilogy for the hungry in God - those desiring God's best for themselves and the church. These books will encourage you to seek more and more of Him.

FURTHER RESOURCES: Copies of this booklet and other publications of this ministry are available FREE OF CHARGE to genuine enquirers upon request. Please include P & H of \$5. (Visa and MasterCard welcomed) Donations are welcomed to cover costs of production and the ongoing work of the ministry. Those of \$NZ20 or more will be receipted and are tax deductible in NZ. For further details, refer to the Order Form.

© COPYRIGHT: Full copyright is retained by the author. However, being freely given of God, this material may be reproduced for non-commercial purposes, provided the source, including page numbers, is acknowledged. Quotations may be used within the context of the meaning of the passage from which they are taken.

Dear Reader

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 licence!  
DAVID TAIT

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.

David Tait: 11 April 2000