

Christian Literature and Living

“Was Blind, But Now I See!”

www.christianliteratureandliving.com

www.christliving.com

International Online Monthly Journal

ISSN 1548-7164

5 : 9 December 2009

Light

Stan Schmidt

LIGHT

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darkness cannot stand much longer
Jesus' kingdom is so much stronger
actually it dwarfs the competition
no matter the Devil's vain ambition
he just will never win or be enthroned
simply one day reaping all that he has sown
he will fade away into the black night
as Jesus will shine with blinding light
King of the universe He will stand
revealing His kingdom magnificent and grand
at last healing His creation's groan
and His people who will never again be alone

as light will have annihilated the dark
can you already hear the angel's hark
for the trumpet is about to blow
and the kingdom flood about to flow

FERVOR



if our life should have one thing that dominates
it should be a love for the King that resonates
a passion flowing through the veins of our soul
His honor and glory our goal
to know Him and to make Him known
the seed in our hearts deeply sown
ah, the Word of God dwelling in us richly
as we grab a hold of His truth firmly
attaching it to our very being
in order that it is everywhere visibly seen
the blessed reality of Jesus our Lord
and us, drenched in its showers down poured

soaked with the Spirit and the Scripture
allowing God to paint with us His restoration picture
brushed on the canvas of His grace
so the mural can reveal His wonderful face

VOLUNTARY



there is the power of suggestion
but sin is not involuntarily destined
sure, the edge of night
dims the light
but at the end of the day
we cause what our actions convey
Adam is not our scapegoat
nor is there a knife to our throat
one that forces us to transgress
we are at fault for our own chosen mess
so as we are tossed here and there
with our feet firmly planted in mid-air
let us not point any of our fingers

since it is our own selfishness that lingers
and it is only by God's grace
that our sin He chose to erase
and that by the sacrifice of His Son
the only innocent One
Lord, help us to stay abreast
of Your righteousness
that is the only chance
that we can join in the triune love dance

HARMONY



oh, that we are in tune with our holy Creator
redeemed now without fear of the later
one day able to posthumously delight
forever consumed with His glorious light
Jesus, our Brother and Friend

and that to no end
but, at one time estranged and divided
yet God's love and mankind collided
the debris being a renewed humanity
our hearts tuned to His blessed melody
alas, all clichés and pat answers set aside
I fell down and cried
knowing my soul is well
so my heart began to swell
overflowing with His truth and wonder
saturated with His grace that I will always be under

FIRST PLACE



Jesus took my weight upon His shoulders
and my sin became His boulders
carrying a load that I should have bore
now His glory is what I live for
having all other desires fall into proper place
all of them fighting for second place
because Jesus has taken the lead
with my whole heart readily agreed
Christ is my Lord and King

and He will take second place to nothing
all other passions will have to beckon
shouting as a distant second
perhaps not even being heard
since I am so taken with God's Word
the Writ that speaks of my Savior
He Who did for me the ultimate favor

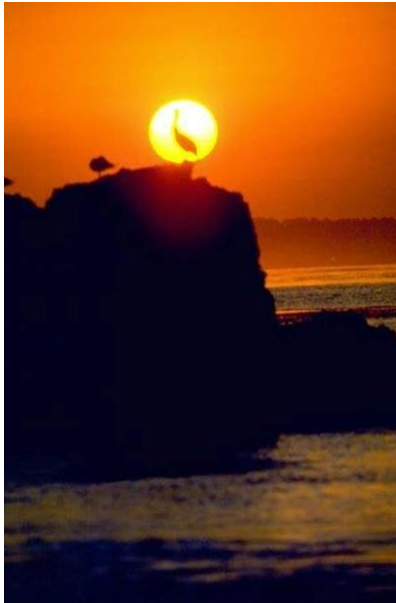
BREATH OF HIS MOUTH



there is something so powerful
something so awesome
that we tremble at its wake
it is something that sustains all of creation
it is the Word of God
a foundation, a footing
the most secure entity
of reality
a surety on which to stand
and a base on which to rest
oh blessed security
all of the cosmos hinge upon its bulwark
it is a double-edged sword
it is the breath of His mouth

by which He will consume the darkness
and eternally embrace His beloved

EVENTIDE



late into the night
I write
transparent before Him to Whom I pray
He Who knows before the words I say
I am here struck with a shade of the melancholic
trying to find those meadows in which to frolic
sparring life with its many trials
attempting to find those days with many smiles
but there is a celebration of grace amidst the void
the mist need not be annoyed
for oftentimes the King is known in the haze
the eventide after the days

dimly lit
and joined by a vague silhouette
yet the substance of which we struggle to see
is ultimately
the true reality
as intimacy with God comes in the deep
those times when we easily weep
but regardless of all the cluttering noise
we can rejoice
Jesus, the Jewish carpenter
has become our final arbiter
the watershed demarcation of who we are
something to raise our quasi-spiritual bar
now I am here *a cappella* without instrumentation
simply me, clinging to His salvation
wanting to break my alabaster jar for Jesus
every day until my earthly life ceases
giving any and all for my King
just to make His heart sing

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