

jan 30

today i thought i would share with everyone another poem i like. i do this from time to time. there are so many creative and talented people who have such a hunger for God. they seek means to express how much. sometimes poetry is their best outlet. i love to read some of their works.

i do, however, favor the poems which are fairly brief in their wording where i seem to be able to get into the flow and rhyme of reading them. some of those occasionally are so lengthy they almost seem like prose. i find difficulty in finding the flow and rhyme. and who knows if rhyme must be there. that is just my preference.

we know there is no rhyme to the scriptures but there certainly is reason. i like God's reasoning. "'come now, and let us reason together,' says the Lord, 'though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" isa 1:18

below is a poem which speaks of being caged and in prison. i do not read this as being a prison like the world knows prisons to be. i read it more as a prisoner of His love. it is only the readers fervent desire for Jesus which keeps them imprisoned there. they would certainly be free to fly if their fancy called them elsewhere. but, i like paul and the caged bird proclaim: "Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life." john 6:68 enjoy!

RESIGNATION

a little bird i am,
shut from the fields of air;
and in my cage i sit and sing
to Him who placed me there;
well pleased a prisoner to be,
because, my God, it pleases Thee.

naught have i else to do;
i sing the whole day long;
and He whom most i love to please
doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
but still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou has an ear to hear,
a heart to love and bless;
and though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
because Thou knowest, as they fall,
that love, sweet love, inspires them all.

my cage confines me round;
abroad i cannot fly;
but though my wing is closely bound,
my heart's at liberty.
my prison walls cannot control
the flight, the freedom, of the soul.

o, it is good to soar
these bolts and bars above,
to Him who purpose i adore;
whose providence i love;

and in thy mighty will to find
the joy, the freedom, of the mind.

jeanne marie de la motte-guyon
1648-1717

i believe there is no greater joy than knowing we are
in the center of His will; no greater peace and
security. we follow without doubting. we give all
without flinching.

i may not always know
His purpose or plan;
His sight extends to far beyond
events yet known to man.

i just made a little poem of my own. nowhere near as
elegant or expressive as others. never the less - a
confession of faith and confidence in the One who loves
us most. may psalm 91 be the dwelling place of all who
love Him. we trust that He knows best and He will
satisfy us with "long life" - eternal life.

linda