

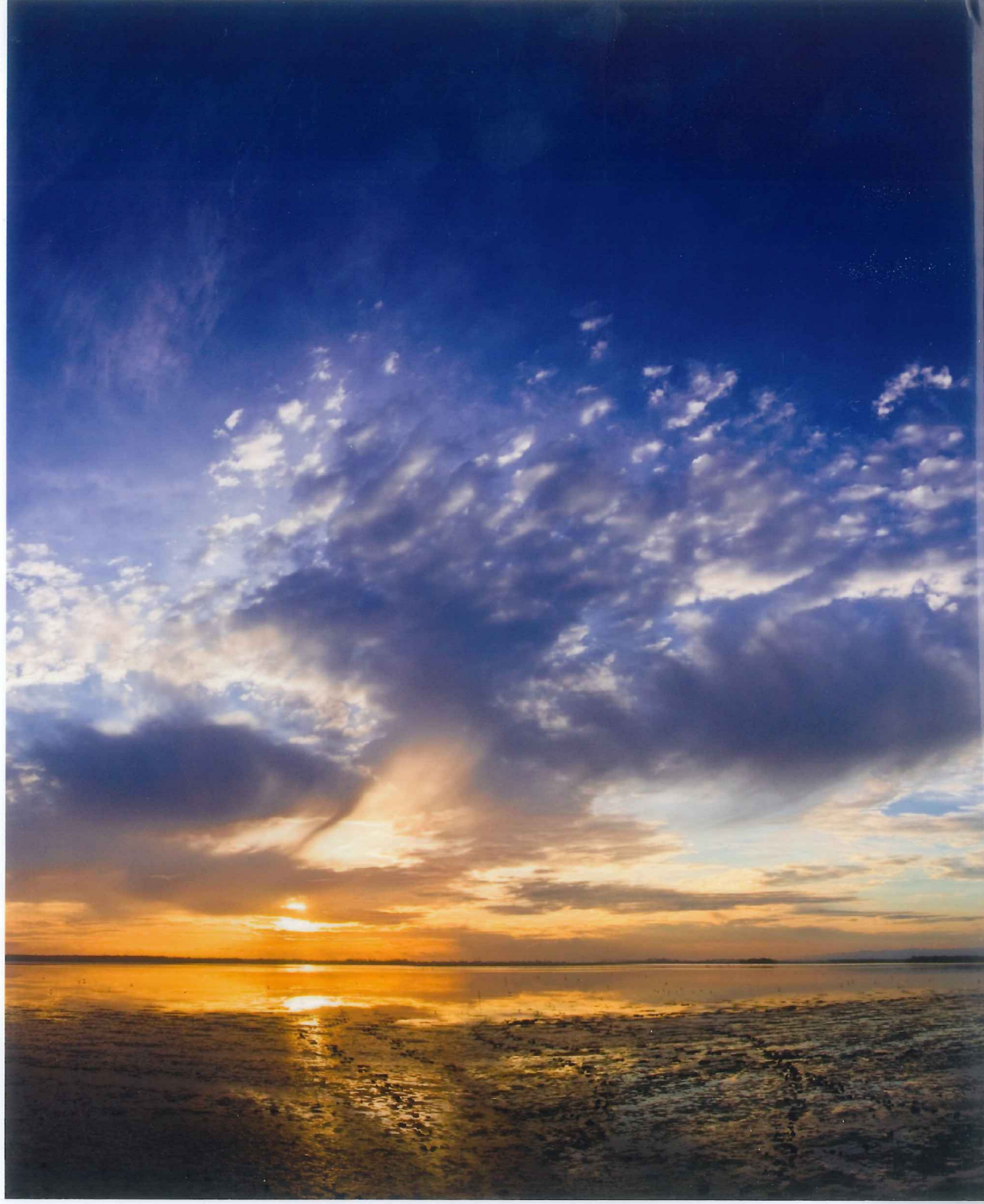
Something to Think About

Poems of Inspiration

by Benny B. Bristow

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Creation

A Talk With Nature

I came close to talk with nature
Asking questions from the past
“Why are you made so perfect—
So enduring and so vast?”

Did you come into existence
From a great explosive blast?
Did this give you such intelligence
That will surely forever last?”

Nature responded with great laughter
“You’ve met some fools on land and sea
For what they all fail to consider
Only God could create me!”



God's Little Teachers

God has thousands of little teachers
In nature's beautiful array
If we will only stop and ponder
As we go on our busy ways.

It may be the soaring eagle
Or the tiny drops of dew
There are lessons for our learning
If we'll only stop and view.

In The Park

Today I felt God's glory
While walking in the park
I saw the rows of flowers
Displaying their colorful art.

I heard the birds in harmony
Led by a meadowlark
And felt His mighty power
While walking through the park.

The Rose

A rose is a special creation
Full of wonders that are very rare
Color, fragrance, and exquisite beauty
Fashioned with such special care.

Adding grace to beautiful settings
Eloquence that everyone knows
Take the time then to consider
For only God can make a rose.



In Full Bloom

Why I Believe

Each time I see the swelling buds of spring,
Matted across the earth in one big chain
Each time I see the robins on their nests
Strutting forth their red feathery breasts
Each time I smell the freshly broken sod—
Then I believe there is a living God.

Each time I see the sun sink in the west
Painting each cloud with a golden crest,
Each time I see a full moon big and round
Seemingly rising slowly from the ground
Each time I see the weaving golden rod—
Then I believe there is a living God.

Each time I go fishing on a lake
And see the fish swimming wide-awake,
Each time I feel a breeze upon my face,
And watch the ripples dance a rapid pace
Each time I see a little baby nod—
Then I believe there is a living God.

Four Butterflies

Today while I was mowing
Four big butterflies followed me
Flipping, dipping, and diving
Displaying beauty so gracefully.

Why are they so stunning
Flying so lucidly and free?
They are following the divine pattern
Just as God made them to be!

A Masterpiece

It was on a day in springtime
When we were fishing on a lake
The air was filled with blossoms
That were blooming on that day.

The water was filled with ripples
A refreshing breeze upon our face
White cowbirds were flying over
To a meadow near the lake.

Turtles were in line on a log
Fish were splashing away
The sun was showing rays of gold
Announcing a beautiful day.

Ducks were swimming gracefully
Moving with their natural pace
Making their quacking noises
Led by a colorful drake.

My heart was filled with wonders
With such a natural feast
How could anyone honestly deny
That God had painted a masterpiece.

Wonderful World of Sounds

We often speak of nature
And how her beauty abounds
But she also has another side
The wonderful world of sounds.

The birds harmonize together
Their melodies of songs
Some are loud—others soft
To welcome the early dawn.

Insects blend their chirping
Making God-given sounds
Displaying a perfect harmony
Echoing from the ground.

These sounds are never silent
In darkness or in light
So take the time to listen
They'll be on stage tonight!

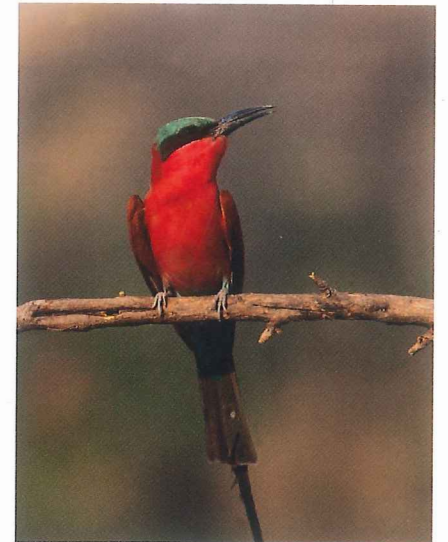
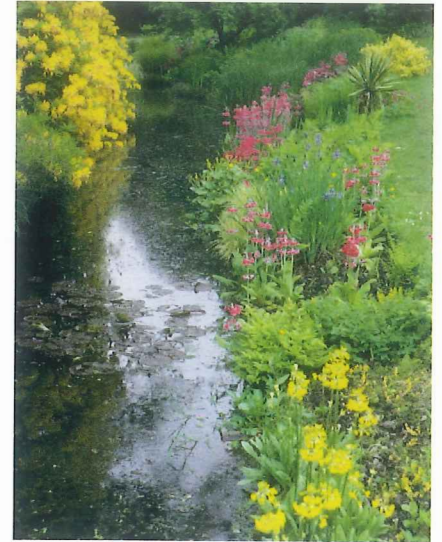
Spring Begins

The winter days are over
Cold winds are on the run
Each morning greets the sunlight
Like a victory being won.

The air is filled with freshness
While the birds all chirp and play
Filling the air with music
To begin another day.

The flowers are filled with colors
As the breezes make them sway
The bees are gathering nectar
For their hives across the way.

There's a feeling in such rapture
As all nature gently nods
Reassuring without doubting
That there is a living God.





Glory

His Glory Today

God is everywhere for all to see
Each thing we touch is His creation
He made it all so beautifully arrayed
Have you seen His glory today?

Have you seen His towering mountains
As they tiptoe high into space?
Greenery with white snow overlaid
Have you seen His glory today?

Do you take time to see the stars
His collection of diamonds in space?
Personally designed and exquisitely made
Have you seen His glory today?



Mountain Mist

Sing Praises

Lift up your heart in praises
Sing to God a joyful song
Magnify the name of Jesus
For bearing the cross alone.

Sing out His matchless glory
Raise anthems before His throne
Adore His gift forever
For that eternal home!

Dear Father . . .

How can we sincerely thank You?
What words can we say?
To express the beauty and glory
Of this fresh and newborn day?

How can we speak praises to You?
For the light that we now see?
For the refreshing morning breezes
That are filtering through the trees?

How can our eyes fully behold
The blue that colors the sky?
The white and fluffy clouds
That seem to be floating by?

How can we fully praise You
While living on earth's sod?
By considering that all such wonders
Are gifts from You our God!

The Ways I See God

I see Him in the sunshine, I see Him in the rain
I see Him in the dewdrops, I see Him in everything.
I see Him in the heavens, I see Him in the stars
I see Him in the present, I see Him from afar.

I see Him in the winter, as cold winds blow past
I see Him in the early frost that sparkles on the grass.
I see Him in the springtime, when life's in full bloom
I see Him when the birds, sing their melodious tunes.

I see Him in the families that we love so much
I see Him in the baby's, little tender touch.
I see Him when in worship, and when at work or play
I see Him now and forever, throughout eternal's day!

Follow His Great Light

In this daily stream of life
The wise will surely find
That out of all the darkest clouds
The sun will surely shine.

Into an oyster's lonely shell
A grain of sand may reside
Yet from this pain there will come
A pearl of the greatest price.

In your trials of pain of life
Don't give up the fight
For you too will see the good
By following God's great light!

A Living God

I do not know why ocean tides
Roll on their ceaseless ways
Or why its beautiful snow-capped waves
Rush about in play,
Nor why the seagulls like to fly
As they weave and nod,
But this I know that each one shows
The power of the living God.

I do not know how some can live
Their lives in reckless sin,
Or why they feel so dangerously wrong
That their lives will never end,
Nor why they store up treasures
In this earthly sod,
But this I know, they need the hand
Of a living God.

I do not know why death comes,
And leaves hearts so sad and drear,
Or why it stops all plans of work
And fills many hearts with fears,
Nor why we all must rest our flesh
Beneath the clay and sod,
But this I know without a doubt,
We need the power of the living God.



Coastal Sunrise

Your Heart's Song

Lift up your spirit to the Lord
And for His mercy daily long
When God looks down from heaven
Let Him hear your heart's song.

Sadness can bring lasting scars
With laughter you can't go wrong
Raise your voice in joyful praise
Let God hear your heart's song.

Darkness Before Dawn

The world was groping in darkness
Before God sent heavenly rays
A blanket of evil covered the earth
With no hope for a dawning day.

Tradition had won its selfish plans
Hypocrites were having their say
Many were walking in blindness
Until Jesus lighted the way.

Something to Think About



Family

Mother

There is a word so sweet
In every human ear
It is the word mother
Because she is so dear.

Perhaps we often wonder
What makes her heart so true?
Why does she give faithfully
Her whole life through?

These questions are answered
With a word from heaven above
The word that makes a mother
Is the little word LOVE!

Love and Marriage

You may ask how much I love you
And to this I would gladly reply
You're my joy and my longing
Every moment of every day.

You may ask, do I miss you
When I must be away?
Then I'd answer, "I adore you,
Whether near or far away."

Mother's Touch

A Mother's Love

Among the things in life that's joyful
Whether dressed in pink or blue
Is the birth of a precious baby
With all its motions and baby coos.

Each one will begin very early
To show his or her natural traits
Sometimes they sleep in peaceful quietness
But other times loud and awake.

The months will show many differences
Between the ways of girls and boys

But with the loving arms of mothers
These ones will bring abundant joy.

Girls will show their ways of tenderness
While holding and cuddling their
baby dolls
Boys will run with shouts of loudness
Pretending that they are tough and wild.

Mothers may feel much desperation
While seeking help from heaven above
Yet there's never a doubtful moment
That in her heart there is love!



Now They Are Full Grown

You gave us our children for such
a little while
To enjoy their tender youth and smiles
Infants, toddlers, older children and teens
These years were so short it seems
Until they were full grown!

Yet you gave us time to mold them
strong for life
To teach them what is wrong and right
Laughter, problems, hugs and tears
Love aglow through the years
Until they were full grown.

One by one they went from parental nest
To build their own treasured homes
Marriage, laughter, problems to meet
And the sound of little feet
Now that they are full grown.

Generations





Truth

Soldiers Of The Cross

The fight is on for Jesus
"Go forth," is the battle cry
Satan is on the loose
The father of all lies.

Raise your sword and conquer
March onward at any cost
Prove yourselves to be faithful
As soldiers of the cross.

Learning To Be Kind

I may never climb the highest
mountain
Nor visit the deepest mine
But this will not be failure
If I can learn to be kind.

I may never fly into orbit,
Nor journey back in time
But my life will not be wasted
If I can learn to be kind.



Mountain Majesty

A Spiritual House

Do you want a spiritual house
By the Lord assigned
Built upon a rock foundation
To withstand the passing time?

Then seek first His grace and favor
Answer now His loving plea
Fully surrendering all to Jesus
Serving Him for eternity!



Night Fire

Warming By The Fire

The night was cold, the occasion sad
A strange feeling was in the air
Gethsemane was past—the trial had begun
While Peter warmed by the fire.

False witnesses came, one by one
Seeking to accuse the Lord
Changed His teaching—distorted His plans
While Peter warmed by the fire.

“I adjure You now, are You the Christ?”
The High Priest cried aloud
Jesus answered softly, “You have said”
While Peter warmed by the fire.

Blasphemy was cried, they slapped His face
There was mockery beyond compare
“What do you think? Guilty of death?”
While Peter warmed by the fire.

The trial moved on and Peter denied
Of knowing Him from Galilee
The rooster crowed—A glance from
the Lord
Made Peter weep bitterly!



Hope

Someday

Someday, we will come to the end
of life's way
Someday, we will breathe our last
to end earth's stay
Someday, our friends and loved ones
will say,
That we have departed for an eternal day.

Someday, we will give account for our
earthly stay
Someday, we will face the Judge of
endless days
Today, let us live in such a way
As though, someday may be today!

The Candle Goes Out

Life is like a burning candle
Flickering as the winds blow
How long will it give its light?
No one except God knows.

One day the flame will grow weaker
When time to leave this earthly zone
How sweet to have the sunlight of Jesus
When our candlelight is gone.

Winning the Victory

Moses gave the orders
It's time to cross the sea
Look now and see His glory
God will give the victory.

His rod stretched over the water
A wall stood firm to see
Without a spray of water
They safely crossed the sea.

Today we're marching onward
God has opened up the sea
Faithful ones will win a crown
Safe from their enemies.





Lighting the Way

A Tiny Light beam

It was but a tiny light beam
Reflecting over tossing waves
Lifted high above the billows
Guiding sailors through the haze.

God gives us a heavenly lighthouse
Shinning over life's foam
Guiding safely toward heaven
God's great eternal home.

The Last Step

There is a light so beautiful
For all Christians to seek
It shines its beams from heaven
When His powerful word we keep.

The steps we take are lighted
Along the way that is right
Until the last step is taken
To where there is no night.

The Riches Of His Grace (A Hymn)

Verse 1

Have you found God's eternal glory?
Have you answered the great gospel call?
Have you walked as He has commanded?
Are you rich in the great, grace of God?

Verse 2

Have you found the peace of
understanding?
Have you felt what surpasses all?
Are you now in His everlasting kingdom?
Are you rich in the great, grace of God?

Verse 3

Have you come at His great invitation?
Are you ready to surrender all?
Have you followed His faithful footsteps?
Are you rich in the great, grace of God?

Chorus

Are you rich in His grace?
Have you followed the Way?
Have you found that great salvation?
Are you rich in the great, grace of God?

Steps Through Life

Life is a pathway that spans the years
And leads us on our way
Sometimes rough; sometimes smooth,
But still has bright sunrays.

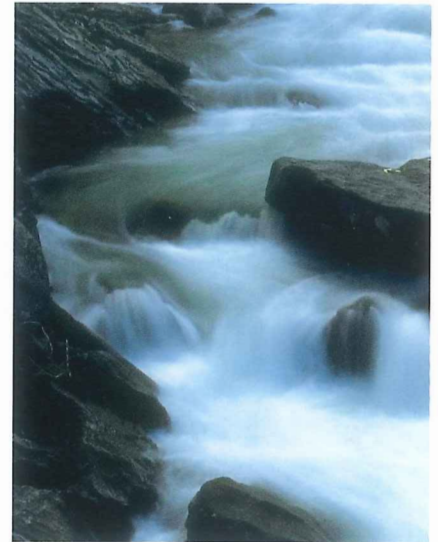
At the end of the path, there is a door
That opens only one way
For once we have passed through it
There we will forever stay.

So as we travel this pathway of life
Among all its toils and strife
May we take each step with Jesus
Toward His great eternal life.

A Special Plea

Lord, make me strong, when I am weak
Show me truth, each time I seek
Give me warmth, when my heart's cold
Let me feel young, while growing old.

Make me light, when the valley is dark
Help me to shine, if only a spark
Keep me walking, in the path of right
Show me by faith, the Shepherd's light.





Mountain Blue

A Journey To Heaven

I longed to take a journey
To the splendors beyond the sky
To view the eternal glories
Where God in power abides.
Wanted to join that great apostle
In what he saw and heard,
But the only way I could do this
Was through God's Holy Word.

In my mind, I was highly lifted
To God's throne brightly arrayed
Heard the heavenly voices singing
Throughout an endless day.
Saw the view of the new Jerusalem
With its splendorous jewels aglow
Twelve gates of precious pearls
Where only the saved will go.

The light was Christ the Redeemer
Saw a river of crystal might
There was growing along beside it
God's eternal "Tree of Life."
When my journey was finally over,
One thing I could say with glee
About the place that God is preparing,
How beautiful Heaven WILL be!



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