

The Olive Branch

The Olive Branch

By

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In loving memory of my dear friend
Sandra Furlong
May she now have peace with Him

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Constance King

Constance, a child so pure in innocence
With soft hair of feathers
Almost white
Her cheeks like soft peaches
Blush and bright
A white smock dress
Shines in the morning sun
Little chubby hands reach out
To touch anything that looks like fun
Inquisitive nature
Amongst my velvet flowers
Humming to herself
She sits for hours
Her eyes large and wide
Taking in the colours and textures
All new and alive
Picking petals from a rose
Smelling anything that grows
She threads together a daisy chain
Upon her head a crown
Majestic is her name.

He Is In Control

The sky is black as ebony over the seas of Galilee
As the torrential rain hammered down
The waves tossing us violently
Like a beast hunting down and devouring his prey
As the storm progressed fierce and unrelenting
The wind hurled itself against us
The waves like walls of steel smashed against the sides of the boat
We started to take on-board water
We were afraid, very afraid
We feared for our lives
Panic-stricken
We began to lose control
Peacefully he slept
Who was this man that did not fret
Not disturbed
But surely soon we will all drown and die
We questioned should, 'we wake him from his slumber'
Desperate and frightened
What choice did we have?
We shouted
"Lord save us, were going to drown"
Placid and undisturbed he stood before us

"You of little faith, why are you so afraid"
He rebuked the wind and calmed the sea
Everywhere became still.

Holy, Holy Spirit

My Lord dwells within me
His presence that of a Holy Spirit
Like a descending dove feather
It gently rests peacefully
Cushioning itself on the earth

My Lord is always here
He speaks through the Holy Scriptures
His words captivate me
Like tears falling like rain
His comfort reaches my heart

My Lord never leaves me
His light is always shining
When it appears I am in dark places
Like a candle that never goes out
He shows me the way

My Lord is always in control
His power like the wind on a blustery day
His breath a breeze, a gentle whisper
His words like that of a Father
Caring for his child.



Spring, New Beginnings

For every new tulip bud that grows
Bluebells chime
And soon we know
That spring is upon us

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For every farmer knows
New life is born
New seed he sows
To prepare for a good harvest

Cotton wool lambs dance
Kids skip and prance
Bundles of down feather chicks
Face the world in its enormity

Blossom flowers flourish
In pinks and crisp apple white
Daffodil trumpets sway in the breeze
New green leaves form on trees

A walk on a crisp fresh morning
The ground is wet with dew
The sun caresses my face so I'm glowing
With the love I have for you.

The Lighthouse

You shine your beacon
Across the roaring unrelenting seas
Shining a light to save so many lost souls.
You watch
Always knowing, observing
A protector of many
You save life from the crashing of the surf
From the jagged rocks that lurk beneath.
You shine your light of glory
A sign of safety
Amidst an ocean of many dreams.



My Decision, Baptism

Jesus is my Saviour, my friend
I am not ashamed to say his name
By his grace my sins were washed away
Cleansed anew on my baptism day
I turned my back on a deceiver
A new life, new beginnings with my Saviour
Opened my heart, learned how to love
The words in the scriptures from God above
Prayerfully I ask him to keep me focused on the path ahead
To listen to my requests
And guide me through the many things that were said
To give me a calling and work for the Lord
To lead me on a unique journey
A commission by him where I am always learning
To know that he is with me, always by my side
To share life's experiences, praying earnestly in my mind
A yoke, which sometimes is hard to bear
But not a burden, a gift from my Lord to share
To feel his power in times of healing and despair
Comforted to know he is always there

Mary's Miracle

She was like a bright morning star
Where the love of God would shine
She was a free spirit
Like a hummingbird dancing freely over a river
She loved to dance
For her heart was betrothed to her true love
She loved the Lord
She prayed quietly to him
Her tears for him sparkled in droplets down her face
For she was dedicated to him
And he loved her
He sent a great visitation to her
A messenger
An aura surrounded him a brilliant source of light
His power overcame her
Filled with emotion she fell to her knees
With a gentle spirit he spoke to her
"Do not be afraid"
For she had been chosen
Chosen by God
For a unique special blessing
She was to be,
the vessel to bring forth the Son of God

1 Corinthians 13: Inspired

Charity knew her life was meaningless
Without love

She spoke in the tongues of heavenly angels
But still her life was meaningless
Without love

She prophesied many truths
Fathomed many mysteries
But still her life was meaningless
Without love

She was filled with great knowledge
Discerning and wise
But still her life was meaningless
Without love

Charity knew love

Natural mother, loyal friend, beloved sister
She knew contentment putting others first
She knew love

She loved to listen, absorbing every word
She gave an atmosphere of calm like the stillness of the evening seas
She knew love

She kept no record of wrongs
Humble and forgiving she prayed for her loved ones
She knew love

She knew her saviour Jesus the Christ who'd sacrificed himself for her
To put many wrongs right
She thought she knew love

But she did not feel worthy
His love for her was immeasurable
She thought she knew love

His sacrifice on the cross was brutal but voluntary
How could she comprehend this kind of love?
She thought she knew love

Until he found her
She would look at herself in the mirror
Beneath the make-up
And all she saw was that of an innocent child
His child

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Broken

O how time has past
The old stone temple lasts
A dwelling place where God resides
Until the Day of Atonement or when they heard from the wise
Although crumbling and worn
If it could speak would it mourn
For the family of God who gathered there
Men of Israel.

Rabbis and prophets
Told stories of what the future would hold
Did they know of the disaster that would unfold?
Against one man
The Messiah, the king
The sacrificial lamb that gave his life for sin

A holy man innocent
But still arrested, beaten, ridiculed and mocked
The soldiers dressed him in a robe, a crown of thorns
And shouted "come on King of the Jews walk".
Carrying his heavy load the cross he had to bear
To the weeping women he said beware
For a time will come great judgment is at hand
Fire will cleanse this very land.

He fell to his knees, Simon was seized
He carried the cross ahead of him
Stumbling behind he struggled on and on
Unreadable his face, stricken in pain the sadness ahead of him
They came to Golgotha high on a hill
All across the land was very still.

Between the sixth and ninth hour
The sun no longer gave any glory or power
For he had no sin, he was like a temple broken in
He was the sacrificial lamb God had made and chosen
For he was nailed to his cross
Where he died and the men of Israel recognised their loss
The people grieved and beat their breasts
As the earth began to tremble with unrest

The land shook violently
The temple curtain tore in two mightily
A resurrection was underway
Dead men rose from tombs that day
A sign of his awesome power
A taste of his life force,
It is finished.

His Final Appearing

The wise prophets of old proclaimed
That the fourth ironclad kingdom of Rome will rise
In defiance against the Anointed King
Harlots, idol worshippers shall reign,
Not fearing that Messiah will come again
With an army of angels around him
Like a loud trumpet blast he will give his command
On the clouds of heaven and in glory
His light will shine like no other light in the sky
His life force grounding people to their knees
With a great energy and intensity
He gathers his chosen few in the air
Unleashing chaos and destruction
Upon humanity and the land

Simple Dreams

Sleeping deeply I dream sweetly
Of many things
I hear whispers of angels
Who watch over me as I sleep
Healing waterfalls cascade down rocky cliffs
While rainbows of many colours
Remind me of God's promises
The sea rushing against a pebbledash seashore
As the sun glows burnt orange as it sets
Sparrows sing merry tunes
In trees of apple blossom in full bloom
The lion always protects the lamb
In a land of many vivid colours
A bright morning star sparkles in twilight
While the moon shines its reflection over the water

Together We Pray

Everyday prayers are spoken, aloud and silently
Wishing they were magical and troubles would fade away
To wave a magic wand
And everyone would be healthy
To have healing rain showers every day
Praying diligently, daily nothing appears to change
Frustrated we cry out
Is he really listening, can he make things change?
Are the right prayers being said?
Is it what God says is meant to be?
Is it time to be healed?

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Or does he have other plans to come our way
Think, friend
This morning he gave the strength for us to see the sunrise
To hear the sounds of nature, birds singing amongst the trees
He gave us the sense to feel the freshness on a bright spring day
The courage to make a call and see friends that day
He teaches great patience and endurance when times get tough
He is the most reliable friend you'll ever have, loving unconditionally
Never leaving us alone in the dust.

