

HEAVEN MY HOME

The street of gold
Where YESHUA reigns
Shall be my home
With saints to sing.

The light of Heaven
His glorious Face
The joy of HIS presence
Will never erase.

YESHUA will be
The song we will sing
With Heaven the theme.
Of our Saviour the King.

The work to be done
Will be for HIS pleasure
The fullness of Heaven
Is YESHUA the treasure.

BETTY FELDMAN-AMES

OCEAN OF SIN

Values challenged
Sin creeps in
Immorality as white caps
Hit the shore & blend.

The tide now has covered
us & the shore
Seduced by the tide of perversion
As we sat in a state of ignore.

We stand up in amazement
Looking for someone to blame

Covered with sin & corruption
This is no longer just a game.

The flood of evil & wickedness
Crept in as a thief
How did it start? Where did it come from?
Satan and his deceit.

BETTY FELDMAN-AMES

ABRAHAM - FATHER OF THE JEW

Behold the Fire!
But Father,
where is the Lamb?
Issac, the promised seed spoke
to his Father Abraham.

The L-RD will provide,
The faithful servant said.
With a heavy-hurting heart,
An a wondering bewildered head.

Is my son to be offered?
He must have thought,
that faithful day.
But not my will,
Your will be done -
I will not, L-D
get in Your way.

There on the alter,
He bound his son
and must have looked away.
With a broken spirit and contrite heart,
when he heard the Angel say,

"Lay not thy hand
upon thy son,
For G-D has prepared the Lamb,
the bictory is already won".

His eyes beheld with relief,
the sacrifice was there,
With a grateful but faithful heart,
It was all that he could bear.

For one brief moment,
He tasted,
The sorrow of the L-RD.
As he offered up his promised son,
It ripped his heart so hard.

Abraham had passed the test,
His obedience was true.
He never questioned G-D'S request,
He's the Father of the Jew.

JOSEPH - THE CHOSEN

Joseph was a chosen son
From an even dozen brothers
Born of Jacob's well beloved
The first born of his mother.
He bragged of dreams of leadership
He was a spoiled child
Where elders bowed before his feet
It drove his brothers wild.
He went one day

Into the fields
To bid his brothers well
Tempers flared
Some voted to kill,
While others voted to sell.
They sold him to an Egyptian house
For a while there he did fare,
Until the wife of Potiphar
Chose her lust to bare.
She framed him by her own deceit
with charges so unfair
And into prison he was thrown
where no one seemed to care.
An interpreter for the dreams
Of the king could not be found,
Joseph's wisdom had gone before him
He was brought before the crown
Deliverence had surely come
And with royalty it came,
He carried on with fruitfulness
G-D'S plan was still the same.
When Canaan fell to famine
Joseph's brothers came a-bidding
Their families were hungry
Theirs journeys end, so fitting.

Joseph was the paymaster

G-D had prepared his way

What the brothers meant for evil

G-D meant to save the day.

END

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