

Poetry of Barry Johnson - Page One



An Introduction :

Poetry is nice, because it's concise. Intense emotions, a wild imagination, and the ability to put words together in unusual ways: God personally tailors His gifts to each of us. He shows us how to use these gifts in our daily walk with Him. What a wonderful joy it is to find a gift from God. I first found this one on a long lonely drive somewhere between Atlanta and Richmond. Poetry is much more than just the words: it is an emotional and spiritual bond between writer and reader. I hope you are blessed in the reading as I was blessed in the writing.

HERE AM I; SEND ME

The Lord said: "Who will go and tell,

The truth that sets men free?

Who will keep their souls from hell?"

Here am I; send me.

Here am I; send me, O Lord,

Here am I; send me.

The gates of hell will not prevail,

Here am I; send me.

The Lord said: "Who will go and give,

An offering generously,

To bear the cost that souls might live?"

Here am I, send me.

Here am I; send me, O Lord,

Here am I; send me.

I'll bear the cost to seek the lost,

Here am I; send me.

The Lord said: "Who will go and pray,

And intercede with Me,

For saints who battle every day?"

Here am I; send me.

Here am I; send me, O Lord,

Here am I; send me.

Help me pray, Lord, every day,

Here am I; send me.

The Lord said: "Who will go and reach,

The lost across the sea?

Who will build, and heal, and teach?"

Here am I; send me.

Here am I; send me, O Lord,

Here am I; send me.

I'll do my part to touch a heart,

Here am I; send me.

(1991 by Lloyd Barry Johnson)

IS THE SUN SHINING, LORD

Is the sun shining, Lord? Is the dark water flowing?

Are trees and grass in the rainwater growing?

Lord, Adonai, why are the birds singing?

Why are they nesting and mating and winging?

Do You tell your creatures what to do next,

In a world you made beautifully complex?

Is the sun shining, Lord? Does the stream water rise?

Was it You Who brought the rain down from the skies?

Jehovah-Jireh, do You provide?

Why does Your rain on a thunderstorm ride?

Why, El Shaddai, living world that I see:

Why was it given to a sinner like me?

Is the sun shining, Lord? Is the rushing stream heard?

Did the world's ecosystem begin at Your word?

Why is the rainbow high in the sky,

Made of water and light? Would You tell me why?

Elohim, Creator, Living God, can I see,
The promise You made in the sky above me?

(1991 by Lloyd Barry Johnson)

SING A SONG OF PRAISE, O MAN

Sing a song of praise, o man;
To God Who with His word began,
Creation of the earth and skies,
And all that living in them lies.
El Shaddai: the God of might,
The God Who said: Let there be light!
In awesome power His love He gives,
Sing this song because He lives!

Sing a song of second birth,
God made man, He came to earth.
Ours the sin for which He died,
Rose of Sharon crucified.

Death and Hell: defeated foes,
Sing this song because He rose!
Sing His praise with voices strong,
Sing His glorious Easter song!

Sinless, sing before Him now,
Every knee to Him we bow,
Every tongue His Name confess,
Ours imputed righteousness.
Sing a new song on that day,
When earth and heaven fled away,
Sing before the Father's throne,
Sing His praise till time is gone.

(1991 by Lloyd Barry Johnson)

THE SERVANT

One day I went out for a walk
to give myself some time to think.

I passed a water fountain so
I stopped there for a drink.

As I approached I saw a line
and many people standing round.
The man who tried to drink there was
a cripple, wheelchair bound.

The fountain wasn't built for him,
he could not reach it in his chair.
He could not raise himself to drink,
and no one seemed to care.

They all looked the other way
or stared off somewhere into space,
but no one there would meet his eye
or look into his face.

I went and bought a cup of ice
filled with water to the brim.

I knelt beside his wheelchair and,
I gave that drink to him.

He didn't have the power of speech,
he lacked the skill to make replies,
but gratitude lit up his face,
and thanks were in his eyes.

I had no power to make him whole,
I didn't make his bad limbs good.
I couldn't tell him "Rise and walk"
I just did what I could.

I had a vision late that night,
or maybe it was just a dream
or something more; I only know
how very real it seemed.

I stood before a great white throne,
where earth and heaven fled away.

I felt so naked and alone
at my Judgement Day.

A mighty voice like thunder rolled:
It roiled the sea; it shook the sky.
Its eerie power wrung my soul.
I heard the thunder cry:

"Holy! Holy! Holy! is the
Lord of Hosts, the Great I Am,
Who was and is and is to come and
Worthy is the Lamb."

And as that awesome anthem died,
I saw a man, but not a man,
standing by the Father's throne
there at God's right hand.

He had hair like whitest wool
and glowing feet like polished gold.

His face across the lightyears shown,
with eyes like burning coals.

He came down from that mighty throne
and walked beside the crystal sea.

I trembled, as I knew that He
was coming straight at me.

When I could clearly see His face
I found it was a face I knew.
I fell down on my knees and cried:
"My God! That man was You."

"You chose to be a cripple, Lord."
I cried to Him, "Please tell me why?"
In gentle loving words He said,
"For you I chose to die."

"Remember what I taught beside
another sea in Galilee?"

'If you do it to the least of them,
You do it unto Me.'"

The Lord brought forth a diadem
and set that crown upon my head.
A single word was wrought in gold:
SERVANT that word said.

(1991 by Lloyd Barry Johnson)