

Poetry of Barry Johnson - Page Two



ON THE ROAD TO EMMAUS

Once upon a time...

there was a little girl

who lived in a village by the sea.

She would play in the ocean, and she

often visited her aunt who lived

in the offshore islands. Sometimes

she would sit on the pier and watch

the great ships disappear over the

horizon with their cargoes of

cotton, lumber, turpentine and granite:

and she would wonder that
God made the world so big.

Eventually
she grew into a beautiful
young woman with a wonderful
loving heart. It was a
turbulent time in history when
she married a quiet man who was
strong in spirit, and they
lived in an inland town where her
husband was a man respected.
For half a century they lived happily
as her children,
then her grandchildren
grew up as she grew older,
more loving and no less beautiful.
Still beautiful and gracious, she
lived in a little white house that
became the center and focal of

her family's love; and she was called friend by everyone who knew her.

Then one autumn day as she sought peace (for her husband had gone to stand before God's throne), she walked the road that is called the Road to Emmaus where once were the footprints of the Risen Savior. As she walked, she carried with her the blessings of those who loved her.

Then she was astonished to find a stranger disturbed her solitary vigil. He was a man with ancient scars on his hands, and she recognized the Lord, for she knew this story well. She said, "Lord Jesus, are you going to walk with me?"

And He said,
"I have always walked with
you. From the days of your
childhood in the village by
the sea, you have always
loved and given of yourself
to others. For every life
you touch is filled
with love.

Every life, including Mine.

This is the reason your race
was created: to love God
and to love each other. There
are few that love as you do.
Share with Me the blessings
of those who love you."

Then the Lord said,

"Come. Let us walk together."

Lloyd Barry Johnson

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SONG OF EGYPT

to Ramses Sadek

Egypt, O Egypt! In the ancient time when
the Flood was a recent memory;

Alpha Draconis was the North Star;

and Easter was only a prophetic promise:
your civilization brightly glittered bronze.

Egypt, who will cry for you today?

Egypt, homeland, has God forgotten you?

Who will call thy people to choose?

When Philistines fill your land,

who will fight Goliath?

Who will stand alone on the mountain

to challenge the pagan priests?

At sunset,

who will stand while others bow to idols?

Son of Egypt, I remember! Says the Lord Yahwah.

I am who I am! Says the Lord Yahwah.

When you say to your people:

"Choose you this day whom you will serve",

HE will make the sun stand still.

When the giant raises his sword,

HE will be your Rock.

When you ascend the mountain

and build an altar amid the prophets of baal,

HE will answer with fire.

When you stand as the wailing call to prayer is heard,

and your countrymen make prayer to

the golden idol of Babylon;
It is your prayer HE will hear.

Though you may be cast into the firey furnace
you will not be touched by the flames
and HE will walk with you.

HE will walk with you.

Is there one unbeliever who might believe?
Is there one brother who might draw strength?
Is there one sister who might need comfort?
Is there one warrior who might seek peace?
Is there one fanatic who might love?

HE will never leave you or forsake you.
Though you be a stranger in your own land,
you will enter His kingdom.

HE will walk with you.

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TRISHA

The gracious beauty of the rose
gently touches all of those
who see her face.

In the misty morning light
she softly shows her pristine white
with dewdrop lace.

Delicate as Esther's pride,
a message in her magic cried
of Amazing Grace.

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THE FEELING OF BEING VALUED

to Norma Pettigrew

Feeling valued
is like hearing Norma sing:

Her music, beautiful the sound
echoing the room around.

Touch my spirit with her song.

My soul aglow with selfless pride,
a wealth of worth I feel inside.

Even when the sound has died,
the feeling lingers on.

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GLORYSTAR

Glorystar! New star I see;
Tell me now what you can be?
Rise on high, in brilliant hue;
No other star as bright as you.

I remember Words of old,
In which a Savior was foretold.
Glorystar! New star I see;
Are you His star of prophecy?

Glorystar! Proclaim His birth;
Emmanuel has come to earth,
Shepherds rise and run to meet,
The Savior Who will wash your feet.
Find Him in a manger laid;
His sinless life our ransom paid.
Holy Child: before Him kneel,
Mercy of our God revealed.

Glorystar! Now light the way.
Make desert night as bright as day.
Magi go and travel far,
Following His Glorystar.
Gold and incense bring with you,
God's Son is all our worship due.

Holy Child: before Him kneel,
Majesty of God revealed.

Glorystar! Our Savior find.
Bathe the earth in novashine.
Glorystar, your bright increase,
Proclaims the mighty Prince of Peace.
The God Whose glory is so bright,
He even dims your awesome light.
Holy Child: you've granted me
Access to eternity.

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