

Poetry of Doris McGohon



A Place Of Refuge

Introduction:

I write poetry as a witness of my faith in Jesus Christ. Some of them are intended to encourage and strengthen believers, whereas, others are observations of life lived without Christ. It is my hope that He will use them to His glory!

Because of Him,

Doris

A Place of Refuge

Jesus is my refuge
In every time of need.
When enemies 'round me gather,
He is a friend, indeed.

Adverse winds may come my way,
But I'm safe within the fold,
And storms I'll look right in the eye
And be secure and bold.

Doris J. McGohon

THE GAME OF LIFE

Death has such a strong hold;
For mankind it does enfold.
No boundary it ever knows;
For sooner or later everyone goes.

Yet, something within all mankind
Tells him to look and he will find
That God created man to live,
Eternal life through His Son to give.

If only to exist threescore and ten,
Life would be folly and folly would win.
But deep within all men know
Death's not the end, just the foe.

Now death, the foe, becomes the plan
To open the door for mortal man,
To make his home in that fair land,
Or live with Satan and his wicked band.

Life here on earth has an end,
But an eternity man will spend.
Every day man is choosing
Life with Jesus or delusion.

It's today the choice is made
For tomorrow the grave seals it,
THE GAME WE PLAYED.

Doris J. McGohon
3/11/82

PRAISE THE KING

Give praise unto the King of Kings -
Come and worship at His feet -
Shout the victory unto Him;
Sing the name that is so sweet.

Give honor to the Son of God
Who redeemed us with His Blood;
O, come and bow before His feet,
See there that crimson flood.

Sing holy, holy, Lord of all,
Glorify that matchless name.
O, come and worship at His feet
You His saints proclaim.

Doris J. McGohon
1/19/86

Give Us A Vision

The needs are all around us,
And should we say we care,
If we're not stirred to action,
And don't travail in prayer?

Give us first a heart of prayer
For those whose needs are great,
And let us hasten to the throne
Before it is too late.

Oh, Father, give a vision
To your people on this day,
And immerse us in your love
As you send us on our way.

May we witness with your power,
With compelling love that's true,
And may the world see Jesus
In each of us anew.

Doris J. McGohon
3/7/84

BEHOLD THE LAMB

Behold the Lamb
That takes away all sin,
The precious Word of God
Sent down from God to man.

Behold the Lamb
With nail prints in His hand,
And pain upon His face,
As darkness hides the land.

Behold the lamb,
The stone is rolled away,
And down Emmaus road
The sky's no longer gray.

Behold the Lamb
Encircled by His friends;
See Him beckon Thomas,
And end his doubting sins.

Behold the Lamb
Taken in clouds of day
To stand before our God;
Love pleading as we pray.

Behold the Lamb
For every knee shall bow.
Don't wait 'till it's too late,
Oh, friend, receive him now.

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3/25/87

Salvation Bridge

Picture in your mind a bridge that is so long that it spans all of eternity, but this bridge, some travelers think, has very low sides. This bridge is called "Salvation."

There are some who believe that as travelers on this Bridge of Salvation, they can fall over stones of low spirituality, the temptation of changing one's mind, "I have no more faith," etc., consequently, causing them to fall into the ocean below. This traveler does not believe the sides of "salvation Bridge" are high enough to keep him secure.

The Designer's Blueprints show the bridge to be well constructed with very high sides to protect those travelers on it. Thus far, this traveler cannot perceive it's height. He knows the Designer built a wonderful bridge, and he is very grateful, but he believes his safety depends on how carefully he walks amidst the stones and how firmly he plants his feet against the winds of "self, the world and Satan." The blueprints show that the word peace is written all over the walls and road of Salvation Bridge. This traveler has very little peace though because he knows the odds of his own strength against such strong winds, in addition to the thought that the sides are very low. In the midst of his fears he perceives that he might accidentally fall into (Hell) the treacherous ocean below. The road is long, and hazy, torturous thoughts (soon they become

unquestionable) come to him that eventually he could be enticed to turn aside from his journey, toward the beautiful city of God.

The Designer understood the many stones that would be scattered across the road. He also knew the stones would not seem so rough as long as the traveler had a heart of praise, and kept his eyes on the Designer of the Blueprint. The Designer knew how to build a bridge that would take one safely to his destination. He is well known for His good work, and He had the welfare of traveler in mind when He built such a bridge.

There are other travelers on this bridge who find it impossible to fall or jump into the ocean below. No winds can cause them to fall below; therefore, what others see as strong winds to lose one's footing become, for them, only obstacles that make the way rough, the trying of faith, that produces much growth. These travelers believe their Heavenly Father, The designer and Builder, in wisdom, constructed a "Covered Bridge."

The father takes a man's faith in Jesus and welds it to His own grace and with this material, He makes a road through a Covered Bridge to Himself and heaven that spans all eternity.

A believer who doesn't praise God in all things, can stumble over stones of self, the world, and Satan, but he will not, nor can he, fall into hell. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are there to protect him.

God's ability is greater than man's responsibility!

*Read 1 Peter 1:5; 1 Thess. 5:23-24; John 10:25-30; Romans 5: 6-10; Phil. 1:6; John 6: 37-40.

*God's plan to save sinners throughout all eternity.

No Ordinary Creature

Her world of tranquility is gone,
snatched away before she could speak or reason.
Hot tears stream down her innocent face
as she strives to understand her terrible plight.

She tosses her head in defiance,
and the beautiful creature becomes a - wild thing.
Her large eyes narrow with determination,
as rage rises up in great tumult.

No ordinary creature is this one,
for deep in her being lies a seed of greatness,
and when anger has run its course,
this one will be the victor - this child of divorce.

SACRIFICE AT CALVARY

Jesus was a man born to die,
Eons ago it was ordained on high.
To become one of us was His mission,
From God to man, a divine transition.

He was fully God but fully man,
And He left His throne for the Father's plan.
Feel what He felt in the garden alone;
He agonized in prayer and He began to groan.

He sweated drops of blood, could he endure?
There was great suffering for one so pure.
He wanted His father's will, not a crown
So die, He must; for in sin , all were bound.

They whipped Him with a cat-of-nine tails, tore open His back;
That day in history was black, so black.
Struggling under the cross, the heavy weight,
He was so tired and in such a weakened state.

Finally, He was relieved by one.
The man was unaware it was God's dear son.
No one ever loved like this man;
Hanging there bleeding, from God's presence banned.

He never did one thing wrong;
He just loved and He loved so strong.
He was tortured beyond all belief,
Not once was there relief.

There were those who wept that day,
And some felt terrified and began to pray.
Darkness came and covered the earth,
While soldiers mocked His Kingly worth.

"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."
Down through the ages I hear it too.
Oh, the torture as our filthy sins were laid on Him,
But worse would come in this scene so grim.

Such racking pain and agony of soul
In Jesus poor body was taking it's toll.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"
The demons hovered there in glee.

When all looked hopeless and there was doubt,
Jesus was victorious and let out a shout!
It is finished!
All through the land the sky turned dark,
Our loving Savior had left His mark.

The veil of the temple was rent in two,
And the tombs were opened and the dead in view.
The centurion was now able to see
That it was God's own Son who hang on the tree.

So they took His body to a rich man's grave,
Hewn out of a rock, a tiny cave.
On the third day the glad news came,
"He is risen," never to suffer shame.

He offers you heaven, eternal life,
Will you surrender that life of strife?
I caution you, do not turn Him away.
The hour is late, call on Him today.

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6/16/94

JESUS LIVES

O, Hallelujah, Jesus lives!
This day your tears be gone!
This is a day of victory,
The starting of the dawn!

O, Hallelujah, Jesus lives!
To set the sinner free,
And live His life through him,
So everyone might see.

O, Hallelujah, Jesus lives!
He's coming in the clouds,
To catch away His bride
As the trumpet blares aloud!

O, Hallelujah, Jesus lives!
With a rod of iron He shall reign -
The Almighty, King of Kings
Till His enemies are slain.

Come quickly, Lord Jesus!

DDoris J. McGohon
2/28/8 - 7/28/02

VENGEANCE

The pregnant air is leaping
With intrigue,
a harbinger of the
evil to come.
Each demon masquerades
as a man,
a bitter man
destined to die.
His dark plans
are those of a murderer
in the black
night of deception.
The heady emotion of hatred
is in the air - hatred
bred by jealousy
over the years.
The evil comes
in tumultuous waves
of overlapping
ferocious cruelty.
All is vain
when death comes
with a vengeance.

Doris J. McGohon
7/30/02

KING OF KINGS

**All praise and honor to Jesus our King
Who redeemed us from our sins,
Glory, hallelujah, trumpets, too,
Let songs of triumph begin.**

**Let us worship the King of Kings,
He is worthy of all praise.
Let praise like a river flow forth
From our lips through all our days.**

**Hosanna! He reigns forever more
He sits upon the throne legally;
Our God, our sin bearer, our guide,
The King of Kings sits regally.**

**A baby came to us in poverty;
Now He sits high upon the throne,
Won't you be ready each day,
For very soon He'll take us home!**

**Loved ones gathered there to meet us
Will welcome us home, everyone.
What a happy reunion that will be,
When everyone we shall see.**

**How wonderful it will be
To see Him whom we've loved so long;
Our Saviour, our King, our Beloved,
We praise you with unending song.**

Doris J. McGohon 12/3/02

Mystical Union

**Mystical union of God and man,
Strength and weakness,
Goodness and sinfulness,
His divine love does span.**

In childhood He nurtures her
By feeding her on the mountains,
Nourishing milk and honey,
Water that gushes from fountains.

He loves her with agape love,
She is His and He is hers.
She will wait for her beloved
'Till hearing the shout from above.

"Come away my beloved,"
Oh, the Crowning Majesty of that voice!
The bride has made ready and will rejoice
To spend an eternity with God.

Doris J. McGohon 10/4/03

THEY DREAMED OF A TIME

Certain plantation homes
Kept their secrets well hidden.
Master's affairs with female chattel
Were not told nor were they bidden.

There were whippings and beatings,
Enough to take away all hope.
They dreamed of a time
That they would more than cope.

But the eyes and ears of good men,
Were aware of the evil within,
The shameful plight of the slaves
Would gracious men rescind.

The shame of a time gone by
Will linger with us for years.

To call it a "mistake" would hide
The blood, the sweat, and the tears.

The Mention Of His Name

My heart sings at the
mention of His Name.

Such a deep and
placid lake is He.

I must needs go
to the depths,
to know deep
calling unto deep,
as the thunder calls
out to lightening,
A place of peace and rest,
as only He can give.

O JERUSALEM

I would have gathered you
Unto myself but you would not.
Your house is left unto you desolate,
And my covenant you forgot.

I'll set watchmen on your walls,
Not holding their peace day or night.
Until Jerusalem is made a praise ,
Not forsaken, but one of might.
They'll be called the holy people,
When to the Messiah they've turned,
enemies of God shall be trodden down,
And no more shall war be learned.
The Holy Spirit patiently waits for all,
lovingly showing them the way.
Jesus said, "I am the way,
The truth, and the life," on that day.
Pharaoh unwisely hardened his heart
Until it was sadly confirmed by God.
Don't be one of the many deceived ones
Who procrastinate the Holy Spirit's prod.
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LOVE AND GIFTS

There are those among us who create a rift,

"I'll take love instead of a gift,"
But where is the POWER to give love a lift?
Still there are those who say clearly,
"I'll take the gifts instead of love,"
Wisdom talks, "I'll take both, " it says crucially.

Doris J. McGohon

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Disabled

The agony of being locked
Within the bars of the mind,
is to be entrapped there
Like no other of its kind.
Trapped in a hospital bed
With hardly the thought of surrender
Planned deception awaits her
Yes, she is a prisoner.
Wanting to utter speech,
But forced to speak through the eyes
Hoping all will understand

That the mind and spirit still flies.

Doris J. McGohon

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A Bride Adorned for Her Huband

The bride makes herself ready
For that joyful coming day,
When she shall rule with her beloved
The day that they have wedded.

Slowly, she is drawn by His love,
Sent down from up above,
A love that will never fail.
Her love is, oh, so frail.

The bride has been found of Him
Who ravishes and claims her heart
Until the long day breaks
And her love o'er flows the brim.

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Boisterous Wind

Wrathful wind rustles through the trees
Gaining in power on the seas
Ships tossed around with mighty ease.
Have mercy please, have mercy please.

The sea waves roll and the skies weep.

The waves are gathered in a heap.
Under the leaden sky to reap,
Cold in the deep, Cold in the deep.

The ship rises and descends now.
Once more plunging over the bough.
The old fisherman wipes his brow,
To come through, how? To come through, how?

Ker- plunk- pow, ker- plunk- pow, loud sound,
Old man was afraid he would drown.
If only he was on dry ground
Would he be found, would he be found?

The roaring sea would seal his fate
He'd be dainties on old shark's plate
"Call on me," he heard, "do not wait."
"I'll help you, mate, I'll help you, mate.

He called earnestly on His Name.
To his hope the Savior came,
And calmed the boisterous wind. . .was tame.
That was His Aim, that was His aim.

The storms of life are like the wind.
Upon many, the storms descend
Our God, his hand will extend
On Him depend, on him depend.

Doris McGohon
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