

Poetry of Eva - Page One



Psalm 122.6 "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: They shall prosper that love thee."

An Introduction

From the time of my childhood, I felt strangely drawn to the Jewish people, not knowing why. I could not explain the mystery of my love for her until 1981, when I became a "born-again" Christian. Prior to my conversion, I knew nothing regarding the Jewish people or their covenant relationship with G-d. You cannot imagine the joy I'd experienced when my eyes were finally opened to the truth of the Holy Scriptures. The treasures I'd found written within its pages began to set my soul on fire. It was then I realized it was the L-rd who'd planted His seed of love in my heart for His people. In 1981, the Lord blanketed me with the Spirit of intercession, and called me to be His watchman to the whole house of Israel. It was also at that time He'd turned my poetic writing around. I now use my gift of writing to bless Israel, by pointing her back to the love of G-d.

Throughout my years in serving the Lord, I was hungering for fellowship with like-minded believers. Sad to say, I found no one I could share my heart with, apart from G-d. I felt ostracized not only by my family, but also by the majority within the Church. To this day, most churches have little knowledge of

or love for Israel, due to spiritual ignorance. They believe the Jews are estranged from G-d, and that [the Church] has replaced Israel concerning G-d's covenant with Abraham. The truth is, salvation has come to the Gentiles, through [Israel's] fall. G-d is not by any means, through with Israel yet. She will be restored in fullness, according to His Holy Word. The covenant G-d made with Abraham, the "Father of Faith", is an eternal one. Though He scattered Israel, like seeds in the wind, for the Gentiles' sake, He'd also promised to regather her and bring her back to the Promised Land.

Israel is indeed, G-d's miracle nation! May our eyes be opened to see her as God sees her, and to bless her through our love, deeds, and prayers. Where is the love of G-d if we profess our love for Yeshua [who is a Jew], and hate His chosen nation? Without doubt, we owe Israel a debt that can never be repaid. May the walls of division and of anti-Semitism in the Church crumble and fall. In Yeshua, both Gentile and Jew become one with G-d. To this end, I believe the Lord's purpose for me is to educate and to motivate Christians to bless the Jewish people.

The L-rd has afforded me many opportunities to share His love for Israel. From 1991-1993, I'd hosted a radio program "The Watchmen's Cry: Intercessors for Israel" for WBF1, 91.5FM, McDaniels, Kentucky. I'd also written numerous articles and poems for The [Elizabethtown, Kentucky] News Enterprise, Maccabean Online, and The Jerusalem Post Daily Internet Edition. More recently, I've been invited as a guest speaker to various churches and organizations, to share my love of Israel via a "Sound and Light" show, poetry recital, and sharing the Holy Scriptures. Today, I'm happily married to my husband, Al, and have 5 wonderful children.

Shalom, love, and prayers [In Yeshua]

Eva

I HEAR JERUSALEM CRYING

**Their tears shed are as drops of blood.
Brave sons of Jerusalem dying,
While the desert brings forth her new bud.
There are roses blooming in the desert,
And a stillness envelopes all around -
A burst of new hope for my people,
While death claims another brave son
To the ground.
Hush, listen, oh daughter of Zion,
To the faint sound of distant drum.
Your wilderness journey awaits you;
Come to Jerusalem, come!
Be still, oh daughter of Zion,
Hear My Voice, take hold of My hand.
Soon you'll be crossing that great river,
Home towards the Promised Land ...**

THE WATCHMEN'S PRAYER

**Voices rising up in unison;
Spiritual voices filling the air,
Rising up toward the throne room of heaven.**

**Hear, O' Israel,
Hear the watchmen's prayer!
The God of Israel has set His watchmen,
Has set them upon thine ancient walls.
Refusing to sleep nor to keep silent,
Faithful watchmen heeding their call.
Watching, listening for sounds of horsemen

Come against the Mount of God.**

**Fearless watchmen prepared for battle;
O'er Israel's enemies they will spiritually trod.**

**"Hear the ram's horn #####, calling?
Arise from your sleep and take your stand!**

**For I have called you to be My watchmen
To pray for the peace of Jerusalem.**

I DREW JERUSALEM TO ME

They followed Me through the wilderness,
Through a land that was unsown;
They had a love so rich and deep,
That the spirit within them groaned.
Trying to please the Father
Yet they were so spiritually undone
Always trying to please the Father,
Not realizing they and the Father were one.
For I rode the high heavens to their rescue,
"I, the God of Jeshurun",
Assailed in royal majesty
More brilliant than the sun.
And as the doe longs for refreshing streams
So did their souls for Me;
They thirsted so for the face of God,
They thirsted so for Me.
I, the Fountain of Life, did reign,
From the beginning of eternity;
For it was from the very beginning of time,
"I drew Jerusalem to Me."

ISRAEL, COULD YOU FORGET?

Israel, could you forget the many years
When time seemed at a stop,
When yellow stars in chambers went
Where fires licked them up?
Could you forget the woeful cries
Within the deepest nights,
Cold prison gates, bones tossed in graves,

Heart wrenching smells in sight?
Could you forget the bloodied path
Of human atrocities, where hope,
Though faint, held a flickering flame,
Where men's hearts yearned to be free?
Could you forget the martyrs,
Whose silent voices cry?
Could you forget, could you forget,
The ones whom for your freedom had died?

Could you forget your journey
To Israel's welcoming shore
As nation after nation
Unto you had closed their doors?
Could you forget the settlers,
Israel's blood, sweat, and tears,
Who've built, prayed and died there
Throughout the many years?
Could you forget the joy you shared,
As you watched each blossoming rose
Blooming in dry, desert land
Where cool nightly breezes #####?
Could you forget God's promises
To you and to your seed?
Could you forget, could you forget
He holds the master deed?
Could you forget your Patriarchs
Buried throughout your land,

Planted as a constant reminder
God's promises forever will stand?
Could you forget the mothers of Israel,
Who on their knees have fought
For the love of their precious children,
As the enemies of Israel still plot?
Could you forget, Oh Israel,
The very blood within your veins?
Your Jewishness, Jerusalem,
God's dew, the summer rain?
Could you forget God's promise
That you would be restored?
Could you forget, could you forget
He awaits you by Jerusalem's door!

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

Jerusalem,
Broken city,
Scattered people,
All around.
Hear the ram's horn -
Sounding, #####,
Piercing hell's gate,
Yet no sound.
Gather up
My precious daughter,
Gather up
And come to Me.
For it's time
To start your journey,
And once again
I'll part the sea.

"Give up North"
Cries the Voice of Thunder,

"Give up North",
And set them free.
That that may
Journey to Jerusalem,
To Jerusalem -
To Worship Me.

[RETURN, ISRAEL!](#)

"If I shut up Heaven that there be no rain, or if I command the locusts to devour the land, or if I send pestilence among My people; If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (II Chronicles 7:13-14).

"Oh My people, why have you played the harlot
By selling your souls for a morsel of bread?
Why have you turned your backs on Me,
Trusting in the arm of flesh instead.
You fear and tremble at the falling leaves,
When the wind ##### loud and strong.
You've turned away from My righteous paths
And have forgotten to Whom you belong.
All manner of sin and perversion
Runs rampant in your streets.
Who among you will take up My standards?
Who will lift up their voice for Me?
Who will believe Me at My Word
And stand up for My righteous cause,
Bearing My banner, lifting My name,
Obeying My commandments and laws?
I brought you forth for My glory and honor,
To show forth My power and praise.
Yet you, like sheep, have all gone astray
And have forgotten Me in all your ways.
Return unto Me, My backslidden daughter;

**Bring with you words and together we'll reason,
Arise from your slumber, and shake off the dust
Before the change of the season."**

ISRAEL, A MIRACLE

**Untouched by man, the land lay bare;
No fruit nor flowers did grow there.
A wild and unkempt land it was,
The wilderness.
Then pilgrims came with tools and seed.
They came to plow the cold, hard ground
To plant their seed, and to water the ground with
Blood, sweat and tears.
Expelled from the world, they joined hands and came
To rebuild their homeland, to plant and to pray,
Believing their families would join them one day
In the land of the Jews.
They gave up their old lives in exchange for the new.
And Israel prospered and Israel grew,
Where she stands a reminder to both Gentile and Jew;
A miracle.**

"ISRAEL: ONE NATION UNDER G-D"

**"Hear the Word of the L-rd, oh My people.
It's time", cries Blessed Be He,
"To unite My two sticks together,
To bind them both unto Me.**

**"For too long, I've watched and waited
For their envying and vexing to pass,
Their striving against one another
Due to former discords of the past.**

**"I have loved them", cries the Father.
"It has pained My heart to see**

My children hating each other,
While professing their love of Me.

"For too long, they've been crossing each other,
Beating and bruising in My Name.
Now I'll make them strength for each other;
They'll no longer point their finger in blame.

"I have placed them in a hot, fiery furnace
To purge them of all their dross.
While melting, they'll run altogether,
Becoming one glorious house.

"Their oppressors will look on in wonder;
No longer weakness, but strength they'll see.
As I bring My two sticks together,
Their enemies, in astonishment, will flee.

"For the love of G-d, they'll come together;
Judah and Ephraim will become one,
For My Glory, I will perform it.
Out of all nations, My children will come.

"With one voice, they'll worship their Father.
With one voice, they'll lift up My Name.
With one voice, they'll love one another,
United, reborn once again."

LET MY PEOPLE GO!

Holy mountain, fiery sky;
Rocks come tumbling as I AM draws nigh.
The sea does rumble and the waves do roar,
Yet there is peace on the ocean floor.
Desert heat and desolate land;
There fruit will grow at the L-rd's command.

Nature will indeed give a show,
When at the end,
They Let My People Go!

G-D's ETERNAL LIGHT

Israel,
You were entrusted with the imperishable "Light of The Law",
The "Oracles of G-d", the Torah.
Although on wilderness journeys you've traveled,
Exiled by G-d, unto the nations hurled;
With you, my kinsmen, went the "Light of Glory",
G-d's message sent by you unto a dying world.
This was the expectation of your people,
To go forth in G-d's glory and might ,
You were entrusted to establish G-d's blessed kingdom
By immersing the world with G-d's Eternal Light".

ISRAEL'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Before sunrise, the heavens did open.
A ladder came down to Earth's ground,
Where Jacob, sweet Jacob, was sleeping.
G-d's heavenly angels came down.

Then a Voice, the Ancient of Ancients,
Liquid gold, transcending like dew,
Spoke to the one who was sleeping,
"This land have I given to you.

"I, the L-rd G-d of your fathers,
To Abraham and Isaac I decreed
My blessings to pour on your offspring:
Upon you and upon all your seed.

"Though I will scatter you among all the nations,

Yet I will return you to this land once again.
I will do it, and no one can stay Me;
You are grafted in the palm of My hand.

"Fear not, for I will be with you;
I will never leave you alone.
The wind of My Spirit shall lift you,
Directing and leading you home".

JERUSALEM, MY BRIDE

"Jerusalem,
Hear Me, captive daughter.
My chosen one to take the blame,
I've heard your cries.
My gates are opened wide; come back to Me again.
It's you I've married; come back to Me this night.
Through the years, a cross you have carried;
Mocked and scourged, no hope left in sight.
Only be it known it's you I have married.
Come back to Me, come back to Me
This night!
Yes, through the years, a cross you have carried;
Mocked and scourged, no hope left in sight.
Only be it known it's you I have married.
Come back to Me, come back to Me
My Bride -- Jerusalem!"

"SOON, JERUSALEM, SOON!"

From a distance, I watch as my mother continues
To mourn the loss of her children.
Though pained at heart and broken in spirit,
She stands the epitome of a virtuous woman,
Whose vestures were designed and fashioned
In strength, honor, and holiness unto the L-rd.

How I've longed to comfort her,
To speak peace to her, yet I am so very far away,
Held fast to another time, another place.
Again, I hear her groanings and muffled cries:
"How long, O' L-rd,
Before You restore my children unto me?"
"Soon", reassures My Father, Whose voice,
A burning flame, rekindles her spirit anew.
"Soon, Jerusalem, soon!"

I PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM
(Psalm 122:6)

I pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
The city of the living G-d.
I give no rest to the One above;
Oh Jerusalem,
Take hold of G-d's hand.
For it's peace that I pray for Jerusalem.
May G-d's peace cloud your city this day.
Turn back, turn back captive daughter.
Trust in G-d, not in mortal man.
Trust in G-d, not in mortal man.

COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE!

"Why have you rejected the voice of My prophets,
Those whom I've sent to you, time and again,
To speak comfort to you? Only you've refused them,
Estranged daughter of Jerusalem.

"Why have you turned your back on My messengers
With your unprepared hearts to receive?
Why do you still refuse to be comforted
By the One on Whom you should believe?

"For too long, you've trusted and worshipped false idols
Who neither speak, see, nor have ears to hear.
You've turned from Me, Oh prodigal daughter,
And have forgotten in Whom you should fear!"

"A curse you've become to every nation;
You've been rejected and hated by man.
I've set you an example of My divine salvation;
You've been judged by My righteous right hand.

"Your groanings have reached My high heavens.
I've heard your anguished, loud cries.
All the while your oppressors continue to drive you,
Hoping you'd give up and die.

"I've raised you, My daughter, to set an example
Before the kings of the earth,
To show forth My power through your own weakness.
For My glory, you were given birth.

"I'll turn around the time of your captivity.
I'll redeem you, that the whole world may see
That I, even I, have never forgotten
The covenant I'd made with thee.

"I'll bring you back to the place where you started
To remind you of My undying love.
I'll gather you out from amongst all nations,
My daughter, My precious white dove.

"Your days of trouble is soon numbered and finished;
Your warfare is soon come to an end.
Your life of iniquity I've chosen to pardon.
It's time now for your soul to mend.

"For you've received of My hand a double measure,
Of the cure for all your sins.

Your idols, where are they? From your heart, they'll all vanish,
Restored daughter of Jerusalem!

"My soul has been grievous for the love of My people.
The time to favor Zion is come.
Repent, cry aloud, and return unto Me;
I desire it, now let it be done!"
Thus says the L-rd, Elohim.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS

Children of the wilderness
You've wandered oh so long.
Now the highway of your salvation
Is made ready to take you home.
Where refreshing streams of water
Springs forth from the desert sand
And fruit more abundant
Is growing at the L-rd's command.
Hear me now, ye son's of Israel,
Brother's unite and stand.
Hearken and come out from the nations.
Return, to possess your land.
Oh return to possess your land.

"THE LAND BELONGS TO ISRAEL!"

G-d had given the land to Israel.
No nation, president, or king can usurp His authority.
Though Israel is viewed as small and insignificant,
In G-d, she rules a majority.
Who can dismantle G-d's Holy Word?
Who can undue His purpose and plan?
For the times and seasons have already been set,
Directed and guided by His Righteous hand.

A WELCOMING CHOICE

Who can forget the Jewish settlers:
Rebuilders of G-d's Promised Land,
Who've risked their lives for the sake of their nation,
By boldly taking a stand.

They're the true backbone of the whole Jewish nation:
One heart, one soul, one mind.
With one purpose, they're united forever
To rebuild Israel, leaving all else behind.

These are soldiers armed with pick and shovel.
These are warriors, valiant and true.
These are martyrs, defending their G-d given borders;
Like the Maccabees, they're faithful and few.

Who can forget these G-d fearing settlers?
Who can silence their stubborn loud voice?
Who can stop them from rebuilding their homeland?
They were born to welcome this choice.

"FROM GAMLA TO JERUSALEM"

"From Gamla to Jerusalem,
Peaceful settlers will take leave
To march against all tyranny,
Standing boldly for what they believe.

These are the few but faithful
Who've helped build and establish the land,
Keeping their G-d given borders free
From the clutches of their enemies hands.

With one voice they'll all join together.
Heart to heart they'll all take a stand.

Hand to hand they'll all walk together.
United, they'll march through the land.

Whole communities will be coming together;
Friends and loved ones will join in too,
Moving forward with one common endeavor;
"Land for Peace" we must never pursue.

Who are these brave men and women,
Who'll leave all comforts behind?
They're the voice of past generations
Who've stood against tyranny in their own time.

May what they do spark a lasting flame
That the whole world might see
The love of Eretz Yisrael
Through these sons of Maccabee.

"Never again Gamla!"
Their motto is fearless and due,
A burning message to enlighten the nations:
"This land G-d gave to the Jews!"

I STOOD UPON YOUR RAMPART WALLS...

I stood upon your rampart walls,
Etched with scars of time,
And joined those ancient voices
Who'd left their trace behind.
For the love of G-d, no breach was made;
Each link in chain stood fast.
Each watchful eye, in spirit's quest,
Stood guard until the last.
There, no distance can be measured.
Satanic foes are stemmed,

As echoes of voices throughout all generations
Pray peace o'er Jerusalem.

WHAT MIGHTY MEN!

What mighty men in spirit
Have walked your rampart walls;
What mighty intercessors
Arising to the watchman's call!

What seeds of faith were planted
By faithful men of G-d;
What battles there were fought and won,
Where fearless men have trod!

ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD

Although they are silenced by a curtain of iron,
A wall where the echoes of life are not heard,
G-d sends forth His messengers with words of encouragement;
They fly o'er the land on the wings of the bird.
For the cries of His children have reached the high heavens:
"Deliver us, O' L-rd, from our enemies' hand!"
Then remembering His covenant with Abraham,
He commands His prophets to speak to the land:
"Give up, North!" cries the Voice of Thunder,
"Give up, North, and set them free,
So they may journey to Jerusalem,
To Jerusalem to worship Me."

I REMEMBER RUSSIA

"From the windows of my soul,
I remember Russia.
Fallen dreams of a faraway home,
My children in you are dying.
Does no one hear, see, or understand?
Is there no one to lend a compassionate hand?
Faithfully, in your midst I'll stand;
I will pray for you.

"In the cold, dark night they roam,
My sisters and my brothers,
Searching hungrily for all thoughts of home,
Longing to embrace their Father.
Hear their cries so deep in the night.
See their tears falling fast from their eyes.
Who will defend them from all evil and lies?
I will be a voice for you.

"Far beyond gray prison walls,
In solitude confining.
Holding on to blessed hope,
Yet another flame is slowly dying.
Hold fast, My beloved, as death draws near;
And do not fear, no, do not fear!
By My Spirit, I'll be ever near.
In death, I will stand by you.

"Hear the beat of the distant drum
Across the crystal waters,
Where I'll await you by Heaven's shore,
My sons and My daughters.
No more never-ending tragedies
Of human suffering or atrocities.
I'll bear you up on eagle's wings
And bring you home to Me."

MOTHERS OF ISRAEL, FIGHT!

There is much unrest throughout the land;
Great fear has gripped the heart of man.
The beat of the distant drum draws near;
The sound of war is very clear.
Mothers of Israel, lament and wail,
For there is no escaping the pangs of Hell.
Pray for your sons, weep for your daughters
Against the day of horrific slaughter.
Plead with G-d to shatter the night;
For the love of your children,
On your knees, fight!
SWEET ANCIENT OF DAYS

Sweet Ancient of Days,
To you all men shall come.
To the light of Your glory,
All men shall run.

For there's no other Fount
So full and free;
No other Savior,
L-rd G-d, but Thee.

-

-

[Visit Eva's Poetry Website](#)

[Click here to email Eva](#)