

Poetry of Leelia Cornell - Page One



My Biography

My Mother's father, my grandfather (1876-1914) was Jewish. He was first generation born of immigrant parents from Prussia. However, his paternal grandfather was a gentile. His Mother's people hid in the Catholic Church in Prussia to find safety from the pogroms. My Mother was an orphan, and all I knew about my maternal grandfather was he was Baptist. I didn't know he was Jewish until much later when I found my Mother's family. I wish I knew how he found his Messiah.

My Mother's father, my grandfather (1876-1914) was Jewish. He was first generation born of immigrant parents from Prussia. However, his paternal grandfather was a gentile. His Mother's people hid in the Catholic Church in Prussia to find safety from the pogroms. My Mother was an orphan, and all I knew about my maternal grandfather was he was Baptist. I didn't know he was Jewish until much later when I found my Mother's family. I wish I knew how he found his Messiah.

I have always lived in Indiana, although I have traveled extensively. I was raised in the church and accepted Yeshua when I was young. Yet

I didn't understand about His Blood sacrifice. I wanted to know Him and have a personal relationship with Him. I kept searching. And as you seek, you find! I was and am so hungry for more of Him. God showed me Himself as He took me through many trials. Some how I never seemed to fit into any church. In 1990 I discovered the Messianic Jewish Congregation in Indianapolis. I suddenly realized I was home! Also as I learned the Hebraic ways and dove tailed the gospels and Brit HaDasah with the Torah and Tanakh, that is when I truly came to know Him!

My love for the Lord and for Israel cannot be put into words. There are not enough words to describe Him or the joy I have found in Him despite trials and challenges. Poetry is one way to express heart cries and things too deep to explain any other way. I am a writer, but I didn't branch out into poetry until 1997. My husband of 52 years and I live on 4 and half acres in the country with our corgi dog, Joel. We have two grown sons and a grown daughter. We also have ten grandchildren. Another son and grandson are in heaven.

Shalom,
Leelia Cornell

[Email Leelia](#)

Birthed to Living Hope

Nation will raise up against nation, kingdom against Kingdom
As the Living Word spoke in the flesh and through the prophets.
Isaiah and Ezekiel proclaimed this for the end times to come.
Great is the Lord of hosts! His Word forever is in the heavens
set!

Adorned with violence, the arrogant drape pride as a necklace.
How can God know? Does the Most High have any
knowledge?

With their mouth the wicked claim heaven ignoring God's Face.
We shall triumph conquering righteousness! To us belongs the
age!

Blackness descends in deepest darkness swallowing the world.
Light from the heavens is shuttered with no spark or glimmer.
Distress stampedes through the atmosphere, a banner
unfurled.
Turmoil reverberates! Earth gasps clutching fear around her.

As the earth convulses, jolting at the epicenter of evil with
roars,
God roars judgment against the lofty. He roars and salvation
soars
To rescue Israel in Zion. His Words of deliverance a
proclamation.
Mountains quake and fall into the sea, and all that is is shaken.

It is He who causes the hills to collapse and ancient mountains
crumble.
He makes the darkness His covering. From heaven its He Who
thunders.
Shaking the earth, He summons nations. Its by His wrath they
tremble,
Can the universe, its galaxies be measured? He created these
wonders!

Who laid the foundations of the earth? Who its dimensions
marked?
Who shuts up the seas ordaining its limits. Who its surges
commands?
Do you know the laws of the heavens and from where the
lightning arc's?
Who knows hail's storehouse reserved for trouble by Whose
reprimand?

Why do nations rage and kings gather to plot wickedness

they've schemed?

They scheme in vain against His Anointed His fetters and chains to sever.

Its not in what is seen or sensed, but it is in what He is! It is of His unseen!

For what is seen is temporary, what is unseen remains of His glory forever.

The One enthroned laughs, He scoffs at them rebuking in His hot anger.

They are terrified by His wrath, the King installed upon His holy hill!

He will shake once more the earth, also the heavens. His presence astir.

Perish vanity! What cannot be shaken will endure. I AM, earth be still!

Have the Gates of Death been shown to you? Yet He holds the keys of death!

He took those keys, descended beyond death's gates into the deepest darkness.

Death couldn't hold Him as He is Living One! Triumphed Life and breath!

Life is in the blood. His Blood, the source of Life, was shed giving life to us!

His life is the light of men. His light pierces darkness shattering it by Life!

Fear God alone! Fear none else! The fear of God begins all light and wisdom.

Death has lost its sting for the humble. Shame awaits the cunning in strife.

His Light shines for the upright amidst deepest darkness. He has overcome!

In the midst of devastating hopelessness I Am, the Way, truth and Light!

Though the fig tree does not bud and no grapes shall appear
on the vine,
Though crops fail, and no sheep or cattle abound, His truth
upholds right!
His Word is established in the vast galaxies. In His essence is
all entwined.

Fear not! God is the Refuge and Strength. He is a present help
in trouble!
His wrath can flare in a moment. Take refuge in the Rock, you
born of hope!
Nations are in uproar. Kingdoms fall. They all will become like
stubble.
We are birthed to new life of living hope! How glorious the Lord
of Hosts!

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Leviticus 17:11, Job 38, Psalms 2,18, 46, 73, 119, Habakkuk 3,
Malachi 4:1, John 1, 14, 16, I Corinthians 15, II Corinthians
4:18, Ephesians 4:9, Hebrews 12:26, I Peter 1:3, Revelation
1:18

Sons and Daughters of Jacob

Through the mist I see Him, sons and daughters of Jacob,
looking for you.
You, who have been tossed and blown through the ages as the
storm clouds brewed
Around your cherished families, hopes, and dreams.
You longed to be left alone. You longed to live secure, and
down through the centuries
You also looked for Him through tears that became streams

As they collected from the many eyes that over flowed from

hearts in grief.

You were sought , pursued, stripped of property, rights, and life with no relief.

Such agony, such torment in your bosoms as you watched in horror

The fate of loved ones dear torn from you or slain!

These horrendous wounds of mind and soul for years you bore.

From the Romans, and Turks, and Isabella, and Ferdinand,
To the Cassocks sword, and the stern pogroms and finally
Hitler's fiendish plan,

You starved, and froze, and trembled and shook.

They came and conquered and forced you to do their bidding,
and

You bled and died and all from you they took.

You hid in forest, basements, under beds, and in caves,
In sewers, mounds of hay, in trash heaps, and even in graves.

You changed your names, your identities, and lives.

You dared not reveal your hopes and dreams and sacred
prayers

Because you the strangers did despise.

Collective memories of thousands of years cannot be washed
away,

And deep within each heart fears still lurk to haunt the present
day.

Often it is hidden behind business suit and productive lives.

Especially in America all appears well; for

In our affluent society and gloss, faces blend in, and all seems
to jive.

But it is not so, sons and daughters of Jacob everywhere can
never forget!

Forever you are bonded, welded by the misery that threatens
yet.

Even now in their own land they are challenged with a knife.

Impostors, claiming to be owners, evoke the world's sympathy
While true sons are blamed for all the strife.

"Where is our Messiah?" you cry with depth untold.
"Here in our Torah are promises that to us were foretold!"
Ah, as I said, through the mist I see Him looking for you!
There is agony on His face and rivers of tears in His eyes!
He has longed for you and has suffered with you all these
years, it is true!

In tones of deepest love He gently beckons with His voice,
"I did come for you, but you would not have me though you
were my first choice.
It was at the time foretold I came as the living Torah for you to
see
And become the sacrificial Lamb without blemish or spot to die
upon a tree
To take your sins away. They are not just covered but are
gone forever and a day!

If you would but come to me today, new life I would give.
From the ashes of memory and gnawing fear a transformed life
you can live!
I am the Bread of Life, the Rock, the Living Waters!
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, and in Me is no darkness at
all!
I am waiting for you now. Come to me my sons and my
daughters.

* Dedicated to all the sons and daughters of Jacob

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The Life is in the Blood
Leviticus 17:11

The life is in the Blood. The lamb to the slaughter!
Weak is flesh, sin, its own way going. To all come death.
Misery to bondage I hear your cries my sons, daughters.
My compassion knows no end. I long to give you breath.

Death will stalk the land. Into your homes bring a lamb.
Pet it with love four days. Come to know its innocence.
Then take its life and put its blood on door post and jam.
Your only refuge, blood of the lamb, receive it in penitence.

I cannot abide the sins of flesh. Your lives are visible to me.
In the midnight hour I myself will pass through the land.
If you trust by faith to apply the blood, this sign I will see,
And I will passover you to bring you freedom by my hand.

Flesh is yet weak, it cannot live. The Lamb to the slaughter!
It is I, can't you see? Do you know me? The great I am, I am He!
My called out ones and chosen, by my Blood I have bought her!

I passed over you in bondage of Egypt. My death makes you free.

Disobedience, sin, a great price is requires. Great is your debt.
Death comes to everyone, there is none who are righteous but me.
Know me. Understand my innocence. The lamb an example set.
Shed blood only cleanses your stain. For everlasting is this decree.

In your midnight hour the death angel will come to you too.
This is not my desire for you. Life, chose life! In the blood is life!
The God who created you, He shed His Blood given it for you.
So you shall not die but live! Your freedom from bondage, strife

I was with you in Egypt and saw your sign of faith in my Word.
I was with you at Calvary dying in your place, your debt I paid!
Passover, Calgary tis I the I Am. The Lamb to the slaughter heard!

My life in my Blood on the door post of your heart eternity made.

He Took My Place

He took my place, my very place, an overwhelming
inconceivable wonderment!
How can this ever be that He Who is mighty, awesome,
majestic in great holiness,
Who does wonders, Who has none like His glory in the array of
vast firmament
My sin on Him was laid? He became my sin! All my weight of
guilt impressed!

It pleased God to crush Him. He willingly suffered all my
punishment in my place!
All the consequence of my sin fell completely on Him! Beaten,
spit upon, mocked,
He was crushed for my rebellions, pierced for my iniquity,
endured all my disgrace!
Always sin results in death, thus He took my death, tasting hell!
Salvation is my Rock!

How can I grasp this sacrifice given by God Himself, and by His
wounds I am healed!
How can I comprehend His mercy? But a vapor I, of dust,
withered flower, faded grass
Was granted redemption along with justice! In one single act
this was granted, sealed!
Only His Word remains forever. His imperishable Seed He
gives to me as a gift to last!

His Blood shed, an atonement for the depth of all my filth and
sin seemingly unpardonable!
His Asham, offering for guilt, He poured out for me on the
stake, as a cleansing complete!
Though my sins are scarlet, they are now white as snow!

Beyond words, an act incredible!
His wrath against my sins was satisfied by the suffering of His
own soul. All else is obsolete!

Because in Him is light, and He is the light of the world, and in
that light is the source of all life
Death could not hold Him! In hell itself He broke the power of
death destroying its sting forever
Resurrection power He grants also to me, raising me to
abundant life even amid my pain and strife
No longer a slave to self and sin, in Him I live and have
being. His joy my strength and measure.

The Son set me free, I'm free indeed! How can this be! My
God Himself suffered in my place!
Whom God sets free is free indeed! In the very heavens this
truth of His Word is established!
His perfect love casts out fear. Fear is of punishment, but He
took my punishment. What grace!
To live less is to disavow His gift. Beloved over you He rejoices
as His love on you is lavished!

Leviticus 7, Exodus 15:11, Isaiah 1:18, Isaiah 53, Psalms 103,
Psalms 119:89, I John 4:18 James 4:14, Hebrews
8:13, I Corinthians 15

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As the Deer Pants for Streams of Water

As the deer pants for clear streams of water, so my very soul
pants after the true Living God
I am parched and thirsty for my God! He seems aloof, too far
away, yet I believe He is real
My tears have been my food. Tell me oh where can I go to
meet Him while still on this sod?

Where is your God, they taunt me. He is not here I fear I want to know not just vaguely feel

Why is my soul so downcast within me? I am disquieted while the wicked multiplies my troubles

I see no relief, but I long to dwell with Him! Surely God is! Yet too long He has remained silent.

Daily all these breakers and waves sweep over me. Can I take any more?. My trials have doubled

He was afflicted for me. Why does He tarry and not answer? My heartache's agony is hard as flint.

Too long I have mourned oppressed by the enemy . Has God forgotten me? Did He reject me?

Roaring of all the waterfalls I hear. Send me your light and truth! Oh, grant me to see your face!

Streams over flow with continual currents inundated by turbulent storms. Is hope a future to see?

Swamped am I! Deep calls to awesome deep, the deep in me to His deep grasping for a mere trace.

Wordless groans sigh salvation for my face. I hunger for His fellowship. Only He do I want always

In God abides abundant waters. His quenching water the River of Life!. Yet all I know is how to die!

He directs His love towards me? Is He the song in my dark nights?. Is He the light of all my days?

The seas lift up their pounding waves, God is mightier than thundar of breakers of the seas, I realize!

Are all these waters crashing over me, these storms, perhaps His true blessings for me in disguise?

You who are afflicted, lashed by storms, not comforted, come you who are weary and laden heavy

I will build your gates and walls with precious jewels, turquoise, sapphires, and rubies, Do not fear!

No weapon formed against you shall prosper. Take my yoke and lean on me! I will keep you steady!
You are pressed, not crushed, struck, not destroyed. Never abandoned, despair not! I dry your tears!

It explodes in me! To drink deeply of the waters of life, I must experience these breakers and waves.
He is a Man of sorrows. He charted my course in troubled waters. Why so long before I understood?
God's ways are not like mine. His thoughts above my own. Its refining turbulence that blessing lay.
He who sow in tears will reap in joy! Now I see! Life is mine! In the crucible He toughened my wood.

I will yet praise Him my Lord and my God. He the Rock that is higher than I. He breached the chasm
It was for His timing I waited. Beyond imagination or measure what I've found! Never to be severed
I am His beloved and He is mine. Under His wings, I rest. His gift of life to me, can that be fathomed?
The drier the desert, the richer my treasure! I'll put my hope in Him! Salvation is in His face forever!

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Psalms 42, 43, 61:2, 91, 93 126:5, Song of Songs Isaiah 53, 54:11,17, 18, 55:4, Jeremiah 29:11 Matthew 11:28, John 4:10-14, Romans 6:23, 10:P10, II Corinthians 4:8,9, Revelation 22:1

More Than A Conquer

He declared He came that I might have life in abundance! But in this world I have many tribulations.
Yet hope reaches out to me! He overcame the world. Can in Him I too overcome myself, the world?
I find a peace, but it lasts not. Life's fluctuations ebb and flow

darkening happiness with consternation's
Where is this abundant life you promise? Can it be found as
troubles surround in a tumultuous swirl?

Happiness depends on riches, but abundant life isn't attained in
substance earthly. Joy is of the heart.
It matters not if wealth abounds, or health be robust.
Circumstances are a poor measure of one's gain.
Where your heart is, there will be your treasure. What lurks
within? Meek humility or a deadly dart?
Do you honor others above yourself uttering no slanderous slur,
or does pride and self imprint a stain?

Search me oh, Lord and try my soul. Test me for any anxious
ways. See if in me dwells a grave offense
For the heart is wicked, who can know it? We all like sheep
have gone astray each one to his own way.
He laid down His life for His sheep paying the price for sin's
release. Look honestly devoid of pretense.
Let no root of bitterness take hold within to destroy the beauty
of God's image created in me this day.

My glory is but as the field's flowers and grasses which quickly
fades. What is the root that warps my life?
Anger covers fear. Perfect love cancels fear as its of
punishment, and He took my punishment so I am free!
Fear hides rejection, but He bids all come to Him! Rejection is
the pride of desire. To this plunge the knife
No darkness can hide my sin as darkness is light to Him. In
repentance, rest is salvation In His light I see

I now arise and shine for my light has come! He brought me
out of my darkness into His glorious light!
If God is for me, who can oppose me? He didn't spare His Son
so I will overcome! He me gives all I need.
Nothing can separate me from His love! Not death, my past or
future, sword, hardship, depth nor height!

Taking my condemnation He justifies me! More than a conqueror am I only through Him who loves me

I can go out in joy and be led in peace with mountains and hills in rapturous song!. Look even trees clap!
Praise the Lord oh my soul! All His benefits may I never forget! He forgives all my sins and heals me
He formed me in my mother's womb ordaining all my days before one of them came to be. He is my sap.
As I delight in Him, may He grant me His desires! Abiding in His love lead me by His everlasting decrees

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Psalm 37:4, 103, 139, Isaiah 30:15, 53:6, 55:12, 60:1, Matthew 6:21, John 10:10,11, 16:33, Romans 8:31-39. Romans 11:17 Hebrews 12:15 | John 4:18 Romans 8:31-39 | Peter 2:9

He In Me

Circumcising my heart from earthly desires, I not so easily am led by pride
Putting death to death, my sinful nature, drawing close to me in Him I abide.
I Serve the Lord with gladness! But, least I boast, my works are not my own.
I am the clay, He the potter. He is the vine, I but a branch, that He has grown.
He ordained me for works He created for me, His Spirit alone is my measure.
The Father is in the Son, and I in them His work to do for His good pleasure..
My perfect work is to live His Word Who created the world the heavens, earth.
And walk with Him praising His awesome Name is the substance of my worth.

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Psalms 100:1 John 14, Romans 9:21, Romans 8:1-8,
Ephesians 2:8-10 Colosians 2:11

His Light in the Shadows

The Lord alone is my shepherd thus I fear not!
When I am afraid I will put my trust in His face.
He is there in death's shadow, and I shan't want
Resting in His shadow I abide in His secret place.

Unfailingly, His light must dawn as I wait on Him.
Covered with His feathers. I abide under His wings.
He is wrapped in light. His light is seen undimmed.
Consuming all darkness He to the world light brings.

In Him is light dwelling, and in Him no darkness is.
Establishing justice He is government and He peace.
Mighty God, wonderful counselor, Everlasting Father
His righteousness and peace will continually increase.

Ps 23, 91, Isaiah 9:2-7, John 1:4, 5

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A Future and a Hope

The Lord has declared He will not give us more than we can
bare! This is a promise.
Yet so many times I feel He has made a mistake. My situations
seem beyond enduring.
But then I ponder, if the Lord has given me this, He must trust
me in it! A blessing
Often troubles position us in a place of receiving blessings we

would otherwise miss!

If we had no troubles, there would be no need of a miracle!
Trouble precedes a miracle.

The greater the trial, the greater the miracle and greater the blessing that is to come!

Our times are in His hands! He is our God. In times of trouble we can trust in Him.

God renews those who wait for Him. So we wait for His deliverance and His miracle.

We are made in the very likeness of God. Thus we then can bare more than we know.

Those who suffer according to the will of God should commit to the faithful creator

And continue to do good! The God of all grace, after you have suffered for a time,

Will Himself restore you and make you strong and steadfast to His power and glory!

God is close to the broken hearted, and He saves those who are crushed in spirit

The Lord will satisfy our needs in a sun scorched land, and a light will rise in darkness.

He will make a way in the desert, streams in the wasteland, and the parched land glad.

All things work together for good. His plans are the best to give us a future and hope

Many scriptures from both Covenants were taken and woven into write this poem

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Count It All Joy

Through the mercy and grace of our Messiah we have all that we need for life!

Indeed He has given us a new birth from our life of sin into hope, a living hope!

We possess an inheritance in heaven that cannot perish, spoil of fade! Such joy!

We are even shielded by God's very own power until the coming of this salvation!

Yet, even so, and with all this, we suffer all kinds of grief in a variety of trials.

My mind is stunned, it makes no sense! God is good! Perfect gifts are from Him!

But faith is needed, this is more valuable than gold!!! And God desires the best!

We are His workmanship, He refines His gold in fire, and with us it is no less.

The fires of adversity refine and prove us genuine which results in glory and honor.

Suffering then, is it one of God's greatest gifts, I ask of Him, and I must know!

Count it pure joy when you face trials of all kinds? Why, Lord, why when it's painful?

After the pain of refining, you will be completely lacking in nothing as I promised you.

Yeshua is our example. He was perfect, yet He was made complete through suffering!

For the joy set before Him, He endured the cross despising the shame to bring us life!

So you must fix your eyes on Him and run your race with perseverance just as did He.

He is the author, perfecter of your faith, and as you look to Him, you will overcome!

Perseverance is essential and must finish its work so that you are mature, complete.

You are blessed when you persevere under trial because when you have stood the tests,

We will receive the crown of life! This is good, perfect, and true!

You will receive

The goal of your faith, salvation of your souls, and you will be filled with great joy!

Count it all joy? Count it joy when we are hard pressed beyond our ability to endure?

Count it joy when we despair even of life itself and feel the sentence of death?

We are distressed, beaten, imprisoned by our fears, misunderstood, struck down,

Abandoned, suffer sleepless nights, heart aches, and disease!

Count it all joy? How?

Our bodies are so weak! We live in clay pots! Lord how can we endure such trials?

When you are weak, then I am strong. You will have a treasure that is not from you!

Through your earthen vessel, I will shine forth within you a glory beyond yourself.

Suffering brings glory. And nothing can separate you from my love, not even death!

In your trials you fellowship with my sufferings! You become like me in my death!

Thus you find the power of my resurrection and are raised from the life of sin and death!

You overcome this world through your trials! You won't be crushed, you won't be lost,

You won't be destroyed! In suffering you find the secret of my sustaining power over all!

I will lead you in triumphal processions and you will spread the

fragrance of me!

If I am for you, can anyone be against you? In all your trials you will be a conqueror,

More than a conqueror through me! I am the Lamb. You will overcome by my Blood.

The word of your testimony, and not hold your life too dear to be sacrificed for me.

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Even If

The earth is the Lord's, everything in it! The heavens declare God's great glory!

With such awesome wonder why so often does sorrow reign, and truth is maligned?

Should we wonder if painful trials are a part of this earth and justice is perverted?

What of Yeshua? What of His life? What of His Words? What of His promises?

Yeshua said He came to give us abundant life, a good measure overflowing with joy.

But Yeshua also said in this world we would have trouble. This, too, is a promise!

What does this mean? Abundant life and also trouble, a contrast! How can they be one?

Ah, but abundant life is not circumstances. Abundant life is our life within with God.

Look inside of you. Is the joy of the Lord your strength? Is this not abundance?

What can separate you from the love of God? Can trouble or hardship or persecution?

Can famine, nakedness, or danger of the sword separate you from the love of the Lord?

No, they cannot! For nothing separates us from the love of God!

This is abundance!

And what of our Master? He is a man of sorrow acquainted with grief, so why not we?

Our Master was lead into the wilderness by the Spirit of God Himself to be tempted.

He was misunderstood by His family, betrayed by a close friend and denied by another!

And many forsook Him at His hour of great need! His servants, can we expect better?

For the joy set before Him, Yeshua endured the greatest agony of all, but He triumphed!

We too through glory and dishonor, through good report and slander against us,

Regarded as impostors though we are genuine, known though unknown, and beaten,

And sorrowful, we can still feast on the riches of the Lord in our inner most parts.

Troubles! Though the fig tree does not bud and no grapes appear on the vines,

The olive crop fails, the fields produce no food, and there are no sheep or cattle,

Still we can rejoice in the Lord and be joyful in God our Savior. Though He slay me,

Yet will I serve Him, for He makes my footsteps secure, and enables me to go soar.

When we pass through floods and fire, He will keep us. We need not be afraid!

The barren places of our lives will flourish, a way will be made through our deserts,

And there will be a stream in our wastelands because He is the Lord our very own God,
And He is faithful! Great is His faithfulness. It is even new for us every morning!

The Lord doesn't forsakes those who seek Him! He doesn't ignore the cry of affliction!.

Our very shield is the Lord most high! He saves the upright in heart who seek Him!
The Lord is good to those who wait upon Him. Indeed those who wait upon Him
Will soar just like eagles and will run and not be weary and will walk and faint not.

So even if our life's circumstances are filled with trouble and pain, this is promised.
Even if we are hard pressed on every side, slandered and dishonored, this is promised.
Even if we are facing persecution, lead like sheep to the slaughter, this is promised.
Even if! We have abundance! The joy of the Lord is our strength.
This is a promise!

Many scriptures from both Covenants were taken to write this poem

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You Are the Salt of the Earth

You are the salt of the earth, but if salt loses its saltiness can it be made salty again?

"What does that mean, Lord? How am I the salt of the earth? How do I remain salty?"

The answers amaze me! Salt is a preservative and gives permanence. Yes, this I know!
But salt is also a key ingredient of sacrifice! Sacrifice? That means giving and pain!

"Yes, sacrifice! The Torah teaches that sacrifices are not to be given without salt!"

"And you are to present your bodies as living sacrifices salted and salty unto God!"

"A living sacrifice? That was Messiah!" "Yes, the Kingship of Israel I gave to David,
To his descendants forever by a covenant of salt! Who is David's greatest descendant?"

"Ah! This covenant points to Messiah! He is permanence, preservation, and sacrifice!"

"You are His followers. He is your example. Is not salt essential in your lives too?"

You are needed to preserve the truth of the Gospel. Your faith must give permanence!

But you must also give, suffer, sacrifice with salt in love for others and the Lord."

"But how do I do this?" "Be wise in the way you act toward those who do not know.

Make the most of every opportunity. Let your conversation be always full of grace and

Seasoned with salt, so that you may know how to answer everyone." "I understand!

But might offense be taken when I stand boldly for the truth or for unpopular causes?"

"They took offense of me when I stood for the truth. Indeed I gave my life as a result!

This is sacrifice! This is salt. If I were of the world, the world would have listened.

But I was not of this world, and you are not to be of the world either.
If they hated me,
They will also hate you! Do not be surprised! When you are salt,
expect suffering!

Remember that my thoughts and ways are not like yours! What may
seems good to you,
I may see as bad. What you may think is bad, I may see as good!
Fiery trials are hard,
But fire is necessary for gold, also for your faith! In order to have salt
in yourselves,
Everyone will be salted with fire!* Fire means suffering; it is also
essential in sacrifice.

The only way to overcome this world is by My Blood, the salty word
of your testimony,
And not counting your life too dear to be sacrificed for me which
often does bring pain.
But, in pain as you waste away outwardly, you will be renewed
inwardly by My Spirit!
And I will always lead you in triumphal processions spreading the
aroma of Me to all!"

The light momentary afflictions of this world aren't worth comparing
to that is to come.
What eye has not seen nor ear has heard what God has planned for
those who love Him.
If we love Him, we will keep His commandments. He has
commanded that we be salt.
In all these things we are conquerors through Him who loved us in the
covenant of salt*

*Leviticus 2:13, Numbers 18:19

*II Chronicles 13:5

*Mark 9:50

Other scriptures also used in text

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His Word is Established in the Heavens

Silently around the earth the heavens wrap majestically like a garment

Beyond understanding their glory witnesses the greatness of the Creator

Through stars, moon, and sun steadfastly His truth to usward is revealed.

Earth, without excuse, His faithful trustworthy eternal natural can't ignore.

The world is filled with glory of the supreme God! His Word is forever sent.

Beneath the heavens grow grasses and flowers of the field that die in frailty.

Flourishing for a season, with wind, scorching heat, or icy blast, they soon die.

Nature, mankind, to decay subjected, groans inwardly to be clothed in His life!

Bound for wrath, destruction we! Yet a promise is forever established in the sky.

By God's Word in us His infinity swallows our infirmity guaranteeing eternity!

Oh, the joy of His provision! He didn't leave us to destruction. He made a way!

Though our nature be sinful and we are as dust, weak and fragile as the grasses,

His awesome glory made us heirs of His inheritance to be free from eternal decay.

Accepting His Word established in the heavens we are spared the fate of the masses.

Living forever we will see His face in a light greater than the heavens

on that Day.

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Auschwitz

Sixty years now since the liberation set us free.
Horrors and atrocities echo down through time.
Adoni anguishes. Church can you love me?
I am one with my people. Their agony is mine!

Auschwitz, Dachau, Belsen Bergen, Jenin?

What outrageous comparisons, slanders made!

Why false accusations? Will we suffer again?

Church with us unit! Or we will be betrayed.

If you love me, says the Lord, know these my people.

I too suffer for what is done to them is done to me.

What do you say, you who sit under the steeplez?

Time to choose, the choice or yours rings in eternity.

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Hoar Frost

Night creeps quietly over our world

While the temperature plummets to zero and below.
Over the fields can be seen, in the soft moon light,
The white blanket of snow.

Around us, in the bitter air, descends the fog
Encasing the earth in a thick shroud.
I walk through this eerie world, the snow squeaking under my
boot;
And all thoughts that usually crowd my brain vanish in the
beauty.

Silence, Silence is all about, a realm all my own!
I cannot see beyond the spot where in I stand. I feel so isolated
and alone.
Nothing moves, nothing disturbs, not even the air.
In this clouded world my soul is moved in wonder, awe, and
prayer.

Totally encased in this thick frozen fog on the ground am I.
Yet beyond it all, in the heavens, is visible the moon!
High above it sits shining, shining through the shroud strands of
silent light defuse
Streams of silver beams humbling even the proud.

How unreal this frozen world in the thick Arctic air!
Alone, alone on the globe I feel even though my son is out here
with me somewhere.
We cannot see each other in the frozen frost. We can see
nothing, hear nothing.
We are aware only of ourself, the cloud, the cold, the moon. In
time and space we seem lost.

Is this not like life at times when we cannot see where we
are? We are encased in a cloud
Of problems that hinders our vision, and around us the silence
shouts so loud.
Yet, above the shroud of our frozen world shines the One who

is the Light!

We can see Him through our fog, for He is a our beacon. If we trust Him,
He will lead us even when we cannot see. To Him our darkness is in reality bright.

* Events of January 4, 1997

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Days of Awe

Night has congealed over the country side. The crescent moon shines

Like a golden jewel in a raven sky. Like diamonds in the depth of a mine,

The stars pierce the darkness. The warm air smells dusty and resounds

With the hum of distant combines and the melody of crickets. It is the Days

Of Awe! The beauty of God's world tells of His love without bounds.

My son and I stand in the harvested bean field near the trees by the creek.

Under this canopy of splendor, we are absorbing the sights and sounds and seek

God. He isn't far. We sense Him here like a warm blanket in this night

So vibrant! All is familiar to us in the surrounding country side. The darkness

Veils the details of the scene, but we know its character well. We see it without sight.

Life is like that! Darkness descends upon our world, and the details

Are hidden from us. We are tempted at times to fear and doubt
assails

Us, but God is still there like a warm blanket. He shines like the
stars and moon

Piercing the darkness with a faint light. Knowing His character,
the tiny light is all that

We need. The details are unimportant, for we will feel His
familiar love like high noon.

* October 6, 1997

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Life is an Adventure With God

Life is a blessing! It is not a curse. Everyday we should awake
and say:

"What adventures will I have with God today?" We may have
roses, or we may

Have thorns, but either way God will see us through! He will
find the road

That leads out of our trial, but it might not be today. So just
trust in Him and look

For the good in the bad and watch for the creativeness of God
to lighten our load.

God knows the plans He has for us, plans to prosper us and
not to harm us lest

We despair. His very character is to give us a hope and a
future. He allows trials to test

Us and strengthen our hearts. Righteousness comes only
through trust in Him.

How can we learn to trust if we do not travel the way of
darkness where we cannot see

With our own eyes, and we must put our hand in His? We

discover His vision is not dim.

As we commit to the journey, no matter what, to walk with Him
in darkness and in light,

We will find we can say each day: "What adventures will we have
today?" Even in the night

There is an excitement that fills our souls as through it all we trust
Him. God's joy and love

Fill our hearts with laughter even in our pain. As we learn to trust, we
come to know He

Never lets us down. He was, is, and will be there His love descending
to us as a dove.

* Dedicated to Jeffrey Adler

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A Hymn of Praise

As the first rays of morning sun pierce the darkness of the sky,
I rejoice that this is the day that God is making; and to Him I cry
A hymn of praise. Every morning His presence is still with me.
His faithfulness is new every day! For the Lord my God is One,
And I bless His glorious majesty as His new mercies I shall see.

As I gaze upward into the eternity of the heavens when the
evening fades,

I stand in awe and wonder at the glories of the universe and all
God has made.

The heavens declare the glory of God! There is established
His very Word!

His Word is the foundation of the world! It goes before me. It
hems me in, and

It is my rear guard. Great joy! Only in Him is such peace and security heard!

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A Prayer of Thanks

Oh, thank you, Jesus, for dying there on the tree for me!
You atoned for my sins, and from my sinful nature set me free!
You took my punishment gladly, and lavished on me love, and
You disarmed the powers and authorities so no longer can they harm.

Then you gave me your own Spirit Who descends upon me as a dove.

Dear Father God, I thank you for raising your Son from the dead.

For in doing so, you took death from me and gave me life instead!

You gave me the power of the resurrection, too, so I can overcome the world;

And then, in prayer, in the heavenlies You have seated me. You are my Truth and my

Righteousness. You are my peace, my shield, my salvation. Joy is to me unfurled!

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Abba Father

My Abba Father loves me. I do not need to be distressed.

He knows my weak frame, and in His embrace I am blessed.

He does not condemn my failures, but He guilds me through the length

Of the day. His makes up for my faults causing all things to be

best.

And should I feel overwhelmed, He gently gives to me His strength.

I know Him! He is my dearest, closest Friend! I tell Him everything
While He listens and surrounds me with His care. This makes me sing!
He is the Creator of the world! Yet, He wants me for His friend!
He longs for my love, and intimacy we share. No joy is its equal!
We walk and talk together from each day's beginning to its end.

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The Essence of the Day

The rosy orb nestled in the clouds resting on the horizon.
Its vibrant flame brushing their wispy gray a gentle red.
The glowing heavens painted orange against deep blue
Filtered through the bare tree branches and feathery pine.
Earlier in the day this same orb shone on the deep snow
Causing its millions of brilliant diamonds to glisten
And the long icicles to sparkle with crystals and gems.
Slowing the ball sank and was swallowed by the earth
Pulling night's shade down as it went. Darkness reigned.
Yet even in the darkness resides the essence of glory of the day.

The rosy orb blazes boldly at the very rim of the horizon.
Its fiery flame illuminates the dark clouds gathering there.
The sky grows ominously darker while the last light rays
Filter through the chaos stripped bare of truth and reason.

Once its shine dazzled the world with sparkles and light
Causing a million crystal gems of righteousness to shimmer.
But now the scene careens dangerously. Few jewels remain.
Slowly the ball sinks, swallowed by those who exalt evil.
It descends pulling night's shade behind it. Darkness reigns.

Yet even in this darkness resides the essence of glory of the Day.
Even in the darkness light dawns for the upright. Psalms 112:4

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The Price of Truth

Smoldering, hidden embers seeking life amid the shroud of
oppression
Where pride and thirst for power, whether political or religion,
hated light.
Those embers hot. Their strength could not be contained for
expression.
Few seem small, Yet the God of Host fanned the flames by His
might!
Could anyone stop the embers as they sparked into fire
growing bright?

Refugees for their lives fleeing, in their breast freedom sprung
to life!
This spring couldn't be contained even languishing in shrouds
of tyranny,
A life inspired by the Spirit of the Most High ignites tyrants to
strife.
Brave ordinary men, women,, children faced furious tumultuous
seas
Huddled in tween decks smashed by monster waves while on
their knees.

On the rocky coast of New England's harsh winter they planted
a light.
A light barely penetrating darkness of a continent without the
true God.
They endured starvation, death, hardship beyond belief to end
the night.

God provided miracles while they planted food and their dead
in the sod.

Yet hope welled eternal knowing they were away from the
oppressor's rod.

As time marched on, more brave came to these shores bringing
the truth!

With truth wind blew free. Tasting freedom, and a new peoples
came to be

Don't tread on me! Taxation without representation is surely
treason uncouth

They boldly pledged their lives, fortunes and their sacred honor
for all to see

Continuing the commitment their forefathers made finding
refugee in this lea.

Across the continent they lumbered in wagons courageously
blazing the trails

Until all embers sparked uniting a blazing torch illuminating the
dark world.

Freedom! Born from ashes of despots seeded by challenges of
ship and sail,

Watered by the blood of patriot men, women, children their
banner was unfurled!

A breed of people bonded by vision of seeing beyond the
clashes that swirled.

But we grew complacent and soft. Life became too good. We forgot
the reason.

America, beloved land, home of the brave and free! What has
happened to thee?

We want change, instant gratification, We've lost perspective Again
looms treason.

The young are not told. Our values seem out dated. Is
"enlightenment" now to be?

Maybe totalitarianism is not as before. Perhaps government is best for
you and me?

The brilliant flame of our beacon that beckoned to a lost world has become very dim.

Darkness is enveloping quickly but the bright lights of the world camouflage this truth.

Merrily the young strut about in their pleasures unaware of the gathering shroud of sin.

Night descends extinguishing the last shards of hope. Evil gallops on bringing a noose.

Only tiny embers remain. Can they spark again?. Can we stir the flame, the chains loose?

Wake up wake up America! In our hearts lies a smoldering heritage to us granted

By those who strode before us undaunted. It is our turn to carry the burning flame!

Once to every man a nation comes the moment to decide for truth or is evil slanted?

Deception unleashed!. Allegiance to God or the man? Stars glitters. Follow the fame!

Is America crossing the Rubicon? What does scared honor mean? Is it yet the same?

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Light and Fire

Raging fire slowly dies, smoldering coals reduced to ash. Light transformed as dust.

Evil masquerades as beauty, death the illusion of life.

Goodness trampled asunder.

Crushed the essence of right. Merry hearts laugh in pleasure.

Love twisted as lust.
Rulers on high rejoice saying victory is neigh! But its not
unseen in heaven, He thunders.

Hidden in the ash an ember, warm vibrant, struggles against a
yawning abyss of desolation.
A spark, a flash, but it is soon muffled by a shroud descending
to smother its brave burst.
Filthy robes adorned in splendor. Mirages lurk. Praised is
profanity with no condemnation.

Majesty is clouded. Violence declared peace. Indecency inflamed.
Will truth always thirst?

Unholy fire brightens paths illuminating proud parades. Revelers
dance to their own tune.
Orgies prevail. Endless seems debauchery. Scorned are those who
dare stir coals in ashes.
Ruthlessness flourish, deceit contagious, with stronghold secure
asking where is this doom?
We see dimly, but the Lord laughs knowing their final end. For
naught rages their passions.

Yet their chaff contains no kernels. It scatters in His wind. Their folly
meets His rebuke.
Awesome in glory doing wondrous things the wicked cannot
comprehend. Theirs is demise.
Can mirrors reflect false images? Can prisms refract strange sights of
wicked exaltation?
Can fools always triumph? Will they always snuff out light. Who will
risks to arise?

But death is always swallowed up by life. And light cannot be over
come by darkness.
So He decrees. Though many embers are trampled asunder,
undaunted all is not lost!
The power of His fire prevails, and hidden within hearts of gold it
lives amid the morass.

It triumphs though bitter the battle and blood stained the path. The fight is worth the cost.

His Word goes forth! It cannot be hidden forever. Truth is ever stronger than falsehood!

Chains cannot bind the humble. Freedom breaks forth! Love unlocks prisons of despair.

Purity is forever. His righteousness, mercy and justice eternally will, is, and has stood.

Impostors will be revealed. Though the way dark, the fire hot, joy pierces beyond compare!

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Where Comes the Truth?

Stone by stone loftily raised on high men build their mighty towers to the sky

Rulers of steel with fists of iron inspire legions to march gallantly in their wake.

Empires stand invincible, proud yet they fall. Does even the wise ponder why?

Noble, powerful, they greatly prosper. So why do they crumble why they break?

Some for greed or selfish gain ruthlessly drink the dregs of intoxicating power.

Others of pure intent, in integrity, fashion virtuous frameworks to freedom aim.

In one truth's embers faintly flicker. The other in bondage the wretched cower.

Yet in the end, unshackled or enslaved, the governments of men are all the same.

For just an hour feeble wicks of humankind may burn. Their lights do flicker dim

Faint glows may illuminate for a generation or two, but then they are soon forgotten.

Endlessly repeated is sparks of truth or brutal evil. Of these history fills to its brim.

The darkness of the Prince of this world truth's light snuffs out in every age begotten.

Man endeavors to make great his works for all generations, but this is yet reserved.

Frail lights of mighty men and empires fail in the perfect light of One who is to reign.

Man is weak and all his efforts come to naught. But there is a truth to shine preserved.

Breaking the sky, true justice gain, King of Kings all men shall bow and Him proclaim!

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Who Will Stand?

Who will stand in the midnight hour? Who bold unshaken uphold the truth?

Cheer onward many hopeful messages soothing ears from silver tongues!.

Brightly beams the cunning plots veiled in darkness. Is not hell now unloose?

In the onslaught discern it wisely! Resist forever! Heroes fallen yet unsung.

Amid the tumult unbeknownst through voice of reason we're led to slaughter.

All beliefs bombarded while cloaked in love and sugar filled.. We see

it just!

Redefining common sense bastions waver, foundations crumble,
towers totter.

What remains real and sure? As measures change, what standards do
we trust?

In the wake there is great distraction, Yet do we see far too
late? Sleepers arise!

The undergirding of this day is it substance? It's charisma, can it be
but veneer?

Deeply search your heart! Look to heaven! In this dark hour dare we
still surmise?

Stalwart, unmoving face our foe! Fight courageously for what you
hold so dear!

The price of freedom is beyond price! Our fathers' blood, will it yet
be shed in vain?

Are we lulled by ease and glamour deaf, blind to vital issues
consumed by cares of life?

Repent of pride, of national apathy! A careless loss of freedom what
for us then is gain?

Are we willing to stride unswervingly clear of vision, pure of heart
through this strife?

Hark! Hear the clarion call! Resounding trumpet blasts the wind and
silence shatters

Will we pledge our scared honor? Is freedom not more valuable than
life and wealth?

Return to the Lord! Our might is too weak! God alone stems the tide
and evil scatters

Only the sword of truth, wielded by the Lord of Hosts, will pierce
these tyrants stealth!

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Of Greater Worth

Esteem belongs to God alone. Our worth comes only but from Him.

All we have done He has accomplished for us. Nothing of self to be.

Is it not written self must die. Esteem of ourselves must ever grow dim.

Pride is rooted in seeking ourselves. Peace alone is found seeking Him

God's ways are not of man who proclaims honor to self. Is not self insanity?

Is it not but being in Him that our infinite worth is given! Self needs rebirth.

All of self is pride disguised. What use is our self esteem? None but vanity!

Sound minds come from giving God glory. Its His atonement gives us worth.

Self is an ever present temptation. To gain Him to self we must resist and die!

He has promised love, joy, a sound mind. But fear steals in giving us pride.

We fear our beings lost in life's surging waves! God hears our deep heart's cry.

Pride values self. A greater value to the simple is given. Lost in\ Him we abide.

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In the Depths

Quietly a small pool lay in the hollow of a shady glen.
To the trees and wild flowers about it a mirror it lend.
The righteous live by trust, its fruit manifested peace.
Confidence in the Lord, this strength all stress release.

Sparkling winks to merry sun or cloaked by shadowy sky,
Surface reflects life's circumstance but truth in depth is shy.
Surroundings imaged on the face. Its what's below that counts.
Faith, integrity, character isn't seen, but of actions it amounts.

What is below the surface? Is it doubts and frets and fears?
Or is it well won battles forged through pain, sweat, tears?
Below the surface of the pool there is a life by others unseen.
Its beauty, stain cannot be fathomed. For eternity is the sheen.

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He Who Keeps You

He that keeps Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. He keeps you also
the same.

His Word is written in the heavens. On the moon His promise to you
proclaimed.

His promises are echoed in the breezes, God is in control. We need
not ever fear

His love shines forth! All is well. He holds you in His hand, and He is
ever near

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Lean Into the Wind

Fierce winds howl. Over the seas it moans.
Heaving waves swell and in trouble groans.
With oceans in turmoil and visibility low,
Its then we can be strengthened and also grow.

We must face troubles squarely, straight in the eye
Even if evil advances and wickedness draws nigh.
The Lord is our salvation when we're hard pressed.
Like birds hovering over, He is our shield, our rest.

But its the set of our sails, the direction of our rudder
That determines our outcome one way or the other.
Its the choices we make as our days come and go.
Do we aim for righteousness or to evil do we sow?

He longs to be gracious, our strength ever dawning
Though waters be troubled and waves yet yawning.
Our guide, our navigation must be firmly His Word.
Then even in darkness our outcome can be assured.

If our course is set right, safe harbor we'll know.
Usward towards the Lord storm winds will blow.
In times of distress there's nothing frailty can do
But trim our sails and set our rudder firm and true.
Then lean into the wind!

Scripture paraphrased from Isaiah 33

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Safe in the Lea

I am so frail and my strength is very small
But I know that He is there whenever I call.
Through the mighty winds, the waves fierce,
He comes to rescue, and the darkness pierce.

Though the battle rages, and I lean into the lee
Over the storm safe in His hands He holds me.
The storm I'll see, but from the palm of his hand.
The storm will not touch me, His angels command.

If I dwell in His shelter, I rest in His shadow.
His faithfulness is safety. Harm I'll not know.
Safe in His refuge, a fortress secure o'r the sea,
The terror of the tumult will not come near me.

I will never leave you. I will never forsake.
These blessings are mine and I freely partake!
The wicked are gone when the storm's swept by.
But firm I'll stand righteous the apple of His eye.

Psalms 91 and Proverbs 10:25
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The Boat

Give me abundant blessings Lord, this is my prayer. I have heard
peace and joy are gifts from you!

If I put myself in your care prosperity, happiness, and health I will
know. My cares will be few!

Deliver me from misunderstandings, loneliness, humiliation,
persecutions. Let life be smooth for me.
But the Word says, "In this life will be tribulations." There are
promised many storms on your sea.

It is not as the world views it that God see life. Storms are necessary to bring out the silver and gold.

If your sea is smooth, you will be a weak useless vessel. Myself in you I want to build and mold.

I was misunderstood,. I was lonely, I was humiliated, I was persecuted. Can you ask for better?

Its enough to be like your Messiah. Fire brings heat burning out impurities breaking every fetter.

Storms, my Lord, is the way to your blessings? But how can I be safe and ever endure?

Do not fear, my child, I have over come the world. This is also is given as a promise sure.

As storms rage furiously blessings, peace, beyond understanding are yours, and you will float.

Nothing can ever harm you if you remember that are safe because Yeshua is in your boat!

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Midnight

When darkness reigns and there are no answers, I know God is still in control.

I hear of silent screams, but I wonder if mine is heard. The scriptures say so.

It says He does not ignore the cry of the afflicted. I grab that promise and wait.

Where is my hope? It is in the Lord. Yet only a faint prick of light flickers distantly.

Amidst the blackness, I call upon the Name of the Lord whose presence engulfs me.

I hear testimonies of love and deliverance from pain, but my agony is beyond bearing!

Where is that answer for me? I have prayed and I have searched long. There is none.

The nights are long and restless with no answers. All I have are His arms around me.

Will this nightmare ever end? It seems to be the essence of life itself stretching onward.

Oh, that I might be free again. But my pain seems to be beyond human endurance.

I cannot even cry, my grief is so deep. There has to be an end to this tunnel and light.

Only God can deliver me, but why is the waiting so long? Will you come once more to me?

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To Live the Truth

How do I dull the ache in my breast! How do you contradict lies? The truth you live.

It matters not what others believe. It isn't the measure you take but the measure give.

When all turn away, no one left, suffocating grief surrounds with agonizing groans

The love in your heart for the cherished ones dear remains, and Truth stands alone.

I know He stood alone, betrayed, denied, rejected by those for whom He sacrificed His all

He lived, served, saved, loved. He shed His life Blood. In anguish He died, but to God He called.

I sacrificed also my blood to give life, and pointed the way to truth.

Yet no one hears my cry

I too have been betrayed, rejected, denied. I gave my all in love so deep, love that can never die!

How do I dull this ache in my breast? There is no one to comfort or return my love.

My deeds all twisted, the truth so lost! The blame hurled harsh like fury from above.

Alone with blame and dishonor heaped by those I treasure the most, I can do no more.

Only His comfort, no human hands reach out to me. On the tree He my anguish bore.

This alone is my comfort. This alone dulls the ache in my breast when all have turned away.

Even the one who loved me most! I know a bit of my Messiah's pain when lies loyalties sway.

All have turned, no one is left! I reel with stunned surprise. But there are those who do love.

God is near and friends stand by. From the tree He sends His peace, and it descends as a dove.

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Amid the Darkness

The twilight steals softly over the land. Then inky darkness reigns supreme

The night seems impenetrable. Vision is reduced. A still peace seems to abound.

Only a few lights twinkle. The world is lost in slumbers and its

senseless dreams.

We think not of this and are lulled into indifference of that which lurks around.

I lay in the stillness just before dawn. Could a faint light be teasing the eastern sky?

Is light approaching to reveal forms hidden by the night, the pestilence and the sword.

Do we but still think peace and just the dawning of another day not questioning why?

Is it not time to awaken even within thick darkness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord!

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The Light in the Darkness

Light is here, but it is growing dimmer. Swift approaching is the night

He is our shield, our rampart, our only defence!. Run, cling to the tower.

When foundations are destroyed, there is but One Who knows our plight!

Our Rock shall undergird us so we can be victorious in the midnight hour!

Evil sweeps in like a flood and few dare to swim against foaming, surging tide.

God raises His standard, but most choose to float rather than contend the strife.

Burrow deep into His essence! Hid in His refuge, our dwelling. In Him abide!

If we keep our lives we lose them, but lost in Him we're sealed forever by His life.

Lines are shifting while divisions grow ever deeper. Harken!
Can you not see?

All is being shaken, That of self He must destroy so He in us may
stand secure!

Old wineskins aren't sufficient. Past is the time for doing. Now we
must only be.

Our fear trembles, the weak fail. Every man and nation decide! Only
He endures.

Delusions are promised while Brother betrays brother. Friend betrays
his friend

The first shall be last. while the last shall be first. Will we be one of
those to stand?

Only those who love Him above the lure of worldly pleasures will
shine in the end.

Darkness falls. He is light! Brightness will be revealed to those who
grasp His hand.

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The Light of the World

When we are engulfed within an endless sea of inky night,
Descending darkness wraps its tendrils around our world.

In the darkness friendly seems vague, unfamiliar to our sight.
Distorted images loom around as we're tossed by windy swirls.

But God is our light even when the night is at its the darkest.
In Him is light and no darkness at all! All is as light to Him!
He reigns in the splendor of holiness. He illuminates brightest!

He is the light of the world! His light is the light that never dims.

Holy is the Lord God of Hosts. The earth is filled with His glory!

His face is like the sun in its shining brilliance. His eyes like fire.
Get on a mountain and blow the shofar! Shout loudly this story!
Breathed into a dying world this message is hope that will not tire!

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Whispers in the Night

Whispers echo through the night
My child I love you, be not afraid.
Darkness reigns, there is no light
Onward through in silence prayed.
If only a star with its shining light
Would beckon and its comfort made.

But my all is God, and He is enough.
The terror of the night I shall not fear.
Though path is dim, my way be rough.
His hand sustains me, He is ever near.
He ordains my times though life rebuffs.
At the rising dawn He'll dry each tear.

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Embrace the Dawn

Sorrow filled the hours long into the dark night. I was so alone.
Grief, anguish from a betrayers assault, stabbed leaving me
cold.
Struggling to forgive was beyond my strength. My heart a
stone.
Its not for me I grieve, but for a truth which to me so dear I hold.
Suffering is promised if we stand for truth, but is truth being

lost?

I must let go, release to G-d this burden. Its not mine but His to bear.

But so human am I, so frail! I am but dust. Truth is yet worth the cost!

He beckons us to share His yoke. I am not alone. He our sorrows share!

The long, dark night drags on. Is there to be no end? But wait! Peace!

I abide in Him! What amazing realization. My finite mind is this beyond!

His flesh they pierced. He died for me. Because of this I can receive release

Forget night! Sun illuminates my window! A new day! Embrace the dawn!

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The Great Day of the Lord

Long and dark is the night. All around evil shrouds with laughter from the pit.

Proudly boast the wicked, their deeds unchecked abound. In triumph they sit.

We are trapped! And the snare entangled us, while the chords of death surround.

Graves confront us, death is glorified, and destruction of righteousness profound.

When will it end, The Land cease to mourn, and your truth no longer despised?

When will your Word be honored? When, oh Lord, will your awesomeness arise?

You are the King of all Kings and the Lord of all Lords! In you abides the light!
When will you mount the cherubim and fly with the wind the darkness to fight!

The Lord scoffs at the wicked. Nations rage in vain! Righteousness will prevail.
The One enthroned on high rebukes and laughs at them and sends terror to assail.
The earth quakes with His anger. He that keeps Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.
Former ways will pass, new things springs forth. Trust is the righteousness that keeps.

Wars and rumors of war, pestilence, famine, violence, many will die by the way of the sword.
Can you hear the thunder in the distance? Coming the Great and terrible Day of the Lord!

prepare the way for the Lord! Gird your loins. Order your steps. Strengthened your heart.
Look up, rejoice! Amid the fury redemption draws nigh! He comes His Kingdom to impart

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Stand Firm for the Treasure

To follow the Lord in His foot steps is a path difficult and hard.

Our own dreams often shattered, and our crowns will be scars.

The battle is fierce, but its outcome is not determined by chance.

Its your choose whom to serve Who determines victory in advance.

Living sacrifices must we be even when our own falls away.

To look back, waver, we aren't worthy if we falter in the fray.

The Lord's ways are perfect, but they demand a price high.

Having done all to stand, stand therefore. He will be neigh.

Belt of truth, breastplate of righteousness, and shoes of peace,

With the shield of faith and helmet of salvation these are keys.

Along with the sword of the Spirit with this armor, we can't fail.

As arrows fly fast, and friends falter, deceived, we shall prevail!

In the midst of the battle when all seems lost, don't trust to sight!

Feelings are false guides, circumstances will deceive in darkest night

Trust God, His Word alone! There is a way that seems right to man,

But the way thereof is destruction. Ý Go with God's way and His plan.

Who will be standing at the end of the day? Who falls back, who betrays?

The ones who give all not counting the cost, they'll stand and firmly stay.

When the smoke has cleared, true followers of God in darkness will shine.

Those of themselves in weakness succumb, those in Lord's strength will dine!

Even in turmoil, there is peace! When we enter the battle we will be joyful!

Fighting in God's strength, our own abating. The enemy's plans are foiled.

Because they not trusted those defeated on both sides litter the battle field.

They that trust in the Lord, though the struggle be strong, will find His shield.

If we don't doubt, standing strong in the fight, what joy awaits if we preserver!

The things we desire will be granted our hearts. Y Is He what we hold most dear?

Do we count all rubbish in order to win the prize? What is our fondest pleasure?

Even with pain is truth worth the battle? Is not His Kingdom the greatest treasure!

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The Crushing

We are the vineyard of the Lord! Planted by Him in fertile

ground. We are His chosen treasure.
He loosens soil, clears of stones, and prunes the ones He loves. Let pruning come at His pleasure.
We are choicest of vines. Only by His tending, do we produce grapes, fruit that's sweet to the taste!
And from grapes comes wine which gladdens hearts of men!
But if used unwisely, it will go to waste.

Fruit of the vine! We rejoice in our grapes! But God wants more than fruit, He wants the wine.
Wine is life, joy, fullness enhancing the meal with Him when we open the door inviting Him to dine.
But wine is made only by crushing the fruit Crushing? We ourselves labored long our fruit to produce!
Yet it is but ours. The form of our being must be lost, skin broken for juice to drip and pure joy induce.

It can't be our fruit. It must be God's! His pleasure was to crush Messiah for His finished work.
Likewise we must be crushed to bring our fullness! Crushing removes all of self that in us lurks!
Our pride, our dreams, our plans, our vision must be crushed until all is gone of our own striving.
Our fruit is but ours, but God wants to give us of His fullness.
His work in us produces joy thriving.

It is only by His crushing of our fruit within that brings forth true wine, His life and joy within us.
The completion of fruitfulness is to submit to His pleasure and be crushed so we can be righteous
Then only can we look up and rejoice as glory unfolds. We can eagerly, patiently await His appearing.
Enduring our trials, we look for His glory revealed and are sustained by joy of His wine endearing

It is only the joy of the Lord that is our strength! Only that joy can prepare us for the final hour

When fear comes upon the world with sword, pestilence, and anguish. Then we need His power.

Power comes in fullness of the Lord giving peace beyond understanding in quiet, complete rest
Relinquishing all which is ours. Then, ushered into His presence, we can stand the hardest test.

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The Battle is Victorious!

The battle field is intense, and most bloody the fray.

But the battle is spiritual, and His Blood wins the day.

The bodies of those fighting in their strength lay littered

Its no time to give in to self pity. It is no time to be bittered.

The battle is won in trust as we go forth praising the Lord.

The world fights in their power with weakness and sword.

Our weapons are not carnal, but are mighty in His strength.

To bring down the strongholds on this earth's width and length.

In the end He is victorious, and He leads mightily in His wake

All who follow Him valiantly and sacrifice all for His sake

For what does it profit if we gain the world, yet loose the prize!

Loss of our lives, gains us the stake, the grave, and the skies!

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Hang on

When all seems dark, hang on.
When the future seems dim, hang on.
When problems multiply, hang on.
When friends and family betray, hang on.
When hearts are crushed, hang on.
In the midst of grief and pain, hang on.
When dreams are dashed, hang on.
When body is weak, hang on.
When it seems God has forgotten, hang on.

Ah, but I am too weary with this world to hang on.
The fight has been too long to hang on.
The struggle is too great to hang on.
The problems too many to hang on.
The betrayal of friends is too painful to hang on.
The grief is too great to hang on.
The loss of my dreams is too much to hang on.
The body is too weak to hang on.
And God seems to have forgotten, so why hang on.

Why hang on? Why hang on? There is no other option!
Why hang on? The bend in the road will come.

When the rope breaks, tie a knot, and hang on!
The faintest star is bright when there is no other light.
We must hang on, for though beaten, we not destroyed

When our own strength fails, His is strong, so hang on!
God WILL yet triumph, and His children will not beg bread.
They that wait upon the Lord, will be able to hang on!

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Not of My Own

The vision strong shone in the distance, young was I and full of hopes.

Dreams, plans, castles splendid, beckoning to heights beyond the slopes.

Drums rolled, and marched I while life's tapestry gloriously swirled.

Wrapped in velvet, pearls, and love my life ahead joyously unfurled!

Then winds cold, bitter in boiling clouds brewed fury, and my hopes tumbled.

My dreams were tossed like fragile sticks and as molded bread they crumbled.

Raging storms crossed my soul with torrential veils of rain unrelenting all about.

Darkness descended hovering like a shroud in the gales, causing my soul to doubt.

Deep roared loudly with heavy waters. All the waves and breakers swept over me,

And in angry tides my castles flattened for they were but sand and swept to sea.

Then the lofty fantasies of my dreams were broken and trodden down in the dust.

At my feet lay they in a million pieces, abandon. Destined were they only to rust.

At the prospects those who loved me turned aside. Shivering alone, all seemed lost.
Though He slay me, yet will I serve him! A ravishing thirst sought light at all cost.
Fear not! Petitions with thanksgiving, in all things rejoicing is what this requires.
Delighting in the Lord brings to fruition His promise of fulfilling heart's desires

Why are you downcast, my soul? Why within so disturbed?
Hope in God and praise!
I am mourning, oppressed, but fretting leads to evil. Can He guard me in all my ways?
In the shadow of your wings hide me, covered by your feathers, until disaster is past.
If I dwell in the secret place of the Most High, I will abide in Him until the very last!

Be my stronghold, fortress, shield in times troubled. Of your goodness send me a sign.
I am laid low in the dust, but focusing on Him a peace beyond understanding is mine!
Ravaged by storms, my heart groans. Teach me your ways! Your truth I will be taking.
In ashes I repent for the Lord's council I sought not. My vain dreams were own making.

I had fashioned plans without knowledge, understanding. My deeds were not mine to do.
For He prepared in advance His works for me. I became HIS workmanship as in Him I grew.
Without wisdom, foolishly I grumbled. These troubles were for me the Lord's plan all along!
He is the potter; I am the clay! He fashioned me HIS way. In the night I am to sing His song.

Submission to the Lord is best. But His ways are not our own working slowly not in haste.

Trials seem never ending, but they are planned for well being. No sorrow will go to waste!

Now hardships are my boasting revealing imperfections. He is made strong when I am weak

Nothing comes to me unless my Father allows. He chooses to build in me what I didn't seek.

I had visions of ease, comfort, laughter and bliss all my days.
Glorious were my dreams!

but instead through torrential rain and foggy mist a tower of strength vaguely gleams.

It is my life! God built His masterpiece of living stones and a steel that is not my own.

When life is over it will be by grace and faith I enter in, not of deeds I myself have sown.

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Little Things

I have a pleasant meadow path, and joy it gives to me. Daily I walk along its gentle way.

There are flowers, butterflies, abundant skies! Often I wish amongst this beauty I could stay.

But along the path is a a Red Wing Black Bird, and I must pass these few ounces of feathers.

He storms me with vengeance chasing furiously impeding my joy,
and my journey he fetters!

I share my meadow with a fox living in a den near the path. Also
there is evidence of coyote.

I welcome these friends, this is their nature too. The fear of these
larger animals have I smote!

But along the path is a a Red Wing Black Bird, and I must pass these
few ounces of feathers.

He storms me with vengeance chasing furiously impeding my joy,
and my journey he fetters!

I have faced many giants in my life: troubles, obstacles, sorrow,
pain. Yet I've learned not to fear.

The giants in my life I look full in the face. Nothing will defeat me
since life to me is very dear.

But along the path is a a Red Wing Black Bird, and I must pass these
few ounces of feathers.

He storms me with vengeance chasing furiously impeding my joy,
and my journey he fetters!

From this little bird I have come to see, it isn't the big things in life
that can be my undoing

But the little things that assail, surprise me without warning that halts
victory I am pursuing!

But along the path is a a Red Wing Black Bird, and I must pass these
few ounces of feathers.

He storms me with vengeance chasing furiously impeding my joy,
and my journey he fetters!

Its the little things to which I must devout some attention that I may
not be defeated by ounces.

I have battled the pounds and slain my giants, but the little things are
what waylay and pounces.

But along the path is a a Red Wing Black Bird, and I must pass these few ounces of feathers.

He storms me with vengeance chasing furiously impeding my joy, and my journey he fetters!

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The Root and the Rock

In joy the trees of the fields will clap their hands as you go out.

In the wind the branches wave their hands. Joyful praises resound!

You are the planting of the Lord. You won't wither in times of drought.

Your Root is the Branch. Messiah, a tender shoot out of dry ground.

The Spirit moves as it wills, the breath of God flows like the wind.

No one sees the wind, but we are aware of its movement around.

Branches who are you? Called out ones of whom all have sinned,

But cleansed by His Blood. This truth, how amazingly profound!

Branches, some are natural ones, others are grafted from the wild

All connected to the Root! Every branch by God this root nourishes.

Who is the Root? Who is it He Who supports you branches, my child,

Joint heirs natural and wild? Forever by God's promise Israel

flourishes!

Branches, you are but tiny pebbles. Your foundation must be the Rock!

On the Rock He builds His chosen. He the Cornerstone nothing can sever

Rock and root, the foundation and the nourishment, Together they lock.

Intertwined, they are bonded. Root and Rock is One. You are one together.

Can you love one without the other? A plan transcends this sod.

In the wind joyful branches wave their clapping hands on high.
Wind blows where it wills, joy comes from the breath of God!
We shall see our Rock, the God of Israel. Upon His Name we cry!

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Let the Children Come to Me

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Let the little children come and sit upon my knee.
Children of Jacob they are, and so precious to me.
Tell me, why do others who are called by my Name,
Spit upon them while for my death they are blamed?

Children found hiding in attics fear for their lives.
Others are running, trembling. Few of them survives.
In sewers, trash heaps they cower, innocent are they!
Yet few give them aid, and the threat remains today.

Now rockets assault them from Gaza and Lebanon.
Bombs explode in the market place. Israel is stunned.
Suicide bombers sparks joy with dancing and cakes.
Families murdered in their beds. Yet He doesn't forsake.

What of the children? All Israel as my children I see!
How I long for young and old to come sit upon my knee!
For I am their Messiah. To them I came to seek and save!
Yet they are bombarded while around them nations rave.

Declared from pigs and monkeys! What lies abound!
Where is understanding based on truth that is sound?
In the eyes of all Jacob's children, can't the world see?
Through them from me comes the One Who sets you free!

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What is His Name?

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Hear Oh Israel, the Lord your Gods, Elohim, the Lord is One.
He alone you are to worship!
Who has gone up to heaven and come down? Who gathered
the wind in His palm, His hand?
Who has wrapped up the waters in His cloak? Who has
established all the ends of the earth?
What is His Name and the Name of His Son? Tell me if you
know asks the Proverbs of God.
God spoke His Word, and the universe was created while His
Spirit hovered over the expanse.

For to us a child is born, a Son is given. He shall be called Pelle Oetz,
wonderful counseling One,
El Gibor, the mighty heroic God, Aviad, Everlasting Father, Shar
Shalom, the Prince of Peace.
The increase of His government there will be no end. His Name is
called Immanuel, God with us.
The Lord will raise up a prophet like Moses from among your
brothers. You must listen to Him!
You are my Son, today I have become your Father. Father in the Son,
Son in the Father is One.

In the beginning was the Word, the Word was with God, the Word

was God from the beginning.

He was before all things, He created all things, and in Him all things hold together. God spoke!

And the Word became flesh and lived amongst us Immanuel. He came in the form of a servant.

By His knowledge my righteous Servant will justify many for He will bear their iniquities.

He was pierced for our sins and crushed for our rebellions, and by His wounds we are healed.

Abraham lifted the knife to slay His son, but God provided a ram as a substitute for Isaac's life.

Abraham saw His day and was satisfied. Before Abraham I Am. I AM Who I Am Asher Ehyeh.

Slaughter the lamb at twilight. Put its blood on your door posts. Blood a sign!` I will passover you.

His Blood shed by His sacrificial guilt offering, applied to our hearts. Death passes over forever!

Set free from slavery to Egypt, we now are freed of sin! Lamb of God slain from the beginning !

I will make a new covenant, not like the one on stone which you broke. I will write it on hearts

So you will know me. The Word became flesh and lived amongst us the fullness of God in Him.

Foretold in Daniel the Anointed One was to appear. Then later would the Temple be destroyed

Was not the temple destroyed? He has come! His Name is Yeshua Messiah ben Joseph, Salvation!

He is coming back again as a Lion of the Tribe of Judah to rule. Ben David God with us forever!

Genesis 1:2,3, 22:10-14, 49:8-12; Exodus 3L14, 12:6,7,13; Leviticus 17:11; Deutoronomy 4:6, 18:15; Psalms 2:7; Proverbs 30:4; Isaiah 7:4, 9:6, 53:5, 10, 11; Jeremiah 31:31-34; Daniel 9:25.26; John 1:1,14, 8:56-58, Romans 3:25, 6;6, 17:21, Colossians 1:16, 17; Revelation 1:8, 13:8, 19:11-`16, 20 and 21

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God's Character of Love

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

In the Word of Elohim, which became flesh, resides grace and mercy.

He is from eternity, He is with God, He is God. Forever our God is One.

He was before all things, and He created all things, and in Him is Life!

By His Word God, the Creator, spoke and all that is burst into existence

Things in heaven and in earth, visible and invisible. Creation is for Him

He holding everything together. in Him God's complete fullness dwells.

His Word is Life, the Light of man, light that shines into the darkness.

Tho' Darkness cannot comprehend it, His Light cannot be overcome!

Choose this day whom you shall serve. Death and life is set before you!

His grace and mercy, which permeating eternity, births life. Choose life!

Only veiled in Moses is the Lamb slain from the creation of the world.

His Word reveals His promise: sins brings death, and His Word gives life!

Swallowing up death and darkness, His love, in justice, destroy all of sin.

In His great love His promise is final destruction of darkness for

He is Light.

His unfathomable love provides His way to light and life by His grace, mercy.

His Torah is truth, the way, the life, His Life which holds together all creation.

His Word is established in the heavens! His faithfulness reaches to the sky.

The heavens declare His glory! The earth is filled with His glory! He is love!

His love desires intimacy with man. Thus He cut covenants with His people,

With Israel His beloved, apple of His eye. He revealed Himself to His chosen.

To destroy us He would remain silent, but He gave us His Word. Seek Him!

With wicked hearts, we all like sheep have gone astray. Each one to our own way.

By breaking His covenant Word, love demands justice, judgment, wrath, and death.

In His covenant with Abram, He took upon Himself all conditions of His covenants,

Thus by His knowledge, through His righteous Servant, He decrees to justify many

Though He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows tasting our grief.

God laid upon His Servant all our sins Who willing took upon Himself our infirmities.

Becoming our sin, He was pierced for our rebellions and crushed for our iniquities.

It pleased God to crush Him, because He took for us God's judgment wrath in our place.

We earned punishment, but He was smitten by God, and our justice fell on Him instead.

For us the Word of God died our death fulfilling the conditions

of His covenant Word!

He, the Lamb slain from the creation, spoken of by Moses,
embodied in the sacrifices.

Life is in His Blood shed for forgiveness. For its Blood, that it is
what makes atonement!

He, source of Life, and Torah of truth, descended to deepest
darkness and death in our place.

Death couldn't hold the source of Life, the Word made flesh. He
broke its chains forever!

From eternity revealed in the fullness of time! Limitless love!

Yet we must chose. Chose Life!

Genesis 1, Genesis 15, 12-17, Leviticus 1- 7 Leviticus 17:11,
Deuteronomy 6:4, 28, 30:15, 19, Joshua 24:15, Psalms 119:89,
90, Isaiah 6:3, 53, 66, John 1:1-5,14, 14:6, Romans 6:23, I
Corinthians 15:54, ii Corinthians 3:4, Ephesians 4:9, Colossians
1:16, 17, II Timothy 1:9, Revelation 13:8, 20:11-15.

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Time

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

You see its destruction, yet unseen it moves about touching,
changing all of creation.

Trees sprout and grow while plants flourish. Then all wither and
die and blow away.

All creatures great and small who taste the breath of life meet
death. They are no more.

Lines become etched upon beloved faces once young, All
bodies age. Men too pass away.

Yet from everlasting to everlasting He is God eternal with no
end with no beginning.

Elohim spoke, and it was so! The vastness of creation burst forth its genesis tangible.

The expanse of the universe, beyond measure, reflects the limitlessness of Elohim!

Unfathomable are the reaches of His dominion reflecting the character of the Creator

At the beginning of time the earth was formless and empty with darkness was over all.

His Ruach over the darkness hovered on the surface of the deep, the mighty waters.

Then the Word of Elohim, the Light of the world He spoke! And there was His light! From the beginning His light shattered darkness separating the light from darkness.

The sovereign light of Elohim reigned over creation until His Word spoke into being

A great light to rule the day, and a lesser light to rule the night, the sun and the moon.

And throughout the heavens He sprinkled the stars scattered throughout the expanse

To mark the seasons, days, and years. These lights a measure of time within eternity.

And it was good! In a garden He placed man created in Their own image, His likeness.

From the dust of the earth He created him and breathed into him His own breath of life!

From the rib of man, Elohim created a woman. They were to rule over all of the creation.

In the cool of the evening, face to face, they walked with their Creator. It was very good!

Time carved out of eternity, one superimposed on the other, was deemed for the created,

Limited and tangible it is but temporary. Only Eternity, timeless, unseen remains forever!

Marking the seasons in the beginning perfect in a sinless state was
time's favored measure,
But man's free chose disobedience, rebellion caused all life to be
tinged again with darkness.

A curse upon creation is the sin of man. All subject to bondage of
darkness, decay and death
Not by its own choice, but by the will God to show forth in the
fullness of time His glory!
As for man the invisible qualities of the Creator can be understood by
His visible creation.
He made it so. Ordaining from the beginning we have no excuse for
our foolish wickedness.

The Word of Elohim became flesh to take His own wrath and break
the curse of death!
In time present sufferings of temporal life will give way to eternal
glory of life and light!
All creation waits in eager expectation for this to be revealed, to be
brought into freedom.
What is seen is but temporal with substance. What is invisible
remains eternal, limitless.

In the beginning His Light shattered the darkness. But sin shrouded
darkness over creation.
All that is of darkness will be revealed, for light and life remain
stronger than sin and death!
His light always over comes! And time created, then infused by death
sin, will be no more.
Heaven and earth will pass away, but His Word will never cease for
He is of eternity the I Am!

Death's sting is sin, but death is swallowed up in victory through His
Atoning Blood sacrifice!
The body of flesh, sown in the perishable, will be resurrected
imperishable forever in glory.

The heavens and earth sin warped in time shall vanish. Behold a new eternal heaven and earth!

Sin with its suffering will flee, no more reasons to weep! In timelessness forever Elohim with us!

Genesis 1:1-27, 2:8-25, 3:1-19; Job 38-40; Psalms 41:13, 103:15, 16; Isaiah 9:6,7, 40:8; John 1:1,2; Romans 1:19,20, 8:20-23; 1 Corinthians 15:50-58; II Corinthians 4:18; Ephesians 5:13,14; Revelation 1:8,21, 21:1-8, 22:13

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Over Comers

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

The World spins wildly fused through with corruption of the vanity of the hearts of men.

Like static in the air is the pride of life, the lust of the eyes, and temptation of the temporal.

Deceptions beckon with reason. Angels of light smoothly seek subtly to deceive the very elect.

The path wanders with twists and turns that promise beauty, peace, joy. Come taste, explore!

A better way to fame, fortune, health! Life should be pleasant!

Darkness wears a mask of light.

Pit falls are hidden, traps disguised. Snares unaware await. We awaken entangled too late.

In this world of time, in bondage to sin, is man and nature, a slave to darkness, decay, and death.

Who will stand? Can we resist? It lures. How do we discern messages. Which is of truth or lie?

We desire good, yet a slave to sin! The world is strong. A wretched state, Who can deliver us?

Blessed be He King of the universe Who gives us victory through
Yeshua Messiah, His light!
He wrapped in light, source of light, living in unapproachable light
causes worldly light to pale!
From eternity, through eternity in Him was, is, and is to come the
fountain of grace and mercy.

We are but weak and frail. Of ourselves we are but nothing. Our
works are but filthy rags.
The world boasts works! Yet our works all fail. The sum of this world
will be burnt to stubble.
Why boast of weakness says the world? Yet it is in our weakness His
strength is made manifest.
Where we are weak is He is strong! Live not by our strength or might,
but by His Spirit alone.

He, God's Word eternal stripped of His glory, humbled Himself
taking the nature of a servant.
We are created in His image, but He appeared in our frailty obedient
even unto our death.
For our sins he was pierced, for our rebellions He was crushed ,
taking our wrath to set us free!
By His righteous Servant, infirm, carrying our sins, He justifies many
by His guilt offering.

He is our strength! He is our song! He has become our salvation, our
Yeshua eternal forever
Putting to death in us by His mercy the law of sin and death, He His
Torah of Spirit and life!
Our hearts He circumcises by His Spirit to thwart the temptation of
our foul nature of flesh
Giving His light to our eyes to see hidden snares, to release us from
worldly traps set for us.

We are to be a chosen people, A royal priesthood, not conformed to
the things of this world.

Put on the belt of truth, He is truth, the breast plate of righteousness,
He is our righteousness, The shoes of peace, He is peace, take the
shield of faith for He is our shield, refuge to guard us;
Put on the helmet of salvation, He is Yeshua, take the sword of the
Spirit His Word made flesh.

Though the fig tree does not bud or no grapes on the vines, the olive
crop fails, no food produced,
And no cattle or sheep abound, yet will I rejoice in the Lord and be
joyful in God my Savior!
Because If God be for us, who can be against us? In His strength we
are more the conquerors!
For nothing can separate us from the love of God that He has for us
through Yeshua Messiah!

He who overcomes will be granted the gift of life and light. In the
turmoil, endure to the end.
Overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, the Word of our testimony, and
be willing to die for truth.
He is our Rock! Under His wings He hides us. He, our help in all
trouble. His grace is sufficient.
We belong to God to declare His praises forever! Be still and know
He alone is our God eternal!

Exodus 15:2, 19:6; Psalms 9:14, 18:2, 5:15, 31:15, 46:1,10, 51:15,
91:4, 104:2; Isaiah 53:5,10,11; Habakkuk 3:17,18; Malachi 4:1; John
8:12; Romans 2:29, 6:6, 7:21-25, 8:1,2, 31-39, 21:2; I Corinthians
3:12-15; II Corinthians 11:14, 12:9; Ephesians 6:14-17; Philippians
2:5-8; I Timothy 6:16, II Peter 2:9; Revelation 2:1-3:22

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In the World, But not Of It

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

God knows we are dust, but He provides a way, Yeshua given
for our salvation to set us free
Who put to death in us the law of sin, death. We owe our
human nature, the world nothing!
Our human nature brings death to our hearts. Draw on His
strength by His Spirit, His gift,
For the Spirit through His Word alone gives life! Seek Him and
you will find life's answers.

Amid the sensual we live, but refrain from its lures! A peculiar
people we are not of the world.
Guard the heart with whatever is true, noble, right, pure, lovely,
admirable His peace assured.
To be in Him, His Word declares live poor in Spirit knowing He
alone is able, Mourn for sin,
Have strength in meekness, hunger for His Face, show mercy,
with a pure heart make peace.

In this world tribulation is a promise, but Yeshua over came the
world and death to life!
He also promises abundant life in the midst, for abundant life
comes by abiding with Him.
In Him find the peace beyond understanding because through
Him we too can overcome evil.
Blessed are we by persecutions for keeping our life in the world
brings loss. By its loss find life!

Resist the evil and it will flee from our minds and hearts. Draw
near to the One who keeps us.
He who keeps us slumbers not nor sleeps. His mercies never
fail, they are new every morning.
By His great love we are not consumed. Forget what was
before! Strain upward to His calling!
Throw off all that hinders and entangles us and run the race of His

truth with preservation!

Deuteronomy 10:16, Psalms 103:14, 121:3,4; Lamentations 3:22;
Matthew 5:2-10; John 8:36, 10:10, 16:32, 17, Romans 8:2,5-8;
Philippines 4:7-9; Hebrews 12:1; James 4:7; 1 Peter 2:9

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Peace and Rest Forever

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

In repentance and rest is my salvation.
Anything less result in deprivation.
In quietness and trust is my strength.
Its life's anchor, its breath and length.

Only the fruit of righteousness is peace.
In righteousness is to be found our release.
Righteousness brings us quiet confidence.
This is forever and more than providence.

I am promised a peaceful dwelling place,
A safe secure home because of His grace.
Undisturbed places of rest is what I claim!
To live truth, I will never be put to shame.

These are my hopes, also my foundation.
I shall not be moved by life's frustration.
The righteous walk by faith, nothing less.
God's Word is sure. Focus not on life's test.

I call on Him in the watches of the night
Fearing not its darkness for He is light!
Like a weaned child, I will quiet my soul,
And hope in the Lord and rest in His fold.

Oh Israel put your trust in the Lord forever!
He will not forsake you. He'll leave you never.
In this do we rest. In this is our only peace.
Under His wings of safety is our only release.

Psalms 91:4,5, 131:2,3; Isaiah 30:15; 32:17,18

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The Fury

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At dawning the eastern sky is flaming red while angry clouds
gather darkly in the west. Can you understand it? A storm is
approaching, and for battle the warriors are dressed.
Oh see the signs, do not miss them! Wake up! Be alert! The
time is coming. Light is dim.
Set your sails in the direction of His Word. Then the fury of
winds will blow you to Him.

Oh Israel, can you see her? She is standing alone as her
friends and allies have betrayed.
The nations are raging and will gather soon. Plans for her
annihilation cannot be delayed.
But Melech Israel, His plans are secure! God have mercy on
all who oppose her. Be ready!
Oh, how dreadful to fall into the hands of the Living God.
Prepare! Faint not. Be steady!

God laughs at the nations. They won't succeed! Those who
oppose her will be cursed and fail.

Israel, apple of His eye, blessed are they who stand with her.
Shouts of victory for them all!
But give heed of what is yet to come. A fury will be unleashed
ushering things that must occur.
Fear not! In His secret place under His wings we are hid. He
will see us through the storm secure.

Stand therefore! Do not look back! All will be tried and tested.
Anchor your soul on the Rock!
Fasten your eyes on Him alone as your heart beats as one
accord, and with Him your spirit lock.
Do not serve Him, but empty yourself of your own deeds so His
life and works flow through you.
Then your deeds in turbulent days will not be yours. His work
alone will shine perfect and true.

Oh Israel, your Messiah is returning to you. The Land will see
the One whom you have pierced.
You will mourn for Him, and come to know His love for you
recognizing Him as most dearest.
Out of the turmoil that is descending your salvation finally you
will know. Look up! Rejoice!
We shall cry He was He is He is to come the King of all kings,
Lord of all lords as one voice!

Genesis 12:2.3; Deuteronomy 32:10; Psalms 2:1-4, 17:8, 91:4;
Zechariah 12:10; Ephesians 6:14; Hebrews 10:31; Revelation
1:8.19:16

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