

Poetry of Marshall Beeber - Page One



An Introduction:

My name is Marshall Beeber. I am a Messianic Jew (Hebrew Christian), now in my early seventies, married and the father of a lovely daughter. I am a Messianic poet. I started writing poetry in my teens, but did not write God centered poetry until my early thirties. My journey in life as a Messianic Jew has been one of discovering the Lord's wonderful love for me, a love independent of my own works, be they good or bad. I understood the "Doctrine of Grace" early on as a believer, but truly did not trust His grace until I reached middle age. I finally came to a "heart knowledge" of the Lord's grace after going through various family sorrows and career changes. The lessons learned are far from over, as Yeshua (Jesus) continues to show me how His "grace" will see me through every obstacle in life. In 1997 I created an Internet website for Messianic Jewish and supportive Christian poets called the Messianic Poetry Corner. It has now become the **Messianic Literary Corner** (<http://www.messianic-literary.com>), a "grace oriented" website offering teaching, poetry, books, and music. The Messianic Literary Corner now offers the poetry of over sixty poets. I hope you will spend some time exploring the works of our talented poets soon.

Included in my poetry collection are writings from 1982 to 1987, plus more recent poetry written after a nine year sabbatical, starting from 1996 to 1999. I have categorized my poetry as being; prophetic, praise, exhortative and experiential Messianic poems. See if you can determine which category each poem is in.

In Messiah's love,

Marshall Beeber

Shalom Shalom

Jan. 2, 1982

Once far, now near.

Wise men scoff, while simple revere.

Rich men laugh as missiles take aim,

But the poor of the earth know the price of this
game.

Once old, now new.

A word from God through the lips of a Jew.

The prophets of old see armies draw near,

In perilous times when Messiah appears.

Once hate, now love.

From sword to plowshare.

From serpent to dove.

One God, One King.

Shalom, Shalom,

Peace will the Lamb bring.

Vision

Nov. 11, 1982

A vision came into my heart, Yeshua said to me.

A bright and shining star you'll be.

A voice that's bold for me.

No one shall contradict your voice, when by the Spirit led.

You'll speak with wisdom and with love, the words that I have said.

You'll be a rock of faith for those who faint along the way.

Your tongue shall pierce the hardest heart.

Your feet shall flee from crafty prey.

And you shall run your course of life and in My bosom rest.

I'll dry the tears from all your pain, And make your life eternally blest.

I Praise the Lord

June 26, 1984

I praise the Lord for this glorious day.

The beauty of life and innocence of play.

I praise the Lord for all nature at rest.

For God's living wonder abounding and blest.

I praise the Lord for youth and for age.

For secrets of wisdom, and plans yet displayed.

I praise the Lord for my life that exists.

For changing it's fiber to growing success.

I praise the Lord, I praise you today.

For your endless love has shown me the way.

Pandora's Box

July 26, 1986

This is a poem that frustration wrought.

I thought what I did was what I had ought.

But when I did so, much trouble was brought.

So now my mind bends to straighten the knot,
That quickens and thickens this formidable plot.
It's a Pandora's box of intentions so good.
But why then should, such intentions so good,
Give life so much strife?

If only they could, I wish that they would,
Remove all the pain that I have withstood.

But when all my thoughts are exhausted at
length.

And striving has wasted the last of my strength.

I turn back to Jesus to hear His command,
"Be silent my son, for peace is at hand."

And peace came into what frustration had
wrought.

And brought out the answer I painfully sought.

So now I'm at peace, though exhausted of
thought.

At last what I sought, only Jesus had taught.

It's About Time

Oct. 20, 1987

When thinking at length about myself and of the time that is.

I ponder at my destiny and how I've come to live,

With failure and success, both given in full measure.

As well as aching pain and exceeding pleasure.

So now full cycle comes again and I am but alone.

To face the solitary walk, that never leads to home.

Messiah's marked my path for life and I cannot forget,

That one day I will be with Him with never a regret.

Of former years and worldly plans that I desire so,

He counsels me to travel light and heed the time to go.

Yes I can see destruction near to all that cling to
life.

They seek the earthly comforts to shield them
from the strife.

To scorn the pain that goes with Christ and all
that follow near,

And never know the inner voice that only few
will hear.

So I am called, no matter what, to lay my body
down.

This life is but a foolish breath without
Messiah's crown.

Tonight again I cast aside my plans for future
days.

To put my trust once more in Him to guide me
in His ways.

To live is Christ, To die is gain, and all but life
in Him is vain.

A Measure Of Peace

October 7, 1987

Onward and upward!

As the old saying goes.
But life isn't always that kind.

At times it goes downwards,
And I fall to the brink,
Of almost losing my mind.

But always the Spirit directs me to this.
When my soul seems so troubled and lost.
If I would just live for Jesus alone,
And not fear obedience's cost.

Rewards too great to measure are mine.
A peaceful soul in return.
For striving in life is no life at all,
When the joys of true peace are concerned.

Hope

Nov. 15, 1983

When the pressure's on.

And all hope seems gone.

When the most of life seems like a copy of the
day before.

This is when the Lord desires to bless.

Does all seem dismal and gray?

Well, this is the time He chooses to display,
All His might and mercy to behold.

So never give up hope.

And never fall to tears.

I've put my trust in Him.

And by Him my life will be steered.

A Swift Passing

Aug. 6, 1985

My heart beats louder.

The pace quickens.

And I am called to higher ground.

The spirit within me bursts forth in gushes.

The enemy presses even harder.

And I am called to forsake all.

Yeshua whispers softly to me.

Come this way my son.

Stay far from their course.

For I will prosper you in time.

Look not to the left or to the right,

But to the valley straight ahead.

Your passing will be only by My Spirit.

So come out from among them, and cleanse
yourself.

Your passing will be swift.

Walking

Aug. 1985

I tread across the thorns.

And fear the walk through straits.
But the Spirit calms my soul,
With the warmth of a gentle lover.

So why lean back to trembling,
And why digress to shame.
For my walk can be of strength,
And my shame be but a memory.

Through Him my life is new again.
Through Him my walk is easy.
My soul renews it's calmness,
And life is sweet to taste