

Poetry of Marshall Beeber - Page Three



Ignorance Is Bliss

(A Satirical Poem)

Aug. 21, 1997

Not too very long ago a man complained of this,

That all the Jews here in our land have turned us all amiss.

It's all their fault we have no power,

To right the wrongs that be.

Because of them our children now are brainwashed by TV.

It's them that taught us greed and hate.

It's them that cheapened sex.

Them and the blacks and chinks and spics now run this land, by heck!

Let's pray to God to help our cause to rid us all of them.

Our God is "white" and by His might, we'll take it back for Him.
Now never mind those preacher's words, that warns us not to sin.
They say the Jews will all be saved when Christ returns again.

Let's never mind the "gospel", until our deeds are done.
Pick up your gun and praise the Son, your crusade will be won.

Real Good!

Aug. 29, 1997

Driving my old four by four.
Keeping the pedal to the floor.
Up and down the rolling hills,
Gives my life that same old thrill.

Foot loose and fancy free,
Just the way I used to be.
But that was thirty years ago,
When just a kid in San Antonio.

I'm pushing fifty now.

And man do I remember how,
That carefree boy was once,
But isn't now.
That's all right with me.
Being a kid isn't all it's cracked up to be.

But still nice to reminisce,
When speaking to my family,
How almost at the age of fifty,
I still thank the Lord for blessing me.

The Hairy Mantle

Sept. 8, 1997

Elijah wore a mantle of humble origin.
Twas not refined or elegant to impress his noble kin.
And John the Baptist wore the same,
In kindred spirit true.
With courage and defiance to speak of what they knew.

And so the hairy mantle,

Though not adorned today,
Can still be seen among us,
In men called to His way.
A spirit of compassion and unassuming stance,
With charismatic wisdom and piercing eyes a glance.

Such servanthood is rare indeed,
And often falsified.
With title and respect of men,
Such counterfeits arrive.

Don't seek the "hairy mantle",
For surely if you do,
The burden of it's servanthood,
Will soon devour you.

But let the Spirit bring you to,
God's chosen time and place,
And with submitting spirit,
Your life will show His grace.

The Sprout

Sept. 16, 1997

My ministry may not be yours,
As gifts may differ so.
But God may cause the minuscule,
Abundantly to grow.

He'll take the smallest effort,
Just like a sprouting plant.
With supernatural blessings,
His favor He will grant.

And through His overflowing love,
We work more in His grace.
Achieving what we dared to dream,
When His Spirit we embrace.

For Reasons Quite Kosher

(A satirical poem)

Sept. 26, 97

Messianic rabbis have made a decree.
(I use the term rabbis quite loosely!)
Of the census just taken they all do agree.
All Jews in Messiah are no longer free.

Kashrut is the standard,
That's how it must be!
I cannot rebel and must surely see.
The doctrine of grace that once set me free,
Though noble indeed,
Was not meant for me.

Twas meant for the Gentile,
But not for the Jew.
Such freedom of diet,
Though lofty a view,
Cannot be partaken or given a thought.
Once given this freedom,
Rebellion is wrought.

But despite their opinion,

I still hold to mine.

The life of true freedom,

I'll never decline.

The Gospel defends it,

And gives us the choice.

All food is made Kosher.

To this I rejoice!

One New Man

Oct. 28, 97

Rabbi Paul expounded to all,

of the union of souls in Messiah. *

The Gentile and Jew that once struggled as two,

will now dwell as but "one" reconciled.

But how can this be when we readily see,

that an enmity lingers before us.

Of law and of grace we debate and retrace,

but agreement it seems is abhorrent.

So what must be done,
is petition the Son,
together in prayer very fervent.
"Please show us your way,
to discover this day,
to unite as but one as your servants."

To this point I believe,
I have come to receive,
the wisdom required this moment.
Our union as "one" is already won,
on the cross by His bloody atonement!

There is no dispute.
All debate is now mute.
Our equality certain before us.
So let us proclaim we are "one" in His name,
with forbearance towards all sung in chorus.
*(reference: Ephesians 2:14-16)

High Wire Act

12/9/97

It's a high wire act for any Jew,
to profess one's belief in Messiah.
For once doing so,
there's contention abrew,
with no end until life's breath expires.

So why take upon
such a burdensome weight
and why be despised by so many?
Just return to the life
that is blind to the truth,
and be welcomed by
comfort a-plenty.

But I will resist
all the comfort and rest,
And I will keep guard
and stay ready.

For His comfort surrounds me,
and mercy astounds me,
so by Him my endurance
is steady.

And Yet!

Jan. 5, 1998

Orthodox, reformed and conservative agree.
The Messianic Jew can never join the three.
This stumbling block Yeshua,
with claims of deity,
cannot be for this people,
and yet He was for me!

And yet He is accepted by Jews across the world.
In numbers now unequaled,
since when the truth unfurled.
Still now His loving power
is healing many hearts.
Uniting fathers with their sons,

where once they stood apart.

And yet more souls are turning,
forgiving fellow man.

Both Jew and Gentile bound in love

Rejoicing in God's plan.

Awaiting His appointed hour

With lights ablaze at night.

To herald the approaching reign,

Messiah in His might!

The Shofar's Blast

2/12/98

An eerie sound from upon high.

Unfamiliar to most,

is the shofar's cry.

The archangel Gabriel resounds with a blast,

and the end of this age has come at last.

Will the shofar be calling for me,

or will I be left to face the decree?

When elect are gathered to "The Great Jubilee",
will I be a part of this grand company?

Oh Yeshua, please forgive me!

May my raiment be white
and as spotless as thee.

Tenderness

2/12/98

It's unlike this man to be tender.

So how can I be so?

All my flesh fought ceaselessly
and relished the plight of my foe.

So again I raise the question,

How can I be so?

I have toiled and labored so often in vain,

I'm surprised I'm starting to know,
that God makes miraculous changes,

causing the desert to grow.

Giving me hope where there only was pain,
and filling my heart with love once again.

So I have answered my question,

How can this be so?

I know!

From Her Mouth To God's Ears

April 11, 98

It was back in seventy five.

A Jewish Kid turned Jesus-freak,
just glad to be alive.

Living in a commune,

southwest of Philly town.

Handing out free tickets,

To the only Way around.

It was on one summer's night,

while walking with a friend,

we happened by a Christian girl,

with Scriptures in her hand.

She approached me and began to speak,
and suddenly I felt,
a jolt like electricity,
that made my senses melt.

She prophesied these words to me,
with speech so loud and clear,
"A flashing star I will behold,
to show the end is near!"

So I report this incident,
for future eyes to see.

So if these things do come to pass,
a witness this will be.

The Apostle Paul's Phylacteries

Feb. 23, 1998

This poem is a narrative,
designed to make you smile.

But if a verse gives you a frown,
then ponder for a while.

A Messianic rabbi emailed to me his thought,

about my recent poetry which made him so distraught.

He told me the Apostle Paul was never truly seen,
to eat a food unkosher or touch a thing unclean.

Immediately I discerned this point of incredulity
To be a statement of belief devoid of honesty.
How could this man ignore the facts just begging to be read,
It must be his theology has made him turn his head.

But I replied with gentleness, a story I construed.
Of a man whom I knew once, whose belief's I did reprove.
He said he had the utmost proof of Jesus' origin,
Of Ethiopian descent and with the blackest skin.

But tersely I proved otherwise, the matter to dispatch,
I showed my poor opponent that he was not my match.
My victory was stolen in this misconceived debate.
I should have kept my mouth shut,
but regrets were now too late.

The man's beliefs were fixed upon his fragile little yarn,

The victory that I had gained had not been worth the harm.

I emailed back this story to the rabbi to relate,
That all the truth that we behold,
May not be worth debate.

If we can just appreciate the soul that we approach,
When loving wisdom we express,
The truth we will promote.

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Messianic Mammon Blues!

(A satirical poem to be sung to the tune of "Car 54 Where Are You?"

Click the rabbi above to hear the music!)

May 14, 98

In the Messianic movement
some are blinded to their plight.
With an enterprising spirit,
they'll convince you wrong is right.
When they're fleecing you the while,
you'll be taken by their guile.
Messianic Mammon blues!

There's a Messianic phone line,
just for Messianic Jews.
And a bogus tree in Israel,
planted in the name you choose.
Just your check or Visa card
and your status they'll regard.
Messianic Mammon blues!

There's a junket to Bermuda
and if you've the gelt you'll shmooze,
with your Messianic rabbi,
and your favor he will choose.
With a gift of twenty grand,
he will be at your command.
Messianic Mammon blues!

There's a lesson from the Scriptures,
to be taken seriously.
If we sell our souls for money,
then a ruin we will see,
of our Messianic plan,
it will perish by our hands.
Messianic Mammon blues!

Will It Matter?

July 27, 98

When Messiah sits upon his throne,

to judge the nations true.

And every people, race and tongue,
profess their faith anew.

When Israel shall be blessed,
extolled by every heart.

Their curse erased by boundless grace,
that never will depart.

Will it matter if the faithful,
are known as something new?

Would it mean that much to anyone,
if a Christian were a Jew.

Deferred Payment?

June 27, 1999

Why can't we see it coming?

Is it all that hard to see?

Good sense should show us surely,
what the consequences be.

So why then are we foolish,
and turn our heads away?
Do we really think our godless ways,
will bring a brighter day?

Could it be that we defer the eventuality.
With hopes the final payment,
will defer eternally.

Why then be fearful debtors,
with salvation's loss the cost.
When Jesus paid our debt,
when they nailed him on the cross.

Can it be that great a loss,
to entrust our debt to Him?
Could it be we fear to live our lives,
forgiven of all sin?

The Lover of Truth

Dec. 12, 1999

The lover of truth is not among the compromising crowd.

Confronting the lies of blinded eyes when truth is disallowed.

The lover of truth scorns profit from self promoting pride.

Excepting less in preference to seeking out a bribe.

The lover of truth is patient,

trusting in the Lord.

Knowing well that time will tell from wisdom and discord.

The lover of truth takes solace when enemies pursue.

Expressing love instead of hate.

Promoting peace anew.

You too can be a lover,

if truth will be your goal.

For you will find eternal life,

and healing for your soul.