

Poetry of Penny Foster



Introductory Statement

It seems I have always noticed the Jews. As an English child growing up in the Middle East, Iran and Jordan, as young as 7 I would point out who were Jewish and who were Arab or Iranian. Not until I first met the King of the Jews as my personal saviour, some 25 years later, did I understand why. During a time of prayer, I "happened upon" the question in Jeremiah 15:5 'Who will feel sorry for you, Jerusalem? Who will weep for you? Who will even bother to ask how you are?' And I responded, 'Here am I, I will'. I was hooked. I must have always been a part of the people of God. It has been my desire and my mission ever since, to speak up for Israel and her people who are now my people. I am grafted in to the original Jewish olive tree. I am part of the One New Man. Wake up Church to your Hebrew Roots too! Honour the Jewish Messiah.

I love the Word of God. I love words. I love language. I love to paint pictures with words. I love colour. I love the colour of words. I love music. I love the music of words. And I adore and worship the Creator God who revealed Himself to me through His only begotten Son, the Living Word. Once I met Him, His creation became more alive. Sights, Sounds, Sensations, Colour, Feelings, Warmth and Cool - He has created all things for us to richly enjoy. He speaks to me through His creation, but most of all - He speaks to me through His Word - His written Word and His Word made flesh, Yeshua HaMeshiach. Every day, the

hidden treasures of His Word are revealed. My prayer is that through my little poems, you might turn to The Word anew, and discover more of Him..

"THE TRUMP OF GOD"

[Yom Teruah]

Could you come in snowtime

To meet us in the air

As the Winter aconite

Shakes out her golden hair?

Or would you care to smile upon

The Spring-awakened trees

With blossom petals opening up

To bullfinches and bees?

Perhaps you like sweet woodruff's scent

Towards the end of May

Preparing us for Summer's heat

With its redolence of hay?

**I long to be awake for you
Watching 'pon my knees:
Tho' the sleepy warmth of August
Whispers false securities.**

**So will you rapture us in Fall
As swallows quit our eaves
And the earth is carpeted
With claret coloured leaves?**

**I'd like it to be Autumn
As the shortening days grow dark
Before the year and earth herself
Is dead::
Before the *Feast of Asif
When harvest sheaves are gathered in
Caught up and bound together
Unto God.**

Penny Foster

**1 Thessalonians 4:13 - 1 Thess.5:11 , whole of 11 Thessalonians
2 and 1 Corinthians 15:51 to end**

"Asif" = the original name of the Feast of Ingathering which took place at harvest time now called

"Succoth", the Feast of Tabernacles

KURDISTANN

**Kurdish shepherds, by a Persian waterfall,
Mourning their flocks once tended months ago,
Gave me this flute that now upon my wall
Hangs hollow, exiled,
Embodiment of woe.**

**Guilty, shocked and impotent am I
That they, like You, enduring pain and lack,
Gave out to me.**

Ha'Shem, reveal what I can do...

Will prayer pay back?

**Yeshua, since Your *ches-ed love came first,
Reach down.**

Descend from off Your throne above

To these wandering, wondering souls accursed.

In Mercy, Adonai, send Love.

Penny Foster

16 April 1991 **on hearing news of Iraqi attempted genocide of this ancient Biblical race of Medes

*** CHESSED is Hebrew for God's Loving Kindness - pronounced hess-ed**

**** the following day news broke that the UN were about to establish safe havens for the Kurds**

***** Post script: November 1997 it was reported to me by Armenian members of the Iranian Christian Fellowship in London that there is currently a great Awakening amongst the Kurds**

NUDGESNUDGES

It's good of you to talk to me in prose, heart-to-heart, the way you do.

Deep to inner deep.

Since those who read, or hear, and understand your work

Become your intimates – the ones who can be trusted.

Thus, if you laugh, I hoot too. Cry? I empathise and weep.

Or thoughts I've had, dreams dreamt,

You put words to and strike a chord.

Hey! That's what I just said!

Thus whispered arcana nudge inspiration.

Reconnected emotions demand to be released.

Jumbly words, quicksilver thoughts compete.

Quick! Switch on Creative Mode

To capture that idea before it goes.

Clicking on, I chase the cursor round the screen.

Move blocks, polish, save, scan meter, delete.

Sometimes, ah! just sometimes,

Yours, the evoker,

Spawns my poem complete.

By Penny Foster

ENDUEMENTENDUEMENT

[Shavuott]

“As

The man

From Samaria

Showed mercy –

Go and do likewise”

Is that what You said?

When the people were hungry

You had them sit down,

Shared the fish, broke the bread.

“Only believe”“Only believe” You said.

“Bless the poor, wash their feet,

Heal the sick, raise the dead”

Are You certain that’s what You said?

“Tie up strongmen, loose the bound,

Cast out demons, regain ground”

Can it be? Is that sound?

“And greater works than these you’ll do

When you the Promise have received.

It’s not by might and not by power,

But by My Spirit you’ll succeed”.

You command that if I love you

Your words I will obey

“So Father may be glorified,

Believe!”Believe!” is what You say.

It’s so scary – and it’s hard.

Yeshua, help my unbelief!

For Father to be glorifiedd

Your words II wanttto keep.to keep.

So, since my strength must be

From Your mighty power inside,

Endue me from on high,

my Lord,

wisely unto me.

Be it wisely

And be it

unto me.

PARCENARY

How do I speak when they ask
me

Zech. 13:6

“What are these wounds on your back?

Ps. 6:7

Why have your eyes clouded over?”

Matt. 27:144

To answer would show up your lack..

Ps. 69

Do I tell them “Dear friends, it is nothing –

Matt. 18:22

I stumbled and fell in the mire”.

Zech. 13:6

But remind myself ‘seventy times seven’

Matt. 5:44

And trust that they’ll read Zechariah?

1 Cor. 13:5,7

Mk. 11:25

No; I pray if you ‘spitefully use me

Matt. 5:23

For love hardly notices wrong

Song 2:7

I come to you when there’s ought against any

Song 3:5

To turn my blocked prayer back to song.

James 3:6

Not for nothing it is that He charges	1 Cor. 12:26
By roes and by hinds of the field	1 Cor. 4:3,44
“Daughters, wake not my beloved; She is sleeping until she is healed”.	
	James 3:9
It hurts not just you but His body	John 21:17
To which I also belong	Ps. 139:1
Where’s compassion if you verbally judge me Giving sound to your fears with your tongue.	Ps. 51, Ps. 27:66
So don’t tell me, ’in love’, what might hurt me Tell Yah. He knows anyway.	John 20:23
He’ll show me, convict me, then lift me..	Rom. 8:1
I hear, but can’t take what I hear, but can’t take what <i>you</i> say.	1 John 1:99
When you pray “Lord, please judge in me All the errors in her that I see” Then He gently reveals, no condemnation, forgives Thus setting both you and me free..	

THE BALLAD OF PATMOS REVISITEDD

1] Softly sounds pervade my dreams

Lip-lapping, lip, lip-lapping

Gently washing water

Some tideless shoreline splashing

Hot, balmy midday sun

My sleepy frame relaxing

Lulls me into sweet repose

Not fear nor worry taxing.

2] Sweet oleander fragrance

Hangs heady 'on the air

And through the ancient olive groves

Descending rocky hillsides bare

Come distant flocks and shepherd

Their sheep bells tolling soundly

To interrupt with jingly tones

My arcane dream profoundly.

3] Such brightness of the sunlight

My closed lids penetrate

Ah, must I wake and leave this scene –
Aware by now the hour is late –
Rejoin a gathering stormy world,
Fiscal Meltdown and Global Warming gloom.
Men's hearts are failing them for fear
Whilst they embrace impending doom.

4] Domestic sounds and thoughts disturb
I'll stretch, and turn my head away
Perhaps sweet dreaming to prolong
Before I have to face the day.
So, sinking into reverie,
The dream I soon recapture
Returning to that rocky isle
I review the scene with rapture.

5] It's on the pebbly edge I stand
Of sea such dazzling azure hue
And over hill and shoreline spread
Entwining morning glory blue.
Where is this isolated rock

And who's now with me on the beach
Arrayed in awesome splendour?
I sense a lesson He will teach.

6] In the Spirit on The Lord's Day
Right on this spot once stood St John
Whose mighty Revelation shown
The Christian world now waits upon.

Dodecanese isle of Patmos –
Today unusually calm –
Back then this metamorphic rock
Portrayed a scene of great alarm.

7] Attracting storms electrical
Mount Cerceteus across the sound
Shot skywards shards of piercing light
With thunder rumbling all around
High winds and teeming mountain springs
Together added to the roar
And over all there came the voice
Of Glory, Angels, Trumps and War.

8] Exiled John saw times to come
Divine forthtellings were revealed
That evil Earth would soon be judged
Its punishments in vials sealed.
Engendered by the horsemen four
Catastrophic domination
Through a Beast Apocalyptic
Soon controlling every nation.

9] But prior to this God's chosen race
Twelve thousand from each Jewish band
Received protection on their heads
From martyr's death at satan's hand.
In heaven then was worship sung
To Jesus Christ the slaughtered Lamb
Angels thrice cry Holy, Holy
A new song "Worthy is I AM".

10] God waits upon His throne eternal
Since time before the world began
Watching over His creation

To consummate His heavenly plan:
Those who trust in Christ's salvation
Not denying that He's Lord
Are justified in tribulation
And life forever their reward.

11] John's disciple, old Prochorus,
When the Apocalypse was told
Wrote it to proclaim the season
And the age this would unfold.
"Maranatha, Come, Lord Jesus"
Completes the vision of St John
Promising *this* generation
Will see the glory of God's Son.

12] So, how to interpret my Patmos
Since soon I'll be clear out of rhyme?
See, it's when God's Word starts to happen
Look up and rejoice. Now's the time!
The shout will have lately gone up
"The bridegroom now comes for his bride"

Steadfastly watching and ready
Her lamp will be full by her side.

13] Sheep bells announce His arrival
Groves speak of tradition and new;
Ingrafted Church with true olive.
Redemption interprets the blue.
It's often that sea speaks of nations
The pebbles perhaps living stone
And perfume exudes a sweet savour
Of prayers rising up to The Throne.

Penny Foster

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