

Poetry of Ron Shultz



An Introduction:

I have been writing since 1968 and was saved in 1975. I was formerly the pastor of the Bible Baptist Church in La Grange, Texas. This is my hand at honoring Jesus in verse. May G-D richly bless you as you seek Him!

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Spring

May 10, 1968

Bare limbs gaining a
Robe of emerald petals.
Christ is glorified.

Ignominy

Sept 10, 1968

Nature mourns the death
Of Christ by stripping herself
Naked in disgrace.

The Navigator

Sep 18, 1970

Our souls are like ships
Lost in a squall until we
Let Christ take the wheel.

If He Came Today

Jul 24, 1975

If our dear Lord Jesus came today,
Can you tell me what you would say?
Would you be singing praises to His name
Or hanging your head in sinful shame?

REFRAIN

Where would He find you if He came
In the church choir or a poker game?
Would you be singing a Gospel song

Or sneaking in from cheating all night long?

Would you be teaching Sunday School
Or lying on your face a drunken fool?
Would you be spending money on shady fun
Or helping missionaries tell of the Son?

Refrain

I do not sing this song to judge
But from His Word, God will not budge.
To be redeemed on that glorious day
Belief in Christ is the only way!

Remember no matter what a man earns
He will not buy salvation when the Lord returns!
Brother, listen to what I say
Live like He is coming today!

Refrain full one time then Refrain fade out

Look and Live

Dec 15, 1975

You laugh and mock and fail to see
That Jesus the Saviour can set you free.
I know who has caused your life to be so dark
And has given you such a stone cold heart!

I know you cannot see sin's heavy chain
And what has caused you so much pain.
Satan has blinded your heart and mind
So you cannot feel Christ's love Divine!

Brother, I have been there and I know

How sin and shame can bring you low.
I have felt the weight of the shackles of sin
And know that alone you will never win!

I stand before you with tear my eyes
And mourn as in sin each of you dies!
The Lord knows my heart full well
That, I would gladly take your place in Hell!

Praise God that none of us need be there,
If, we submit to Christ's sweet care!
Confess your sins and then repent!
Accept the Saviour God has sent!

Our sins from our record He will negate,
Then, we will be allowed past Heaven's gate!
Our works would only lead us to Hell!
Accept the gift that will make you well!

Take God's gift of love, it is free!
It will open your eyes that you may see
That only through Faith by Grace
Will any be saved from this sinful race!

Who Put You There?

January 30, 1976

My Lord, Who put you there;
Nailed between the earth and air?
Who caused you blood to flow so free
Upon the ground from that man-made tree?

Upon your head is a thorny crown.
Why do you not plead to be let down?
Lord, answer me, I really care!

Tell me, Lord, who put you there?

Now I know why you did not fight!
My eyes now see Thy Holy Light!
O Son of God, Thy blood did spill
To pay in full sin's costly bill!

The cross is the road that You have paved
So a sinner might be saved!
My God and Saviour, I finally see
Who put you there was really me!

The Holy Spirit

April 3, 1976

Thank you, Father, for the Holy Ghost!
He is a gift of which I cannot boast.
I did not earn Him for He was given in love
From a righteous, merciful God above!

He does not speak of any glory of His own.
He lives to insure that Christ's glory is shown.
Christ had to die to set me free
Then ascend into Heaven to send Him to me.

He dwells within me night and day
And guides me on the righteous way.
He convicts me of any sin into which I might slip
So I can confess and remain in fellowship.

He encourages me as my life onward turns
And seals me until my Lord's return!
He is a gift that is often kept me from ruination.
He has been with me since the day of my salvation!

This gift can be your, there is no limitation.
It is designed for all from any nation.
Accept Christ now so you may live
The Holy Spirit unto you, He will give!

Love Thou Reproof

April 16, 1976

My son, if I spared the correction rod
The paths of sin you would surely trod.
Please, do not now my measures rate.
Wait, until you pass through Heaven's gate.

I do not wish to rule you with iron hand.
I desire to make you wise so you may stand
Against all the evil life's sea sends forth
And someday stand on Heaven's wharf.

Love thou reproof and always desire to find
Wisdom that is pure from a source Divine.
As a sailor needs a compass and chart,
Your search will fail without Christ in your heart.

Secular knowledge soon fades into useless obscurity.
What is rooted in Christ blossoms in eternity.
Love not this world and be not led astray.
Allow the Spirit to guide you in the righteous way.

Be not foolish and dislike correction.
Allow God to give you His perfect direction.
He is my Father and in love chastises me too.
Should I love you less or do the same for you?

Read Proverbs 23:12-16 & Proverbs 22:6

MORE THAN YOU

"... if thou beatest him with a rod he shall not die." Proverbs 23:13

How often have you told your children, "This is going to hurt me more than it will you?" My wife has told me that she is often to the point of tears when the children cry after some punishment she has inflicted. I also felt this way for awhile. In fact, I was more angry at the idea of having to punish them than for what they did wrong. I had always heard the statement, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It never really meant much until after my conversion and I read Proverbs and realized that God was telling me to do this and not some backyard philosopher. We say, "God said it. I believe it. That settles it for me." Do we always practice it? If you do not discipline your children then, you might as well dedicate them to Satan rather than God. Dedication without follow up is useless. God is the God of order and Satan the Father of anarchy. Unless law is enforced, it is ineffective and anarchy reigns. Discipline is nothing less than (loving) law enforcement. Often have I been thankful that God took "a rod" to me. It brought me back to the straight and narrow. If He loves us enough to discipline us, then should we and can we love our children any less?

My Son, if I spared the correction rod,
The paths of sin you would surely trod.
Do not now my measures rate.
Wait until you are past Heaven's gate.
RES

THOT: You will grieve for them TOMORROW, if you do not teach them TODAY!

Aftermath

May 13, 1976

The gray clouds disperse.
Leaves sparkling like diamonds.
God's promise appears.

May 13, 1976 The Plasma of Salvation

My soul was bleeding
To death 'til Christ pumped His
Blood into my heart.

Relief

May 13, 1976

Jesus, please save me!
Rid me of all the burdens
My shoulders must bear!

Pre-Rapture Meditations

May 18, 1976

The day is growing quickly near,
When I will leave this earth so drear.
I will be engulfed completely by His sweet love
In that glorious home somewhere above.

For twenty two dismal years His love and law, I spurned
Then my Lord Jesus saved me from the Hell, I had earned.

I could not love Him or look Him in the face
If not for His blood and matchless grace.

I search my flesh and in it find no speck of good
But, I know He saved me because He said He would.
Any righteousness I may have is not really mine,
It is the life that comes from the Everlasting Vine.

My finite mind cannot begin to comprehend
A love for me that is without end.
No one could even begin His portrait to draw
For in comparison to His glory it would be a childish scrawl.

I am only a sinner saved by grace.
Look not to me, as I still run the race.
Rather look to Jesus Christ instead
For it is He who has risen from the dead.

I still trip, stumble and fall.
Only He is conqueror over all.
He has elected me because I believed
And from my burden of sin I am relieved.

He is coming soon to receive His own unto Himself
And take His judgment vials from off the shelf.
He will pour out His wrath on all Mankind
Because, they desired to be spiritually blind.

You can escape this dreadful curse
And the sentence to Hell, which is far worse.
Believe in your heart that Jesus is the Saviour God sent.
Ask Him to save you; confess and repent.

It is easy to be saved, so do it today.
To enter Heaven, Christ is the only way.
Tomorrow He may take us in the wink of an eye

And, I will be gone before you say "Good-

Why Condemn the Innocent?

June 11, 1976

How often have you heard about Him
Through someone voicing their frustrated whim?
You hear His name throughout the day
More often than not in a disgracing way.

He's very popular among the throng.
They blame Him for everything that's wrong.
When they are upset you will hear their voices ring,
As they call upon Him to curse most anything.

Why do they feel so downright content
To condemn without trial the innocent?
They will take His name vainly and not even pause.
Why do they hate Him without a cause?

They fail to see that Satan causes their strife
And that only Jesus Christ can give them life.
He left His peaceful Heavenly throne
So He could make sinners His own.

They know, that in all of the Eastern culture lands,
To speak against Buddha is to take your life in your hands.
Why they speak against Christ, who made this land free,
Or why Christians allow it is strange to me.

They laugh now, but I know full well
They will not laugh when they burn in Hell.
He loves them and He is pleading, accept, repent
And stop condemning the innocent!

Sharing

July 11, 1976

In our youth, everything was shared by me and you;
Not only our possessions, but what we'd think and do.
We shared the secret that Daddy was really Santa Claus
And a tricycle was our joy despite how beat up it was.

Our minds were one when we built our castle with a moat.
There was nothing we would not share from a frog to a new
boat.

We shared the money we earned from lawns that we would
rake.

Then came our first true loves and we shared our first
heartbreak.

However, things have changed since we have grown,
Even though we still share the things we own.
Of such a friendship no one else could boast,
Yet, things get cool when I share that which I love the most.

I have found the truth and it has set me free.
So I want share with you what Jesus has done for me.
We talked of each other as brothers ever since we were boys
But, without the love of Jesus that talk is a lot of noise.

Believe on Jesus and be saved so brothers we'll truly be.
A brotherhood that will not fade but will grow eternally.
Just think of it, we will no longer be two but three.
With Jesus as our oldest, how blessed we would be!

I love you so much more than those distant years ago
And my heart's yearning for you only God can really know.

After all these years of sharing joy with you, my friend,
Did you think I would not want to share joy that has no end?

Giving

August 3, 1976

O Lord, teach me how to give
My heart and soul that I might live.
You seek gifts that are precious and rare.
I only give what I feel I ought or dare.

I will give you all of my possessions that lie upon the shelf.
I will hesitate and question before I give of myself.
Good works I'll give you both day and night.
What you desire is a heart broken and contrite.

I love you, Jesus, I really do
And your loving favor I wish to woo.
You saved me by Thy loving grace.
Teach me how to run the race.

Your gift is for each and all everywhere.
Please teach me, Lord, so I may share.
I now have life, yet I cannot really live
Until my Lord, I learn how to give.

The Pentecostal Power Is Not Pentecostal

Nov 19, 1977

I'm not Pentecostal, but I have the power of Pentecost.
I know I have it because He'd not give His Spirit to the lost.
No, my Friend, I'm not Pentecostal, I've never spoke in tongues
or
healed,

But Praise God I'm saved and by His Spirit I am sealed.

He saved me because I believe
And He promised to never leave.
If it were by feelings, you know that I'm often low
And were I to die in that moment, to Hell I surely would go!

Paul wrote to Corinth to tell of their sin,
But he spoke to them as brothers not as souls he had to win!
They had all the gifts, not one did they lack,
Yet evidently, spiritually, they had slid back!

Thank God, I'm saved by grace
Not by how I run the race.
Rewards to gain or rewards to lose
That's up to me to choose.

Often in the dark, I stumble
And to my Lord I grumble.
Many battles I have lost and trembled in my shoes.
Still, once I 'm saved my soul I'll never lose.

Jesus promised the Comforter forever
And that He'd leave me never.
No matter how I'm headed or where
He'll already be waiting when I get there.

I'm not Pentecostal, but I have the power of Pentecost.
I know I have it because He'd not give His Spirit to the lost.
No, my friend, I'm not Pentecostal, I've never spoke in tongues
or
healed,
But Praise God, I'm saved and by His Spirit I am sealed.

HE IS NOT HERE!

Easter 1978

The cross is now bare,
But He was there.
He gave His life upon that tree
So He might save from sin both you and me.
He arose and now sits there above
Longing to give us His sweet love!

A Paid Lover?

May 17, 1980

Do I praise only when the sun's not under cover?
Do alleluias come only when the waves of blessing roll?
Oh God, am I just a well paid lover
Or do I love you from the depth of my soul?

The skies often grow black and life is so cold.
No beams of love I perceive.
Does then my Christian testimony remain bold
Or do I, alone, in bitter silence grieve?

The tender words of a well paid lover,
Is this what the Master truly desires?
No, not ones who around the paymaster hover,
But those whose hearts are raging fires!

Old Job, your love was certainly tried,
Your soul sifted and doom your only cover.
From the Bible's pages, God hast cried,
"You're not well paid, but truly my lover!"

Yes, God poured out gifts from above
And gave you more than you had at the start.
These were not wages. They were tokens of love

To the one who always loved God from his heart.

In my testings and trials that often abound,
When there is no sense of peace from above,
O, then in such a state let my heart be found
That when Satan screams, "Paid, Paid!", I whisper, "Love."

Jesus Loves Me, Anyway!

Mar 7, 1983

Lord, when I was a sinner,
You know that I wasn't a winner.
Now, I'm trying to quit my sinnin'
And I still ain't good at winnin'.

I shed my good old Air Force blue
To spend my life serving you
And telling folks about your son,
But your people said, I was too young!

We've gone and replaced worn out knees
For a wall full of paper and degrees.
They would have even had the nerve
To tell old Peter that he couldn't serve.

You've got to have been preaching twenty years
And know just how to tickle their ears.
It doesn't matter how hot your heart may burn,
Because they'll never give you the chance to learn.

Well, you know I'm feeling pretty sad
And fighting the urge to turn bad.
When they won't let you do what you should,
You wonder, why even bother to be good!

Now that my GI career is done
And job hunting is just no fun,
Lord, I don't know what I'd do,
If you didn't love me like you do.

You never said, life would be an easy sail
And that I would never fail.
Just give me the strength for what I must do,
As I turn it all over to you!

UNLESS

May 5, 1983

Life is nothing but grabbing for dollars.
There is no God or Hell or so say the scholars.
A gasp, a giggle, a gurgle, a grave,
That is all there is unless Jesus will save.

I must sing, dance, and definitely get high,
Since this is it, there is no by and by.
If I lie, steal, and cheat I will do rather well.
There is just one rub, what if there is a Hell?

I have studied Rousseau, Kant, and Descartes, you see,
So what is this crucified Saviour to me?
I have got money to burn and fine wine to quaff,
But, what if this resurrection thing is not a laugh?

I have followed Buddha, Mohammed, and done yoga awhile,
But being a repentant sinner is just not my style!
After all, a gasp, a giggle, a gurgle, a grave
That is all there is unless Jesus does save.

America's Victory

July 4, 1987

San Juan Hill, Ardennes, Iwo Jima, Pork Chop Hill, The Tet,
From mounted horse and saber, to A bomb and supersonic jet.
Our country's freedom has been challenged time and again.
Many seas and lands have been bloodied by patriotic men.

The sometimes tattered but cherished cloth of stars and bars,
Symbolizes the firm belief that the people rule, not Kings or
Czars!
From the shot heard round the world of Concord's ragged band
To the steamy unpopular jungles of South Viet Nam's land.

Each time tyranny knocked at the Republic's wall,
Thousands have risen to answer Freedom's call.
Though often from those brave men life itself was torn,
They knew that it was better to die free than live under
slavery's scorn.

Yet, who has really won the glorious victories of this land?
They were men of prayer and faith with Bibles in their hands.
While men of duty are needed and the desire to be free,
There is no true freedom save at the foot of Calvary's tree.

Soldiers will falter and weapons will fail.
Only faith in Christ will weather every gale.
Oh, America, Land that I love, may it ever be said of thee
That you're a nation under God, then forever you will be free!

CHAPLAIN CADENCE

John 3:16 promises a heavenly trip
If I believe on him with my heart and my lip.
Gonna take my Bible in my hand
And start my trip towards the Promised Land.

The Cross before me and the world behind.
Gonna take the Gospel to all mankind.
Jesus, Jesus I believe
That for my sins you did bleed.
When the Devil tells me there's a sin I need
I fall on my knees, God's power to receive.
Hey, Hey, all the way!
Live for Jesus everyday!

Measures

Apr 28,91

This old life is short on love and awful long on pain.
For just a little rainbow, we endure a torrent of rain.
We laugh so briefly and seem to forever sigh and moan.
Warm love is shared for only seconds, while for years we cry
alone.

The dreams of youth flash so quickly by.
Nightmares of old age haunt us till we die.
At twelve, life seemed to go eternally on.
At forty, we see it all too soon is gone.

A thimble of error yields buckets of guilt.
On one brick of sin is a house of horror built.
A few cents of folly brings a wealth of shame.
One slip from the narrow way can leave us ever lame.

Oh, that we may learn from life's measures
To be careful what we value in our hearts as treasures.
It is agony to awake one day when old,
To find all we possess is only fool's gold.

STAND FAST

Apr 28 1992

When life gets bizarre and you're feeling mighty tense.
Remember Grace is God's Rices At Christ's Expense.
When temptations abound and you are weak in the knees,
Take hold of the promises and stand fast in your liberties.

Times can get tough and into sin you may fall.
Confess it and rejoice that you are free from the law.
Burdens may get heavy and you will not feel very blest.
Take His yoke upon you and in Him learn to rest.

When Satan laughs in your face and you want him to flee,
Plant your feet on the Rock and shout, "Christ liveth in me!"
Take the offensive! Use the Sword and the Shield!
Put on the full armor of God and never, never yield!

Some preach Christ, in truth, and others to cause strife.
Some just like to play God in your life!
Ignore the doctrines of men, no matter what their degree!
Gird on the Truth, for it has made you free!

The Poor Boy Can't Survive

Oct 25, 1992

He's sitting on the bed, his head hanging low,
A .44 in his hand, he's ready to go.
The job's no good, his home life's bad,
He lost the best friend he ever had.

Everyone has rights, he's got his, too
Although he'd never know it by talkin' to you.
He listens to all the junk, you have to say,
But if he speaks his mind there's Hell to pay!

REFRAIN: The poor boy can't survive, no sense bein' alive.
The poor boy can't survive.

He's a college grad and a veteran of Nam,
Still he's got no respect for himself as a man.
The only job he could get was for minimum wage.
He just can't stop the inner rage.

The alcohol doesn't help him pull through.
The only pride he has is in the Red, White, and Blue.
He just can't provide for his child and wife.
The pain's too much so tonight he'll take his life.

REFRAIN: He's done all he can, there's more he can do.
Guess it's time to bid this world adieu!

He's sitting on the bed, his head hanging low,
A .44 in his hand, he's ready to go.
The phone starts to ring. There's a man on the line
Saying Son, I've got a message for you, that's Divine!

Jesus died for you. You know that's true.
He's standing there reaching, waiting to save you.
He's sitting on the bed, his head hanging low,
With tears in his eyes, he gives God his soul.

REFRAIN: With Jesus, the poor boy can survive! Thank God, He
is alive!
With Jesus, he can survive!

(Sung to the tune of A Country Boy Can Survive)

Turn Out The Lights
Mar 25, 1993

Pain so bad it bends you over.
Turn out the lights, the party's over.
Forty years old, my life's barely a flash.
Worried to much about earning cash.

The kids are raised, that makes it better.
Wish I had taken time to write that letter.
Yesterday, every was cool.
Worried about retirement, what a fool.

Two more years to pay off the old car.
Funny, it doesn't matter as they wheel you into ER.
Pain's getting worse, it's harder to breathe.
Guess I should have taken more annual leave.

Wished I'd done things different, looking back.
Must be sleeping, peering into black.
I feel a thud and jolt as I start to shake.
A heck of a way to get a guy awake.

It's over now, I feel a little chill.
They must have given me a sleeping pill.
Then wham, there's a blinding light.
Must still be ER, everyone's dressed in white.

Man, I feel better than I've felt in my whole life.
With a smile, I look around for my wife.
Then it dawns on me, Man, I'm dead.
This is where my life story will be read.

There's a flash of hope, but a crush of despair.
I feel it is not at all well I will fare.
I remember my sins. I remember them all.
Then a stately figure my name does call.

I move slowly towards Him. I cannot look in His face.

I feel like the lowest scum of the human race.
He sighs and shakes His head as He reviews my works.
Why did I have to be the King of the Jerks?

He speaks, and says, "There's not much you did well
There are much better men already in Hell.
There's church attendance and service, I'll give you that.
But when it comes to righteousness, you fell severely flat."

I confessed that I lost most of my battles with sin
And know by works, Heaven I could never win.
My only plea, my only hope against eternal loss
Is that Your Son died for me on an old rugged cross.

The record should show that on April 6th, 1975,
I believed that Jesus was dead, but now is alive.
I asked for His righteousness and He promised to take my sin.
That is my only hope of Your gates to enter in.

I looked to my right and there stood the Lamb.
He had come to my side and took me by the hand.
He confirmed that I was His sheep that had strayed.
He stretched out His hands and said, "By these wounds, his
debts are
paid."

I fell to my knees and wept and confessed.
He said, "Weep no more, you're forgiven and blessed.
You became my adopted child, on that April day.
I was beside you even when you would stray."

There was another flash of light.
I heard voices yelling with all their might.
"He's back. He's back.", someone said in a tone of prayer.
I was confused and wondered if I was really there.

Later, in my room, I spoke not a word.
I pondered the things that had occurred.
I know I did not die or I would not be back.
God just knew how to get me back on the right track.

I was given a vision to confirm I was a son
And that I could not undo what I had done.
A new life was given to me and new sight, too.
I now walk with a different point of view.

Money is fine, if kept in its proper place.
However, it's not what is truly valuable to the human race.
All the things we do to keep from being bored
Will count very little when we see the Lord.

It is not often, you get to start twice.
This time, let it not be me who lives, but Christ.
Grant me the grace that I may not fail
That I may look forward to when through the clouds I'll sail.

You have given me a brand new race.
Lord, let me not your name disgrace.
I want to be able to look in Your face
And run to receive Your loving embrace.

GO!

April 2, 1993

Unto the slaves of sin and woe
Our Lord God has commanded us to go.
The Lord said go and you haven't left yet?
You say that it is raining and you might get wet?

You say that the wind is raging and cold.
Just leave it to the young, as you are too old.

I can't believe what meets my ears.
It's enough to bring angels to tears.

Did Jesus say, it's warm in my bed
Or wait until by belly is fed?
He could have said, maybe some other day or time.
You know I work hard and have to play some time.

It's not the Father's will that any be lost.
He paid the price, but we will not bear the cost
Of saying no to our flesh and say it, our sin
To find that lost and dying soul to win.

We have our pride. They might say no.
The commandment just tells us to go.
Not all will believe, call out, and repent.
Most often people killed the prophets God sent.

Someone told you, a friend or some kin,
Or into this family you would have never gotten in.
You take for the granted the gift from above.
You've forgotten the purpose of Calvary's love.

If this old world is looking rather bleak and drear,
It's because you've forgotten who you are and why you are
here.

Renew your commitment to the One who saved your soul,
Then heed the commandment, don't stand there, GO!

Rejoice

June 27, 1993

When I'm lying on my dyin' bed
Shed no sorrowing tears for me.

I've been feeding on the Living Bread
And He'll take care of me.

I've been drinking from that Heavenly flow
That knows no Earthly end.
The Holy Spirit speaking to my soul,
Says I'll be in Heaven, my friend.

It matters not whether we're young or old
When we pass from this temporal way.
As long as we walk those streets of gold
In God's bright eternal day.

Because of old Calvary's tree,
I'll see the one who died for me.
So sing the songs of victory
And rejoice when I am free!

Bema

October 20, 1993

I sought to be carried to God on flowery beds of ease.
Now, I kneel before Him upon fearful trembling knees.
Others gaze upon His glorious face while I can only look down.
My life lies before me in ashes I can give Him no crown.

There were those who called me to the Heavenly fight,
But I thought it enough to be saved by Gospel light.
I lived to satisfy my every selfish whim.
No sacrifice did I ever make for Him.

I struggled for just a little more ease and gold.
I never sensed how my heart had grown cold.
Doing what I pleased; playing it safe with my life.
I never felt the sting of persecution or strife.

If Christianity would have been a punishable crime,
There would have not been enough evidence for me to do time.
Yes, I appeared at the church house now and then
And sang about Jesus as my Savior and Friend.

All I cared about is destroyed and gone.
I cannot sing sweet Zion's song.
Saved and forgiven, I shall not be lost,
But no joy abounding since I did not count the cost.

I thought it would not matter when I got here.
After all, did He not promise to dry every tear.
If only I'd thought of the sorrow I now see in His face
I would have run a much more faithful race.

Be careful, my brethren of how you live
Or only wood, hay, and stubble will you be able to give
To the One who redeemed you by His grace
And you too will see tears upon His face.

Branded

Nov 22, 1993

Like a wild mustang on the range,
I roamed life without a plan.
Christians seemed to be so strange.
I swore I'd never wear that brand.

No one could put a saddle on me.
Many tried, but they ended up in the dust.
I was wild and I thought I was free.
Never did I see the chains of sin and lust.

Then one day the Master found me starving on the plain.
I saw love in His eyes and peace in His face.

I couldn't resist, my heart had such pain.
I quietly let Him rope my neck with Grace.

He touched me with a nail scarred hand.
A drop of His blood totally cleansed me.
I now wear the old Rugged Cross Brand.
My chains are gone and I am truly free.

Satan had rustled and branded me with sin.
He deceived me into thinking I had a good deal.
His venom wasted this man from within
And placed on my soul his Hellish seal.

Let Jesus bring you back to His Salvation Ranch.
He'll give you a reason to lift up a joyful hand.
Don't pass up what could be your last chance
To wear that blessed old Rugged Cross Brand.

The Light of Death

May 14, 1994

The Crusader lies vanquished in the dust
With his sword broken and armor covered with rust.
His heart once burned with fervor for the right.
Now, it lays in ashes in the stone cold night.

He wanted to champion every cause no matter what the cost.
Yet, in the end, it was only he, who was lost.
It was no opponent that finally laid him low,
But the realization that he was the dastardly foe.

He had answered the call and strapped on the armor of God.
He set off on the path where the saints had trod.
He firmly gripped his sword and took his stand.
He sought to drive the Devil from the land.

Though they threatened and mocked, he never felt any shame.
He was prepared to take it all for Jesus' precious name.
How heavy was his grief to find that he had been deceived
And that all along, he was the Devil's seed.

It took a whirlwind and light from God
To break through the Crusader's facade.
The Light of Life his death did bring.
The songs of Zion he could no longer sing.

Now naked before his God he bows,
Remembering all his broken vows.
He pleads for mercy, but he knows full well
He is deserving of damnation and Hell.

He trembles as his King raises the Sword in His hand.
Then the Son comes between them on the judgement stand.
He shows the King His wounded hands and side.
Tenderly, He says, "It was for the Crusader that I died."

He turns and takes the Crusader into His embrace,
Puts a ring on his finger and wipes the tears from his face.
He gives him a shield, sword, and armor more glorious than
before.
He says, "My blood has saved and purified. Go and sin no more."

The Crusader bows again crying tears of joy.
His heart is full of love without alloy.
Now, indeed, he walks where the saints have trod
Because the light of His death has brought him home to God.

Saint or Sinner?

Aug 17,1991

Lord, I'm not sure what I am or what I ain't.
Am I a saint playing sinner or a sinner playing saint?
I love your truth, but I am not good at obeying, as you know.
I can run with the sinners, but feel guilty when I go.

Some of the things I crave are sin, and Lord, I know it,
But deep within me there is a voice yelling, "Go for it!"
I love to sing the hymns and feel at home when I preach,
But temptation is just too strong when sin is within easy reach.

Saints or sinners welcome me; to their parties I give life.
Trying to be holy with either only leads to stress and strife.
With a squirt gun I'd have charged Hell at just a word from you,
But from both sides of the Cross I was beaten black and blue.

I wanted to be perfect, loyal, brave, and strong,
But each time I quoted You, my brothers said I was wrong.
I sought to spread the Word from Revelation back to Moses,
But neither saints nor sinners could handle very large doses.

So I became discouraged and felt I could not ever win.
What else could I do, if you didn't want me, but return to sin?
My life is deep depression and a dark, lonely night.
I want to come back to You, but I can't find the path of light.

Lord, I feel as helpless as the thief upon the cross.
I can't change my situation and struggling is just more loss.
Jesus, like him, I can only make this request of You.
In Your kingdom, remember me and let me live there, too.

Astray

Aug 1, 1994

They sing, "Farther along we'll understand."

Oh, how I wish I'd been a holy man,
But I wandered so far astray
Now all I can see is Judgment Day.

I fell on my knees and begged for Your grace,
Then turned around and spat in Your face.
I walked along in my foolish will,
Now I fear that old Boot Hill.

There is a way that seems so right
Even though it leads to death's dark night.
How could I have been so wrong?
All I'm left is a mourning song.

I knew it all. I was so damn smart
When I should have been singing, "My God, How great Thou
art!"
It's a long hard road to that field of stone.
Lord, you know I can't face that alone.

God knows I can't undo the things I've done.
I can only cling to the Cross of His Son.
God, please look down below
And save my sin weary soul.

To some here, I don't rate.
Some think I'm just great.
Jesus, you know I know
That my ratings don't count here below.

I'm in trouble, a major jam
If I'm not bought by the Blood of the Lamb.
Jesus, please don't let me go alone
To that dark night and that field of stone.

Repentance

Aug 15, 1994

Down on my knees, I take my stand.
Lord, I'm reaching, please take my hand!
I don't know what to do, I've gone so far astray.

There are times like Achan of old
When I get blinded by this world's gold.
I get so worked up and I can't sleep
Spending all my talents for what I can't keep.

There were temptations that I didn't have to face,
But just like David, I was not in the right place.
Instead of serving you for things that endure,
I'm in the Prodigal's pig pen, sad and impure.

Verse 1

The pleasures of sin are such a fleeting scene.
Like the Leper, I know you can make me clean.
Lord, I bow before you with my sin sick soul.
Let Jesus' Blood set me free and make me whole!

If you looked at my works I know full well
That I could only earn a fast trip to Hell!
I place my trust in Jesus and Your unfailing Grace
And long to join you forever in that Heavenly place!

Psalm 51 (AD)

Sep 11, 1994

The only sacrifice you ever desired was done

On that rugged Cross by Your own holy Son.
In Your sight, I have sinned only against Thee.
The painful burden of that sin is ever with me.

If You took my life, it would be just and well.
You have every right to send my soul to Hell.
I plead for Your mercy to forgive my sin
And for the Blood to cleanse me within.

Purge me and make me whiter than snow.
With a clean heart, I'll let others know
That they can be brought into Your fold
To walk in Your presence here, and on streets of gold.

In Thy good pleasure, restore joy in my heart.
Let not the power of Thy Spirit depart.
Keep me in Thy arms the rest of my days.
Forever, my mouth will show forth Thy praise.

Fallen

Sep 24, 1994

I wanted to be the best you ever had.
Now, I am a lonesome, loathsome cad.
I once drank in Your holy truth.
Now, I drown myself in gin and vermouth.

I told others of the sacrifice you gave.
Now, it is my soul You need to save.
I sang the power of the Blood
Then dragged you Name through the mud.

Even though my shame is a continual burn,
Like Peter, to whom else can I turn?
I contemplate the wasted years

Hanging my head in bitter tears.

Doctrine and verses can be placed into a head.
Promises and vows can be easily said.
Man gave me my theology and degree.
Father, make Yourself real to me.

Lord, upon Your Name and Son I am callin'!
Only you can raise me from this pit where I've fallen.
I've read of Your eternal love and grace.
Lord, let me see Your precious face!

Romans 1:22

Sep 28, 1994

Life is so much vanity.
We live on the brink of insanity.
This is so very, very odd
For creation is in the image of God.

We plod along in our sin
Knowing that we cannot win.
Our souls so easily we sell
To that pawnbroker of Hell.

Instead of singing, "How Great Thou Art"
We tell ourselves we are so smart.
We only want God His blessings to give
And care not what kind of life we live.

We have no concept of fear or shame
As long as we wear our religious name.
We think it matters not what road we trod.
We think they all end up with God.

We quote our doctrines, we are so cool,
But in reality, we're a theological fool.
Throw yourself upon His matchless grace
Or He'll be a judge you'll have to face.

Take me Home

Oct 13, 1994

I've been everything that I want to be.
I've seen everything that I want to see.
All over this world I did roam.
Now, I'm asking you, Jesus, please take me home.

I can hear my spirit within me groan.
I wan to be sitting at the foot of Your throne.
I've had my fill of pain and misery.
Father, take me across that crystal sea.

Often Satan has tricked me with his black arts.
I've many a scar from his fiery darts.
The evening sun is setting low.
Send the chariot, Lord, I'm ready to go.

When it comes to battles, I've lost a few,
But you've always been there faithful and true.
Now I want to gaze in Your loving face
In that place built by Your grace.

I know my character you want to hone.
I'm just weary and feeling so alone.
If you keep me here, I'll understand.
Just give me strength to be a righteous man.

Where Will You Be?

Oct 13, 1994

When the clouds burst open where will you be?
Will there be joy in your heart when Jesus you see?
Will you be running to hide from His face
Or standing there with your head hanging in disgrace/

It surely is coming and the time is near at hand
When Jesus comes to take his children to the promised land.
You played long enough saying one day I'll get saved.
The road to Hell by good intentions has been well paved.

Yes, I saw Jesus breaking through the sky
And I thanked God that by His grace I'll never die!
In a grave one day they might put this old shell,
But I'll be at the throne praising the one who saved me from
Hell.

Even so, come Lord Jesus, old Brother John did say.
Are you really looking forward to that resurrection day?
Do you dread the day He comes down from above
Because for you, it won't be ##### with peace and love?

When the Grim Reaper comes with his mighty plow
Will you value the things that you value now?
It's time to stop your silly song and dance.
Call on Him to be saved while there's still a chance!

West Texas Heaven

May 19, 1995

I found the peace that I was needin'
In the West Texas town called Eden.
A little further down the road in old San Angelo,
The views prepared me for that heavenly glow.

God loves Texas and tucks it in bed at night
With a soft blanket of clouds. Oh, what a sight!
I've got wide open spaces where I can roam
Just like the vastness of that eternal home.

CHORUS

Texas must be a lot like glory
Where I'll be singin' the old, old story.
Where God finger paints in the big blue sky
And the soul passes over never more to die.

A man can settle down in a place like Ranger.
Away from the big city noise and danger.
There's no way a man can be more free
Except for when he kneels at Calvary.

Sinner, friend you may never ride the plains with me,
But turn and gaze right now upon that old rugged tree.
Call upon Jesus to save you then you'll know
Heaven's where you'll land when thrown from life's rodeo.

CHORUS

Christian Soldiers

June 3, 1995

Brothers united
To take a stand for Christ.
What a mighty host!

Rise Up, Fellow Soldier

Sep 23, 1995

There is power in the blood and victory in the Cross,
So why, Child of God, do you mourn like all is lost?
Take up your mighty sword, the blessed Word of God
And march into the battlefield where other Saints have trod.

When in joyful, singing faith, we do them assail,
The Gates of deepest Hell have no chance to prevail.
Satan's host may seem so many and so very strong,
Yet, before the toughest battle, we can sing the Victor's song.

The Captain of the Hosts has already won the fight
And ##### the darkness with His Shekinah light!
There is no foe that He has not already overcome.
The spoils are there waiting, so let's take us some.

The time is short and there is so very much to do.
You cannot imagine what Christ can do in you.
So rise up, my fellow soldier, and quit your looking down!
Look up to Him who shares with you the glorious Victor's
crown.

Thankfulness

11/18/95

Thanking people is sometimes hard to do.
Lord, it should be so easy to thank You!
Indeed, it is a mystery without a clue.
The easiest thing we seldom, or never do.

It is good, My Lord, you do not bless
Unless we are in a mood of thankfulness.
How sad we would be; shedding many a tear
To only get your blessings once a year!

With the amount of thanks, that we give,

Glory be, they are not required for You to live!
Our heads would hang low with faces red,
For oh, dear God, You would be dead!

Lord, at our tables this Thanksgiving, draw near
And teach us to thank You each day of the year.
Lord, not a quick thing before we eat or sleep!
Let the river of thankfulness run soul deep!

K. I. S. S. Theology

Aug 8, 1997

You know you've got to keep it simple, Saint.
Don't try and make it what it ain't.
God said to accept Him like a child
And not let your doctrines run hog wild.

Just preach Jesus, for us crucified
And that will keep folks from being fried.
Rejoice in that fact that He has risen
And forget about this and that ism.

God won't care where you got your degree.
He'll only ask, "What did you do with Me?"
Cling to him and not your denomination
If you want to escape eternal damnation.

Some will argue loud until they faint,
But you've got to keep it simple, Saint.
Your theology may be grand and swell,
But lots of theologians end up in Hell.

So go on, get up, get out, and go

To tell the ones who do not know.
Remember, unless you want to be considered nuts or quaint,
You've got to keep it simple, Saint!

Split Ribs

April 22, 1998

God split Adam's ribs to make Mama Eve.
Adam had to endure a little pain for his blessing to receive.
We all try and run and hide from life's sorrow and pain,
But there ain't no rainbows without a little rain.

They couldn't split Jesus' ribs when they pierced Him.
God's word stands true in spite of man's evil whim.
On Calvary, God's Son endured such terrible pain.
His love in action became our greatest gain.

He's going to split some ribs when He enters that Eastern gate.
If you're going to get saved, you better not wait!
We are His Bride, His rib, and one day we'll split the sky.
There we'll spend eternity where joy's river never runs dry.

So split open your ribs and let the Great Surgeon in
To purge your sick heart of its burden of sin
Or one day you'll split Hell wide open when you die
And oh, how more than your ribs will hurt as you'll forever cry.

Jesus, Rednecks, and Me

Aug 22, 1998

Jesus was a redneck like me I know.
So many places in the Bible tell me so.
He was born in a barn and slept on a hay trough bed.

So, I know that Jesus' neck must be a little red.

His step-daddy was a carpenter with calluses on his hand.
Jesus traveled by foot or mule in His Southern homeland.
He never received a degree from any ivy-league schools,
Yet he made the high flautin' city doctors look just like fools.

He hung around with fishermen in their Judean bass boats
And he knew the difference between the sheep and the goats.
He spent most of his time with the social outcasts and the poor.
Just like a Southern gentleman all were welcome at His door.

He went from one to another little Israeli rural town
Teachin' underneath the blue sky a sittin' on the ground.
He took His lessons from the land and the lowly beast.
He's even workin' up a Church Homecoming Feast!

I don't have to do no fancy talkin' when I kneel in prayer
And just like my best friend Pete, He is always there.
We spend time at each other's houses though He is mostly at
mine.
By listenin' to His holy words I can walk that narrow line.

One day those city folks nailed Him to an old rugged Cross.
What would be my everlasting gain was their eternal loss.
Like that mighty Mississippi that river of blood flooded my soul
And saved me from torment in the Devil's flaming water hole!

You can be a city slicker, a country boy or from some little town,
But unless Jesus saves your soul one-day to Hell you will go
down.
Call upon Him while you can from sin to set you free.
He can do it for you, cuz He saved an old redneck like me.

The Rock
July 15, 00

The rock! The rock!
The forces of evil rage
Around me like a wildfire!
Fears, doubts, and failures
Howl fiercely within me,
But I will stand. I WILL STAND
On the Rock, on the Rock!
That Rock is Jesus!!

Death of A Marriage

When men abdicate
And women pontificate
Nerves begin to grate
Actions agitate, irritate, and aggravate
Angry words proliferate
So they bicarbonate and medicate
Until they separate
In a fit of hate
From the one they chose as a mate
Thus their family they decimate
By swallowing Satan's bait
Instead of allowing God to participate
In the bond they did consummate.

@2005 Ron Shultz

"Hey, Jew Boy!"

Sept 2, 2006

Some said it behind your back.

Others were not so coy.

Their words like a whip did crack
When they'd shout, "Hey, Jew Boy!"

You may have learned to fear
To admit just who you were.
How many times did you shed a tear
When you heard that awful slur?

I've endured words and deeds as cruel.
For years thinking I was just a Goy.
Now like finding a precious hidden jewel
I've learned that I may be a Jew Boy!

While you have grimaced in pain and shame
I take it as an honor without giving them a look.
If someone decides to call me that name
It only proves that he's the sorry schnook!

Years of taunting can take their toll
But I've learned to count them a joy

Since the One who died to save my soul
Suffered worse than hearing, "Hey, Jew Boy!"

If I am blessed to be kin to the mighty Jews of old
Whom God used to write His Story of His Son
Then I'll shout it loud, and be right bold
Lest I be ashamed when my battle's won!

So, my friend, let them taunt and jeer
For they know not of with what they toy.
Their time will come when they will fear
When they stand before the King "Jew Boy!"
Cowboy Up!

Be very careful what you say or do
Or some committee will be coming after you.
I'm tired of folks whining like a hungry pup.
Come on America, it's time to Cowboy Up!

Our ancestors came to a rough, untamed land
And faced their hardships like a woman and a man.

We once matured into gentlemen and ladies.

Now, we're raising spoiled, crying babies.

When times got rough, we took it on the chin.

Now, we want someone to blame and a lawyer who can win.

Groups abound so we are quickly defended

When we lack back bone and are so easily offended!

When a rider's been thrown and he starts to feel down.

His partners say, "Cowboy Up!" to bring him back around.

There are too many lazy folks rattling their cup.

Come on, America, it's time to Cowboy Up!

We surely have our problems and we so easily sin,

But nothing will change unless we all chip in.

One day there will be no table at which you can sup

Unless Americans quit their cryin' and COWBOY UP!

Ronald Shultz:

"I wrote my books so that my grandchildren would have a tangible spiritual blessing should I catch the next train to Glory. I am a Desktop Engineer Associate to pay the bills and provide IT services for small churches who cannot afford help. I also minister on the Internet by posting and sending sermons to various groups. I write poetry when I can and have published two books. In my spare time, I

am "Paw-Paw" to six grandchildren in Fort Worth and one in Cleburne. Without God's grace and my wife's support I wouldn't have energy for any of this!!!" <http://www.mavmin.org/page15.html>

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