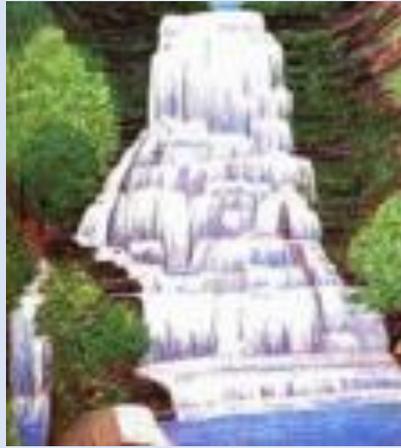


# Poetry of Sandra Carlton Duncan - Page One



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## An Introduction

My name is Sandra Carlton Duncan. I am first and foremost a devotee, a lover, of Ha Shem; A Believer, and committed follower, of Yeshua, Ha Messiach (though ever learning to follow better); and the wife of a wonderful man who is like-minded in this love! I am also blessed to be the mother and co-steward of seven blessings (four girls, three boys)!

I love writing! I love Worship! Sometimes, I have found them to be the same thing! Sometimes my writing takes on a prophetic bent, yet sometimes I just write to vent. But you see how easily I fall into rhyme, it is something I do all the time. It comes, perhaps, from my love of Dr. Seuss as a child? But it has blossomed through the years to a ride that's quite wild! lol

But, seriously folks, it is gift from Ha Shem that I hope will be blessing to all who graciously read. I want to thank Mr. Beeber for this site on which to post my writing, it is truly a blessing to me, to be able to post my work, and to read the writings of fellow poets who are devoted to the Messiah as well! I look forward to this venture.

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[Email Sandra!](#)

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Never Again!

(In Honor of Lieby Kletzky)

Sandra Carlton Duncan

July 17, 2011

Lock your doors and hide your babies, Certify and arm your ladies!

There's a war which we must win, our battle cry is, "never again!".

The war is evil against good, which it would stamp out if it could,  
knowing not the irony that even it would cease to be!

For even evil is sustained by the goodness-upheld frame,  
supported by the righteous ones, bound to G-d's Word, through His  
Son!

Yet a time is coming soon, that time will cease; then sun and moon,  
will find they've been retired - replaced (!) by light from our  
Messiah's face!

For then, at last, must evil cease, and all will serve the Prince of  
Peace,

and dwell within the loving Home of Melech Ha Olam's Shalom!

But for now, still, the heathen rage, and daily go on their rampage!

Will we sit by, idly, while they sin? Or will we fight on, for - "Never  
Again!"?

Sandra Carlton Duncan

July 17, 2011

Epitaph ~

Let not my passing bring rejoicing, nor either a mournful grievance  
be;

But let there be a celebration, Lord, of the life I lived for thee.

This Lord is my one desire, this Lord is my only care,

When my earthly race is over, may those left running know Your  
Peace so rare .

Let there be no dry eyes present, but may tears that stream be only joy,

For I have shed these earthly shackles, I have escaped the final Oy!

I'll be standing in Your presence, let each one present see me there,

On the lap of my beloved, finally, resting in Your care!

Let the picture be a comfort, when each one comes to their own end,

let them cross with no fears present, knowing You will see them in.

And then we'll have a grand reunion, the likes of which we've never seen,

And we will be perfected beings, the the ones we always should have been.

Finally I've found the freedom from the blasted flesh-restraints,

Finally I'm in the presence of You, Lord, and all Your saints!

So do not mourn because I'm leaving, dance because I have arrived!

Do not act as though I'm dead, for finally, Praise my Lord, I am alive!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

6/12/11

(Written In Honor of Emma Lee Nimmer on Sunday afternoon, as she  
lays,

stricken with pneumonia, between heaven and earth deciding  
whether to surrender this time, or not.)

~~~~~

### My Only Hope

You're the one that I hold onto when it seems all hope  
is gone, when the storms of life are raging, and I feel  
so all alone. When the blackness of the darkest night  
engulfs the rock I'm standing on, You're my hope, my  
only hope!

You're the place, that I run into as the enemy closes in,  
you're the fortress of security when I'm pummeled by  
the wind, and when my own imagination turns against  
me once again, You're my hope, my only hope!

And You Are more than enough to get me through!  
Oh my Father G-d, there's no one like You! You're my  
friend, my love, my brother, and with You I need no  
other, When life becomes a lie, there's still one thing

that's true, You Are more than enough to get me through!

You're the one whose hand I hold to, when I just can't seem to stand. Yours is the voice I want to hear, I want to live by Your command. You're the one that I'm trusting in to get me to the promised land! You're my hope, My only hope!

You're the blessed rock of ages, You're the balm of Gilead, You're the wisdom of the sages, the best friend I ever had, You're my eternal Father, and you're my loving Dad,

You're my hope, my only hope!

And You Are more than enough to get me through!  
Oh my Father G-d, there's no one like You! You're my friend, my love, my brother, and with You I need no other, When life becomes a lie, there's still one thing that's true, You Are more than enough to get me through!



## A Prayer From Stormy Galilee

Oh You who walked the stormy sea, calm this storm that's within me!

Clear away the clouds until I find the sunlight of Your will!

Dark shadows, overwhelming me, are dispelled by Your decree,  
and if I can just find Your face, I'll be delivered by Your grace.

Oh You who calmed the raging sea, speak peace to this storm, now taunting me,

then all will be well in my soul, all, then, be tranquil, quiet, whole.

Then in the sunlight of Your Love, overcoming, I'll rise above,  
the dark and stormy stuff of life, free of worry, free of strife.

You who walk on stormy wave, come to my rescue, calm and save,  
from this threatening, despairing pit, from this frantic, panic, fit!

Hold my trembling soul so tight, let me focus on Your might,

Let the morning, sweet and clear, wipe away this phony fear.

You who traversed Galilee, traverse the universe to me,  
though I know You're always here, I need to sense Your presence  
near.

Lord, bid me now to walk to You, on stormy seas that threaten to  
destroy the boat I sail today, rebuke the storm, and clear my way.

You who conquered Galilee, and conquer all life's storms for me,  
I'll praise You that You see me through, all my worship is to You!  
I'll hide within Your grace today, and stay protected in the fray,  
And when this day is over, the crown of victory won,  
I'll continue my true worship, while resting in the Son!

Thank You Lord, Amen.

~~~~~

Well, I Do Declare!

A Psalm of Declaration

With every minute, penny and cell, we will be prosperous, whole &  
well!

We will walk wholly in Your Word, obeying all that we have heard.

We will rejoice, we will be glad! We will forgive when we are mad,

And pray for those who do oppose, our Jesus also died for those!

We will speak forth the words of life, and will take captive words of strife!

We will hold firmly to Your hand, while walking in Your blessed command,

Your Word's the only boundary, that holds the gate to liberty!

We will be faithful, we will be true, and if we fail, we'll run to You,

You will forgive us all our sins. And, clean, we will begin again!

When we must face adversity, in You we will find victory,

For Jesus promised, to all not some, that He gives strength to overcome!

And so we praise You blessed Father, and give allegiance to no other,

We will worship at Your feet, until the we see Your face so sweet!

And we will journey in Your love, until we reach our home above.

You Are the Blessed One, faithful and true, and all our hope is found in You!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

1/25/11

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## An Evening Psalm

Safely through another day, laying down to rest,

hoping I have kept the way, praying to be blessed.

Praying for the ones in need, praying for Your peace indeed,

so that I can learn to heed, and not live like one stressed.

May my dreams be of Your glory, my strength be spent on You,

May I live to tell Your story, all that's right and true,

The way You Lord, would have me take, those straight and narrow  
paths You make,

and in the morning when I wake, begin the walk anew.

And so I thank You for the Grace to live another day,

and for strength to win the race, come whatever may.

Thank You for the way you love, for Your wisdom from above,

Holy Spirit, gentle dove, come to light our way.

So, safely through another night, dear Savior gently lead,  
and when I wake to morning's light, Your blessed Word I'll read.  
May I then Your wisdom find, bringing blessed peace of mind,  
cares and fears alike unwind, as on Your Word I feed.

~~~~~

### A Cry From the Dark of Night

As restless thoughts consume the night,  
and keeps sleep distant, out of sight,  
I turn my troubled mind to You,  
Knowing that You'll see me through.

As drama replays in my head,  
of all that has been done and said,  
I turn and cry out for the grace,  
to stay hidden in Your secret place.

You warned us all that troubles come,  
so I'm not surprised to be having some,  
but I'm ever thankful, Lord, that You,  
have overcome, so I can too.

Please help me stay put, in Your Peace!  
All trouble, drama, strife - release,  
to Your wisdom, love and mighty power.  
Help me not let cares devour,  
all the rest You bought for me,  
now, and for eternity!

So as I lay me down to sleep,  
I trust You Lord, my peace to keep,  
and should troubles be there when I wake,  
I'll try Your grace once more to take!

Amen.

~~~~~

God's Dream.....

“Yes! I Had a dream! And I've always had a plan!

I love to take My dream and put it deep inside a man -  
that dream is unity, and liberty for all,  
and true equality; yet few have heard My call!

But I will keep on giving, and I will keep on taking,  
Until people know real living, and they begin awaking,  
to My dream of Unity, yes, Freedom is for all; and  
I have always liberated those who answer when I call!”

~ GOD

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An Earnest Prayer

Dearest Father, LORD of All,

Please, hear this servant, as I call, As I fall in worship  
before Your

face, grant me power, Love and grace! Grace to serve  
You all my days,

grace to boldly keep Your ways, grace to preach Your  
Holy Word, obeying

all that I have heard. Grant me power to do Your will,  
to free the

captives, to heal the ill, open eyes that can not see,  
and ears, that

have been closed to thee, will hear Your voice, and  
from despair, will

join You in Your joy found there.

Avenu Malkenu, my Father, my King, please grant me  
the grace, Your

praise to sing, though I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death,

may I declare Your praise with every breath! Avenu  
Malkenu, My Father,

My King, You alone are worthy, You alone are  
everything. Your Word of

life, I will hold dear, and hiding it in my heart I need  
not fear. For

You Are pleased by faith in You, and if You Are for me,  
what can my

enemy do? Though You may slay me, I'll love You still,  
for I was made to

do Your will. And If You choose to end this life, then  
I'll escape the

toil and strife. Your secret place, I'll dwell safely in! So  
live or

die, I clearly win! Draw me closer, Spirit of G-d, direct  
the path

You'd have me to trod. And I will serve You all my  
days, eternally I'll

sing Your praise!

Just take my hand in this dark hour and guide me  
through it by Your

power, so I'll not faint nor fall away, LORD hear Your  
servant as I

pray. The persecution winds gain strength, and they  
will go to any

length to wipe Yeshua from the earth, and those who  
claim His name by

birth, In Spirit, or by family Tree, they hate the ones  
that belong to

thee. So What I'm asking on this day, is that I neither faint nor sway,

but that I would press boldly on, until my crown of life is won, until

I've run the final race, I'm asking LORD, please grant me grace. I do

not want to falter now, I come so far, not knowing how, except Your

Spirit leading me, breaking my chains, setting me free. And now I owe a

debt of love to You who helped me from above. This debt of love I long

to pay, so grant me grace LORD, that I may. And since You love Your

people so, I know that You would have me go, and set more of the

captives free, LORD let that grace abound to me. Holy Spirit fill this

place, and over flow me with that Grace! I have come to seek Your face,

for strength, Oh, LORD, to run my race, For I can not live, but by Your

grace!

And I'll give You praise for everything, Avenu  
Malkenu, my Father, my King!

B'Shem Yeshua Ha'Messiach, In that glorious Name, I  
say "let it be so" -

"A-Mein".

~~~~~

A Modern day Psalm

(fell down again ! look up to him!)

Father God,

This morning, with Your mercies all new, my tired soul  
comes again to You,

exhausted, suffering, from despair, because, again, I  
forgot You're there,

worried, tormented and harassed, though I thought  
on You I'd surely cast

every worry, care and threat, but I find they are here  
with me yet!

Like a shadow on the wall, of something lurking in the  
hall,

they hang around my troubled mind, suggesting  
things horribly unkind.

So again, I run into Your arms, seeking safety from all harms,

seeking for comfort, truth and light, against what lurks there in the night!

Your comfort takes away my fear, Your truth short-circuits dread,

Your light displaces darkness, and the shadows in my head.

Your Love is never failing, never faltering, always there,

If I can just remember to come, I always find Your care!

So once again I'm asking, that You forgive my fear and doubt,

and let these new adversities be the fire that burns them out!

Work all things for Your glory Lord, both in and out of me,

and build in me a steadfast strength for all eternity.

Sandra Carlton Duncan 1/22/11

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## A New Respect for "Rap"

Okay, so hang with me, I've got a new respect for rap,  
but as it is with all art, we need to separate the crap!

We need to cut out all the trash that is hating on  
mankind,

we need to filter out the garbage that is poisoning the  
minds!

Of our youth, oh yes, we need to guide them back to  
truth!

You know, they've gotten into warring, cause they've  
let go of the moorings

Of the faith,

of fathers, who couldn't really bother

to be there, to care, so how do they dare,

to now condemn,----them –

how do they dare to complain – --- That is so lame,  
shame!

But let's don't play that blame game!

Instead, we should all be seeing that things can not  
stay the same!

But we who know the truth, we should fall right down  
and pray,

today (!) that there still can be a way, to get them  
back on track, but will we enter that fray?

of the war that rages on, while we sing our little song,  
and our sons are carried off by those still steady doing  
wrong!

'Cause it has fell into our laps, and so we need to cut  
the crap,

and do whatever it will take, to cause the ground to  
quake, to shake us all awake!

We must be willing to hack it! Strong enough to take  
the flack, to do whatever it takes to win them back –

You heard me! I said we need to cut the crap, put  
ourselves back on the map, and do whatever it will

take to fill the gap - Oh Yeah, --- even if its rap!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

3/10/11

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### From Dust to Wholeness

As Adam, of creation fame, was shaped from dust,  
and then renamed,

I too was made again from what - was dust, abused  
and left to rot.

Broken far beyond repair, who could have known that  
He'd be there,

gathering particles, piece by piece, the shattering of  
violent griefs!

Nothing left but filthy dust, completely trashed by  
grasping lust.

A soul afflicted, broken, bruised, unloved, ravaged,  
sold, abused,

How could He ever so restore a pile of dust to  
something more?

And yet how Adam came to be, was done again for all  
to see.

As He formed Adam, then breathed His life, He  
gathered me from all the strife,

and formed a new identity, and breathed His new life  
into me!

I do not wait for “someday” now, My Prince has  
come, I know not how.

Gratefully, I live each day, in the wondrous beauty of  
His Way,

Now “normal” things, miraculous seem, as I live with  
a Joy I dared not dream.

As I sleep with peace I dared not hope, finding life  
abundant, grace to cope,

Love that I ever hoped to see, plus promise of  
eternity.

Now whole, though scarred enough to prove, that in  
His love, He will still move

upon the chaos, in darkness finding, broken ones, to  
His heart binding,

bringing order by His Word, comforting the cries He  
heard,

still bringing light to eyes gone blind endlessly seeking  
someone kind,

Still, He is speaking forth His light to those still lost in  
darkest night.

He's speaking, always, "Peace! Be Still!" to ones  
storm-ravaged, sea-sick, ill,

stumbling, falling, grasping, groping, tired of living, far  
from hoping,

as good as dead, hearts cold as corpse, He still  
commands them to come forth!

As Phoenix rose from smoking ash, so He brings  
diamonds forth from trash.

How He works His wonders I can not know, but I here  
I am, it must be so!

Sandra Carlton Duncan  
7/24/2011

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The Joy of Anticipated Victory

The victory dance comes with triumph, resurrection  
from the cross!

It comes with restoration from devastating loss.

It comes from a Joy more deeply felt than any happiness.

It comes from prompt obedience, which obtains the promise, blessed.

We dance because Messiah has triumphed over death,

We dance because His Father has restored His life, His breath.

We dance and sing because His victory has brought us Joy,

We praise His Name and Dance, each glad expression to employ!

Still we know, that victories of our own must be obtained,

We face each day, the stolen ground that now must be regained!

We know that there's a promised land of blessing still to win,

Our dance right now is a dance of war, that says we're going in!

Our shouts are cries of trusting praise, for Ha Shem will win the prize,

Our songs are not just idle chants, but hope filled-battle cries!

Our dancing makes our bodies strong, our song lifts up our souls,

Our praise reminds us once again, on Whom our hopes are rolled!

For we, His willing servants, can take on whatever's bid,

Knowing that He goes before, just as He always did!

Like all His faithful warriors, whom He called to His fight,

We will emerge with victory, as morning conquers night!

And soon the dance of victory, and shouts of joyful glee,

will fill the air for our Yeshua, and His next, great  
Victory!

Adonai has reigned, He reigns today, and for ages  
without end,

He was victorious, He is today and He will be again!

Hallelujah!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

8/12/11

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Tzedecha, the Joy of Giving

We are commanded to give to the poor, to help  
relieve their sorrow,

We are told to freely give and not to make them  
borrow.

We are promised recompense from G-d who sees our  
heart,

If with our many blessings we are not loathe to part.

If we share freely with those in need because we truly  
care,

Then in our time of need we'll find our G-d is there!

We are told that harvest comes to those who freely  
sow,

To those who joyfully invest in others needs, and  
every kindness show;

Then when we face a time of lack we'll find that what  
we need,

Has grown, a harvest of blessing and grace, from that  
tzedecha seed!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

8/28/11

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Happy Holy Days!

Twas the day after Atonement, and all through the  
house, everyone was so Quiet as the proverbial  
mouse!

And as they all lay resting, asleep in their beds, Sandra  
was up writing, just to empty her head!

The visions of the season still fresh in her mind, the  
gratefulness flowing for G-d who is kind

To show her the seasons, and what they all mean, to  
help her be Holy, to help her come clean

Of hidden desires, that may lead astray, from Yeshua,  
the Life and the Truth and the Way.

Grateful and satisfied, calm and secure, Holy and  
happy, and joyfully pure!

Peaceful and rested, supplied and complete, free to  
look forward, with no fear of defeat.

Sins all forgiven, conscience washed clean, of all that  
would sully, profane or demean.

Praying for others as instructed to do, looking forward  
to Sukkot, now how about you?

Shalom!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

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Another Sukkot Come and Gone

The last but not the least of the appointed feasts,

a chance to camp with G-d under the stars!

To wine and dine and dance, with candles and  
romance,

remembering how He has brought us far!

In temporary dwellings, the covering made by His  
own hands,

recalling how our fathers lived, while receiving His  
commands!

We yearly come to celebrate, forgiven sins,  
and dedicate, by taking a new stand.

Intended to be joyous, and often quite uproarious,

we serve invited guests within our booths,

Still basking in great gratitude, we want to spread this  
attitude,

so thankful that our sins have been removed!

Our temporary dwellings, our bodies made of clay,

are vessels that contain the truth, the living Word,  
today,

we house the Great Ruach Ha Kodesh,

He's come to lead the way!

As follower's of Messiah we need not wait for  
Moedim,

we've set apart our very lives as Holy unto Him!

We celebrate Him every day, we study just to know  
His way,

we walk in light, we're hearing right, we will not badly  
stray!

But as we celebrate the feasts, obedient to His Word,  
With Joy we observe them as believing what we've  
heard.

Knowing that His Blessing is contained in everyone,  
because each feast is pointing to His Blessing, to His  
Son!

Keeping them in willing joy, not ignorantly bound,  
keeping them to understand the freedom we have  
found,

Keeping them because we trust His Word - for us to  
be -

all we want, and all we need to make and keep us  
free!

So we all dwell, for just a week, in tents and booths  
and shacks

- to keep our memory fresh and clear that G-d has  
bought us back!

And with a sigh we take them down, still basking in  
the cheer,

knowing that we'll put them up at this same time next  
year!

Unless the Father calls us all to that Tabernacle there,

The one that ours was meant to shadow, while we are  
down here.

And what a joyful feast that culmination feast will be,

Knowing that we've come to Sukkah for eternity!

Shalom Chavarim!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

10/27/11

A Fool, for Your Sake, Oh Lord?

Let me look a fool for You, a stumbling, bumbling  
soul,

if I can only follow You! If I can hear You, and be  
whole!

Let me look the idiot, as far as the world can see,

if I can just obey Your will, and live Your liberty!

For I can not look to myself, hope must be found in  
You,

so if I am placed "on a shelf", that hope must bear me  
through.

What does it matter where my "field" lies, or what  
work You chose for me,

if I have cast my lot on You for all eternity?!

Why should I strive within my heart, and dark despair  
allow?

If I've trusted You to pick my field, I'll set my hand to  
the plow!

Obedience is the work of faith, so there will be no  
looking back,

to see where other paths would lead, no "greener-  
grass" to lack.

Resolutely I will follow You, not drifting left or right,

not wishing for the worldly ease, nor for intrigues of  
the night.

Not piddling my life away, by the whims of double-  
mind,

not being torn between two worlds, sin-driven  
trouble find.

Not serving my emotional, sensation driven flesh,

not getting tricked by wicked wiles or caught up in its  
mesh!

No longer led by appetite, but hearing The Shepherd's  
voice,

no longer wandering deadly vales, in safe pastures  
now rejoice!

For You have led me gently on, through dangers and  
in storms,

You've never ceased to keep me fed and safe from  
every harm.

Your love is worth my every thought, Your glory  
worth it all,

I pray I never hesitate to answer every call.

I pray for strength to follow You, though the world  
mock me as mad,

I pray for strength to carry-on in Your joy, that makes  
me glad,

I pray that, through enlightened eyes, I see Your  
reality,

for he is no fool who trusts the one who holds  
eternity!

Then, for another season, I'll look foolish, if I must,  
but I've decided to follow, Lord, 'til I return to dust!

So, let others mock my sanity, to You I'm bound to  
cling,

until that final day, in triumphant, may I worship You,  
my King!

### The Real Miracle of Chanukah

Chanukah is a miracle, no matter what, you see;  
the oil that burned for eight whole days, or  
astounding victory.

Again, the tiny Israel defeats the bullying hoards!

Again, they won, they stood their ground, they called  
upon their Lord!

Over and over again they won, supported by His  
power,

again and again G-d's people trusted, in their final  
hour,

in faith, the chosen people called upon His mighty name,

In answer He saw that His chosen ones did not fight in vain!

Whether the one day's cruse of oil burned and blazed for eight whole days,

or whether the miracle was found in a victory that amazed!

Many times, without a number, in their chosen history,

they were saved by the awesome power and love of God's great mystery!

As armies came a-threatening, with profanities abounding,

the courage of minorities, found faith that was astounding!

Their faith in G-d, and strong commitment to His Holy Word,

upheld their strong belief of the commandments they had heard.

Blessed art thou, oh Lord our G-d, King of the Universe, who has separated us according to His commandments, and commanded us to celebrate this season.

Blessed are thou, oh Lord our G-d, King of the Universe, who has caused us to be victorious, though no one can guess the reason!

Chanukah, means "Dedication", also, "Festival of Lights",

that's why we celebrate by lighting candles for eight nights.

This holiday, in which Yeshua announced just why He came,

still brings the light to a darkened world, and healing, in His Name.

We are blessed to be redeemed by the blood of G-d's own son,

Blessed are we to know the way that victory is won.

Blessed are we to live our lives in that sweet victory, acknowledging the light that came, and bought our jubilee!

Blessed be the Name of G-d most high, who redeems  
us with His care,

Blessed be His Holy Victory, in which we gladly share!

Blessed be the wondrous sacrifice, that glorifies His  
own,

Blessed be the worship that we bring to the Lamb  
upon His throne!

As Chanukah approaches, the festival of lights,  
the feast of dedication, that restored all things to  
rights,

We celebrate the season, and the G-d who fights to  
win,

the souls of all the fallen, entangled in their sin.

We get to share the victory, we get to share the gain,  
of Israel whose G-d has fought to save us from our  
pain,  
of all those lost in misery, of those ensnared in sin,  
to share the many victories of those who fought to  
win!

We celebrate this victory, we celebrate our king,  
we revel as we cleanse our hearts, as we gather, as  
we sing.

To celebrate the miracle, we'll light each candle  
bright,

as we praise the G-d of Chanukah and revel in His  
light!

Chag Sameach!

SCD 12/16/11

The Gate of the Year

(From Sandra's archives, this is the first verse and the  
chorus of a song, written New Year's day 1982, in  
Atlanta, GA. It was taken from an ancient quotation of  
the same name)

I once said to the man at the Gate of the Year,

"Give me your brightest light, that I might not fear".

But he just nodded toward the darkness of the night,

and said, "Hold to the hand of G-d, that's far better than a light".

For He is safer than a known way, better than a light,  
hold to the Hand of G-d when you step into the night,  
there is no darkness that He can not comprehend,  
with Him beside you, you are never lost my friend.

Sandra Carlton

Jan. 1, 1982

Lover of My Soul

(A prayer/poem of devotion)

Avinu Malkenu;

Quiet the uproar in my head, the din within my heart!

Draw me from the warfare, from the tumult, far  
apart.

Then refocus my eyes, let me only see,

The peaceful Kingdom of the free!

Bring beloved correction, teach me all Your will,  
in Your blessed affection, I will know You, and be still!  
Your beauty and Your character, on which I've  
resolved to gaze,  
transforms me to Your image, while other idols raze!

So draw me hero-lover, whisper softly to my heart,  
and I'll run into our quiet place, and gladly set apart  
my life to Your devotion, my heart to Your control!  
Please dictate all my motion, dear lover of my soul!

(From the Archives)

1/13/07 SCD

Weathering Life Victoriously

Avinu, (My Father),

When the weight of cares are threatening to  
overcome Your grace,

When the shadows pass between us, and I can not  
see Your face,

It is then I bow in worship, it is then I sing Your praise,  
for it never fails to lift the weights, and clouds of  
gloom erase!

When the worries of existing get enlarged beyond  
their worth,

When depression comes to ask again why You  
allowed my birth,

It is then I fall upon my knees, just knowing You Are  
there,

and I can seek Your answers and roll onto You my  
care!

When the stormy winds blow madly, and hail fiercely  
smites my barge,

When the waves are crashing over, threatening, dark  
and large,

It is then I go for comfort, into my secret place,

For my safety and my hope is found in Your loving,  
sweet embrace.

So today I come before You, my worrisome cares I  
bring,

and a grateful heart of love as well, to lay before You,  
My King!

Again I bow in worship, again I lift my praise,

to You, the One True, Living G-d, may I serve You all  
my days!

And when my race is over, and the final victory won,  
may I then bring only worship to the Throne of Your  
dear Son!

For whom I fight life's battles, for whom I endure its  
storms,

From whom I wish to hear that day, "Well done, my  
child, well done!"

SCD 1/31/12

Abandonment Issues!

Lord, let my soul reflect Your love, let my  
abandonment be real,

may my heart resound to things above, not be lost in  
some religious zeal!

Be my center, my soul's sun, let my all revolve on  
Thee!

Never leave this flesh alone, pin it Lord to Calvary!

Holy Spirit, faithful guide, on my darkness shine Your  
light!

Let me ever, by Your side, walk with You through  
darkest night!

Purify me, precious King, until You are my all in all,

let each desire, each precious thing, be abandoned at  
Your call!

And though in life a failure be, I know that all will not  
be lost,

We may not choose the prices paid, yet we are taught  
to count the cost!

But nothing can compare with Thee! Nothing is so  
great a price!

Your Love is worth all fortunes won, there's nothing  
else that can suffice!

So let me follow faithful Lord, let me not lose sight of  
Thee,

hold my hand through darkest night, and tempests  
high I will not flee!

Be my vision, clear and true, be my life, my hopes, my  
dreams,

until I reflect only You, and find in You all living  
streams!

At Your feet I lay it down, all my glory, all my shame,  
for the nearness of Yourself, for the Glory of Your  
Name!

Gather all I am to You, You have won me fair and  
square,

and then take all You're making too, and Holy, I'll be  
wholly there!

And though I would abandon all, abandoned, Lord, I  
would not be,

help me leave all flesh behind, for the Glory, Lord,  
that's found in Thee!

SCD 3\12\12

Chag Sameach Pesach!

The season of Pesach is with us once more,  
a time for renewal, of cleansing and more.

A time of Salvation from disobedience' curse,  
a time for remembering all that is worse!

A time for remembering from whence we came,  
a time to be grateful that He took our shame!

A time for remembering our slavery too,  
our time spent in bondage - and that we are through!

A time for Teshuvah, getting back to His Word,  
cleaning out ears and hearts, to be sure we heard!

A time for obedience, evil urges to ban,  
a time for aliya, back to His Ruach and plan!

A time for home coming, Avinu awaits,  
A time for rejoicing as He celebrates...

The time that is coming when we'll all be home!  
And in New Jerusalem, never to roam!

SCD 4/2/12

Toward Teshuvah, The Fruit of Shavuot

If daily I still face defeat, my trust in G-d is  
incomplete;

For He the victor works in me, to lead me in great  
victory!

Instead of fretting over waves, I should steadfastly  
seek the One who saves;

Instead of speaking what else I see, I should Shout His  
Torah over me!

Instead of yielding to depression's claim, I should  
daily call upon His Name;

Ruach Elohim, please work until, I yield solely to  
Avinu's will!

As Shavuot comes once again, Torah, Ruach pour  
down like rain;

Judge and kill the flesh in me, break its bonds and set  
me free!

Free me to be more faithful still, seeking nothing but  
Your loving will;

Reminding that it is NOT about ME, but Your Good  
plan for eternity!

Then in Shalom I will daily rest, in Your Tzidkenu I will  
pass each test;

And when I see Adonai, the Holy One, He'll smile at  
me and say, "Well done!"

Surely then my trust will be complete, and laying  
trophies at His feet;

No more I'll fret or strive or roam, I'll be with Him! At  
last, at Home!

Baruch Ha Shem!

SCD 5/23/12

In Honor of the Day

Father's Day 2012

If all father's were like my Father G-d, the world  
would not be so cold, so dark and so odd, for there  
would be no hearts broken, abandoned and torn, no  
children forsaken, in terror, forlorn.

My Father's all power, all wisdom, all love. My  
Father's always watching, by His Spirit from above.  
My Father's all blessing, all goodness and light, He  
never, ever, leaves me, especially at night!

My Father has provided a wonderful home, I can live  
with Him forever, if I do not choose to roam. My  
father has provided a way to be blessed, He never  
meant for me to be sick, down or stressed!

My Father is so loving and mercifully kind, there is  
never a time when I am not on His mind! He thinks of

me often, and then let's me know, that He's here when I need Him wherever I go!

My father, My Hero, the love of my life, He saved me, He keeps me apart from all strife. Protected and separate from all sin and harm, and ever so safe in His powerful arms. Delivered from all of the curses of sin, delivered to blessing, all battles to win!

Today, on this Father's Day, my counsel to you is to be like our Father, whatever you do! Take time to know Him and learn of His ways, and soon you'll be most blessed and worthy of praise!

You'll rise up like eagles, singing victory's song, You'll conquer the flesh as you learn right from wrong! He will bless you with love, of a faithful, good wife, and you'll live a long, prosperous, blessing-filled life!

He will lead you and guide you to eternity, He will feed you and rest you in His victory! He will see that you get the training you need, to be the man that He made you, so step up and lead!

My Father rewards those who follow His words, He answers the faithful, every prayer He has heard. He will never abandon those who answer His call, but makes them victorious, so come one, and come all!

Chag Sameach Father's Day!

SCD 6/17/12

Echad

Only You be in my heart, Only You come through my  
mouth,  
Only You now shine Your light, casting forth all gloom  
and doubt!

Only You walk out in front, may I follow every move,  
and if I should step off the path, gently help me find  
Your groove.

Only Your Words would I say, Only Your thoughts  
would I think,  
Only Your food would I eat, Only from Your water  
drink,

Until I vibrate with Your love, and lay aside all sin and  
strife,  
Until I only bleed Your blood, and every breath  
breathes out Your Life!

Then when I'm pressed, or harried strong, Your  
sweetness will flow out e'er long,  
And, one day, I'll completely be, a living sacrifice for  
Thee!

Amen!

An Earnest Plea for Deliverance

(Questions of a "Grafted-in" branch)

I'm not born Hebrew, but I'm born again,  
Lord, where does that put me with You?  
By faith, becoming a child of Abraham,  
so, does that not make me a Jew?

Yet, I'm told that I have no place in Your Land,  
I'm told that I can not live there,  
I somehow can not get my heart to understand,  
and I don't fit in anywhere!

Yeshua, Yeshua, come quickly to me,  
without a country I am,  
there are no people who seem to want me,  
there's no where, it seems, I can stand!

{Deliver us! You said You came to deliver us!

Ruach, come and set us free, from all this misery!

Please Lord, deliver us! There's a land You promised  
us,

deliver us to that promised land! }

I'm told that You didn't mean us to wait,  
that we should have Your Kingdom now,  
But everything I know seems up for debate,  
and I just can't seem to know how!

Please Adonai, come and show us the way,  
here we are seeking Your face!  
If Israel is not where we should go,  
then please come and make us a place!

Yeshua, Yeshua, speak clearly to me,  
so many voices I hear!  
Learning, unlearning! How can I ever see -  
please Ruach, come make it all clear!

{But please, deliver us! Adonai, deliver us!  
I'm too Christian to be Jew, but I want to follow You!  
So please, deliver us! Did Your promise exclude us?

Deliver us to the promise land! Soon, deliver us to the promised land!}

SCD 8/16/12

Checking In...

Before the clamor of the day, before the fury starts,

Let me seek You in the Way and find Your gracious heart!

Let me hear Your Truth and Love, and soak it into me,

Take away the blinders Lord, let me see what is to be.

Let me walk beside You Lord, holding fast Your hand,

When adverse winds rise up, then Lord, I'll find Your strength to stand!

Let me stand for righteousness, even if I stand alone,

Let me stand one day, by Your grace, before Your royal Throne!

Now I come for Grace, Dear Lord, "Have mercy please!", I cry,

I've fallen short of Your mark again, I've no decent  
reason why!

Purify my heart, Oh G-d, cleanse me of all that stains,

Then may Your Glory, Love and Peace be all my soul  
retains.

I fall in worship at Your feet, Your songs of praise I'll  
sing,

Until I fall the final time and rise with new found  
wing.

Then may I hear those glorious Words, when victory  
I've won,

I want to hear You say to me, Well done, my Child,  
well done!

SCD 10/23/12

"I'll Have a Blue Christmas (life, existence, etc.)  
Without You"!

For all the merry red and green, a lot of "blue" is on  
my scene!

That lonely feeling that I get, when I give way, and  
start to fret!

I fret for what our children think, to them, I fear, I  
often "stink",

they don't "approve" the mom I've been? I've not  
passed all the tests with them?

We need not bow to others' whims, nor feel we  
can be judged by them!

But I fear I'm guilty, all too often, of fearing rejection,  
which will courage soften!

Yet I must only "rise or fall", to that ONE JUDGE who  
judges all!

For all who trust Him enough to dare, may kneel and  
find His mercy there!

I must receive judgment from no other - Husband,  
Children, Sister, Brother -

For only You, my Judge and King, can any aught  
against me bring!

Like Martha, serving many things, like Mary serving  
King of Kings,

I seem to bolt between the two, losing my peace as I do!

But again I lay it all aside, all the striving, all the pride, of who "they" may perceive I am, that "perfect me" is such a scam!

So, Come Messiah, Prince of Peace! From this anxiety release,

from all the frantic toil and strife, from hurried, harried, fleshly life!

Undistracted must I be, as I find all my Peace in Thee!

Yeshua, Lord, in Your own Way, be risen in my life today!

Be Lord and Savior, Master, King! Ruling over everything,

deliver me from every OY, that quietly lurks to steal my Joy!

Help me Focus, on You Lord! And on Your everlasting Word!

Work in me, Anointed Reason, the LOVE we celebrate  
this season!

May that Anointing flow to all, and cause Teshuvah  
when they fall!

As the Moon in darkness reflects Your sun, may my  
life reflect Your Anointed ONE!

By Your Authority and Grace, my soul will rule this  
hectic pace;

all threats and fears, I therefore release, and yield to  
You my Prince of Peace!

I'm thankful, Lord, that You always hear, and, when I  
run to You, You're always near!

I'm glad for Peaceful Joy, and, Thanks to You, that my  
Christmas will not be so Blue!

Amen!

SCD 12/24/12

To The One Who Awakens

(Shepherd, Rabbi, Lover, Lord)

Awaken me morning by morning, patiently teach me  
Your ways,

Forgive my dull resistance, sometimes I feel so dazed.

The damage of my former "life" still laying around my  
feet,

is difficult to overlook, it represents defeat,

the wasted time, the mental traps, the condemnation  
game,

were all devices of my foe to keep me from the game!

For if I sense I can not win, I am less apt to fight,

darkness is more easily maintained if one fears the  
light!

Still, morning by morning, as lessons come, light  
slowly trickles in,

exposing the traps, and schemes and chains that keep  
me in my sin,

like water dripping steadily upon a metal chain,

Your Word corrodes the links, turning to dust  
strongholds of sin and shame!

So little by little I am made free, by Your patient  
loving care,

As You awaken me morning by morning, and I meet  
Your Spirit there!

As I have come into the light, all sin has been  
exposed,

and vanquished, like the mud that's vanquished with  
the garden hose!

So, until then, dear Love of mine, teach on, I want to  
know

of all Your ways, for that's the only path on which to  
grow.

I want to know Your deepest thought, to know Your  
loving heart,

and knowing You so deeply, Lord, I'll never want to  
part,

or stray far from Your loving care, or Your instruction  
sweet,

but sit and learn as Mary did, at Your most Holy feet!

And show devotion day and night, while learning of  
Your way,

of doing, being more like You, each and every day.

I'll meet You in the Mornings, Lord, as long as You  
lend breath,

And then one glorious Morning when I close my eyes  
in death,

I'll meet You face to glorious face, and see the eyes at  
last,

that awakened me each morning of my temporary  
past!

I'll finally know the endings of each story, bittersweet,

I'll finally know sweet victory, my Champion I'll greet!

I'll then embrace my dearest Love, who fought to  
make me whole,

then awakened all His Love in me, and taught me to  
His fold.

SCD

1/4/13

A Prayer of Devotion

Be my center, be my sun, let my all revolve on Thee!

Never leave my flesh alone, nail it, Lord, to Calvary!

Let my abandon, and my love be all consuming,  
faithful, real,

make my motivation pure, not self-exalting, religious  
zeal!

Ruach Ha Kodesh, shine your light, into the corners of  
my soul,

Until every inch is clean and bright, and under Your  
complete control!

Darkness, night-time, has to go, shadows, specters all  
must flee,

when your Son has given all, and conquered to arise  
in me!

Elohim, become my all, burn, til I am all consumed!

I would be lost within Your call, oh that my spirit stays  
in tune!

But it is not the call I seek, nor only works I strive to  
serve!

May I return the Love You seek, and give You more  
than You deserve!

And soon, at least I want to hope, that one day soon  
I'll see Your face, and step from this world's shadow-  
life, into Your perfect, full embrace!

Until that day, You are my light - my sun - my fire -  
reflect in me,

I'll bear Your light, as does the moon, so that the  
darkened world may see...

Your Love for them, which burns so hot, and longs to  
see them all return, And until You have that Joy, Dear  
God, Please, light my fire and let me burn!

SCD 3/13/13

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[Email Sandra!](#)