

Poetry of Sandra Carlton Duncan - Page Two



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Beyond the Agony of Defeat...

When life gives you the sucker punch, and your spirit gasps for air,
and you should have seen it coming (again) from out of who knew
where...

just lay it all down at His feet, He who traded pain for Joy,
we all know He's the only one that can deal with that much OY!

When the people that you loved the most, in whom you've all
invested,
turn and trample all you've done, like stuff that's been digested,
remember, it was all for Him, this race, He picked for you.

So what! Your embers flicker dim? His Spirit fans, renews...

Just lift your head, redeemed of God! He'll never let you go!

Now turn away from everything that tempts you to quit, to throw -

your crown, your laurels, in the dust, your efforts in the sand,

just lift your head, Salvation's here - reach up and take HIS hand!

We can't look back too much you know, this world distorts the view.

Regret will never paint it clear, it darkens all we do!

We must take stock of where we've been, and sometimes cut our loss,

but we've a victory still to win, and failure's not the boss!

We serve a Living, Conquering King, who leads through battle's din,

We're armed to the teeth and trained to the max, how can we help but win!

This skirmish too, we feel we've lost, will only serve to train,

if we will rally to His cost, and not go down the drain!

He's paid the ransom, bought our right to be trained as a Son,

He won't let go, and won't give up until our race is won!

He will not leave us on the field to toil and fight in vain!

He is right there, His Word to wield, to war with might and main!

This a time to let faith arise, let doubt be pushed away,

This is a time to find His Word and hear what He would say!

Now's the time to press into Him, to let Him heal that wound,

More than ever, now's the time to know His heart, to stay a-tuned!

He'll wipe our tears, and bind our wounds, and bid us now to rest,

We'll live to fight another day, to pass another test...

So get behind Him weary one, the battle is not yours!

Let's rally to HIS battle cry, "The Victory is the LORDS!"

AMEN!

(I just preached myself happy! lol)

SCD 3/24/13

Ha Tikvah - The Hope

Such a yearning, such a burning, longing ever to be free,

of the fleshly, ugly, strongholds, that keep our souls from Thee!

Longing evermore to Worship, in Your purity and light,

yearning to escape the shadows that still haunt us in the night!

Do come quickly Lord, Messiah! Bring, at last, our languished Peace,
to Your servants, some still captive, bring that longed for, sweet
release!

Lifting up our eyes, our hearts cry out, Come quickly Lord, we pray!

Our desire ever deepens for the Truth, the Life, the Way!

As our fervent zeal consumes us, as we wait, in trust, for You,
as daily we resume impassioned search, for what You say is true!

The Hope of all the ages, we expect now, any day,

The study of the sages, helps to point us to the Way!

Maranatha! "Our Lord Comes!" Our longing hearts declare!

Please come quickly, Lord Yeshua - we are tempted by despair!

Yet we lift our tired souls upward, and continue in the fight,
to follow our Messiah and set the wrongs to right!

We dare not ever look away, never focus on the waves!

We are following Yeshua, the One who really saves!

Yet, such a fire in our souls, to attain His Holy Life,

Such desire in our inward man to overcome this strife!

Longing desperately to follow in His footsteps every day,
while battling the flesh, the world, and yielding to dismay!
Looking daily for His coming, seeking out His presence dear,
Hoping, Tikvah, for Jerusalem! Can we wait another year?!

Selah~

SCD 4/20/13

The Awesomeness of Elohim

Words fail, Dreams pale, enemies rail;
My heart does yearn for Your return -
For You LORD will prevail!

Forever King, All, Everything! Grateful praises sing;
My heart will yearn for Your return -
For the Peace Your Ruach will bring!

The Living Word I've heard, The penetrating Sword;
Hope makes me yearn for Your return -
My Everlasting LORD!

Love deep, will keep struggling sheep;
We ever yearn for Your return -
Awakened from sleep!

SCD 5/17/13

Our Forever Love

In Memory and honor of Roxanne Maddry and family

June 9, 2013

As sins come out of closets,
rapists, murderers and thieves,
seem to multiply in number,
and earth is left to grieve.

We must be living in the last days,
for surely love has grown so cold!
Some never get to live at all,
and many never will grow old.

I wonder how the heart of God survives,
all the disappointing pains,
His creation heaps on Him each day,
and yet His love sustains.

I know He's weeping for the fallen,
those who've tumbled from His grace,
and the many whom they now afflict,
its a shame, and a disgrace.

But He is our forever Love!

And He is grieving over us from up above!

Run to Him! He's waiting now, with arms stretched open wide!

He'll never turn away those who'll abide!

He's all forgiving, and He'll heal our pain!

He breaks all of sin's ever binding chains!

He's weeping for our stubborn flesh,

that's bent on its own way,

when He's paid the last full measure,

our soul - redeem, our ransom - pay!

He's waiting now for our return,
why wait another day?
It's time we turned back to the Truth,
back to His Life, His way!

For He is our forever Love!
And He is watching over us from up above!
Run to Him! He's waiting now, with arms stretched open wide!
He'll never turn away those who'll abide!
He's all forgiving, and He'll heal our pain,
and break all of sin's ever binding chains!

It may seem that life is over,
so not worthy to be lived,
It may seem like you have failed too far,
and you've nothing left to give!

He weeps for all the hurting,
who have lost the way somehow,
The tears flow from His heart of Love,

and His arms are open now!

And, No matter where you've fallen,

His grace restores your soul!

I know sin seems like an endless pit,

like a self defeating hole!

But if you'll look up to heaven,

you'll find that He 's still there,

that His servants have been covering

you in prayer!

For He is our forever Love!

And He's still beckoning to us from up above!

Run to Him! He's waiting now, with arms stretched open wide!

He'll never turn away those who'll abide!

He's all forgiving, and He'll heal our pain,

and break all of sin's ever binding chains!

SCD

Praise Equals Victory

When your get up and go, has "got up and went",
when your "extra stash" has all been spent,
and your feelings take a darker bent...

It's time to praise the LORD!

For nothing can the spirits raise,
like time that's spent in heartfelt praise,
to lighten up the darkest days...

It's time to praise the LORD!

A grateful heart is the hidden key,
to happiness and liberty,
it puts you where you need to be...

In the presence of the LORD!

So push aside the clouds of grief,
and seek His presence, sweet relief
and peace, defeating unbelief...

Our Shield and Our Sword.

The weapons, sure of swift defeat,
are found in worship, true and sweet,
just take a minute to retreat...
and make time to praise the LORD!

SCD 8/3/13

Eulogy for America, the Once Beautiful

Not beautiful, the politics, that have replaced the Truth,
Nor lies that ring from every man, regardless of the proof.
America, America, how have you left your God?
And in His place, an empty space, where enemies now trod!

Not beautiful, the hateful schemes that work against your Law,
Nor vengeful, wretched recompense for unrepentant flaw!
America, America, your pride has laid you low,
your lust and greed, has proved the seed from which your judgments
grow.

Not beautiful, the propaganda that deceives your own,

nor waning freedom, as she dies, nor grace that now has flown!
America, America, The prophets cried for years,
That you'd relent, and soon repent, but you've just stopped your ears!

Not beautiful, the merciless - though "tolerance" they cry,
nor victims of this vile abuse, as grace and mercy fly!
America, America, you've heard the faithful call,
But in your lust, refused to trust, now you must reap the fall.

Not beautiful, the scornful cries, that rail against your God
Nor trampling feet, which idols bear, upon once faithful sod!
America, America, your light and truth have ceased,
darkness now reigns, with sad refrains
- Dear Nation, Rest in Peace!

SCD

10/29/13

Shalom!

Finding Peace in the midst of a raging storm,

in the cold dark night, His Love so warm,
His Spirit shields us from all harm, His Grace is all we need!

Fighting, warring, to walk in Faith,
struggling to find that Secret Place,
striving to seek His loving face, His hope that does succeed!

Victory assured, overcoming Love,
grasping the hope of heaven above,
we begin to see what we're really made of, though it is not us who
must bleed!

Pressing, striving, all through the night,
of dark privation, toward the light,
of His Salvation, His hope, His might, and we find, He is God Indeed.

So quiet, my soul, from sad refrains,
my Hope I've found in Him, yet again,
and He will strengthen what remains, to mature His Kingdom's seed!

He'll finish all that He's begun,

if we'll but fight the battle He's won,
we will bring glory to the Son, in thought and word and deed!

Press on then weary one, rejoice!
Lift up His praise with tired voice,
and He will bless the tested choice, your journey He will lead!

Until He brings us safely home,
no more to wander, no more to roam,
no more to tread this weary loam, we must follow, trust and heed.

Then on the day we will embrace,
Our mighty God of love and grace,
and find that we have ran our race And have made it home, God-
speed!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

January 3, 2014

Our Only Real Choice

I'd rather be in God's goodwill, though it mean a prison cell,
than blissfully going my own way, on a slippery path to hell!

I'd rather face affliction now, with the victory of faith;
than frolic in deception that removes me from His Grace.

I'd rather face a million foes, knowing He will bring me through,
than have them stab me in the back, while pretending to be true.

I'd rather live a life of faith, not obtaining all I've "seen";
but knowing, in the end, I'm justified by more than "means".

Day by day, in every minute, the choice has been made clear;
Are we in this fight to win it? Or will we pretend that we don't hear?

Will we take His gracious offer, to be transformed to all He meant,
or willfully resist His gracious calling and give in to fleshly bent?

His Mercy stands new each morning, calling us to Love and Life,
will we cling to fleshly glory, while ignoring its sinful strife?

Will we throw away the greatest gift anyone could ever get,
On a gamble that we really know the outcome of this bet?

Can we really be so stupid, as to bet eternity,
on some media rendition of what we're supposed to be?

There is a “right” and “wrong” my friend, there really is a Law;
Not meant to bring us toil and pain, but to keep us from the flaw.

There really is a flesh, my friend, that is quite bent on hell.
The Law came to deliver us, to keep us safe and well.

God's standards flow from His great Love, to lift the fallen soul,
they came to bring deliverance, so we'll be free and whole!

They came to point us to the way, of righteousness and truth,
They came to show us how to live, to give us written proof.

Proof that there is a loving God, who wants us to live free,
of sin and sickness, lack and death, for all eternity!

Our Liberty should now be used for doing what is right,
the weapons that He's given us, used for the righteous fight.

We have a mortal enemy, who's out to steal and kill,
we must be wary of his wiles, not let him use our will.

Nor fall for all his subtle traps, which cater to our whims,
he seeks to draw our will away, and center it on him.

Away from God, and all that's safe, he lures us to the glow,
of worldly goods, and what "feel's right"... we're snared before we
know.

Why would we fall for all his junk, when we've such a loving God?
So foolish, to forsake the path which His Love bids us trod?

A God who gave up all He loved, because He loved us true?
Why should we not return that love? I think I will, won't you?

Today's the day of Mercy, let's forsake our golden cows,
Tomorrow isn't promised, friend, so we'd best be choosing NOW.

Selah.....

or (as we are taught to say)

“Bye honey, make good choices!”

SCD 1/9/14

My Lot in Life

I run among the living, though I surely should be dead,

And though seemingly defeated, songs of victory fill my head,

Each day I'm overcoming all I really ought to dread - but then,
Freedom is my lot in LIFE.

I rise each day, still thriving, though illness stalks my day,

Fully living, though stalked by suicide, which was talking all the way,

Fully functional now, though all thought my emotional issues were
firmly here to stay – but then, Freedom is my lot in LIFE

For I serve a Victor who conquered death, a God who created life by
His very breath, who is More than Enough, who is All in All, and who
runs to help me each time I call! I never really fear a fall – but then
Freedom is my lot in Life!

I host The Spirit who serves them both – who daily brings me Grace and Hope – Who brings me strength, and all I need, if only I will intercede – I need not fear lust, want or greed – but then, Freedom is my lot in life!

If only I will not give way, to the enemy's tauntings day by day, if I'll only walk on each day in faith, I won't faint away, nor leave His path! - If I'll jump into His Word daily for a cleansing bath – since Freedom is my lot in life!

Ashes to Ashes and dust to dust – I thought I would perish in the fires of lust – I thought I would burn to death in hot agony – and yet here I am – whole and free! - exactly as I ought to be – since Freedom is my lot in life!

From my burned up dreams once again I will rise, Whole and Holy, what an awesome surprise! The oil of Joy, for the ash heap of pain – for constant loss He brings constant gain – I sing to Him a loud refrain – You Are Worthy! Lord, You Reign – You've made Freedom my lot in life!

SCD 4/16/14

Ode to Motherhood

A Godly mother, who can find? Of solid faith and stable mind?

Of graceful words, and faithful deeds, a meeter of the deepest needs...

Who walks in gracious selflessness, desiring most to love and bless,

who walks with God, who holds His hand, obeying fully His Command?

We all aspire to obtain, that faithful title, we hope to gain
the prize of running that bold race, we hope to end with God's Good
Grace,
we hope to hone the arrows straight, and point them toward the
golden gate,
we hope to lead them gently on, to heaven's bright, eternal Home!

We strive to be the loving wife, to walk with our man throughout life,
and compliment his godly post, hospitably we serve and host
the friends and family we hold dear, that they stay close, still draw
near,
we hope to finally impart, all that God has stored in our heart.

To give our best, to give our all, to this most valid, cherished call,
to pour out all that God pours in, how can we help but finally win?

We fight our fight, and keep our faith, and cling to His unending
grace,

Until that day, that final one, when our Lord will say, My child, well
done!

SCD 5/10/14

Aspirations....

I feel a kind of sadness when I see my children grieve,
because they face an obstacle which I can not relieve.
I feel an overwhelming urge to wipe it all away,
just as I used to fix the toys, when they would break in play!

But alas I'm not the wonder, they once thought me to be,
and now all I can do is point them to the God of eternity.
Not an unimportant task at all, not a tiny thing,
to help connect them to the One whose name is King of Kings!

Still helpless as I am to fix whatever breaks their hearts,
I can perhaps live out that faith, which to them will impart
the peace and grace by which I live, by which I've overcome,
the parts of life that flatten us, and make us think we're done.

I hope that they can see in me the faith to live each day,
I hope that I can shine the light more brightly on their way,
so as they walk they stumble less, and become more assured
of all that our Messiah, through atonement, has secured.

I hope that they begin to grasp the fullness of His plan,
I hope that they begin to know His Word, to understand,
the riches He has saved for them, which He wants so to impart,
so they will find His Love and Joy, and Peace will rule their heart.

This is my hope, and fervent prayer, for them each living day,
That they may find and know the One, The Life, The Truth, The
Way!

This is my intercession - that they would know all His Word,
And use that Word as light and shield, to wield it as a sword.

To conquer all their enemies, of doubt and dark dismay,
and find the Joy of knowing God and walking in His way!
This prayer will last until I fall, and then by Spirit's strength,
will permeate the atmosphere, to cover them at length!

For all effective is our prayer, when in Him we will trust,
nothing can withstand His wake, fall to the ground, it must!
Then overcoming we shall be, when this race has been well run,
And joyous we'll approach His throne, to hear Him say well done!

SCD 5/25/14

What Time Is It?

There is a time for war, and a time for Peace;

A time to hold on, and a time to release;

A time to Love, and a time to Hate,

there are things we should NOT tolerate!

Crime, deception, lust and greed,

all fleshly sins we do not need.

A time to hold our tongues, and a time to speak Truth,

A time to extend grace, and a time to raise the roof!

There's a time to accept and a time to reject,

and if we mix them up our lives will be wrecked.

There's a time to plant and a time to prune,

a time to get rid of rid of what is doomed.

There's a time for death, and a time for LIFE,

A time for overcoming strife,

A time for contentment, a time to work,

A time for resting, but not to shirk,

the authority in which we're to walk.

There's no time left for empty talk.

It's time, High time, that His people live,

In the Freedom which He died to give.

It's time, past time, we learned to love,

like we came from up above,

it's time to shun the lower life,

it's time to leave the wretched strife.

There's a time to wake up, to put hand to the plow,

It would seem to most that the time is now.

The time for playing has come to an end,

To what part of the work are you called, my friend?

Some sow, some weed, some water, some reap,

He harvests and sorts, and decides what to keep!

But it's time we learned what following meant,

forsaking every earthly bent!

It's time to now take up our cross,

And let Him truly be the boss.

There's little time to redeem what is not yet His,
It's high time we discern what time it is!

SC 7/19/14

The Good News, for a CHANGE

There is an Anointing that's so very real, an Anointing to help, an Anointing to heal!

An Anointing to break down the walls in your life, He brings hope to despair, and He speaks peace to strife!

There's a very real salve to the deepest of pain, there is joy for the journey, and there's something to gain.

There is light for the darkest of nights that may come, there's Salvation for all who'd like sin to be done.

There is mental stability for the insane, and challenging adventure for the mundane.

There's a calm for anxiety, a cleansing for lust, and all it will cost you is unwavering trust!

That sounds like a high price, but what can you lose? Its the only real option we can actually choose!

But I've found He's trustworthy, not false like the rest, and I've found that choosing to trust Him is best!

So listen to Sandra, and join in the Joy! It's time that we all left the sad life of OY!

Yeshua can speak peace to the wild storms that rage, in fact there's no fear which He can not assuage.

He is our Salvation, our peace and our hope, so trust Him today and stop being a dope!

Stop trying to work it all out, that's deranged! Try listening to the GOOD NEWS, for a CHANGE!

SCD 8/31/14

The Star Spangled Shambles

Oy vey! Can you see, through the flashing black-lights,

what we proudly, once hailed, on the ramparts once streaming!

Now in tatters it hangs, or is put out of sight,

to assuage the foul threatenings of Islamic screaming!

And the rockets red glare?! Whew! So far, “over there”,

finding bunkers to hide in, so far, not our scare!

Faded, Star Spangled Banners, though in shambles, still wave...

o'er the freebie-bought sheep, and the self-conquered Slave!

As our rights slowly fade, from our once stable land,

as our God-given power is slowly eroded,

As the enemies swarm, making their proud demands,

while political poison - all morals corroded!

We've whined and we've fussed, and occasionally cussed;

but we seem quite contented to play games or bust!

While the Star Spangled Banner, though restricted, still waves...

O'er the land of the dweebs, and the self-conquered slaves!

While the "Church" marches on, fleecing sheep after sheep,

while the leaders ride high, and the followers suffer...

thinking they are so "blessed", being lulled to deep sleep!

yet deception is rampant, and truth finds no buffer!

To our systems we run, seeking only our fun;

Oh, when will we see that this game's almost done?

When the Star Spangled Banner no longer may wave...

o'er the land which Patriots freed, and which Christ came to save?!

Sandra Carlton Duncan

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Resurrection! A Tale of First Fruits (Reishit Katzir)

It had been a long, weary, arduous few days. Like a treacherous carnival ride, the ups and downs of those days had left them exhausted, the emotional highs and lows had left them drained, flattened, like road kill. Hiding as well as they could they mourned, as

they wondered, what had gone wrong? They believed Him to be the Messiah, the Anointed One of Israel. But now...?

Had He really been tried and convicted of insurrection? Was that really Him, whose devastated remains they had solemnly, hurriedly, placed in a borrowed tomb? How would He save them now? What had been the point of those last three years of following Him around, listening to Him expound on the Torah, promising them freedom, closeness to God? What good was any of it now?

Yet, it had been obvious that there was something special about Him, something extraordinary. He had an authority which surpassed even the Scribes and Rabbis. He had performed extraordinary miracles. People were healed, delivered from evil spirits, raised from the dead! Water had been turned to wine! How could He not be the long awaited Messiah? How could He be dead?!

But He was! Pesach had ended. Shabbot was over. The counting of the Omer had begun – the fifty days which would lead up to Shavuot (Pentecost). The Feast of Unleavened Bread was now upon them. They couldn't help remember things He had said to them. He talked a lot about bread. He had referred to Himself as “The bread of Life”! Coincidentally, He had been born in Bethlehem – the Hebrew word meaning “House of Bread”. Or perhaps it wasn't a coincidence? He had compared the doctrines of the Pharisees to bread containing leaven, saying that these doctrines only “puffed up” their pride, as yeast causes bread to rise! Implying that they were only “full of hot air”. Condemning their teaching as worthless. Empty. Void of any real life. He had also talked about wheat – that its grain must first be put into the ground before it could yield more wheat. During the Seder which He had held for them He had put a special emphasis on the Afikomen, the special middle Matzah, which was taken, broken, and hidden away until the end of the meal - asking them to partake of

it as if it was His body, which would be broken for them – implying that He would also reappear – as the hidden piece was brought back at the end of the Seder. He had never broken a promise to them before. He had produced bread for multitudes out of a few pitas! And yet here they were, trying to make sense of it all.

Those moments of that Seder still quavered in their memory. Vibrant. Surreal. His words had brought such a feeling of Hope, had reverberated in their hearts and souls with a life and power that they had never known before. But what good was all of that now? Now it was all just a bright memory, in a fog of confusing, wretched darkness. Shaking themselves from their revelry, they wrapped cloaks around themselves and lit a lamp to carry out into the darkness of early morning. In the hustle bustle of Shabbot they had laid Him to rest so hurriedly that they had not properly prepared His body. They were going now to beg the soldiers to admit them so that they could perform this one last act of devotion.

They went out just before dawn, on the morning of the Harvest celebration, sometimes called “First Fruits”, so that they would be concealed in the dimness of the early morning fog. They were still unsure of what their allegiance to Him might mean for them. They once would have died for the Kingdom He spoke of, but if the King is dead....? Now they were afraid. Shaken to the core at the events of the last few days and nights. Feeling bewildered, betrayed, forsaken. They walked silently, their thoughts and memories swirling in their heads, unable to enjoy the sunrise which was beginning to creep into the sky over Jerusalem.

Suddenly there was a bit of a commotion. Someone, one of the women who had prepared the burial spices, had gone out, unbeknownst to them, a bit earlier. Now she came excitedly, hurriedly, babbling about His not being in the tomb, about having

seen Him, having spoken with Him! Has she gone mad from the trauma? They began running toward the tomb. The guards were coming to, having been knocked unconscious by a force which they had not seen, the huge stone had been rolled away from the mouth of the cave. Inside the tomb, the linen cloth which they had wrapped around His face was folded neatly and laid aside. What could it all mean?

Quickly they all went back to the hiding place to tell the others. As they all sat musing, or frantically paced about the room, discussing what all this could mean, they heard a familiar voice speaking to them...could it be? Could this much relief and utter Joy be possible after such a let down? Like a fulfilled prophecy of the Afikomen – suddenly He is back - He has risen! The first fruit of many to be resurrected – on the day of the celebration of First Fruits! He has missed nothing. All the details of His Life and Death seem to point to one thing. This Yeshua really is the Messiah of Israel!

After He comforted them with a promise of future reconciliation and eternal glory they watched Him ascend into a cloud...But He also promised to prepare a place for them, and for us, and He is to come for all who wait for Him at the appointed time – which is known only by His Father. They, in turn, promised to be ready...waiting... watching...

Many red moons later we still breathlessly await His return, saying, Maranatha! Come quickly, Yeshua Adonai! Hoping that we too will be found ready...waiting... and watching for His sure return!

Chag Sameach Reishit Katzir Chavarim! And Happy Son-day! He is Risen!

SCD 4/5/2015

My Poetry

[Email Sandra!](#)