

fuzzy reflections
of
The Bridge
in the stream



of Jerry Johnson

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by Gerald T. Johnson

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Kiss The Father's Measuring Rod

How far better to humble myself
Than be humbled by the mighty hand of God!
Why think I it better for my health
To live in denial, shame and stealth
Than to kiss the Father's measuring rod?

Oh! far better to trust His Chastening Grace,
Receive His crushing Will with full embrace,
Than believe the Deceiver's winking nod!
For satan pumps me full of sweet affirmation
As long as I'm given to prideful reservation
And thumbing my nose at God!

Is "chance" the only help we get?
Is "success" just a better bet?
Can I honestly concede no regret?
If not, am I really learning yet?
For the Truth's not foggy, it is set:
Mercy and Truth - on the Cross in me - have met.

The ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise. He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding. The fear of the LORD is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility. The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the LORD. All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the LORD weigheth the spirits. Commit thy works unto the LORD, and thy thoughts shall be established. The LORD hath made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil. Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the LORD: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished. By mercy and truth iniquity is purged: and by the fear of the LORD men depart from evil. (Proverbs 15:31 - 16:6)

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. (Psalm 85:10)



Teach me Lord to Let

Let love be genuine. (Romans 12: 9 ESV)

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. (Matthew 5:16)

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.... (Philippians 2:5)

Lord, teach me what it means to "let!"
What it means to allow what's inside to get
To the surface for others to see...
To see the love You give so free
By Your Spirit living in me.
Teach me what it means to "let!"
Without the legalistic strain and sweat,
What it means to allow Thy light to shine;
May it glow, this little Light of mine,
Not for my glory, for all is Thine!

Teach me what it means to "let!"
Free to release Your selfless mindset
Over my thoughts to rule and reign
That the humble Cross I might gain
Never minding the sorrow or the pain.
Teach me, Lord, to Let!



As Hard As I Scrub Myself

Take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the basin. For the LORD will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the LORD will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you. (Exodus 12:21-23)

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. (Psalm 51:7)

And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them. (Mark 9:3)

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. (Revelation 1:5b-6)

There is no merit in this house
That would stay Your hand from striking!
I know I only fool myself
To hope MY good's to Your liking.

Only guilt and condemnation
Are companions to my fate
If I'm depending on myself
The time already is too late!

I can wash and scrape and polish
Trying all my wrongs to right them,
But as hard as I scrub myself,
No fuller on earth can white them!

I tape my mouth, I close my eyes
I tie my hands behind my back,
I chain my feet, I stifle myself:
Somehow my sins still find some slack!

See the handwriting on the wall!
I must quit my foolish striving!
Surrender! I must deny myself!
I must let You do the driving!

Purify my heart with hyssop
Dipped in Your pure blood sacrifice.
I will invite Your washing hand
It's Your Love's work that pays the price.

Oh, Yes! To You be the glory!
May You rule in my life always!
Let me not forget The Blood
That washed my hopelessness away!

Amen.



We Come Boldly

Though deafened by doubting
Though blinded by lies
Though frozen with fear
Though brazen our skies

Though dumbfound in darkness
Though chained to our will
Though tainted with sins
Though born for the kill

Though doomed for destruction
Though stinking with pride
Though driven by lust
Though longing to hide

You still came to save us!
You still paid the price!
You still took the whip:
Willing sacrifice!

We're Father adopted
And Brother beloved
Spirit instructed
Indwelt from above!

Though we're still only infants
Though our better deeds too few
Your arms remain wide open!
And We come boldly to You!



Agonies of a Pauper and a Whelp

Your Word, Lord, says, "Be anxious for nothing."
I assume You believe that it's possible to be.
Your Word says, "I can do all things through Christ."
and You simply say you strengthen ME.

Your Word says, "All things work together for good..."
at least for those who love You, Lord.
Your Word says, whosoever believes in You
Will not die but live forevermore.

Your Word says that everybody You set free
No matter what, is really free indeed.
Your Word says, "...all things, that we ask in prayer,
BELIEVING, we shall receive."

It goes on and on, Lord: all of these absolutes.
How can I experience these things
With so few degrees from higher learning institutes?
What wise old sage can I sit under?
What book can I read that will help?
For you know, in faith, I'm a pauper,
In courage, I'm just a whelp.

I believe You know what You're talking about
But to apply it all...Dear Father, I really need Your help!!!

Amen.



Think Carefully About This Jesus

May you be strengthened with all power, according to his glorious might, for all endurance and patience with joy, giving thanks to the Father, who has qualified you to share in the inheritance of the saints in light.

He has delivered us from the domain of darkness and transferred us to the kingdom of his beloved Son, in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins. He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation. For by him all things were created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or rulers or authorities—all things were created through him and for him. And he is before all things, and in him all things hold together. And he is the head of the body, the church. He is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead, that in everything he might be preeminent. For in him all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell, and through him to reconcile to himself all things, whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross.

And you, who once were alienated and hostile in mind, doing evil deeds, he has now reconciled in his body of flesh by his death, in order to present you holy and blameless and above reproach before him, if indeed you continue in the faith, stable and steadfast, not shifting from the hope of the gospel that you heard. (Colossians 1:11-23a ESV)

When we pray to Him we are not wasting our faith.
When we long to see Him we are not wasting our hope.
When we love Him we are not wasting our affections.
When we wait on Him we are not wasting our time.
When we praise Him we are not wasting our breath.
When we serve Him we are not wasting our strength.
When we follow Him we are not wasting our allegiance.
When we learn from Him we are not wasting our intelligence.
When we cry to Him we are not wasting our tears.
When we invite Him into our hearts and our homes we are not wasting our hospitality.
When we live for Him we are not wasting our life.
When we believe Him we are not wasting our trust.
When we adore Him we are not wasting our worship.
When we obey Him we are not wasting our discipline.
When we dream of Him we are not wasting our imagination.
When we drink from His fountain we are not wasting our thirst.
When we eat from His table we are not wasting our hunger.
When we pursue His will we are not wasting our ambitions.
When we give Him our loved ones we are not wasting our family.
When we suffer for Him we are not wasting our pain.

When we sing to Him we are not wasting our song.
When we are inspired by Him we are not wasting our creativity.
When we die for Him we are not wasting our chances.
When we surrender to Him we are not wasting our humility.
When we fight for Him we are not wasting our courage.
When we are demeaned in the eyes of the world for Him we are not wasting our integrity.
When we are persecuted for Him we are not wasting our reputation.
When we company with His children we are not wasting our friendship.
When we witness for Him we are not wasting our self-respect.
When we give to His work we are not wasting our money.
When we befriend His needy ones we are not wasting our religion.
When we depend on Him to guide our thinking we are not wasting our minds.
When we depend on Him to show us what to do we are not wasting our deeds.
When we confess our sins to Him we are not wasting our redemption.
When we know Him we are not wasting our eternity.

And so, dear brothers and sisters who belong to God and are partners with those who are called to heaven, think carefully about this Jesus whom we declare to be God's messenger and High Priest. Hebrews 3:1 (NLT)



The Firstborn Among Many Brethren

For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. (Romans 8:29)

And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. (Colossians 1:18)

Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; 9 And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: 10 To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God, 11 According to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord: 12 In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him. (Ephesians 3: 8-12)

Truthfully, what is love?

Let's check in with ADAM and EVE
to see what their take on this is:

There really was
a time and a place
when man and woman
walked and talked
with their Creator
in the Garden of Eden
in the cool of the day!

Imagine, truthfully,
the depth of the communion
the intensity of the joy
the pleasure of the peace
the security of the camaraderie
and the brilliance of the glistening
pure
holy Glory
that ADAM and EVE shared

with GOD AMIGHTY
as they basked in His beauty,
His majesty
and His pleasure
toward them.

We can only imagine
(if they were forced to think in these terms)
how they would define love
since they reveled every day
in His raw,
undiluted
friendship.

What communion!
What community!
What reciprocated care
and affection
and love
must have marked
those strolls in the Garden
with the FATHERSONHOLYSPIRIT!!!

EVE probably had no reference
of hardship
- on any level -
to inspire
any heartfelt gratitude
on her part
for the magnanimity
of her situation -
her life.

What is love without gratitude?

ADAM had known deprivation:

he was alone
without a helper
who was just right for him.
But, given EVE,
did he lose sight of his PROVIDER
in the glistening beauty of "the provision"?
Did his helper become his god:
He had appreciation...
misguided.
He had gratitude...
in distorted priority.

The creature loved the creation
more than he loved the CREATOR!

Sound familiar?

What is worship to the second fiddle?

And,

lacking that appreciation
and the proper priorities
they threw paradise away
on the altar
of self-indulgence
and self-aggrandizement
and self-interest...
at the subtle suggestion
of a slick and slimy
predator (easy pick'ens to him).

But God

had a secret plan...

"the unsearchable riches of Christ"...

"the fellowship of the mystery"...

a New Creation...

the church...

in Christ Jesus!

the Christ...

in the church!

*Now therefore
ye are no more
strangers and foreigners,
but fellow citizens
with the saints,
and of the household of God;
And are built upon the
foundation of
the apostles and prophets,
Jesus Christ himself
being the chief corner stone;
In whom all the building
fitly framed together
groweth unto an holy temple
in the Lord:
In whom ye also
are builded together
for an
habitation of God
through the Spirit.*

(Ephesians 2:19-22)



The Paradox of Power

Eternity, that endless sunny day, awaits
With all the potential of God's Infinite Grace
For any who hold dear His timeless promise:
For all, from proud Peter to doubting Thomas,
He Is with you through the end of your story!
Your lamp flickers but His Light is your Glory,
Identified by Incorruptible Worth
Thru His gift of strainless, painless, laborless birth!
...POWER

This world decays; its enduring gift is death;
The End we're chasing with ev'ry fleeting breath;
But the Call's from the other side of death's door:
"Honey for the bitter! Money for the poor!
Hold Forever in your hand - Gold of great Price!
Chains of pain are broken by His Sacrifice"
Gaze in His all seeing, ever-loving eyes
Whose most lighthearted moment confounds the wise.
...POWER

The Rich young ruler - dejected, walked away;
Nicodemus at night - blind to Light of Day;
Pharisees - guilty of all that they condemn;
Temple priest - peddling ashes, trashes The Gem.
Pilate washed bloody hands - deaf to Truth's clear sound.
Judas' silver's worth in death is never found!
Mighty men kissing the manger Baby's hand!
Rock of Ages in a sea of shifting sand!
...POWER

Taking stock of all the good we can muster,
The best is found wanting: diamonds lose luster...
...gold's for fools. Children's glee are the Craftsman's tools.
His knife carves jewels. His fire the raging heart cools.

The path to His workshop the path to life anew;
He's the Perfect Chef and you're the brunswick stew;
Let Him work, see what He can change you into;
His Spirit woos for Him to live His Life in you!
...POWER



Where Your Pardon Starts

Flames of Love licking at our hardened hearts:
The curse of sin ends where Your Pardon starts!

Bright Hope streaming into our darkest night,
Brilliant gleaming Holy Merciful Light:
Take up residence in my run down house,
Run out ev'ry snake, roach, spider and louse.

Flames of Love licking at our hardened hearts:
The curse of sin ends where Your Pardon starts!

Wake us up! Take our empty cup! Fill it!
Shake us up! Fake-life's guilt built up - kill it!
Make Life from the vain strife of "wished to be,"
Show my shallow heart why You fished for me!

Flames of Love licking at our hardened hearts:
The curse of sin ends where Your Pardon starts!

What mind can't choose 'tween The Rock or straw?
The kind that chooses satan's "shock and awe."
He who refuses the chaff foregoes the strife!
Oh, set our sandy feet on the Gold of Life!

Flames of Love licking at our hardened hearts:
The curse of sin ends where Your Pardon starts!



The Wilderness

O My Father, how You tower over me!
I, like a dingy wafting on a raging sea,
Look into Your boundless strength and love
And wonder how from You came me!

I cannot deny the difference that I see:
You in Your perfection and all the fault in me.
How here below to reflect the life from up above?
It is more a foggy fiction than solid reality!

And so I wonder in this wilderness of I, myself, and me.
Who can find the murderer in this self-wrought mystery?
How long will I stumble through this ego-centric waste?
UP! Be off! Away from ME and into HIM with haste!

Abide in Me...for apart from Me You can do nothing. (John 15: 4-5).

The name of the LORD is a strong tower; the righteous man runs into it and is safe. (Proverbs 18:10).



All Fall

We know what we do
That we shouldn't do:
We run at the wall;
We start just to stall.
We know what we do...
...All fall.

Be good. Do the right.
Don't lie. Tell it right.
Don't dare drop the ball.
When hurting stand tall.
When we got it right...
...All fall.

Never surrender.
We can't surrender.
Act big though we're small.
No honor? Use gall.
Rather than surrender...
...All fall.

Lying pretenders,
Crying pretenders:
Dead to the real call,
We bear our own pall.
Dying pretenders...
...All fall.

Grace destroys our throne,
The hopeless self-throne.
Some humbled by His love-maul,
Some refusing His love-call:
Prostrate at His Throne...
...All fall.

Every knee shall bow
Every tongue shall vow:
Jesus Christ is Lord.
Some to their own disgrace;
Some before their Lord of all:
Proud or humble, in either case...

...All fall.



Friend of the Promise

Uphold me according to your promise, that I may live, and let me not be put to shame in my hope! (Psalms 119:116)

But the Scripture imprisoned everything under sin, so that the promise by faith in Jesus Christ might be given to those who believe. (Galatians 3:22)

And if you are Christ's, then you are Abraham's offspring, heirs according to promise. (Galatians 3:29)

2Peter 3:13 But according to his promise we are waiting for new heavens and a new earth in which righteousness dwells.

And this is the promise that he made to us - eternal life. (1John 2:25)

[Jesus] lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, the hour has come; glorify your Son that the Son may glorify you, since you have given him authority over all flesh, to give eternal life to all whom you have given him. 3 And this is eternal life, that they know you the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom you have sent. (John 17: 1b - 3)

...the mystery hidden for ages and generations but now revealed to his saints. To them God chose to make known how great among the Gentiles are the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory. (Colossians 1:26-27)

Dear Friend of the Promise,

Look up, through your doubt and fear
With your discouraged, forlorn heart
Face streaked with despairing tear
Your dearest dreams blown apart
By unforeseen circumstance
And ripped relations 'round you.
Disregarding nat'ral chance
Look up, it's all you can do.

Luke 21:28

And when these things come.....to pass,

Then look up, He's standing by.
Lift your head up, free at last:
For your redemption draws nigh.

Colossians 3:1-4

If...you have been raised with Christ,
Seek the things that are above,
Where He is.....He paid the price!.....
Now crowned at the right hand of Love.
Set your mind on things above,
Not on things that are on earth.
You died with the turtle dove,
With Christ in God find life's worth.
When at last you see the King,
Bringing you eternal life,
On True Life's gift you will wing
No guilt, no tears, no more strife.

In "Now's" raging tempest - STAND!
Gird your soul with His power!
You know Truth - He holds your hand!
Every context, every hour...
The Coming King lives in you!
Ruling Heaven...and your heart.
In both realms is worship due.
Trust Him, He will not depart.

Love in Christ, Jerry Johnson



Fail to See the Wisdom

"Life is short," we're so nonchalantly told;
How fast the seasons pass to winter's cold!
The lessons we heard, yet unlearned, chide and scold:
We wasted so much on trash Vanity sold!
Where's that new suit that time did fade and fold?
We expect to be pressed, but not steamrolled!
Life's lessons are shallow if Youth is polled,
And age often numbed by time's finite mold.
We shirk with fear and fight the potter's hold
And fail to see the wisdom of God in our getting old!



Soar In Jesus

There you perch on Hemlock limb
Lovely, little, sweet song bird,
Strug'ling in your trusting Him:
Was your last prayer really heard?
Your feet firmly clutch that twig
Of anxiety and doubt.
Faith, no more than tender sprig,
Faces flesh's fearsome shout!
The way of flight you can't see
With natural, earth-bound eyes;
We join prayer with reality
When His love we realize.
Soar in Jesus, let the limb go!
Faith without flying is dead.
Your heart the True Way does know:
Always better than your head.



Dear Lost lamb of Holy Love

Love like yourself your neighbor!
Get off the self-saving fence
Cease legalistic labor
Stop the self-righteous pretense
He knows the fear deep inside
He hears every secret thought
It's foolish trying to hide
Or steal what's already bought
You're free from the prison cell
Satan drools over you for naught
Christ died, sheep to free from hell
Not just wanted...you are sought!
"Love your neighbor as yourself!"
We shun the lesson He taught
Hide on the back of the shelf?
We're freest when we are caught
The Spirit's presence is real;
Christ in you: hope of glory!
No matter what you may feel,
Not self,
Let His love write your story.



Abiding in the Vine?

If the branch is not attached
Drawing Life Flow from the Vine
What fruit will it fabricate
Then to duplicate divine?
Can we spurn the Sap of Life
And appreciate Life's worth?
Not straining out spurts of "good,"
Enjoying Love's natural birth!
If the branch is firm attached,
Communion never ceasing,
Then the nature of the fruit
Will ever be increasing:
In Knowledge of God growing,
Transformation of the mind,
Character reformation,
Humbly giving, patient, kind,
Strong impact in our witness,
Having power over sin,
Secure in hope of heaven,
Holy Spirit full - within!



All Who Truly Know Thee

Your joys bubble in the heart
Like stars sparkling in the sky;
Your peace gently rolls o'er us
Like white clouds billowing by;

Your hope gives strength in weakness
Like the sun gives light to day;
Your life quickens our spirit
Like mother's milk to her stray;

Your precious presence comforts
Like fire on a frozen night;
Your gentleness astounds us
Like the blind receiving sight;

Your love revives our parched soul
Like rain to drought stricken tree:
These are heavenly riches
To all who truly know Thee.



Mary

You look down upon the glaring reality:
Your mortal flesh has birthed immortality
Proving God's Word can do anything He wants Him to.
And you're still not sure what you're supposed to do.
Should you bow and cry or stand and shout?
Poor Joseph certainly hasn't figured it out.
But, there He lays, wrapped in cloth and mystery:
A feeding trough cupping monumental history!
Do you feel a crisis now? Do you question your worth?
Gazing at pure Miracle, stained with His afterbirth?
How will you raise God's Child in a way that pleases Him?
How can you rear Perfection when you are stained with sin?
Fear not dear Mary, from your worries you can cease!
For you have given birth to your Savior - Yeshua, Prince of Peace!



A Prayer for Only the Lord Knows Who

Dad,

Please accept my paltry praise:
You are so very kind and patient
It is extremely easy for me to take You for granted
To take advantage of Your provisions
and
Waste the life You have given me
On petty pleasures and laziness.

I thank You with all I can muster
For not abandoning me
In favor of more productive children...

...and more obedient children.

You are so merciful!
You are so tender!
You are so affectionate!
You are so forgiving!
You are so generous!
You are so faithful!
You are so understanding!
You are so wise!
You are so kind!
You are so patient!
You have such self-control!
You are so strong...yet so meek!
You are so lowly!
You are so gentle!
You are so humble!
You are so honest!
You are so holy!
You have such heart!

Daddy...
I want to be like You!

Love,
Your Name Here

Amen.



You Say I Have No Choices?

A few years ago I attended a meeting related to care facility work, and the young speaker made the comment that she had no intention of ever living in a nursing home. Her reasoning was that all of a person's choices are taken away when they go through the doors of the facility. At that moment, a vision burst into my mind of so many of the nursing home residents whom I have come to know and love in the course of the ministry God has allowed me to share in. They feel all of their losses deeply, but they maintain their high character and grace, even in the worst of circumstances. Invariably, I find that their strength lies in the many years they have labored faithfully for the Lord. As the speaker made her point, the first few lines of this poem began to flow in my mind. While she continued her speech, I quickly penned this poem to honor these sweet, faithful Christians.

It is the cry of my heart to see the Christian community...all Christians...take up their responsibility and do their part to encourage and strengthen the hands of these precious saints now living in care facilities, often forgotten by the religious public.

I don't set my own alarm clock,
Haven't seen it for many days.
The open curtain at my window
Lets in unwanted rays.
I guess my roommate is a sweetie
But she sure does have her ways.
I've forgotten my dear home address:
Good memories now a haze.
A lotta neat people pop in to visit
But no one ever stays.
No need to fuss about the noise at night,
I found it never pays;
And the rigmarole to get my prune juice
Is a daily, tangled maze.

Oh yes! I let go of many things:
Choices...and control of my own fate!
But there's choices I won't surrender
In this lonely, forgotten state:

I'll pray for the crying souls at night:
While nurses struggle I can do my part.

When my children call, I'll make small talk
When they don't have much to say;
I'll make them laugh and giggle;
I'll understand when they cannot stay.
I'll choose to keep my patience
When the shower is too cold.
I'll not complain or grumble
When the burger's three days old.
I'll talk to poor Miss Sally in the hall
Though she never talks to me.
I'll wait with a real sweet smile for that nurse
Who comes so grudgingly.

And, so don't you see.....?
I still have my choices!
This power you cannot take.
My attitude is still mine to mold...
And I'll mold it for Heaven's Sake!



Faith REALIZES Reality

Faith is realizing GOD things.
Realizing them in the warp and woof
Of
What we know as true.
What we KNOW as true.
What we KNOW as TRUE.
REALIZING
the promises of God
in actual shoe leather;
REALIZING
like
caramel-IZING onions.
To REALIZE
is to make REAL.

Faith is the only way we can participate with the TRUTH that
Jesus Can Fix Anything!
Anything.
Anything.
Think about it.
Do you believe it?
Faith is the currency
of the Kingdom
by which we appropriate in our lives
all that God wills for us.
Faith is the foundation
on which we
REALIZE
Love
for God
for our neighbor
for our enemy
Do you believe it?

This is a good way to see for yourself if you are a
heart-child
or a
cerebral-theologian.
The truth will set you free
in reality.
Realize it!



He Did Not

He did not ignore our debt
He did not condemn us for our debt
He did not lie to Himself about our debt
He did not desert us because we owed Him a debt
He did not require us to pay anything to cover our debt
He did not consider our debt to be too expensive for Him to pay it
He did not consider what we deserve to outweigh His interest in us
He saved us
He forgave us
He died for us
He justified us
He sanctified us
He did not forget us
The only One
Good enough
Perfect enough
Pure enough
Righteous enough
To point a finger at us
and condemn us
Did not condemn us
He died for us



The Psycho-Tempest-Maze

The Tempest

A highly complicated psycho swirl:
The Tempest screaming 'round our storm swept head.
The maze of living in this hard core world:
Relations, temptations, confusion bred!

The Swamping

Relationships breed fear of our fellow man;
Temptations, fed by lusts, bite our own hand;
Confusion fed by doubt is sinking sand:
This psycho-tempest-maze is a la-la-land!

The Sinking

Relations sick make us harlots from fear.
Temptations bred make us rebels in deed.
Confusion's lies make us deaf in the ear.
Our being surrenders to lies' deadly seed.

The Calming Sea

Let all your relations be ruled by Love;
Free temptations with the Law from Above.
Wash confusion with the Word of the Dove:
Let it always be Truth you are thinking of.



A Note From the Author

The pilgrimage of my life with Christ began some 57 years ago. I met Jesus personally about three weeks prior to my seventh birthday. My memories of the next 22 years are a mixture of very bright moments and very dark days. Trying to make my own way in life without much consideration for God's will left me eventually with a wall of confusion, fear, doubt, guilt and regret separating me from my Savior. I think I had two big handicaps. The first was pride - seems I was born with a chronic case of "TIA" (teenager's ignorant arrogance). The second was a lack of appreciation of God's Grace - both in terms of the price He paid for my redemption and the fruits of communion with the Spirit that He so freely offered for me to enjoy.

In August of 1978 I was crushed to "discover" that He still loved me and He never left me despite my "running away" from Him. Essentially, in many, many ways, I had to start all over again - like someone waking up from years in a coma.

These poems are one way that I found helpful in putting the lessons of love that He teaches in the perspective of the here and now. To me, it is very exciting to go through the process of writing and come out with some lines that kind of hit the nail (even if not exactly on the head)! In fact, many times, my goal in writing is just to see if I can stumble on what it is I'm trying to hit in the first place.

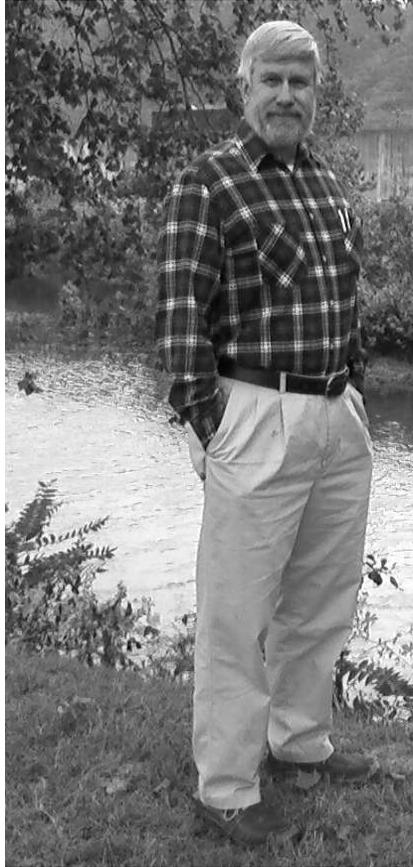
These poems are called "fuzzy reflections" because my understanding and discernment of what I hear and see in my spirit are not perfect, to say the least. But I have learned this, the One who gave me ears and eyes (and the inclination to try to write things down from time to time) is most perfect. Knowing I must lean totally on Him to make something good come of my efforts here, I humbly ask Him to do just that.

Lastly, I welcome you to enjoy this collection of poems. If you would like more copies, contact us. When you have read it, feel free to give it to someone who you think may find it interesting. If you would do that, I would be honored.

Love In Christ,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Gerald T. Johnson", followed by a long horizontal flourish line.

Gerald T. Johnson
Norfolk, Virginia, February 15, 2013



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