

What kind of Saint is This?

When the Master talks, he talks through my mind. He picks times and places that make it easy. He directs thoughts and images. He knows not a lot but he knows a lot I do not understand but accept. He comes easily and without a troubled heart. He comes to help me understand or to direct and heal me. This could be considered evil in some ways, for sometimes it is too tempting to talk with him. The Holy Spirit says Master is my messenger, as an angel. Master says I have overcome things and will be a messenger someday as him. It will be an honored and glorious goal, not one to be afraid of. Not a direction of turmoil and Satanism, for that idea can be used as it is understood, yet Master has no conception of evil. It is a roadmap to guide those who wish to be saints and those to whom health and soul-searching is desired.

And so Master speaks:

There are Saints in Heaven
Who give glory to the angels.

....Your family of Man is
only a small segment.
The hearts of children
beat for the thirst of
future accomplishments.
It is the present that
will bring in the story
of the truth.....the light
is in the eyes of the
stars, the sun is in
the vacation of burden.
It will never be
too warm or too cold,
too dry or too humid
with the Son....
There is only the
weathered sacrifice
of spirit given over to
health and mind
that speaks through angels.

--sdjones

Grief's Revelation

Your wretched boat swims the hurricane and
the storm turns the bottom about.
You cannot find the oars,
You cannot share your pain.
When you are alone, struggling to survive,
Call on me....I will give you the
Strength...the stamina and endurance
that is needed in your trials.

When you lay on the mowed lawn sipping lemonade,
and imagine yourself a cloud,
I will give you thoughts magnificent.
I will give you dreams to remember.
You will see angels and embrace heaven,
you will notice the little ants go about their business.
Death and life will not be feared, for all of that
Is not as real as the moment of truth shared.

There will be days of grief and sorrow,
Never wanted today, something put off for the morrow.
When those moments come, I will lay on a soft hand.
You will know me by touch of grace and feel washed tears.
I will give you a chance to speak your loss,
You will learn from my sympathy the limits of man,
The boundaries of life, and that is possibly
the beast you were taught to fear.

Then you will rejoice at the discovery that angels are near.
That there are no gates to heaven,
As that is too much a land contract image.
You will discover heaven and angels can be everywhere....
That love is called upon to do goodness to life and beyond.
And you will feel remarkably calm with peace,
You will want to tell others, but they will understand best
When that moment occurs to them alone.

--sdjones

Have Mercy

Religion is so hard to know right from wrong,
There is a god, there is a mortal.
Which time is right to pray,
and how,
To whom, for what, and why.

Technical matters, could be of importance.
For sometimes one god is jealous of another.
And when I pray to one,
He says the job will get done....
But I remain confused and troubled.

Then there is another God, not like the others.
He has a hand of kindness,
And takes away the troubles.
He gives an energy, an honest joy,
And makes me forget candle-lighting, and chanting for miracles.

So please, to this God, let me remain
And all others go....you have no domain.
Let me praise your name, the Christ of Jesus.
Let it be known the others are a nuisance.

And even if the song I sing is not a poet's dream,
At least found is the answer to a mystery
Of that which has bothered me.
Allelujah Christ Jesus! Mercy-- for not knowing.
Forever and ever be Your Name,
One worth always showing.

--sdjones

THE LOLLIPOP STICK

....by sdjones

You could have originally read an article with a master-minded medical hypothesis. Sorry. The doctor looked it over and advised me to write about something I know.

After calling a couple of my friends to ask them what I knew, one of them was at home. She said, "Why not write a poem?" "No one publishes poems," I told her.

What I know is that whatever I begin to know, I never finish accomplishing. Have you ever had those days? I learn the three-turn on ice skates, but can't swivel into a figure eight. Somehow, the guitar course stays within the first six lessons. I become a member of a church, but never a greeter. I clean the house thoroughly on Thursday, but two weeks later it is in chaos. I get married, but forget the anniversary date. I buy new shoes of fine brown leather, but seem to hold off polishing them as if the satany wax was a toxin.

So....you got it. Fear of accomplishing what I get started. Sort of like that box of rug yarn that I plan to latch hook someday into a beautiful design of a rainbow or mushroom flower. Something about all those books...well, thirty....in the shelf that will be read someday. Not to mention the mending, the ironing, and the vacuuming that gets ignored as we forget that someday there will be a Judgement Day.

There is something I do know that surprises even me, however. I like to go to school. I'm 39, going on to the ageless 40; and, I like going to school.