

# Blessed Creation: A Christian Poetry Collection

Edited by Kim Bond

This anthology is dedicated to our Lord.

Copyright © 2016 for each poem is held, all rights reserved, by the individual author. Printed with permission by Kim Bond.

This publication was designed to be distributed and shared online free of charge in its entirety. Other reproduction or distribution in part or whole is prohibited. Questions about the use of this publication should be directed to Kim Bond by email at [k.bondofstl@yahoo.com](mailto:k.bondofstl@yahoo.com).

The works contained within this publication are not intended to teach Christian theology or doctrine. They are purely fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are used in a fictitious manner. This collection is published with much gratitude to participating authors for sharing their God-given talent and donating their work for this publication. Visit [www.drawneartochrist.com](http://www.drawneartochrist.com) to learn more about these poets.

## Clickable Table of Contents

[One Glimpse of Light by Phyllis McKinley](#)  
[Behind the Design by Christine V. Mitchell](#)  
[He is Creator! by Sandra L. Hickman](#)  
[The Dance by Ruth Asch](#)  
[For Real by Wanda J. Burnside](#)  
[A Man's Mind by Cheryl Hoffman](#)  
[And She Shall Be Called Woman by Mercy Susanna](#)  
[Before Time Was Invented by Laura Urbaniak](#)  
[Breathless Southern Nights by Daniel Turner](#)  
[The Larger Pulse by Bear Jack Gebhardt](#)  
[Twinkling Star by Connie Marcum Wong](#)  
[Dew by Joanna Daniel](#)  
[The Weaver by Patricia Callan](#)  
[Creation of a New Day by Kim Rodrigues](#)  
[Early Morning by Sandy Loam](#)  
[Nature Prayer by Preston Graham](#)  
[Sublime Flowers by Sara Chansarkar](#)  
[Sunflower - Ring of Fire by Sandra M. Haight](#)  
[The Daffodil by E.A. Francis](#)  
[He Comes! He Comes! by Sally Clark](#)  
[Five Thousand by David Subacchi](#)  
[God Fearing by Jeffrey Lyndon Lee](#)  
[Clinging to God and Horses by Jenean McBrearty](#)  
[Personal Attraction with Ghana by Funom Makama](#)  
[We Are One by Vince Suzadail, Jr.](#)  
[Label Less by Danny P. Barbare](#)  
[Land of the Color Blind by Robert B. Moreland, PhD](#)  
[Winter's Dream by Norm Hutcherson](#)  
[Grace Completes Nature by Eve Roper](#)  
[Being Human by Kim Merryman](#)  
[High Altitude Faith by Penny Peyser](#)  
[A Transformed Heart by Ramelle T. Lee](#)  
[Drawing Power at the Cross by Gordon McConnell](#)  
[Seasons by Molly ~ wound dresser](#)  
[Beauty of the Vine by Judy K. Haught](#)  
[The Will by Rachel Lausier](#)  
[Bitter Fruit by Nicholas Froumis](#)  
[Nature's Blessing...The Draw-ups of God by Mr. Ben](#)  
[Genesis by Matt Adams](#)  
[Creation by Simon Cockle](#)  
[Note to Readers](#)

## One Glimpse of Light

by Phyllis McKinley

Oh if You would,  
But a moment or two,  
Lord, open my eyes  
To a glimpse of You.  
Let me hear Your voice  
In a flutter of leaves,  
Feel the buzz of Your Spirit  
In the hive of bees.

Let me inhale Your fragrance  
From the jasmine vine  
And the vials of oil  
In needles of pine.  
Let me absorb Your power  
By the ocean's roar  
And laud Your strength  
As the eagles soar.

Blow me a kiss  
From the cloud drifting by,  
Let me feel Your embrace  
From the clear blue sky.  
From sunrise to moon glow,  
In each drop of dew,  
Let me open my eyes  
To these glimpses of You.

Then though I must  
Reside in this world  
Where darts are flung  
And darkness swirls,  
I'll be more readied  
To withstand the fight  
For having that glimpse  
Of Your wondrous light.

"For since the creation of the world God's invisible qualities – His eternal power and divine nature – have been clearly seen, being understood from what has been made, so that men are without excuse." Romans 1:20 NIV

## Behind the Design

by Christine Mitchell

To every design,  
there was a mind  
working behind.  
It played a part,  
inspired the art  
that touched a heart.

A meadow, a tree,  
a big bumble bee,  
the fish in the sea.  
A sparrow on high,  
scaling the sky.  
A bright butterfly.

A river, a spring,  
water splashing,  
so refreshing!  
Radiant rays  
on bright sunny days,  
beautiful haze.

A sweet tortoiseshell,  
a graceful gazelle,  
looking so swell.  
The crisp morning dew  
as day starts anew,  
refreshing view.

A beautiful dove,  
a rainbow above,  
symbol of love.  
Earth's grand design  
came from a Mind,  
working behind.

And to work He went,  
God omniscient,  
precious moment.  
Right from the start,  
God's perfect art  
that touches our heart!

Earth's only Creator  
and Originator.  
There is none greater!  
His the design,  
His was the mind,  
working behind

~ the creation ~  
of the universe!

# **He is Creator!**

by Sandra L. Hickman

HE IS.....

The rising sun entering like a soft melody stirring the senses.

Awakening your heart with a song.

HE IS the orchestral conductor of the morning

heralding a brand-new iridescent light-filled day.

HE IS the One who opens your eyes to see another day.

HE IS the beating heart inside your chest...

You are His creation into whom He breathed life!

HE IS gently welcoming you into His daily-presence,

like a fresh cool breeze welcomes relief against the swelter

of the searing heat of a brown scorched summer.

HE IS.....

The sun setting boldly in loud profusion

like a magnificent grand concerto!

HE IS the Maestro taking a bow!

HE IS the sunset-splendour behind the ocean

where dark waters meet vivid red-orange skies,

beaming lights of dazzling yellow...

The purple and pink masterpiece of a spectacular night-sky.

HE IS the almighty Artist magnificently framing the seascape.

Masterly painted perfection from a holy palette,

displaying the Magisterial Lordship of creation!

HE IS..... The Creator!

From nothing He made everything!

All that ever was and ever will be was in Him,

and accomplished by Him alone!

The cosmos, the galaxies, the Milky Way and planets.

The waters and the ocean tides, the sun and sky,

the moon and the clouds ... owe their existence to HIM!

The billions of stars lighting up the darkness,

like tiny diamonds twinkling as heavenly lights!

Showcasing the most stupendous of visual delights.

All these things were created by His Word.

The One-and-only, who is GOD all on His own.

HE IS.....

The DNA of creativity which was inherited to us...

Gifted to us by the Creator and Father of all time!

This masterpiece of man, created in His image.

So let us shout with great Thanksgiving!

Let us sing loudly in songs of love and worship

to this Jesus, the Christ who is our All-in-all!

HE IS... Creator!

The Rising & the Setting of our Salvation!

## **The Dance**

by Ruth Asch

When God put a heart in Adam  
He tied the invisible knot  
which held all together  
in its secret chamber.  
He said 'This heart will beat  
until the end of your days,  
each pulse will drive you on  
though your spirit fails,  
and the strength of life will flow in a wider stream  
whenever you hear a beat to echo its thrum.  
Every regular sound will stir you to move,  
my son.'

When God created Eve in wonderful curves,  
saw love spring between them:  
new 'life' and her man -  
He said 'Now let sound echo  
the beauty which swerves,  
at each syncopation, each lilt -  
your hearts will skip, your bodies sway  
possessed by the joy of my plan.'

And all Creation saw that it was good -  
and they called it: Dance.

## **For Real**

by Wanda J. Burnside

Women, God especially created you  
To be special in so many ways  
You are amazing and spectacular  
You're not just a lump of clay!

You are a WOMAN!  
Realize just who you are  
You're a real diamond . . .  
You outshine the stars!

God put Adam to sleep  
To create and form you!  
He took one of Adam's ribs ....  
It's a mystery what God had to do.

God gave you His full attention  
In His hands you were held.  
You're His creation of unique beauty  
For in His eyes you were beheld

He smiled while He created you.  
For when Adam woke up from sleep  
God absolutely and certainly knew  
Adam would see a real Masterpiece!

## **A Man's Mind**

by Cheryl Hoffman

Since I was Tom Thumb's  
petite little sister,  
the scientist used me to help deliver  
the info. from the volunteer mister,  
injecting me into Mr. Smith's ear canal,  
with the first door appearing pretty banal,  
it boasted a picture of a grizzly bear,  
opened it up and heard a bit of swear words,  
also thoughts alternating between  
sports, lust and making money,  
you were obviously feeling kind of ornery,  
had to close the door on those thoughts pretty quickly,  
because the testosterone fumes were literally overwhelming me...

The second door had a picture of Winnie the Pooh,  
which I thought looked adorable and very cute,  
opened it up and took a peek inside,  
heard some awful and horrible whining,  
the man's thoughts were switching from  
thinking he had the 24 hour flu,  
to thinking he had a horrible disease  
and was literally dying,  
and not knowing if he needed a nurse or a hearse,  
I left the room baffled and got on with my research...

The last room had a picture  
of Gentle Ben posted on it,  
peeked inside and it was all nice and quiet,  
his thoughts were all about pleasing  
his wife and kids and praying to God,  
there was no denying this room  
showed his intimate, tender side,  
before I knew it I heard some loud snoring,  
the man falling asleep from sheer exhaustion...

Well I thought I'd better get back to the real world,  
as I slowly crawled back out of the ear canal,  
with my bag of his mixed emotions,  
of macho-ism, tenderness, humor, Mr. Fix It,  
Mr. Bread Winner and some Peter Pan thrown in it.

## **And She Shall Be Called Woman**

by Mercy Susanna

One bone you chose  
That shields his heart  
Mist up with flesh  
A pluperfect art!

You made me his crown  
Strong yet so fragile,  
Gentle and quiet  
Worth in your sight.

Lord, I was barren,  
You cast off my disgrace  
While I picked my pieces  
In the dust of the earth.

From Eden did I hear,  
A hushed tone of voice;  
Arise, Oh little girl  
The womb has been opened.

You conquered those doubts  
That pull me down from the sky,  
Hence unlocked my thoughts  
And gave me wings to fly.

So my soul sings with joy  
for You took my heart;  
Lord, You have turned me,  
Into a pluperfect art!

## **Before Time Was Invented**

by Laura Urbaniak

Before time was written and God made man,  
I held a deep love for you, so divine-  
Sometimes confusing, hard to understand,  
but after many years I called you mine.

Before the constellations took their shine,  
I knew you were the only one for me-  
One night of fine dining and Merlot wine,  
captured your essence and set my heart free.

Before hands could touch and eyes made to see,  
you were the gentleman of my sweet dreams-  
I know we were destined, you'd marry me,  
life is surreal and not as it seems.

There are no words saying the life we've led-  
I've loved you before time was invented.

# **Breathless Southern Nights**

by Daniel Turner

Relaxing to a rain song serenade  
That breaks the stillness of hot southern nights  
Fat bullfrogs harmonize while crickets play  
A melting moon drips waxy yellow light

The motion of the porch swing cools your sweat  
It's rhythm synchronizes with fireflies  
Romantic nights like these remove regrets  
Because they seem to somehow hypnotize

And yet to you they may not sound unique  
With rain song serenades and melting moon  
Our breathless southern nights have a mystique  
Tranquility sings such a peaceful tune

If you think southern nights are not your thing  
Come spend one with me on my old porch swing

## **The Larger Pulse**

by Bear Jack Gebhardt

Beneath the stars,  
walking home down Sylvan Court  
I'm caught by the sound of a single cricket--  
two beats: crick-et, crick-et,  
stead-y, stead-y,  
here in the sum-mer eve-ning.

Then, surprise! feel these feet  
hit the street  
first left, then right, then left then right  
keeping time with cricket chirp!

Who can doubt  
Something  
larger than us both  
sets this pulse  
here on earth?

## **Twinkling Star**

by Connie Marcum Wong

Oh brightest twinkling star  
Stationary as you are

Watching seasons change  
As they slowly rearrange

From winter's snowy birth  
Whitening most of earth,

To see sweet flowers sing  
With the breath of spring,

Into heat of summer's sun  
Where cooling rivers run,

Until the bright hued trees  
Lose their lovely leaves.

You watch it all from afar...  
My beautiful twinkling star.

## **Dew**

by Joanna Daniel

Drops from heaven, sprinkled  
delicately by God  
directly on flowers  
disappearing during  
daytime under sun rays  
designed for natural  
delight and refreshment.

## **The Weaver**

by Patricia Callan

silver draped over  
the canopy  
a web on saplings  
the spider fastens  
sun and light

she weaves  
her secrets  
over the void  
morning steps out  
on a tightrope

## Creation of a New Day

by Kim Rodrigues

bliss  
carved from  
crimson dawn.  
sailboat, glides by,  
slow, peaceful – down a tangerine river.  
sunshine shyly hides behind the dawn's smile.  
puffy clouds dance,  
across warm  
tree tops.  
bold  
hues  
of light  
permeate  
the happy hills -  
red, green, blue chorus of hallelujah.

## **Early Morning**

by Sandy Loam

I hardly need an alarm clock

for I have my own personal clock,  
which wakes me up long before any others go off,  
Sometimes I can do some leg raising,  
as well as some toe and arm wriggling  
before rising.

I heat up water to boil my tea:  
Put some in a cup or glass  
With ginger and fresh lemon grass.

Outside, God has provided a fresh soft breeze,  
To cool every part of the body and ...O<sub>2</sub> to breathe.  
I toil in the soil a bit,  
chop off dry banana leaves.

Thank You, God, I am up and about.

## **Nature Prayer**

by Preston Graham

Above the grass a-buzz with bees  
upon a mellow summer breeze  
the morning sun warms by degrees  
and from my sleepy memory flees  
the smother of the night's unease  
which led me broken to my knees.

Might I accept that what one sees  
in humble moments such as these  
by skyward visions through the trees  
entranced by warbling ancient seas,  
these secret, sacred, reveries  
piercing, piercing, my soul appease.

Thus, when swallowed by disease  
or trapped between realities  
oh might I grasp and ever seize  
my God, I beg, I beg it please  
the healing warmth of summer breeze  
to guide me whole, back from my knees.

## **Sublime Flowers**

by Sara Chansarkar

Would be so colorless without flowers  
A glimpse of the heaven's mystical street  
A reminder of God's sublime powers

Smiling at the world after spring showers  
Tulips, lilacs-nature's unique free treat  
Would be so colorless without flowers

Not one wise chemist working insane hours  
Can ever conjure up fragrance so sweet  
A reminder of God's sublime powers

Adorning tombs of beloved dead of ours  
Love and sorrow, flowers say at their feet  
Would be so colorless without flowers

How to say it, the lad in love cowers  
A red rose helps unlock his tongue indeed  
A reminder of God's sublime powers

Trapped in life's concrete towns, roads and towers  
Orchids in a pot make me smile and tweet  
Would be so colorless without flowers  
A reminder of God's sublime powers

## **Sunflower - Ring of Fire**

by Sandra M. Haight

Of all the lovely flowers God has made,  
there is one beauty that has touched my heart,  
with petals marching round like on parade,  
and graceful leaves attached that stand apart.

A work of art in gold with center, large  
and raised, dark brown rimmed by a russet hue;  
sunflower beauties, often seen in charge  
in fields and gardens, standing tall in view.

Oh lovely ring of fire, your flames aglow,  
like dancers poised at center, gracefully  
sway to and fro, present your fiery show,  
so beautifully mesmerizing me.

## **The Daffodil**

by E.A. Francis

She bows her head in grace and humility,  
wrapped in her robe of delicate yellows.

Her center, like a fluted wine goblet,  
directs the flow of her gentle song of praise,

While her oval petals announce Creation's glory,  
one day at a time.

Indeed, she rests on her stem as God rested at Creation's end,  
awaiting the fullness of redeeming joy,  
when she will lift her whole being  
unto heavenly glory.

## **He Comes! He Comes!**

by Sally Clark

Aspens quake, shimmering  
with anticipation, crying softly  
into the wind their joy in the Lord;  
spilling golden coinage to forest floors,  
an offering of riches to pine and spruce  
until  
their glory spent, they silently await  
the winter snows that come to  
hush their yearning.

## **Five Thousand**

by David Subacchi

This is the only miracle mentioned  
In all four gospels. A sight so moving  
To witness. Five thousand souls all feeding  
On five loaves and two fishes provided.  
Something great never to be repeated,  
Counting the baskets of scraps remaining,  
Dumb with awe our credulity straining  
The power of this man demonstrated.

Afterwards we made our way home slowly  
Some shocked and others high on argument;  
We were common folk simple and lowly  
Not used to dealing with such excitement;  
But by night certain that he was holy  
We all lay awake filled with amazement.

## **God Fearing**

by Jeffrey Lyndon Lee

A life without a reason, now has a meaning  
I will always keep hope and faith to keep living  
As I read my biblical verses for wisdom  
The music in my spirit gives my life rhythm  
I'm always in need of Jesus my loving friend  
To help keep me away from harm and sin  
But those without God who attain these goals  
Soon find emptiness remains in their souls  
If only they would believe in God's Son  
And repent of the sinful deeds they've done  
In the hour of pain and anguish  
Suffer not our hearts to languish  
Since our hope is in the Lord  
Not what the world can afford  
But fear is love, and love is fear  
God gave us his Son Jesus to show us he cares

## **Clinging to God and Horses**

by Jenean McBrearty

To live in Kentucky is to believe in God,  
to believe in His book,  
because His Word lives here.

Everything that's been made  
was made by Him.  
What we see, He saw before.  
He's put perfection here,  
He put His horses here.

Manes and legs,  
fetlocks and flanks,  
withers and tails  
forged together by His right hand,  
by a holy hammer,  
an animal created by a Master Blacksmith  
that keeps us in Kentucky awed and humble.

## **Personal Attraction with Ghana**

by Funom Makama

I love the air, I cherish the freshness of my Ghana  
I bask in the heat to sweat the liberty of Ghana  
beauty in life and substance to form a distinct Ghana  
Arts in fun's colours, where should I be if not Ghana  
I kiss the clouds that pour your rains my Ghana  
and embrace the poles that permit your winds dear Ghana.

Small, gentle but mighty, that's just my Ghana  
your beauty grows but slowly, why oh why Ghana  
don't underrate your capable hands my sweet Ghana  
in your team you still are a big brother gentle Ghana  
unity lingers when I smell the cologne from Ghana  
from the soils to the seas, God's legs surely walk in Ghana.

A home of hope and peace is this lovely Ghana  
Boadi, Amanianpong or Danquah my names in Ghana  
Oh! Quaye, Akesseh and Frimpong still from Ghana  
the mind finds rest with the beautiful bed sheets of Ghana  
cornered by curtains of life only made by one in town Ghana  
a home to my heart and one I'll always find in this lovely Ghana.

## **We Are One**

by Vince Suzadail, Jr.

We believe in the same God  
But in many different ways  
We believe in Jesus Christ  
And offer Him glory and praise

We pray in different languages  
From sun to setting sun  
By our actions you may know us  
We are Christians We are one

We believe in life hereafter  
Not the body but the soul  
We believe that Jesus loves us  
By His Resurrection made us whole

We believe in God the Father  
And that Jesus was His Son  
We believe in the Holy Spirit  
We are Christians We are one.

## **Label Less**

by Danny P. Barbare

As if so proud, to wear the  
chip of the sun on  
the shoulder  
a heart soft as a cloud  
white as a smile  
a label less hope from  
horizon to horizon  
a love more so than one in  
the same.

## **Land of the Color Blind**

by Robert B. Moreland, PhD

See them every day the same routine,  
heads down, going to jobs they hate;  
come home to their land of want  
with mounds of choking debt,  
one more purchase buy.  
“Someday” retire  
to rest that  
never  
comes.

How can they never see the beauty  
blossoming around weary feet?  
God’s own symphony singing  
glory of the spheres plain!  
Life’s bounty, a rose;  
goldfinch singing,  
sun dappled  
morning  
rich.

I praise you Abba Father as the  
sun rises above the great lake;  
cloudless sky painted canvas,  
waves caressing the shore!  
Solitude and peace;  
You surround me  
bathing in  
lavish  
grace.

## **Winter's Dream**

by Norm Hutcherson

Paint drying  
On a wind swept sign  
Birds calling  
Seeking the beauty  
Of the rain  
Clouds passing  
Through open doors  
Christ instructing  
This is the way

In this sun kissed land  
In a time of challenge  
We should just  
Get down on our knees  
And give thanks  
For despite the follies  
Of our earth bound choices  
It is the Lord  
Who remains forever  
Firmly in control

## **Grace Completes Nature**

by Eve Roper

Dark trees, ferns, await dawn's stability.  
Winking sunlight through pines tranquility.  
Minsters conceptual reality,  
becoming a part of you willingly.  
Brilliance with mental capability,  
showing modesty and humility.  
A living, breathing, viability  
fluttering independent entity,  
shine purely within the vicinity.  
My mind's eye exceeds my ability.

# **Being Human**

by Kim Merryman

B-orn to make a difference in this fast-paced world, we  
E-agerly embrace the challenges that come our way.  
I-ndividuals, yet part of a collective whole,  
N-eeding to connect and belong, thus recognizing and  
G-uarding the sanctity of life.

H-umility and honesty are traits to be admired and,  
U-nderstanding and compassion are jewels of great worth.  
M-any are the choices we are faced with everyday,  
A-nswering to our conscience, come what may;  
N-avigating through life's adventures, our God piloting the way.

## **High Altitude Faith**

by Penny Peyser

Sat next to someone in an airplane seat  
Who boldly asked if Jesus was my Lord.  
Taken aback, her eyes I couldn't meet.  
"That's such a pers'nal question," I implored.  
Beware of challenges when strangers dare  
Demand a testament of true belief,  
Especially when you're stranded in mid-air  
And changing seats your one shot at relief.  
I asked if she was on a mission now  
Perhaps a Mormon, or another group  
Had given her some quota or a vow  
That she must add more members to their troop.  
The engine stalled, she queried me again.  
I grabbed her arm and shouted out, "Amen!"

## **A Transformed Heart**

by Ramelle T. Lee

When I gave my heart to Jesus,  
He set my soul free!  
Over a trillion angels danced in heaven.  
For my sins were forgiven.  
That stony heart is gone for good.  
My heart is bursting with joy.  
God changed me inside out.  
And a transformed new life  
Remains in my heart!

# **Drawing Power at the Cross**

by Gordon McConnell

Growing up throughout childhood  
being always keen to read  
there was a particular favourite  
it had awesome effect indeed

The life of Jesus picture book  
this affected me more than I knew  
in those early years read of the cross  
Jesus suffered at Calvary was true

Every time I read this at the cross  
it made me to stop and slowly think  
of what does this mean for me  
Jesus forsaken His life to sink

Then three days later to rise  
from the dead by God's power  
conquered death the son of God  
years later to be my believing hour

In my late 20s in night of sadness  
my wife Jean had died at early age  
these memories of years long ago  
came afresh again to turn my page

The light came that Jesus died  
for all my sin the price Christ paid  
this is the power of the cross  
Jesus comes in and forever stayed

## Seasons

by Molly ~ wound dresser

Father—Creation that you've made!  
Spring's sweet buds, and Summer's glade;  
Pumpkin's orange in Fall's bright pallet,  
Forest's sleep 'neath Winter's mallet...

~~~

Your seasons teach me lessons stern;  
Lessons that, I needs, must learn;  
That all year 'round — these changes show,  
I must change if I'm to grow!

~~~

Why do I fight it? Fists clenched tight...  
Why resist with all my might?  
...with each new season in my life,  
Relentless Change's pruning knife?

~~~

Cutting away the worn, with cost,  
And though I weep at what I've lost;  
Change will not yield — but cutting still,  
Bids me swallow this bitter-pill...

~~~

'Tis not the death of Heaven's dream...  
'Tis not The Father's heartless scheme!  
But Tender Wisdom from above,  
Calling him Home...  
Because — he's Loved!

~~~

And so these tears — this Season's end...  
This bitter loss of Beloved Friend;  
I will accept because I know,  
Change must come... and you must go...  
But never forget, how we loved you so!

## Beauty of the Vine

by Judy K. Haught

O' Lord, we see the fruit of Your labor as beauty.  
You have created each of us, and we have a duty.

Like a climbing vine growing tender young buds,  
My seeds, they cry out, 'I am ready.' My existence  
comes from the very soil God created.  
May You be seen as the great Creator where I grow.

With His tender loving care, I will thrive,  
I am growing, climbing, stretching, reaching for  
freedom. Waiting to come alive.

In a quiet place I stretch my earth bound vine.  
A lovely shade of green, growing tall. I stand  
proudly. God will show me to all.

Only God could add more color to His creation.  
A lover of the Lord will agree, His vivid colors  
take our breath away.

It is morning. I feel the warmth of the Sun.  
What joy, what bliss. I feel my first morning kiss.

My color is brilliant, I will be His delight.  
Many will view me, pure and bright.

Slowly the Sun begins to dim for me.  
My petals are closing up.  
O' Lord we rest tonight. Tomorrow I will awaken  
again and bloom in splendor and glory.

Ahhh, Mighty God I bow before you. I nod my  
head, my eyes they close and dream of the morn.  
My petals open...Greeted by the morning Sun.

## **The Will**

by Rachel Lausier

God, you are the universal creator;  
the loving, eternal and infinite author of my life.

In this chapter, help me to be the character that brings solace and  
serenity where there is suffering and sorrow.

I know not what challenges await in the chapters ahead  
or how the plot unfolds.

But I trust that it is your love that is the burning flame on the wick;  
Your grace that is the candlestick;  
and your light that permeates through the darkness.

## **Bitter Fruit**

by Nicholas Froumis

I wonder if the apple was bitter  
the instant she decided to partake?  
Seduced by the lies of that vile critter  
on the way to mankind's greatest mistake.  
Perhaps that's why I'm left unsatisfied  
after sampling this mysterious fruit.  
Because no matter how many I've tried,  
the separation from Him is the root.

## **Nature's Blessing...The Draw-ups**

by Mr. Ben

The sun's unparalleled beauty of illumination at day...  
The moon's complementary brightness at night...  
The earth's peculiarity of revolution...  
The water's outstanding universality...  
The wind's timeless motion...  
The fire's power of flaming warmth...  
The plant's unique culture of adaptability...  
The animal's lifestyle of survivability...  
The loving relationship among all planets...  
The monitoring positions of the stars...  
The accommodating stance of the skies...  
The Reality of humanity's consciousness...  
sum up to Nature's Blessings...The Draw-ups of God.

# Genesis

by Matt Adams

Bang.

What was before there was not?

Before there were words. Before there was flesh on earth. Before we had any say in it; any comment or accusation, there was God. One being. Three persons. Father. Son. Spirit.

They were created of the same substance. They were like one another and yet unique. They shared everything in common and yet were in need of nothing. It was an unending tapestry of love, from the Father to the Son to the Spirit to the Father to the Son. How could they not help but share their cup of wine so full of rich life?

The Spirit flowed out and over their cup into the vastness that only God knew. The Spirit overflowed to create space and time. In unity they spoke, created and loved-loved what they were creating.

The vast nothingness, to us, soon became an expansive space. It had boundaries that were endless. The Spirit moved and swirled in ways only the Spirit can, creating beauty with every gesture. As the Spirit moved Jesus spoke for the Father. His words created words. His life created life.

Everything exploded into existence. It was like paint cans being poured onto a canvas thousands of feet below. The paint crashed, the creation splashed, into existence. To us chaos. To God art. The science of art. The art of science.

Black holes. Galaxies. Planets. All began to find their shape. They swirled around in unison as the Spirit moved around about them. They were slung into place, like a ball into a glove.

The giant explosion of colour and light and greatness was taking shape. There was calm coming into the universe, order, but always freedom and life.

## Creation

by Simon Cockle

Walking, in place of working, one morning,  
I came across a spent firework on the edge

of a ploughed field. The cardboard tube  
had collapsed in autumnal damp

but the label still carried the legend  
'Star Blitz' in metallic letters, rushing

from the depths of space in a drama  
of silver jags. At once, it came into light;

the tearing of sound from air when launched,  
the whistle and hiss as it wrote its way up

to the sky, ending with its magnesium bloom,  
a splutter of sparks and the silent fall to earth

through darkness. And, even now, all  
I had to do was stand back and wait.

## Note to Readers

Some poems in this collection were selected because they express a love song to God such as "One Glimpse of Light" and "He is Creator!" Other poems such as "For Real" were chosen because they reflect God's affection for you. His love for mankind is displayed every time the sun rises, a bird sings, and a flower blooms. I pray this poetry collection stirs your heart to rediscover God's love through His amazing gift of creation.

All we had to do was be born to receive God's creation, but the Bible tells us He gave another gift to mankind. This one cannot be received unless it is unwrapped with faith. The Bible states that Jesus died for the sins of the whole world (1John 2:2), but we must believe in Him to receive forgiveness and eternal life (John 3:16). If you have never put your faith in Jesus Christ, please consider accepting God's gift of salvation with this prayer:

Dear Father, Thank You for the gift of salvation. I accept! I believe Jesus is Your Son who died on the cross and rose on the third day. I trust His blood will pay for my sins. I invite Your Spirit to live in me and lead me to eternal life. In Christ's Name, Amen.

Congratulations on your decision to become a Christian. I pray you will draw near to God by spending time with other Christians, contemplating Scripture, and reading other forms of Christian literature.

*Blessed Creation: A Christian Poetry Collection* aims to glorify God and help others come near to Christ. If you enjoyed this publication, please consider sharing it with someone. You may also be interested in other Draw Near books such as:

*Creator: A Christian Poetry Collection*

*Spiritual Citizens: A Christian Fiction Anthology*

*Never Forsaken: A Testimony Collection*

*Beseeking Grace: An International Prayer Collection*

Thank you for reading! May God's favor shine upon you.