

SURRENDER



TOTAL SURRENDER

Your past is now over, you can not defend,
Surrender your hope; it's all at an end!

No air support is on its way,
No help from above, it's useless to pray.

Communication as lost as the radio bearer,
A heavy cost, due to many an error.

There's no use looking from side to side,
Your flanks are all weak and will only deride!

They can't even see you, for the gulf is vast,
And while you are down, they cannot last.

You must end it all now, no reason to dally,
Give up your position for you can not rally.

So I fell on my face, as I trembled with fear,
Thought of all that was lost, of all I held dear.

Could it really be, have I lost all choice and decision?
Is this a nightmare, or truth in precision?

Can I not go on? There is no going back!
There must be some hope. Some thing I don't lack.

So the radio I tried, one more time to get through,
To my commander and chief, and once more I knew!

That all was not lost! Though in the depths of hell,
I still had support, and all could end well.

My ammo was spent, but as I raised from the sod,
I looked up and beheld, one Iron Rod!

Quickly I reached out, and grasped it in hand,
And behold, what I held, was a weapon so grand!

Then in from my flanks rushed each ally and friend,
And I knew from that moment, in whom I'd depend.

The adversary had lied; he had tried my belief,
But my leader had heard me! And sent me relief.

The strife seems ne'er ending, and there is yet pain,
But I am much stronger, and have witnessed much gain.

We've now closed and advanced, this position of mine,
There will be no more give in this part of the line.

The battle's not over, but the decision is done,
My commander and I, we now fight as one!

It may not be easy, but gets easier each day,
As we all work together, the enemy gives way.

There is plenty to do still; there will always be work,
But work brings us joy, and I'll no longer shirk.

Some choices I've made; near as bad as they get,
Have caused consequences, we must all live through yet.

There will be aches to deal with, sorrow and grief,
But love from above; through our Brother, relief!

I will keep no more secrets, and to the enemy without,
Give no more control, and no more will I doubt!

I will give no more ground to the salvoes of sin,
I will never give up, this joy that's within!

No more talks, no more thoughts of surrender,
Except to my God, and my Savior so tender!

When I misstep I'll fix it, no procrastination,
God's commands I will follow, without hesitation!

No, the struggle's not over, but I know who has won,
The choice has been made, the celebration's begun.

If Satan could see the last battle of mine,
He would give up on me as a waste of his time.

No retreat, no side stepping, no listening to fools,
No negotiation or rationalization of any more rules.

I will keep constant contact, making frequent report,
And stand by my comrades, with steady support!

There may be more conflict, but the war's over still,
I've surrendered to my side, given God my free will!

Benjamin Mark Whicker,, 2008

TIMES UNPAVED ROADS

Time did not cut the trail, that hoof and footfalls made,
Never does it pave the road, or cause obstacles to fade.

Credit given for night and day, goes not to time at all,
For making flowers or changing leaves, or even snow to fall.

Seasons come and light is dimmed, by that sure course earth takes,
Our courses smoothed and someday paved by effort someone makes.

Resolve with action close behind, supported by God's hands,
Are what makes and changes all that is, to want or needs demands.

Time will never right a wrong, nor make a sinner good,
As poverty won't bring us gold, or famine bring us food.

Time won't send our love away, or even make it less,
Nor does it ease a broken heart or create our forgiveness.

Remorse, despair, nor anger's pain, are not displaced by years,
But by being up and doing right, and giving God our tears.

No amount of time gone by will ever pay our debts,
Nor bring to us to repentance, or heal us from regrets!

It's choice of destination, on wings of time we fly,
That gives us all a chance to change, and teaches how and why.

It is our kind Creator, who made bodies that can heal,
And using mercy for our souls, with justice He did deal!

Time makes an anniversary, or brings us to a date,
But it's by the choice of someone, which usually makes us late!

It's agency that gives us choice, and faith that makes us act,
And love alone through Jesus Christ, can make true change a fact.

Benjamin Mark Whicker, 2010

DREAMER

In truth I'm a dreamer, walking in my sleep,
But when slumber stirs me, my joy is then complete.

A young father was I, as I slip to the past,
Angelic children, growing up much too fast!

My love was a rock, sure, strong and rough,
Hard to handle, it's true, but my children grew tough.

Eventually, gratefully, I'm back off my feet,
And awake to remember, that that was not me!

The real me spends time teaching, gently with grace,
Ever loving and guiding: a smile on my face.

My sons could be soft, my daughters all spoiled,
But through my example, I've left them unsoiled.

Then again, night time ends, and once more I sleep,
I dream I'm a felon and my children all weep.

I've left them to wonder, and to answer alone,
Until back from my senses I'm once more at home!

Where lives no more lies, and our unity complete,
Where my family yet thrives: on trust and love sweet.

There are grandchildren now, and I'm watching them grow,
And they wonder just how, so much love I can show!

Then sunshine brings shadow and the dream world returns,
Their confidence is lost, and my heart and soul yearns.

For again I am separate, years and miles apart,
From those I love most, and it's breaking my heart.

But this break in reality, cannot last to be sure,
This is my comfort, and is how I endure.

This torment that day brings, this life that's not mine,
But of an imposter who's wasted my time!

A man who's lost all, that he'd set out to gain,
Who's broken the trust, and placed family in pain.

Someday I will rise, shed this nightmare for good,
In reality live wise, in the light as I should.

I'll give up this night shift, trade the graveyard for days,
And live my life clearly, away from the haze.

My days for my loved ones, and to live my real life,
My nights sleeping peacefully: in the arms of my wife.

Benjamin Mark Whicker, c.2012

In time we all will hearken, finally seeing to perceive,
Why should we all not hasten, towards joy, and to believe?

Every knee will one day bow, each tongue will then confess,
Why waste a days' probation, in contention and duress?

We all once loved each other, before we all came here,
As we once all loved our Father, who holds us all so dear.

What good reasons have we, to struggle in such a way?
To impede or to divert, someone's progress made today?

Or to spitefully use another, for position or for pleasure,
Or shoulder someone else aside, in search of worthless treasure?

All these things will surely burn, or be lost in such a rush;
Will we wait till then, to finally learn, to listen in shameful hush?

Let us bury each sinful weapon, deep into the ground,
And help each other to respond, to God's sweet trumpet's sound!

Shall we not receive some joy, while we are yet still quick?
And become a light, here in the dark, with a longer lasting wick?

To the source and founder of truth and light, all someday will be led,
Why not be still, and feel his peace, before we all are dead?

Let us all bow now and often, and correct our wrong behavior,
Let us confess by good example, a great love for our great Savior.

May we, while on this temporal sphere, feel (or fill) God's kingdom together;
Sharing one, with the other, these jewels that last forever.

Offering to all a word or a hand, to help lift a priceless friend,
As we work in tight formation, to endure unto God's end.

Benjamin Mark Whicker, c.2011

PROSPECTORS, PROPHETS AND PRISONERS

Prophets have their visions sure, truth that must be had,
Views of joyous blessings, or warnings truly sad,

They see all times and seasons, the past and future now,
And make it known what we should do, and then they show us how.

Yet they are not the only ones, claiming visions of need,
The prospector sees gold and silver, in daily dreams of greed.

A prospector sees what he wants to, not really based on fact,
But as with the dangling carrot, enough to make him act!

But the saddest visionary, may be the gladdest one as well,
Is he- that once lost sinner- who dreams within his cell.

I never dream of the present, for it does not belong to me,
It is both the past and future; I am blessed and cursed to see.

This prisoner sees the good that's gone, and the good that still can be,
Because he sees the love of Christ, and love of family,

And while he's cursed to view the past, that sin from him did steal,
He's blessed to learn humility, and love of God that's real.

He sees those beautiful moments, which beauty breaks his heart,
But he also sees as God does, that this is just the start!

Beginning whole new memories, as visions merge with life,
And life becomes Eternal joy, with children and dear wife.

I'm grateful for my present, to be a prodigal son,
To see a wonderful future, where Father and I are one,

For blessings that always did abound, that I never did deserve,
As I don't deserve such a welcome home, or this second chance to serve,

For courage given, by a loving God, a return by graceful ways,
And for this home I have on Earth, where love and loyalty stays.

I'm thankful for my family, whose love filled coffers swell,
For parents who wouldn't let me go, on each side of the veil!

So doubt if you want, the old miner's claim, but prophets you'd better believe,
And think if you choose that this prisoner's insane, but Christ's gifts are for all to receive!

Benjamin Mark Whicker, 30 November, 2011

Succor

He knew the one who sat under the tree,
He knew just who would pour water for thee,
He knew the heart of a wealthy young man,
He knew the thoughts and Sanhedrin plan,
He knows where still, His nets to cast,
where each of us are, right down to the last!
He knew a loved soul who lost gold in the water,
Then directed a fish with heartburn to slaughter.
We can not know all His methods or reasons,
Only trust in His Infinite love through all seasons.
He suffered temptation, infirmities, affliction,
He knows pain, disease, even addiction.
His bowels, full of mercy, He suffers as we,
Yet the reason we suffer, only He can see.
He too was perfected through suffering as well,
Could trials be needful fore with Him we dwell?
He came here to teach us by example and verse,
To love, serve and bless, by sacrifice and worse!
Dear Lord, may we learn to grow as we suffer,
And like Thee, be enabled to give others our succor.

Mission Admission

You judge me to judge you, by the look on my face,
But my thoughts are more likely, in a much different place

I stutter, I stammer, I trip, and I fall
I'm not all that sharp and often fail to recall

Think me a hypocrite, cause I'm simply a man
Who walks somewhat crooked, through a straight forward plan?

My ways may be off, and my beliefs still be true,
Though I fall to temptation at times, much like you

Still I know that God loves us, each person who lives
I'm joyful and grateful for that knowledge He gives

I don't want to be pushy, don't want to contend
Just want to share joy, and His love to help send

I am far from perfect, but my message is sure
I am caring by sharing that God's love is pure

So I show what I know, what I feel I should say,
and I serve when I can, but mostly I pray

Yes, my feet have been muddy, I've stepped off of His path
but I thank God He can cleanse me, with a very warm bath

Our Father so loves us that He sent His own Son
Who desires our joy; wants us all to be one

Thus, I'll do what I can , for Him, and for you,
to spread the good word, that His love is true!

If you could justly see, what I truly do intend
is for each of us together, in eternal joy to spend

OVERWHELMING LOVE

Who will sacrifice all pleasure for pain,
That I might experience joy?

Who diligently watches over me,
As their wrinkled up, old, little boy?

Who works and gives so much by grace,
Who's wages I receive?

Who has a kind and loving face,
In who's care I can believe?

Who many times I've made so sad,
With choices that kept us apart?

Whom even I could not make mad,
But have certainly broken their heart!

Who is it that never gives up on me,
For they know me through and through;

They see me as they know I am,
No matter what I do?

Who's priceless, eternal devotion,
Will guide me through each storm?

Who's love is more than emotion,
And will see me safe and warm?

Who is it that you think I speak?
Would it be Mother, or Christ you'd guess?

Yes, Mother is all these things and more,
Would our Savior Love us less?

I thank the Lord that she follows Him,
Both gifts from God above,

And I thank them both for helping me,
With their Overwhelming Love.

Thanksgiving

Thanks for holding us so dear
For the knowledge that Ye are near
Thank You for Thy loving Son
For what He does and all He's done
For by His use of agency
From sin, through him, we may be free
For prayer that lets us contact home
And never feel we're on our own
For Mother Eve, who made her choice
And Adam's love to heed her voice
His love so true that he was willing
To sacrifice, Thy plan fulfilling
I'm grateful that we all can grow
From seeds of faith as they did sow
For opportunities, since birth
For trials of this wondrous earth
That we, by Thee, may grow in love
As Thou hast loved us from above
Father, thank Thee for my wife
Who is the fuel that fires my life
Thank Thee for her loving strength
So she could see me home at length
For her gifts of maternity
And marriage that lasts eternally
For Thy loving outstretched Arm
Healing those whom I've done harm
Thanks for showing us the Way
That in our pride, we need not stay
For Thy Sweet Spirit when we are meek
Which teacheth truth when we but seek
For prophets, teachers, and angels too
Who's sacrifice doth help us through
For Thy greatest angels, small as can be
Sent here as joy - even family
For temporal blessings that count as wealth
Good books and music, shelter, health
For time, experience, and memories
For faith and courage, work and dreams
For all we are given is Divine
Thank Thee for this life of mine