

Meant to Point Direction

Your writing days not over,
Continue with each rhyme,
They serve your Father's purpose,
Your mission given through time.

Each poem puts forth a message,
To help clear blinded sight,
Meant to point direction,
To Transcendent's golden light.

Words of love, inclusion,
To bring the lost to Me,
A constant invitation,
To join Me willingly.

I'm asking you to trust this day,
Just write down what you hear,
Not too much, a burden,
When together done, My dear.

Compare the poems to seeds, dear,
When planted in the spring,
The harvest will come later,
A blessed yield they'll bring.

Perhaps a poem encountered,
Will help to heal a heart,
As living love is turned to,
'Twill give a brand new start.

You know the power of love, dear,
You've felt its ecstasy,
You're grounded in relationship,
You live your life with Me.

Share this with your others,
With hold *not* what you know,
Witness of our love, dear,
So in others, it will flow.

In closing I've no doubt, dear,
You'll write until the end,
Together in joy forever,
With Me, your dearest friend.

10/21/23. Given from Jesus. Sharing is encouraged and thank you for telling others of this website.

