

SIMCHA

A Common Believer's Book of Poetry

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David Ben Ya'akov

PREFACE

What does a young believer in Yeshua do when they come against adversity? What does a young believer in Yeshua do when they see the hypocrisy that is in this world? What does a young believer in Yeshua do when he hears Yeshua talk to him in that Still Small Voice? Well, I can't really say that I know what others did early on in their walk with YHVH, but this young man wrote poems, some crying from the heart for justice and some exhibiting thankfulness for the salvation that can only come from YHVH Yeshua.

Please understand that I was not a English major, in fact it was by the grace of YHVH that I did not fail my English classes in High School. I hated that subject and saw it as inferior to the sciences. Later I would come to realize that having any sort of knowledge of science is bupkis without being able to convey any message, including science, without a proper knowledge of the language that one is trying to convey the message. If you want to learn how to use English properly, read the King James Version of scripture. If you can read Elizabethan English effectively then you can write modern in Modern English quite effectively, or at least look like you have mastered it in some way.

The poems that you will read were many times written when I was experiencing physical and/or spiritual stress. People pretend to listen, and they sometimes care. Dogs listen and care, but they cannot give you the answers to alleviate stress and fix problems. Only YHVH can bring peace because He is The Prince of Peace, the lover of our souls and the only one that truly and honestly cares.

With this knowledge I now present to you nothing that would make a read at the Poets Society nor would it ever come close to being placed on the top 500 list of poetry books. I present poems that I wrote in times of sorrow, despair but many times with hope of a brighter day yet to come. And yes, there are even some prophetic prophecies included although that was not the focus of my life early on in ministry. Maybe you'll identify with some of the poems and maybe one or two will help you in times of distress and sorrow.

CHAPTER ONE
POEMS ONE THROUGH TEN

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Oh, light of my salvation, how will I honor you?

Oh God of all Creation, how do you know I'm true?

Oh, Mighty God of Israel, how do you know I love you?

While all my Christian Walk, I seem to push you and to shove you?

I seem to take the Laws you wrote and turn them all around.S

I seem to take the words you say and cast them to the ground.

Do other Christians do these things, or am I all alone?

Do true believers do this, do they grunt, complain and groan?

Sometimes I get so darn depressed, unhappy with myself,

Sometimes I'd like to just give up, to put You on the shelf.

It's You that works inside of me, You tell me I am wrong.

And then you try to cheer me up, You give me a new song.

Then You tell me that some sin will happen in this life.

Then You say You died to kill sin's stain, affect and strife.

Then You say that when I shoved, you turned the other cheek.

You tell me then you understand the times that I am weak.

You reaffirm our Covenant, with joy You call me son

I'll love you now and evermore, my Holy Righteous One

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YESHUA THE ATONER

Yeshua, my light when darkness approaches.

Yeshua, My strength with evil encroaches.

Yeshua exposes my enemies' snares

Yeshua, a friend when no one else cares.

Yeshua, forgiveness when sin has its way.

Yeshua, my anchor so I cannot stray.

Yeshua, sacrifice tested and true.

Yeshua, Atonement for me and for you.

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THY WILL BE DONE

Father, clean your Church today,

Make us pure and righteous.

Father, make us white as snow,

Let your Spirit teach us.

What we want to do,

Is what you want us to.

Holy Father, work Your purpose in us.

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AN EXCHANGE OF LOVE

He is faithful to his people, as they follow in his ways.

He gives them milk and honey, he prolongs their living days.

He put a new song in our hearts so we can sing his praise.

Holy Spirit dwell in us and set our hearts ablaze

Give Him praise, give him honor, and the Glory that He's due

And love the Lord with all your heart, in everything you do.

Then you will see his righteousness, and that His love is true.

And your life will be a witness for all the world to view.

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PRAISE FOR MY BEST FRIEND

I praise you Lord for you save me in times of trouble.

You cause me to avoid the snares that are before me.

Your answers come quickly in times of confusion.

You provide an escape when my enemies pursue.

That is why the People call you Messiah.

That is why your name will be praised forever!

That is why we give our lives to you and we love you.

When all others fail, you endure.

When all others fall, you stand firm.

Surely, you are the rock of our salvation.

Truly, your love endures forever.

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REMEMBER THE WORKS OF THE LORD

Yeshua, my savior, Lord and King,

To you I owe my everything.

You give me new wind and bread from on high,

You grant me new life that no money can buy.

You grant me a peace that the world cannot know,

You comfort in times of trouble and woe.

You pick me up when I have stumbled,

You build me up when I have crumbled.

You make to walk on the path that is right,

You're the light on that path when the day turns to night.

You are faithful to show me when I sin,

By using your spirit that my heart has within.

Remember these things my heart and be glad,

Just think on these things and you won't be sad.

His goodness and kindness, no pen can record,
He is King, He's Messiah, He's Yeshua my Lord
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THE LORD IS FAITHFUL

The Lord saved me when I was yet a sinner,

He brought me up in His ways.

He led me in the path of Righteousness,

And performed mighty miracles in my life.

After the Lord blessed me with all of these things, I rebelled against Him.

A sin of my youth vexed my soul, I committed unrighteous acts,

Doing them in secret, fearing that the Lord would see me.

How foolish was I to think that I could hide?

To hide from the maker of heaven and earth.

My Father, I thank you for your faithfulness, you are truly my comforter.

My King, You did not desert me in my time of rebellion,

You have welcomed me into your courts, and you say that you love me.

It is rightly so that your Name be praised throughout all of eternity, AMEN

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THE MESSIANIC CALL

Hear what Messiah has to say.

Soon I am coming to take you away.

You're my bride dressed in white, You're my greatest desire.

I'm refining you with my Spirit of Fire.

I shall take you away to my City on High,

Where my praises the heavenly angels do cry.

You're my love, you're my bride, you're my greatest delight.

Stand ready, I come as a thief in the night.

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THE FOLLY OF MODERN MAN

It is so pleasing to give thanks to God, To worship God our Maker.

The prideful say, "We are god, we will worship our own works."

The Lord laments on His Throne, He weeps at their folly.

Even so, he is gracious to allow them to believe their lie, he permits their folly.

The Righteous trust in God as the clay trusts the potter.

Just as the clay is only a lump of dirt, so is a man nothing without God.

The clay is malleable while the prideful man is not.

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YESHUA

Yeshua is the one I love.

His truth shines on me from above.

With radiant light that never ends, he makes the pardons and amends.

Now Father God can look on me, and sees me happy, blest and free.

One day I'll get to see his face, the King who died and took my place.

Who suffered torture, malice and scorn, so that all men can be reborn.

That day I'll bow and worship him, and all past cares will seem so dim.

I'll praise the King of All Creation, the Eternal hope of my salvation.

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CHAPTER TWO
POEMS ELEVEN THROUGH TWENTY

WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY

What happened that day on that old rugged tree?

What happened that day to the one who saved me?

He faced his accusers, those vile of heart,

With false accusations his trial did start.

When that did not work, when that plan had failed,

They brought out the whip and his back they assailed.

Those thirty-nine times that the whip tore flailed his back,

Took all of my sickness with each painful crack.

When the trial had failed, with his back badly thrashed,

They took him to pilot, his sentence to pass.

And Pilot discovered that this man had no guilt,

That all accusations were fraudulently built.

He said to the crowd, "There's no guilt in this man,

But to make you all happy I have made a plan.

I will release to you just one man on this day,

I will release any man and free he will stay.

Now who will you pick, now who will you choose,

Shall I release Jesus, the King of The Jews?"

Now in one accord, and all in one voice,

They cried out "Barabbas," yes he is our choice.

So what should I do with the King of the Jews?

This one who is guiltless, whom you did not choose?

They cried, we have no King but Caesar this day,

So crucify Jesus, for his blood we will pay.

Then they forced him to carry his tree to the hill,

To a place called Golgotha, where He'd go Gods' Will.

And he hanged on that tree as a Lamb sent from God

With forgiveness for all in each drop of his blood.

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A TRUE SISTER

This sister is a person that has never let me down.
Whenever troubled times have come her ear is always found.
He looks out for her little brother, offers me advice.
Her wisdom is amazing, and her counsel does suffice.
She tells me I am family, I'm always welcomed there.
Then she lets me share the meal she patiently prepared.
And when she's feeling sick, depressed or just a little down,
She doesn't seem to mope, complain, she doesn't even frown.
The Lord made you this special way, you bless all those you see.
Diana you're a sister true, what everyone should be.

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*The preceding ode was written for Diana Stavenau,
a true sister in Jesus who will always be very dear to my heart.*

THE THURMAN FAMILY

Truly these friends are a blessing to find.

Those caring, courteous, friendly and kind.

They go out of their way to treat me with care.

Whenever I need them they always are there.

They accept all of my ways, both the good and the bad.

They rejoice when I am happy, and they cry when I am sad.

When I'm right, they never fail to back me all the way.

When I'm wrong God's gentle rebuke they will convey.

They obey the Most-High, for they will take in the weak.

They exhibit God's love and His Gospel they always speak.

When this world has ended and we're standing at God's Throne

He will not be ashamed to call them his very own.

Though I have many friends and I have many Kin,

No one can compare to my best friends named Thurman.

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TIME IS SHORT / TALK IS CHEAP

I wish that you would come to me, I love you without measure.

I wish that you would come to me, because you are my pleasure.

I wish that you would take your place and sit on my right side.

I wish that you would come to me and here you would abide.

You want to live a godly life but do things your own way.

You always get back on the path but never seem to stay.

You tend to let bad influences dictate to your heart.

You know that these bad things will only tear us both apart.

We have to settle here, and now which Lord will rule your heart?

We have to settle now, will you be foolish or be smart?

We have to settle now, because the time will soon be here,

When I will not hear the cries of men, I'll turn away my ear.

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GOD OF CREATION

I see you in the mountains that rise boldly to the sky.

I see you in the artwork of the graceful butterfly.

I see you in the painting of the sunrise every morn.

I see you in your splendor when a little child is born.

I marvel when I see each star is set in its own place.

I marvel when your rainbow proves your never-ending grace.

I marvel at the firefly, its luminescent light.

I marvel when an eagle seems suspended in its flight.

I praise you father when I hear the quiet on the hill.

I praise you when the meadow lake is glassy, quiet, and still.

I praise you for you did these things especially for me.

That I might lift your name on high, for all eternity.

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JACOBS TROUBLE / JACOBS HELP

Who is this King that comes to us, a white horse does he ride?

Who is this one who thunders forth, ten billion at his side.

Is this the King of Righteousness that we've been waiting for?

Is this the Son of David, come to even up the score?

For seven years the evil one has tossed us to and fro.

He wrote a wicked edict, said the Lord we should not know.

He set his image in the Temple, said that he was Lord

The blood of many Holy Men, on Israel's Land he poured.

He decreed to all his worship was the least that we could do.

He knew full well that this was an abhorrence to we Jews.

It then became so real to us, that what the Christians said,

That Jesus Christ was crucified and rose up from the dead.

They said that he'd return someday to save us from the sword.

We shouted out with hope that day, our voice in one accord

Blessed be Yeshua Ha Mashiach, who comes in the Name of The Lord.

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MERE WORDS CANNOT PRAISE HIM

To praise the King of All The Earth, no earthly words can do it.

To give him worship that He's due, my mind just can't construe it.

I try to think of words to say to tell him that I love him.

I try to form the sentences to say I'm thinking of Him.

It's then His Spirit comes to me and gives me words to say.

In languages I've never learned he teaches me to pray.

And now His praises I will shout, His worship I will sing.

No longer bound by earthly speech, I now can praise my King.

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MESSIAHS LOVE FOR ISRAEL

From the top of Mount Zion we hear the King's cry.

This same king who thundered and roared through the sky.

My people Israel I now call to my side,

And you'll all see my face, even those who have died.

From Earth's vast four corners you will gather to me.

You will see your Messiah who died on the tree.

For two thousand years I have longed for this day.

When I could finally be with you and forever I will stay.

For two thousand years you have wandered in fear.

As a people that prayed you constantly waited to hear.

Now those sad times are over and the hard times have passed.

I'm Yeshua, Messiah, I'm with you at last.

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THE FATHERS WARNING

Listen Oh Children to what God has to say.

Satan desires to rob you and steal you away.

An attack on your mind he has planned out for you.

An attack on the values that I've certified true.

He wants you complaisant and he wants you to feed,

On TV and movies and garbage you read.

Don't desecrate the Temple, the place called your heart.

Just love one-another and I'll do my part.

Child flee from the evil that he has for you.

Just try to live holy and I'll know you're true.

And if a temptation is too much to bear.

Just call out my name and I'll always be there.

I'm coming back quickly, your King from On High.

Prepare yourselves now for your redemption draws nigh.

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WHEN MESSIAH CALLS

When the world's dark and depleted of light,

Yeshua will come like a thief in the night.

He will summon his angel to blow the ram's horn.

He will steal us away from this world filled with scorn.

His sleeping arise from earth and from sea,

His living will join them, eternally free.

Forever to worship, his praises we'll sing,

We'll glory Our Father, Our Savior and King.

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CHAPTER THREE
POEMS TWENTY-ONE THROUGH THIRTY

WORLD / CHRISTIAN RELATIONS

The world is starving, dying, for someone to bring them light.
Looking for someone to bring them truth, to make life bright.
Instead they see the Christian as someone that's just like them.
Having many broken facets, like a worthless faulty gem.
They see them as preoccupied with many worldly cares,
Too busy in their worldly lives for Jesus to be shared.
They dress in style, fashion, craze so that all their peers behold.
So many souls go to hell's fire while the Christians count their gold.
Their music they call godly, but it's only Rock and Roll,
It kills their very witness and corrupts their very soul.
And men say why should I be like them, they're really just like me.
I'll just remain the same old man, a sinner who's carefree.
And just because the Christian Church was wrapped up in a lie,
It couldn't see the weeping souls, It couldn't hear their cries.

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THE ROCKY ROAD

For many a year you had knocked on my heart,

But I was so foolish, and I was not smart.

For I had decided to live in my sin,

Because of my actions my heart turned to tin.

Yes, I filled my head with all evil desire,

Not fearing at all the threat of hell's fire.

My heart no befuddled, my mind, my mind now a daze,

I tried every fad, I tried every craze.

I was always determined to fill in God's void,

The theories of Darwin I even employed.

Then God in his grace show to me all of my sin,

He showed me the wickedness dwelling within.

Then God sent a friend in which I heard Him say,

That Jesus could take all that darkness away.

So I asked Him Lord, please now cleanse me of sin,

And save this poor beggar, yes, come live within.

Now that is the day that is blessed to me,

The day Jesus Christ set this wretched man free.

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A CHANGE OF SEASONS

The Winter season has arrived, with Autumn finally passed.

The season of God's silence has now surely seen its last.

For up to now God has been quiet, holding judgment back.

His judgment comes to test the Earth, and it will not be slack.

He's starting first within the Church by cutting off dead wood.

To separate the evil ones from those that practice good.

When he finds those who are righteous and on the narrow way,

He'll take the wolves out from the fold and cast them all away.

Then God will turn to those on Earth and judgment will ensue.

Many will choose evil and the righteous will be few.

The Righteous will be persecuted, martyred for our Lord.

A testimony for our God that cannot be ignored.

Stand ready Church for Winter's here, a time of numbing cold.

So live your lives as unto Him, serve Jesus and be bold.

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WHY I LOVE MY DAD

I love my dad with all my heart.

When we're apart it saddens my heart.

He always spends his time with me,

His smile I always like to see.

He's a good and giving man,

And in his life God works His plan.

He has a kindness in his heart,

And he's full of wisdom, really smart.

He's patient when times might seem so rough,

He doesn't holler, huff or puff.

These things are why I love my dad,

He never ever makes me sad.

When I grow up I want to be,

A blessed man like Big John T.

To Dad With Love; Kean 12­89

THE SECOND ADVENT

The days were barbaric and evil prevailed,

The love of so many had faltered and failed.

The few that were faithful were then heard to say,

When will the Messiah come to steal us away?

Our hope all but gone, our faith nearly shattered,

Our remnant lived on, befuddled and scattered.

I looked up one day and adjusted my sight,

I heard a loud trumpet, the sky was so bright.

We heard a loud voice saying, "Come unto me,"

I saw all the righteous rise happy and free.

Then all of a sudden my body was new,

I stood before him who is Faithful and True.

I bowed down in homage to worship my king,

Then all with thanksgiving did worship and sing.

He said, "Rise up now and come to My Feast,

All who were greatest and all who were least."

The feast nearly finished he gave each one a crown,

Made from gold and large gems, the best to be found.

Then he prepared us to return with him,

To fight Armageddon, against men of sin.

We mounted our horses and Jesus did lead,

Departing His Heaven in lightning fast speed.

He slayed all of the wicked with one mighty shout,

So we stayed on our horses, no need to dismount.

To Jerusalem now, the City of God,

Where evil transgressors and Gentiles trod.

He went to Temple and arrested the man,

Who betrayed the whole world with a Satanic plan.
The Beast and False Prophet who betrayed the whole World,
Both into the vast lake of fire were hurled.
Then Satan was bound and held in restraint,
Yes for one thousand years this world he'll not taint.
So all men now know peace through Jesus the King
And all over the Earth his praises we sing.

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CHRISTIAN HOPE

Being a true Christian is no easy thing,
For Satan will buffet and Satan will sting.
His fiery darts can bring you down to the ground,
And on every good day he'll always be found.
But praise God for this, we have already won,
Because Satan is beaten through Jesus, God's Son.
And even with darkness and gloom,

Encouragement lies in that still empty tomb.
When accusations seem to come in like a flood,
Remember his goodness, remember his Blood.
So give praise to God for those times you feel low,
For we all need some rain in order to grow.

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MESSIAH'S CRY

Around the whole world we hear the King's Call,
Come back My Son Israel, both you great and you small.
I'm Yeshua, Messiah, The Ancient of Days,
The one you've rejected in so many ways.
For more than three years you have wandered in fear,
You had prayed for my help and you hoped that I'd hear.
For I heard your prayers from On High at My Throne,
And I knew your fear when you felt so alone.
And so I come back to save you this day,

Never again to leave you, forever to stay.

So come to me now from both the east and the west,

And enter My Kingdom, My Love and My Rest.

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AUNT EDNA

*This is in memory of my Aunt Edna,
Born 1/02/1922; died 11/05/1989.*

Aunt Edna was a person that was never understood.

Her life was sad and lonely, but she did the best she could.

The staining of our family pride, her sickness seemed to be.

The sadness of her troubled mind we could not bear to see.

She lived her life a spinster, whom no selfish man would care,

In loneliness that no one on this Earth should ever bear.

Though this one thing I just have to say, she was not totally alone,

That in her troubled life our Jesus Christ was always shown.

For he too lived as one stricken and deprived of earthly love.

And to them both the Father showed His mighty grace from up above.

Aunt Edna is now in heaven and she's healed in soul and mind.

One praying before the Heavenly Throne for those she left behind.

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THE SPLENDOR OF THE LORD

The smallest of the atoms did he fashion with his hand.

The greatest of the mountains did he place upon the land.

With the waving of his hand he made the oceans and the seas.

And with the act of just a thought he made the flowers and the trees.

He then created birds and fish with just a couple words.

And in a fleeting moment made land animals and herds.

He formed a man of dirt and clay and breathed into the man His life.

He saw the man was lonely so he made from him a wife.

He gave the world unto the man to prosper and to grow.

He gave the world unto the man because he loved him so.

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THE GOODNESS OF JESUS

The goodness of Jesus no one can measure,
Much greater than gold or all earthly treasure.
Much better than status, much better than wealth,
More filling than food and more precious than health.
He grants us his goodness to get through the day,
He bestows us this goodness and forever to stay.
Be still my poor heart and know He is good,
And trust in his mercy, his grace, and his blood.

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CHAPTER FOUR
POEMS THIRTY-ONE THROUGH FORTY

THE CHURCH IN TURMOIL

Lord, your people seem to have a malady this day.

They never want to listen but will always have their say.

The leaders all exalt themselves, above each humble brother,
Handing down commandments while they comfort one another.

They say we have to be in church to be a holy one,
They comment on your absence, you're rebellious, on the run.

And if you try to tell them you were visiting the ill,
An act that God call righteousness these men regard as nil.

They tell us that our God demands a Tithe of ten percent,
That only law that they demand from God's Old Covenant.

They disallow the work that Jesus did upon the cross,
They throw away the Torah abusing grace with greatest loss.

The people sit and watch the pastor several times a week,
Their actions in the real world, like they never heard him speak.

When the church dismisses then the gossip starts to fly,

The women form their circles with a beam in every eye.

They spread their news with tragedy, but deep inside they love it,

Their networks vast and wide the earthly medias would covet.

The men are not above this sin, although they're more refined,

They broadcast gossip one on one, like prophets self-assigned.

And when a sporting season comes they just set God aside,

To resurrect Him later when sporting god has died.

I ask you Lord when will you put an end to all their games,

When will you purify your Church with your sanctifying flames?

When will you let your children see the sin with their heart?

Please show them how rebellion keeps themselves and you apart.

Then maybe Lord your Church will be effective in our land,

When we show love for one-another then the world will understand,

That Jesus paid the ransom price to set all people free,

And wants to be their closest friend for all eternity.

My prayer Lord is that someday soon You'll purify your Bride,

That Christians will be humbled and that you'll be glorified.

That we will be a people you'll be glad to call your own.

That many more will trust in you before you call us home.

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I'VE WALKED BY YOU A THOUSAND TIMES

I've walked by you a thousand times and wanted to say Hi.

My fear of your religion makes me fearful, makes me shy.

I've watched as you have gone to church so happy and so free.

The reason for your joy I cannot find and cannot see.

I know our country and our world are changing for the worse,

But you don't seem affected by the sadness of this curse.

I went with drugs and liquor but they did not fill this void.

I cried the day when thoughts of suicide I toyed.

In stealth I spied outside your church, I cried with every hymn,

Because my soul is filthy I feel I could never enter in.

I wish that I could somehow bathe and wash this filth away.

I wish that someone could tell me of a price that I could pay.

Perhaps someday you will be bold and say hello to me,
And tell me how I can be happy and my conscience can be free.
I've walked by you a thousand times and wanted to say Hi.

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IRONIC CHRISTIANITY

Time is short, seconds ticking away,
His people just frolic, and his people just play.
While many a soul will die in this hour,
His people seek money, his people seek power.
They go after things that really don't matter,
They eat the best food and become so much fatter.
The Lord looks down with a tear in His eye,
While His people ignore every hungry man's cry.
They drive their big cars and trucks to impress all their friends,
And in guilt give to missions to make their amends.

A large handsome house to show status and wealth,
With a bankroll of thousands to guarantee health.
And all while their brothers like naked and poor,
No food in their cabinet and no clothes in their drawer.
But Jesus will pay them, yes, double their due,
He'll condemn oh so many and he'll reward the few.
So many will cry a great wail on that day,
They will see their transgressions and where they went astray.
The lambs will come in and they will enter God's rest,
The goats will be punished and the righteous be blessed.
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A GOOD, GOOD FEELING

Lord, this servant has to thank you for last Wednesday night,
The devil tried to stop it, but you triumphed in your might.
For even though I went to visit Jeff, a dear old friend,

You in your awesome wisdom planned a very different end.
That night I brought a friend of mine, you knew his time was right,
You set your love before him Lord, revealed to him your light.
He's on the straight and narrow now, repented of his ways,
Now a blessed child of the King, eternal are his days.
I'm glad I was obedient and did just what you said,
Because I listened to your voice this man's no longer dead.
And some have said that missing church was terrible indeed,
I have a brand new brother now, so I pay them no heed.

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THE LORD – MY ONLY CORRECTOR

Lord you're doing a work in me, always working on my heart.
The power of the sin that hindered me, you've blown it all apart.
Yet people just keep coming Lord, they broadcast every fault.
It seems that every wound I have they love to fill with salt.

Yes, you oh Lord reveal to me one area at a time,
While people load the burdens on, and tax my strength of mind.
I wonder if they know Lord that your Spirit speaks to me?
He shows me in Your tender way the things I need to see.
I wish they'd realize that your Spirit tugs on my heart too,
And that he is the Holy Author of the good things that I do.
I pray my Lord that someday they can rest fully assured,
That this young man does love The King and really hears your Word.

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LORD, ALL I WANT IS YOU

I want to walk in Holiness because that is your design.
I give my whole life to you Lord, I lay it on the line.
The habits that have hindered me, I give them all to you.
So take them all away from me, create me Lord anew.
Give me Lord a prayerful life, so that I can always be,

A mighty holy warrior, so set the captives free.

Lord give me love for all I see, to lead them all to you.

And give me a courageous heart so that your work I'll bravely do.

So make me Holy, Blessed Lord and make me do your will.

And help me live in holiness, with me your spirit full.

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MY HEART'S DESIRE

Be glorified my Lord and King in all the things I do.

When I wake up every morn please start my life anew.

Be influential in my life, so I can bring you praise.

And through my walk set many souls that seek you full ablaze.

Be Lord and King of all my life, my body, soul and mind.

And cleanse my soul of habits and all bad things that you find.

I mean these things with all my heart, because I love you so.

I want to be a Holy Child that you are glad to know.

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WORDS OF ADORATION

Lord you're my desire, let me glorify your Name.

I call you my Messiah and I never feel ashamed.

I love to sing your praises and to worship you my King.

Your fellowship a blessing and I need no other thing.

Your Spirit gives me words to say, and songs to give you glory.

Your Holy Word enlightens me, I cherish every story.

I cannot wait to see your face, behold your visage bright.

And all throughout eternity, I won't forget that sight.

That day, I'll see the Lord I love, and bow before my King.

We'll fellowship forevermore, and to my God I'll cling

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A CHRISTIAN PAGAN CUSTOM

A pagan tree adorns the altar for the church to see.

As people see the lofty pine they do not look at me.

Was once that people honored me, a birthday for My Son.

Now pagan trees and Santa Claus and reindeer are more fun.

The church is silent on the truth and fables they believe,

And they don't even care that it's my Spirit that they grieve.

I hope that they will hear My Voice and turn themselves around.

Or someday I'll withdraw my ear and I will not be found.

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A SINGLE MAN'S PRAYER

Lord, tell me why this loneliness seems destined for my life.

Lord, tell me why you're silent and not granting me a wife.

I'm thirty and I'm thinking I will never have a mate,

That I'll live my life as destitute with loneliness my fate.

What is your plan I'd like to know, I'd really like to hear?

Some people even think that in my loneliness I'm weird.

But they don't know I have desires just like every man.

But I just will not compromise, I have to take a stand.

For many women say they love you, and that you are Lord.

But talk is cheap and that is a mistake I can't afford.

So help me Lord and give me someone quiet and contrite.

Someone that's very humble and someone that hates to fight.

Someone who will accept me and will love me as I am,

A child of God that loves the Lord and worshipping the Lamb.

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CHAPTER FIVE

POEMS FORTY ONE THROUGH FIFTY

FAITH AND THE COLD RIVER

I walk along my favorite river, a river that runs fast and wide. A river that countless generations of fish have called home. A river over which many of God's creatures have drawn strength. A river made especially for me.

I look at the scenery, a gift from the Master, trees that reach up to touch God's hands, quiet meadows that proclaim His very glory, unmovable mountains. The beauty and majesty that is in no way a mistake, just like my tiny life here on Earth.

The voice of God calls to me, asks me to come and be refreshed. Something special I have for you today, come in and you will be blessed. I struggle as I obey, the water cold and numbing, chilling down to the very bone.

Walk He says, walk upstream and see what has been waiting for you, something you will treasure and adore. The water flows as if through me now, no way can I disobey. I will turn aside and see what awaits me at my destination.

My journey is not long as I search for my prize, whatever it may be, which the God has beckoned me. Out a little farther now, just a little deeper and you will see what I have for you. I have to obey, no other choice.

Four more steps and He says, and then just look down. Oh, what surprise and what delight, a piece of gold. Not a small flake of the precious item but a large piece, placed there from time immemorial, just for me.

Take the rock God has placed there for you, I hear the voice say. It was fashioned and formed for you, it's beauty you cannot deny. Fear enters my mind with such great advance, fear of freezing chill that will shake my very being. What should I do, I cry to the Lord.

The still small voice of the one who loves me tells me to step out in faith, that He will keep me safe and warm while I reach for my prize. "You can do all things through Me". I am told not to fear for the momentary discomfort will lead to years of blessed contentment.

Knowing that I'm held safely in the arms of the very personage of love and faith, I take the plunge, a very cold plunge. Immersed in the cold fluid and chilled to the core I reach out, blessed to discover the rock much bigger than I imagined. I struggle to raise the gift of God out of the water, my struggle not in vain for the nugget is magnificent.

Reaching the surface, I gasp for air and hold up my gift, a gift from my Father in Heaven. A material used for generations to make crowns and royal instruments is in my hands, a gift for me. With happiness abundant I forget the cold and chill and leap for joy.

A different joy starts to replace me and I marvel that anything could replace the joy of my prize. What can this new joy mean, what can it be? Again, the still small voice proclaims to me words much more precious than the prize I just attained. Faith was imparted to me that day, faith to step into areas cold and bleak. Faith, to know that He has his hands on us all throughout our

seemingly insignificant lives, and the faith to reach out for what appears unattainable and know that we will grasp it someday.

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JESUS IS LORD OF ALL

Jesus is Lord, no matter what your opinion,
The Ruler of the Universe and even your dominion.
Though many would deny his Kingly title right now,
Know for sure that someday at his Godly feet they'll bow.
For every person on this Earth, those living and those dead,
Will someday soon have to see his face, either in happiness or dread.
For everyone especially here has had a chance to know Him,
And most have gone the wicked way, but some their love bestow him.
I fear for those who shun his love and spit into his face,
Who choose some fleeting pleasure over everlasting grace.
They vainly do all the things they do, their lives so very short.
They take in all ungodly things, all needless things they sport.

I hope and pray for them Oh Lord, that you will show them light,
And where the darkness rules right now, you'll shine so very bright.
So take the words they've heard of you and fill their empty hearts,
And fill that god-shaped void in them and give them a new start.
For my desire my dear Lord is that all men will know you,
The same way that I do dear Lord, with blessings to bestow you.
I'll try to tell them all oh Lord and I'll be greatly fervent,
So Lord you'll someday call me your good and faithful servant.

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WITNESS FOR THE LORD

I've heard the Great Commission and I have to say I'm sorry,
For while I know we all should preach I delay and I worry.
I've never been very eloquent, in manner or in speech,
I've never found it easy Lord to counsel or to teach.
You said you'd give me words to say, just when the time is right,
And that you'd give me boldness when things started to get tight.

The words just stick inside me Lord, I try, they just won't come,

Opportunity having passed me by I start to feel so dumb.

It's then I feel so very bad, as though I've let you down.

Another soul might burn in hell because my mouth was bound.

But then I do remember there are witnesses galore,

Sometimes words don't do the trick, that eyes can too keep score.

For people witness what we do, observe our every motion.

They watch to see the way we'll act in turmoil and commotion.

For when they see our peace inside, it causes them to say,

The turmoil didn't bother them, I'd like to be that way.

And when the world is pressing in, it seems from every side,

They see the shadow of your outstretched wings is where we run and hide.

It's at a special moment Lord they sometimes ask of me,

Why are you now so peaceful, so happy and so free?

That's when you open up the door Lord and I tell them of your name.

I tell them it's not really me, it's you I then acclaim.

I tell them I was once a man quite different than today,

I cursed and took all kinds of drugs to help me feel this way.

I tell them that one day I found I could not live alone,

That I was full of sin for which I never could atone.

I tell them of my Lord on High, who's always by my side,

Who cared so much he gave his life for me and died.

I tell them your atoning death removed my sin and guilt,

And since the day I asked you in a new house has been built.

Telling them that I'm that house and Jesus lives inside,

A brand new home where your Holy Spirit does abide.

I tell them that the good in me is really only you,

And that I'm not the only house, there's really quite a few.

And if the time is right Dear Lord, I lead them right to you,

Letting you take over then the hard work is then through.

Lesson being learned though this no matter what they've heard

A holy life lived for the Lord will back up every word.

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TWO CAN LOVE GOD BETTER THAN ONE

Two can sure love me much better than one.

One can give peace to the one under the gun.

One who's the fortress protects one who is weak,

One gives advice to the won who will seek.

One shows compassion to the one who needs love,

One gives a push when one needs a shove.

One to confirm God's will in a matter.

One who can sew when a soul gets so tattered.

Two just the same but differently gifted.

Will help one another when each need to be lifted.

So this is how two can love better than one,

This only accomplished through Jesus My Son.

So love me together, be strength to each one,

For one makes a fortress but with two the war's won.

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GOD – MY HOLY REFINER

The day I was born you made me of clay,

A moldable object to fashion your way.

But one day of iron the clay had become

With hardness of heart, to the world I succumbed.

I lived to myself, full of rust and decay,

Ignoring you Lord, I devised my own way.

Because of the hardness I then turned to steel,

The hardest of metal my will did anneal.

And no one could touch me, this metal so firm,

No person would dare cross such a great berm.

I hated my family, my friends and the stranger,

I trusted no one and in people saw danger.

Then one day you broke through and showed me my soul,

Full of sin and corruption, a rusting steel bowl.

Now being distressed crying, “What shall I do?”

I cried out, “Please Jesus, now make me anew.”

And to my surprise I was now made of gold,

A metal so precious that you could now mold.

And after a while I tarnished but minor,

A metal now ready for a holy refiner.

This metal now smelted in your holy flame,

You skimmed off the dross, I cannot be the same.

For each time I'm smelted with such fervent heat,

The gold becomes softer and easier to beat.

My Lord always melt me, refine me anew,

Till someday I'm perfect, a crown just for you.

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BREAK MY WILL

Please break my will, I pray my dear Lord

To live by my will, I can no longer afford.

When I live by my will I get into trouble,

Denying your will turns my life into rubble.

I've tried it Oh Lord, Yes, many times past,
The result of my will left me weak and aghast.
It made me feel lonely and very befuddled,
My mind filled with questions and ever so muddled.
Please help me to learn Lord, to do things your way,
To act on your words and to do what you say.
And help me to hear you when you do the talking,
To obey you with gladness, no fussing or balking.
Now my first desire, to serve you with gladness,
Denying this world, myself and my badness.
So, Lord hear this prayer and use me for you,
In all of my speech and each thing that I do.
And guide me in goodness and kindness my friend,
Till I draw my last breath when my life's at its end.

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MAKE ME UNLEAVENED BREAD

Remove the leaven from my life, I don't want to rise.

I just want to seek your face, to look into your eyes.

When leaven starts to enter in I revel in my pride.

A faulty fortress built by me, and on a downward slide.

I want to be your servant, to only you be true.

Abiding in your Holy Word and doing the things you tell me to.

Lord never let me be puffed up, or exalt my sorry self

I choose to live my life in you, and just deny myself.

Lord when you see pride's ugly head starting to arise,

Please warn me of it my dear Lord, yes, open up my eyes.

For my desire my dear Jesus is just to live for you,

That you will know that I'm sincere, my every motive true.

Save me Oh Lord from my old self, and all I tend to be,

Yes, help me Lord to live for you, the one that set me free.

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A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE FOR JESUS

Jesus my Lord, you never cease to amaze me,
With loving kindness, you guide me and raise me.
Your forgiveness is unending, and your mercy is so sure,
Your fellowship is so happy and your loving is so pure.
You smile upon me and you call me your son,
And you treasure me like the greatest gift that you've already won.
For these things Lord I praise you, and I shout your Name aloud,
In the quiet of my room or in the midst of a great crowd.
I praise you and exalt you and I lift your name so high,
I bless you and I worship you, your glories I gladly cry.
Yes, I know that you hear me, and you love the things I say,
Whenever I sing praises and when I fervently pray.
So, hear these words I've written to you,
In the adoration that you're due.
So rest assured my Lord and know I love you more each day,
For I know all of Eternity I'll always feel this way.
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STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF

Why do you wonder, why do you doubt?

Why do you worry, why do you pout?

Why do you consider your problems unique,

And that you're the only one tender and meek?

For every soul east and every soul west,

Has worries and troubles that they'd like to arrest.

They all have our troubles and worries and cares,

They all have our horrors, confusions and snares.

One thing I'll say though, they all don't have me,

And I took the whipping and died on that tree.

When I had suffered and I breathed my last,

I took your present, your future and past.

Yes, all of your hurts and all your distress,

I took all upon me, so you can be blessed.

I want you to know it was hard on that day,

For my loving Father had his face turned away.

And I felt so helpless and torn from his side,
With your sin upon me I weathered the tide.
But be sure it pleased him to do this to me,
It's because of my death you are totally free.
So knowing these things, feel glad for yourself,
I took all your sorrow and gave you my wealth.

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HOLY, MAJESTIC AND MIGHTY

Holy, majestic and might in power is my Lord on High.
He's in a place called Heaven where he hears our every cry.
He sends us his ministering angels to guide us on his path.
They're fighting for our very souls against Satan and his wrath.
A loving Father that we have, He sent his only Son,
Whom by his death did conquer sin, and every battle's won.
Yes, every day he's watching us and keeping us from wrong,
To draw us closer to his side, he wills that we belong.

His love so great that someday soon He'll call us to his throne,

Eternal bliss and rapture that we'll never be alone.

So now we say, please come Lord Jesus, all in one accord,

Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.

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CHAPTER SIX

POEMS FIFTY-ONE THROUGH SIXTY

WHERE IS YOUR TRUST?

Some trust in chariots, some trust in horses,

Some trust in the market or financial sources.

Some trust in silver and some trust in gold,

Some trust in real estate that they may hold,

Some trust in sexual worldly desire,

Some trust in drugs to get them much higher.

Some trust the stars to help show them the way,

Some trust a medium, every word that they say.

Some trust themselves thinking they're god,

Some are foolish and don't watch where they trod.

Yet some, though not many, have come to the light,

Have come to the knowledge that Jesus is right.

They've admitted that happiness they cannot buy,

And all worldly possessions will all someday die.

That having and holding can do no good thing,
And past this bleak life their possessions can't bring,
They've realized that there's a much higher ideal,
That love, and compassion can strengthen and heal.
They know that all good comes from Jesus above,
Yes, through His forgiveness, His grace and His love.
So, some trust in Jesus, and they are so sensible,
Shunning the world and things reprehensible.
And because of their faith they'll be rewarded someday,
Yes, called up to heaven and forever to stay.
To walk streets of gold in a city of jewels,
With God as its light and devoid of all fools.
Yes, with God at its center, and with Jesus its King,
In eternity blessed, of His praise we will sing.

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JESUS, THE ONLY ONE FOR ME

OH Lord God, I praise and exalt your name for the ways that you have chosen to Speak to your servant David. To some you speak like roaring volcano in all its Beauty and majesty. But in your wonderful beauty and truth you choose to speak to me in subtle examples that speak to my heart and amaze my intellect. Truly you Know the heart of each man and how to approach each heart.

When our relationship was new and amazing you were all that I wanted and my only Aspiration. Friends and relations had their marriages and although most have failed, some are still living in your love and blessings in the union that you have designed, all Unions bound together in the love of a wonderful and loving Father.

Time, in its infinite mystery began to show itself for what it really is, a mover and changer of people who cannot master it. For I saw those who you united and how happy they were. And I saw the lovely children that you blessed them with. Then I thought to myself that I was Not blessed seeing that I didn't have those things. I then petitioned you to find someone for me, so that I too could be blessed like my brothers and sisters. That night of our communion was one where I felt that I betrayed you. Remembering the vows that I took when we were new, how I Said that I only wanted you and you alone. Now I was the betrayer, asking for someone to Fill a void that wasn't really there.

The words echo in my mind and they cut my heart like a double-edged sword. Lord, give me someone Who is gentle and kind. Give me someone who hates to fight or quarrel is what I asked. With that I Started my journey, a voyage of lies, deceit and hurt that didn't need to be. For in my search I could Find no genuine woman, no one with the qualities that I desired. My heart was fondled by many, only to be cast away like fisherman returns an unwanted fish back to its stream. Is there a woman who has the qualities I desire? Sadly, that question returned void every time it was asked.

But alas, the question had an answer. I never heard it because I had forgotten how to listen. In my search for near perfection on Earth, I missed the perfection of my Lord Jesus. Yes, he is the one faithful and true. He is the one who understands, loves and cares for His children, like a shepherd cares for his sheep. My Lord and Savior Jesus is gentle and kind. He doesn't like

to fight or quarrel. Finally, a love is found that is faithful and true; a friend that sticks closer than a brother. Thank you, Jesus, for being what I want, and What I need. Praise your Holy Name.

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I'M A MESS, PLEASE FIX ME

Like a fool I walked away from a love divine,
Trading living water for some bitter tasting wine.
Knowing fully well within my faulty rotting heart,
The habits that have hindered me were tearing us apart.
How can I do those things I do, knowing that they're wrong,
I could have heaven's melody, but I have a worthless song.
I asked and asked you time again, Lord, what is wrong with me,
I know that I am doing wrong, yes this I plainly see.
Yet I lack all self-control and riot is my life,
My words like from the sewer and my tongue is like a knife.
My temper rages like a fire; to quench it takes some time,
And then the guilt comes strolling in, and I can't pay the fine.

My life in now a shamble Lord, look what I've done to me,
This man who used to love you so, walked simple and carefree.

I've complicated everything; my love just can't be found,

And any witness for you lies shattered on the ground.

The words I've said and things I've done not flattering to you,

It seems that at my best is just the worse that I can do.

Please take my hand and help me walk Lord each and every day,

And cleanse my heart and tongue so that your words I'll only say,

Yes give me love for everyone and kill all hatred in my soul,

So all can see I walk with you and that you are my only goal.

And wash my through with living water, body, soul and mind,

So I can fix my eyes on you and to this world be blind.

Oh Lord please heal the hurt I've done, and fix the things I've broken,

Reverse all damage that I've done and bad words I have spoken.

These things I ask in earnest with a hungry thirsting heart,

And hear my prayer Oh precious Lord so we'll never be apart.

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OUR SPECIAL PLACE

You have called me to this place O Lord, many a time. The creek that I have grown up with. The creek that I have fished since my teen years. The creek which has yielded to me many fish, some grand and other not so grand. This creek holds a special place in my life, and I feel as if it and I can never be separated.

It is early Spring, and the creek is starting to come to life as it has at this time for so many years. The buds are starting to open, and some tiny fragile leaves are starting their life, productive and with vigor. The fish, knowing that fishing season has not started are bold and they taunt me by jumping out of the water, right before my eyes. I will return later to even the score.

But of late Lord, you have me come here for other reasons. This is a place of solitude, a place where You and I can be intimate. This is a place where I can bear my soul to you and know that there is no one else to hear my cries, and my praises. The sun has barely peaked over the hills when I start to praise your name. It feels that you are using its warmth and light to assure me that you are listening to me, and that you will talk back too. As I sing my praise, it seems as if the birds pick up on the note and join with me. Then, I notice that the water joins in, joining our duet as it cascades over the rocks and rubs against the creek banks. The breeze has now started and it rustles the few leaves that have sprouted, making us a quartet to praise your name. It is truly fantastic how all of the nature around me has joined me in lifting your name on high. The fish cannot be silent, so they jump, dancing in the air as we sing our song.

While I enjoy this time with you, I am partly saddened. You see Lord, there are those in my fellowship that think I am sinning by not joining them in prayer. I can understand their thoughts, but they cannot join with mine. I have tried to tell them of our wonderful times of communion together, but they will not relent. They are like all men through the generations who have made praise and prayer into a religion, with all of its rules and regulations. Oh, that they could be with me this day and enjoy your beauty and companionship.

My sadness and pity for my brothers soon fades into obscurity though and I continue my time with you. The sun has now fully risen and has created a thousand little stars on the water. They seem accentuated by the tiny little wavelets that the breeze has made. Our conversation

now moves from praise to prayer and you listen to what I have to ask you. I ask for grace for my brothers, love for those who harass me and many other things that are too numerous to number.

Our special time together has now come to an end. I would that it could remain this way all day, but life has its burdens and responsibilities. How about tomorrow Lord, then we will meet at the same place and have another special time together. I promise the birds and fish that I will return tomorrow so that we can continue our wonderful song of praise to you. I bid the creek and trees goodbye and take in the last breath of the soft breeze that is blowing. I leave to start my busy day but will relish tomorrow's start every arduous hour. Thank you, Lord, for our special place.

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JESUS AND THE COLD BEACH

I was sitting in a beach house, warm and safe on a cold New Jersey night. Reclined so peacefully with not a care in the world, except for the tugging that You were doing on my heart. No, I reasoned, I am comfortable here, there is nothing that I could do outside, but get cold and shiver in that cold New Jersey night.

Your tugging continued, and I could not help but think that it was my imagination, some foolish idea that my mind is trying to convince me to do. I could not ration it away though, for I have felt that tug before and I recognize it as coming from my friend and Lord, my Jesus. Hard as it seemed at the time, I stumbled out of the chair that held me with such comfort and warmth. I must follow your call.

Knowing that it is frigid outside I dress in the proper attire. Exposed flesh has been known to freeze and die on others before who have been careless. I leave the house and start on my journey, not knowing exactly where I will go or what I will be asked to do.

Head toward the beach I hear, and I obey the call without hesitation. I walk the empty streets, thinking that others are in their safe and warm houses, doing the things that others do. The streets seem strangely quiet and not another soul can be seen or heard. The traffic light stands as a standard to the empty streets, guarding them like a lonely sentinel.

At last I reach the beach. I hear the cold waves crashing against the shore, although they are barely visible. Their sound is mighty, and the sound reminds me of the majesty of my God, a majesty that cannot be subdued by the human soul or quelled by anything in this universe. In its vastness, it also reminds me of life and rebirth. It takes away and it returns, it destroys and yet it provides. The sea can be your friend, or your bitterest enemy.

Having thought about the sea, my attention is now drawn to my God. It is cold my Lord, what would you have me do on an empty beach, what could I say to no one? Just having finished that sentence, I realize that this is a perfect place to raise my voice to God. There is no fear of being heard by others as the waves drown out my voice with their vigorous roar. Then I muse that it would not matter if anyone heard my prayers and worship, or even if someone happened upon me and thought me a fool or lunatic. How many men since time immemorial have been thought of fools for speaking outright to the master, yet they all attained wonderful blessings from God on High. Lord, please make me a fool for you, please!

To my surprise, the hymns started to flow from my mouth, songs that I have never heard before. They were simple songs, but direct and powerful. My songs to my Father, given to me by His wonderful Spirit. Soon the songs ended, and words came out of my mouth, words of another language, one which I have never heard and cannot understand. With the utterances of my lips I am praising my Father and His will is being wonderfully done. Happily, I continue, never wanting to stop.

When the marvelous words come to an end I am disappointed. I never wanted it to stop. However, my Father had other plans for me now. Bend down He said and scoop up a handful of sand and let it fall to the earth. Repeatedly I was instructed to do this, and I obeyed dutifully. Having finished my chore, I asked my God what I had just done. In a still yet mighty voice He tells me that each grain of sand that fell from my hand was representative of a person who would find salvation on that beach. Realizing that hundreds of thousands of grains left my grip I became happy yet did not understand how this would be accomplished. Some things are not meant to be understood I reason, but perhaps someday I could know.

I turned and returned to the warm house that I was compelled to leave, happy that I listened and obeyed. The next morning, I awoke content and happy. I knew in my mind and heart that what I had done the night before would have a profound impact on the lives of many people, and in their eternal security. My mother came into the kitchen and to my surprise she asked me to pray for her household. I know that I had covered that prayer on the beach that night. I don't remember praying for that, but I just know that it was mentioned in the myriad of foreign, but effective words that I uttered the night prior. I tell her about the prayer and she seems proud of her son. I have seen that look before, but never so loving and respectful, and I feel wonderful because of it.

It has been several years since that night on the lonely cold beach. I can't help but wonder what ever happened there, or if anything has happened yet. Reports have come to me from my mother, telling me of Church services that are held on that very spot and that gladdens my heart. I still pray for that beach and what God will do there. Knowing that I did something that God directed, knowing that I left comfort and warmth to obey His will, and knowing that I might have changed that beach by being obedient, has changed my life and strengthened my relationship with Jesus and My Father. To obey is better than sacrifice.

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PROPITIATION

I was the nail that they drove through your wrist.

I was the hammer held firm in that fist.

I am the whip that they brought to your back.

I ripped your skin with each torturous crack.

I was the vine that produced every thorn,

They used for your crown when they mocked you to scorn.

I was each word that they cried all the way,

When you walked to Golgotha, that hill far away.

I was the burden you carried that day.

From God's perfect plan you never did stray.

The pain you endured was especially for me.

With love so unselfish you hung on that tree.

From time's ancient beginning you knew of this plan.

You lowered yourself to become just a man.

To hang on the cross, yes to save my poor soul.

Then raise from the dead. This was your Holy Goal.

To call many people, yes many like me.

Who tired of sin and who yearned to be free.

So now we all love You and worship Your Name.

Now free from the sin, now free from the shame.

So thank you my Jesus, I love You, I do.

And to You alone will I ever be true.

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AMERICA'S PRIDE – AMERICA'S DEMISE

You shout from east, you shout from west, Oh look what we have done,

Oh, who can stand against us now, just show us even one.

Our might power tamed the Earth and made all nations fear us,

No one can pluck us from our nest, no evil will not come near us.

Our armies all around the globe, our ships on ever sea,

No one on earth can conquer us, we're strong as we can be.

And when some petty ruler tries to stand up in our way,

We kill his people, break his toys and tell him he can't play.

We came and tamed this mighty land and brought it to its knee,

We tamed most every animal and cultured every tree.

We conquered all the grasslands and our farms are firmly planted,

And we're so kind that even land to Indians we granted.

And then we broke the mountains, put a road in every pass,

We built a super highway system, watched our wealth amass.

And then we built our shining cities, our buildings scrape the sky,

Constructed super airports, put the planes up in the sky.

We built a monetary system, and we gave it to the world,

And there is not a nation where our flag is not unfurled.

So then we traveled to the moon, to prove that we could do it,

Our prowess now in outer space like there is nothing to it.

Our system a terrific one, it is the best around,

Our government is always there, to keep you safe and sound.

A great lighthouse of liberty, yes, we have come to be,

A haven for those suffering, who want to be set free.

Have lots of children, yes we do, and they're so very healthy,

Each one to live our fondest dream, to be happy and so wealthy.

And yes we have the finest schools, we teach them oh so fine,

With teachers high in caliber, we'll leave the world behind.

We took all credit for ourselves, we have no need of God,
We have no need to seek His face and do not fear his rod.
For we have prospered by ourselves, no need for an assist,
For everything that we have done, was done as we had wished.

Now that God was removed from the equation the poem continues:

We cry from east and cry from west, oh look what we have done,

So many nations loath us, almost every single one.

And though our power tamed the earth, the nations all now jeer us,

The terrorists they roam our streets and peace is nowhere near us.

Our armies serve around the world, our ships sail every sea,

They're not enough to quell the tide, the world is not so free.

And when some petty ruler tries to stand right in our way,

We threaten him with petty words and hollow threats we say.

We turned the land to toxic waste, polluted every sea,

We killed most every animal and killed most every tree.

We gave the grassland to the farmers then ran them out of town,

We forced the native to a wasteland, barren sterile ground.

And then we broke the mountains, laid down roads most everywhere,

But they are all decaying, and nobody seems to care.

Our shining cities have long since dulled, and gangs now rule the streets.

Our airports are like fortresses against terroristic feats.

We built a monetary system, and against us it has turned,

Our flag is now an instrument to mangle and to burn.

And though we traveled to the moon, what did it really prove?

That we can let the hungry die for our fantasies to soothe.

Our system once terrific is now all full of gaping cracks,

Our government is always there to levy a new tax.

A great lighthouse of liberty, yes, we once really were,

But now we let in criminals and other such manure.

Had lots of children at one time, they were our greatest portion,

We murder them before their birth, a sin that's called abortion.

We used to have the finest schools, they're also in decline,

A battle-zone for juvenile delinquents of every kind.

Yes, you took God out from our nation, cast Him far away,

And said we did it by ourselves, but this I have to say.

By claiming all blessings, you proved your foolish pride,

And sent away a Holy God, and from His face you hide.

But very soon His judgment comes to sweep across this land,

And He will test you seeing if you are so very grand.

So, pray that He'll be merciful, Oh you on bended knee,

Rebellious men will bow to Him for all the world to see.

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SEEK THE LORD AND LIVE!

Seek the Lord and live, I hear the Holy Spirit cry,
Cause when you are just in yourself you're barely getting by.
You're tired, swimming in the sea, you cannot keep afloat,
Thrashing in the choppy water, praying for a boat,
The daunting ocean beckons you to join its very deep,
It overpowers all your strength and makes you want to sleep.
The chilly water numbs you now, you start to feel no pain,
Your life is slipping from you now, your consciousness does wane.
You start to slip below the surface as you take your final gasp,
Knowing that your sorry days on earth have seen their last.
But then you cry out to the Lord, He is your friend of old.
He always helped you in the past, yes, many times untold.
With every ounce of strength, you have you lift your hand to Him,
Oh, help me Lord, you cry out loud, my fate is rather grim.
Then in your sea-soaked eyes you see a very welcome sight,
A hand is reaching out to you to pluck you from your plight.

He sets you down upon the shore and breathes His breath of life,
The Holy wind inflates your lungs and makes you come alive.
Because he saved your lowly life, you know He cares for you,
To serve Him now with all your heart, the least that you can do.
No more to fight the angry sea, or fight against its fury,
Because you are a Holy child, you never have to worry.
And when a trial comes your way, He'll always fight for you,
To love Him yes, with all your heart, is all you have to do.
So, seek the Lord and live my friend, eternity is yours,
You are a child of the King, the one that he adores.

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THE FINAL WALK

I was walking down a country path on a sunny summer day. Behind me were all of the hardships that hinder my life. All of the cares of this world are growing smaller behind me and I am in ecstasy. In front of me is a brilliant light, much brighter than the sun. The sun's light could never compare to this light, a light of purity, that has never been touched by man's wickedness or the creation's curse.

As I walk along I hear the sound of many that are walking the same path. Some of the people I can recognize but many others I cannot. I know though that we are walking toward the same goal, the same Shekinah glory that is in front of us. Those who are accompanying me are peaceful, and joy fills their voices as they sing praise to God, the same praise that utters from my lips. Funny, my lips feel pure, as though they have never spoken evil or malice. As though they were just created, they seem virginal.

Still walking in glory, I notice a noise, dark, evil, so loud that it hurts my ears. I start to hear profanities, words that should not be in this beautiful place. Suddenly and without notice a large boulder falls right in my path, blocking my way to the wonderful excellence before me. I notice that the one who has placed it there is called the accuser. He has gone by many other names, Lucifer, Satan and many other names that he has created for himself to bring himself glory, or so he thinks.

The proportions of the boulder are staggering. It totally blocks my view of the wonderful place that I seek. My Lord tells me that it is a sin that has beset me for many years and has hindered my walk with the Lord of all Creation. The boulder moves as I do and does not impede my walk, but it keeps me from seeing my destined journey. I start to wonder if the light is still in front of me and if I will ever attain what is mine by adoption. Some of the others who walked with me before having progressed further, their faces bathed with the glory that grows ever nearer. I start to worry and fret. What if the boulder never moves? What if I can never surmount the large piece of granite? My faith starts to wane.

I have to do something to remove this boulder, but what? The boulder, though large and intimidating is after all only rock, and it has its weaknesses, like all other things in this creation. I now realize that I have been walking for many days and that the rock has moved in front of me for that whole time. I realize that the boulder must be broken so that I can again focus on the beauty of majesty. The boulder is too big for any one man to chisel. How can I chisel down such an enormous piece of earth in one lifetime? Who will save me?

Ah, call on the Lord, the God of my salvation, I hear a gentle voice say to my soul. Oh, Master of the Universe, deliver me from this monolith which has impeded me. Within what seems like only a few short minutes I hear a rumbling in the eastern sky. The rumbling grows stronger and a sight grows closer. It is in the appearance of a hand, a mighty hand. It's very presence makes the trees bow down in worship, and the waters of the lake dance with joy. The others along with myself bow in homage to the hand of the Lord, a hand mighty in power. With

one touch, the mountainous rock crumbles and turns to sand under my feet. A once mighty mountain obliterated by God.

I had been so focused on myself that I did not notice until this time that some of the others who were walking in the same path as I were also walking on granules of sand. They too had been hindered by giant rocks, boulders and mountains, but were now free. Shamefully I admit that I was too absorbed in my own mountain to notice the mountains that blocked their view. When we all realize that our hindrances were gone we raised up our voices in one loud chorus, giving praise to the God of Salvation who freed us from our burdens and allowed us again to view our goal.

As we walked on I noticed that some of us had grown older than others, at least in appearance as we grew closer to the light. After what seemed like a lifetime, which is what it was, I touched the light. When I did, I noticed that the only thing that mattered this whole time was God. I became aware that this was the true reality, and nothing else really mattered.

I noticed that when in the light there was no distance. I could not get closer to the light or farther from it. The light went on for eternity all around me. I also noticed that my Father had made this heaven much like the earth, or visa-versa. There were trees, flowers, grassy hills and everything was perfect. The plants, the ground and the sky all sang the glory of God. A very familiar voice then spoke to me and I listened intently for it was a voice of authority and love. It was a voice that was very ancient, and rays of wisdom and over abundant love shot through my being as He spoke. He told me that we had to review my life as He wanted to give me my crown. Now, I had always thought that I would be lucky to get a copper crown because I never thought that I did much on Earth to please my God. But when I was before Him who is faithful and true, I couldn't remember any bad that I did. There was absolutely no consciousness of my having done anything but good. Then I heard Him say "My Son" and Jesus stood before me. He bore the wounds that He received on earth to heal and save me. I then reckoned that was why there was no evil or wrongdoing to remember. With Jesus there, no sin existed in my life. I looked perfect to My Father.

Because of Jesus there was no need to review my life. You see, since Jesus was my Lord and my life was perfect I was in line for a wonderful crown, although I still did not know what I did to deserve it. The crown was magnificent. It was a translucent gold and in it were set jewels. There were diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and other gems, which I never saw on earth. Jesus himself placed the crown on my head and I felt honored, but still undeserving. After that, I

was led to a large table that stretched what seemed like forever. At the table were seated many people, more than I could ever count. They had crowns like myself, all beautiful works of art. We all sang hymns at the table and very little talking went on between us. Finally, there was the blow of many trumpets and Jesus came down to the table and took his place at the head of the table. He called us friends and welcomed us to His feast. There we ate the finest food and its supply was never ending. There was no getting full either and each of us ate as we desired. Then, the Lord raised a cup, saluted us, and welcomed us. I felt honored that the Son of God would toast every one of us there.

The dinner finished, we all instinctively headed in one direction. There were so many of us there that we looked like a sea of people, like a glass sea. We separated into two groups and Jesus walked down the center of both groups. An urge came over me to take my crown off and cast it in front of Him. I knew that I didn't deserve the ornate headwear because everything good that I ever did in my life I did because of Him. He deserved my crown, not me. My attention was drawn the center isle where I saw innumerable crowns. You see, everyone else thought the same as I and we all honored Him together with our action. Jesus was visibly moved by the action and you could tell that He was proud of us. I shot a glance to my right and saw a throne that was glorious. It was like every gem ever made covered this throne. On it sat the Father in all of His Glory. His glory was so bright that I couldn't even look at it, even in my glorified body. I thought that if I looked at Him, that every atom of my existence would explode, and I would be spread throughout eternity. I fell on my face, as did all the others, both human and angels alike and we worshipped Him who is on the Throne. Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come!!

It might have sounded strange when I was in my earthly form, that I would worship God for eternity. I suppose that it would have sounded boring and redundant. Now that I am in heaven though it seems like the only thing to do. All of the earthly concerns were just trivial at best. When I consider that Jesus saved me from a fate where I would be in torment for eternity, I have to say that I prefer this much more. So, should this piece of literature reach anyone on earth who is still tethered to that life I would encourage them to consider a life in Jesus. It might be hard now, but the rewards and blessings in this afterlife are worth every pain and all of the toil. Perhaps I will see you here someday.

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THE HOLY BATTLE

At times it's hard to fight a sin,
For two mighty powers are fighting within,
One with all evil and worldly desire,
The other with pureness of heavens aspire.
The flesh seems so strong and spirit so weak,
It appears I have fallen before I can speak.
For a season it's fun, but then kindles my anger,
How long in this sin will I suffer and languor?
This not the first time I've stumbled this way,
Oh, Jesus please save me and cast it away.
For so many years I've been plagued by this curse,
And the more that I fight it, it seems to get worse.
Can't you see Jesus, I tire of battle,
For so many years I have fought from this saddle.
I've slashed, and I've taken the enemy down,

And though he seems dead, yet again he'll be found.

But I know for certain, the war has been won,

And Satan defeated by Jesus God's Son,

For though there are times I have lost in this war,

And my battle wounds many, and hard to ignore.

When a battle is lost, I still run to you,

And then you refresh me and make me anew.

So, the battle decision's a win then for you,

In you I have hidden, so Satan is through.

For he wanted me beaten and cast to the ground,

To feel almost dead and not utter a sound.

But by turning to you now the victory's won,

With confession, forgiveness then Satan is done.

So though there are times when a sin might afflict me,

And soul versus flesh again may restrict me,

I'll never forget to come running to you,

Cause I know you're loving and righteous and true.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

POEMS SIXTY ONE THROUGH SEVENTY

COME BACK ROSWELL

There lives a story from back in 47

That alien beings fell to us from heaven.

And whether it happened, as many did say,

Gives Satan the glory, and from God strips away.

So many unwilling to service our Lord,

Conspiracy notions they'd rather afford.

It's so much more fun to believe in a fable,

Then to trust in the Lord, lay your cards on the table.

This alien craze brings the tourists around,

And brought again life to this sleepy old town.

It now is a Mecca for those so bizarre,

We draw them from near and we draw them from far.

But what have we done, have we sold our own souls,

For purse strings of silver and wallets of gold?
Corrupted our daughters, perverted our sons,
All in the name of some good harmless fun?
Now hear me O' Roswell, for God sees your plan,
And you surely know where the troubles began.
It started back yonder in old "47",
When you embraced evil and forfeited heaven.
But there's a solution, turn back to the Lord,
In blessed repentance, all in one accord.
And you will feel joy as you walk in His light,
The joy that one feels when one does what is right.

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MY HEART'S THRONE

A throne sits alone in background so dark.
Made of find gold, not a scratch or a mark.
And on that throne, I see myself set,

Dressed in fine garments; the best one can get.

At the front of the seat, I see a strange view.

A name written in language that to me is quite new.

But strangely I muse that I've seen it before.

Three simple letters that I can't ignore.

And all of a sudden, a thought comes to mind.

It's my name in Hebrew, embossed oh so fine.

But as I sit viewing the visage seems lacking,

Importance so shallow, a dung hill in stacking.

For my sitting there makes the throne no great view,

The more that I see it, the more I eschew.

Then it is revealed that this throne is my heart,

The person who sits there a lacking upstart.

So, I cry to Yeshua, "Come sit on this throne,"

That sits here in darkness, where light is not shone.

For although I've known you for so many years,

I've never thought of leaving from here.

And as I beheld, I stepped from the throne,

And Yeshua then sat there, Shekinah now shone.

His smile so loving as He looked down at me,

And said that now I was totally free.

He said He was proud of how much I had grown,

This true rightful heir of this heart that He owns.

So reign there forever my Messiah, my King,

And delight in your servant as your praises I sing.

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THE DELIVERANCE

O Lord, your ways are amazing to me,

And your plans are beyond my comprehension.

When I was but a young man there were many changes.

My father and I were moved to a foreign yet familiar land.

To a land that those in this world said was filled with milk and honey.

But the world was wrong.

This land that they esteemed was filled with moral and spiritual corruption.

And as I lived in this desert, my soul became as dust,

Blown to and fro by the winds of whim and desire.

My soul dwelled with the scorpion and viper,

Of which they claimed to be my friends.

But when the dust of my life had become the driest,

You sent a brother who watered this land with Living Water.

And that water helped a seed to germinate.

A seed that, in your wisdom, you planted years before.

The seed grew in my heart in the dry and arid land,

Causing me to accept the seed planter as my Master.

You then opened my eyes and I beheld many things.

The land that the world touted as being one of milk and honey,

Was actually a land filled with thorns, thistles,

With sour milk and spoiled honey.

A land of rotteness and decay, where the fly and maggot rule.

And O, I cried to be delivered from this foul land,

But for so long my cry went unanswered.

But in your love, you planted me with other trees,

Some planted firm and some with tender leaves.

And all the plants had intertwined roots,

Protecting us from the tempests that always seemed to blow,

And together, we lived as a forest planted by you.

But alas, I was planted near the edge of the forest,

And was exposed to the heat of the desert,

Constantly assailed by its hot dry winds.

But in your grace and mercy you answered my prayers.

You dug me up and moved me as on the wings of an eagle.

Like a majestic bird you clutched me in your jaw,

Carrying me far from the offensive wasteland.

And this tree was happy that the bird had carried it away.

The flight was long, four days in all.

We arrived at a new place and you planted me there.

A place where water flows freely, where rain is plentiful,

And where the soil is rich and deep.

The desert was but a bad memory, and with your constant attention,

I began to bloom, my roots were deep and full of life giving nutrients.

And wonderful blossoms began to cover me,

To be later replaced by delicious fruit.

And although I am prosperous and happy I yet despair.

My roots remember the trees they were entangled with far away.

I pine for those who still feel the sting of the desert winds.

Send them water O Lord and sustain them.

Send your mighty eagle and transplant them too.

Bring them to this place by your grace and mercy

So that they too might be blessed and grow strong.

And O Lord, hear these words and by thy mercy act quickly.

And I trust you Lord, my maker, that you will honor this petition.

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MY POTTER

Oh God, You are my potter.

An artisan of glory and majesty.

The Master Potter,

Full of wisdom and purpose.

Your vessels are formed perfectly,

Beautiful to behold, flawless and priceless.

You work the clay, removing imperfections;

Compressing the clay, making a solid lump.

With holy feet you spin the wheel,

Never too fast and never too slow.

And as the wheel makes its revolutions,

Skillful hands gently begin their work,

With loving pressure and upswept motions.

You form a center depression to hold heavenly things;

Words and deeds that are precious to your heart.

Never, do you let the clay get off center,

Keeping the motion sure, the vessel true.

And as the clay dries you watch it ever so carefully,

Fixing cracks and other imperfections,

Preparing it for your holy fire.

Yet before the heat, you decorate your work with glazes,

In many wonderful colors, pleasing to your eyes.
And with steady hand you place the vessel into the fire,
Keeping a loving watch as the flames try your work.
Alas, the work now complete, you behold the beauty,
Presenting it as a gift to your precious Father.
You set this wonderful work of art in a place,
A wonderful place that you've prepared,
Prepared before time was ever conceived,
Made before the foundation of the world.
A place that has waited so patiently,
Knowing full well that someday it would be filled.
And this vessel, made with such love, sits not alone,
But with countless others all made with your skillful hands.
All filled to the rim with love and praises,
For their artisan, their maker.
For although they are but the dust of the earth,
They are all the possession of the Everlasting King.

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FREE ME O LORD

Oh, how my spirit longs to be with you my Lord.

It groans like a prisoner trying to be freed

From the bondage of capture and imprisonment.

Like a slave without hope, or a caged bird yearning to be free,

My soul cries to you from the confinement of this body.

Free me O Lord I cry,

Free me from the chains that bind.

Open the doors of this prison,

And set my poor soul free.

Let me be able to enjoy your cool waters;

To run in the free and open fields of heavens glorious realms.

Let me be able to breath the clean fresh air,

That's never been tainted by sin and shame.

Take my hand and walk me through the streets

Of Your Holy City, and Your Glorious Realm.

Speak to me things never spoken before.

Answer all of those questions never before answered.

And bless the Lord O my soul.

Leap for joy my very being,

For the Lord has freed you.

No more will you be bound by iniquity.

No more will you have to groan to be freed.

For the Lord will come with a shout,

And your prison doors will swing open wide.

Your chains will be unshackled and banished forever.

Come my soul to the Holy Sanctuary and bless the Lord.

Sing with the countless others for your redemption.

Sing in adoration to the One who has freed you.

He saw your suffering, and heard your cry,

And answered you in your day of distress.

So fall at His feet; at the foot of his throne.

Worship with your brethren and all the heavenly hosts.

For the Lord is worthy to save.

Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts.

Heaven and earth are full of His glory.

He raised you from your grave and called the living to the skies.

No more to be burdened by the woes of this world.

To live with Him in eternal bliss and glorious rapture.

Bless the Lord – My Redeemer.

—

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THEY CAME IN PEACE

We woke up to the news one day that many had just disappeared,

We didn't know just what had happened and we all lived in fear.

But deep inside our very souls we knew our fears had all come true,

That Yeshua had snatched His people away, now what were we to do?

They came one day in massive ships,

To bring us lasting peace.

Enlightened minds they promised us,

And Spiritual release.

The day they came the world was warring,

Great hatred both east and west,

They put an end to every conflict,

And offered perfect rest.

T'was then he came, their highest master,

He said that he was lord.

His promise was to heal the Earth,

To put us all in one accord.

And if we chose to do his will and give him all our praise,

He'd make the world a garden and prolong our living days.

He made a pact with Israel for seven years of peace,

In utter awe they signed the paper and sighed in great relief.

His craft and beings went to and fro, patrolling all the world,

In every city, town and glen his banner was unfurled.

The world paid homage to the man that soon became a beast,

He had the whole world in his pocket, His conquest was complete.

He proclaimed his edict to the world that they would have to keep,

They could not back out now, they were in this thing too deep.

He said that every man, his wife and daughter and his son,

Should take a mark upon themselves so they could all be one.

At first the seal was voluntary to prove allegiance sure,

And soon he forced it on them all, their survival the allure.

But there were some who refused to take his seal upon their souls,

They knew that God forbade this act and they had higher goals.

So, then the Beast declared a war against the Holy People,

He hunted all that he could find and tore down every steeple.

There really was no place to hide, his eyes were everywhere.

His demons scoured every wood, his ships engulfed the air.

Now God on High had seen these things and His plan He did deploy,

To rid the world of Satan's son and the evil hosts he did employ.

God sent them every malady, all plagues, disease and strife,

But men did not repent of sin, they loved too much their lives.

They formed a coalition now to fight the Lord Most High,

Who soon would be returning with His millions in the sky.

And then a blessing happened, a tide he couldn't stop,

The Jews saw Yeshua as Messiah, and Satan blew his top.

He marshaled his armies so numerous to take the blessed land,

And kill all of Jerusalem and take his final stand.

But God had known this prior and had caused the Jews to flee,

To Moab's land and Ammon where He'd keep them safe and free.

The beast had followed close behind with every eager sword,

But they could not advance against the Angels of The Lord.

Then all at once the sky grew dark and rolled up like a scroll,

And with a flash Yeshua had appeared now through that hole.

He came with all His Holy Ones and fought the men of sin,

He cleaved the Mount of Olives where Mission did begin.

They had no chance, His holy words destroyed them in short time,

Made food for every scavenger and birds of every kinds.

He bound the Beast and Prophet who tried to make their flight,
And threw them in the Lake of Fire to burn both day and night.
Then He took Satan and his angels, locked them safe away,
In Tartarus a thousand years in torment they will stay.
And finally, He blessed the Earth and called all men to Him,
To live a life of peaceful bliss free from the bonds of sin.

Now looking back in retrospect, I wish that we had seen,
That UFO's and aliens were devils all unseen.
Revealed themselves as aliens to turn men's hearts from God,
Prepared men's hearts then for the Beast and Satan's evil plot.

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TAKE ME AWAY LORD

Take me away Lord, to a place far from here,
To Your City on High, far from sadness and fear,

To a place filled with Angels and streets paved with gold,

To pastures all green where I'll graze with your fold,

Where I'll run and I'll jump and I'll sing all day long,

And worship You Lord with a beautiful song,

How I long to hear You,

How I long to see Your face,

How I long to hold You,

Behold You in Your Holy Place,

Oh, take me to my mansion,

The place You've built for me,

With every wall so crystal clear,

So that only You I can see,

And take me now before Your throne,

So, I can worship You,

To fall on my face right at Your feet,

And bathe them with my tears of thanksgiving,

And then I'll rise and hug you Lord, and never let You go,

Then tell You Lord ten trillion times of how I love You so.

Oh, how I long for Your embrace,

How I long for You to transplant me from this dry desert,

To your lovely splendid garden,

How I long for your everlasting river to cool and refresh my soul,

And my roots will be planted deep in your Holy Soil,

And they will rejoice as they drink from Your sustenance,

No more to be hindered by weeds or malcontents,

And no more will the locust or weevil try to hinder me,

For I will dwell in the house of the Lord,

For the Lord has proclaimed it, and His Word is true.

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THE DAY OF THE LORD

We hid ourselves in Petra's dry Land

From the Evil One's oppressive and murderous hand.

For more than three years he did us harm,

And caused concern and great alarm.

He took our women and killed our men,

While he laid his claim on Jerusalem.

Then almost as instinct – a knowledge we gained,

And on all of the faithful this message had rained.

To flee the great city, our homes and our stores,

Through a cleft in a mountain, our God did afford.

We walked through the desert of great fervent heat,

But God supplied water, some bread and some meat.

And then we arrived at the gate of this land,

Where God did protect us with His Holy Hand.

The safety we felt was so peaceful and sure,

That it had to be God, and it had to endure.

But evil had followed us from the great city,

With evil intentions and lacking all pity.

So, we called on Yeshua, one Holy in name,

And begged Him to save us – we acknowledged our shame.

Our cry rose to Heaven in one great accord,
Blessed is He who comes in the Name of the Lord.
And as we yet shouted there were clouds in East,
With each prayerful word its size and speed did increase.
With its reaches enormous, the cloud had filled the sky,
It was Yeshua, Messiah, with His saints from on high.
They then turned their horses and galloped away,
To a land titled "Bozrah," where he'd battle that day.
But later that day he returned to our place,
With blood spattered garments, and blood-spattered face.
He'd killed all the wicked with the sword of His word,
Their bodies a feast for the scavenger bird.
Now in our presence, this Ancient of Years,
Was greeted with gladness, our praises and cheers.
Our Yeshua, Messiah, was with us at last,
The Hope of so many who had died in the past.
He's now here to dwell with us all of our days,
And gladly in righteousness we'll follow His ways.

For generations uncounted we sang a sad dirge,
In a world filled with darkness, we seemed always the scourge,
But now we are righteous and holy and pure,
No longer in shame will we have to endure.

Yeshua, Messiah, is with us at last,
And we'll look toward the future and forsake the past.

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I DECLARE YOUR PRAISE

Oh, how I declare your praises
The Holy One of Israel who sets my spirit free,
Those of the Earth have cast me aside, heaping guilt and anguish,
To any burdens that I already bear.
But like a refreshing Summer rain, is your forgiveness to my soul.
Your living water renews my soul and spirit,
And your grace gives me freedom and liberty.
I see in your face the very essence of love,

And compassion with a brilliance that outshines a thousand suns.

Your hand of love guides me in the way that is right,

And your rod of instruction is always welcome with gladness.

Oh, how my heart and soul soar like a bird in flight,

Whenever I see your face or hear your name.

And oh, how I long for the day when we can walk

On Heaven's glorious streets of gold together.

That day when all things will become so very clear and all the
Hindrances that have kept me from seeing you in focus are removed.

That will be the time when I will physically embrace you Jesus,

Like a little boy who has missed his father for oh so long,

And I'll find it hard to relinquish that firm hold.

But for eternity I will continue to sing your praises.

Sweet Lord Jesus, call us home soon I exhort you.

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BLOOD OF FORGIVENESS

Blood of Forgiveness come wash over me,

With holy sanctity now set my soul free

Cleanse me and free me both inside and out,

Removing all sorrow, all sin and all doubt

Now mold me and make me afresh and anew,

So, I can fulfill your purpose in all that I do

A life that is righteous You've called me to seek,

To grab firmly Your hand whenever I'm weak

So, I purpose my life Lord to cleave unto You,

And forsake this whole world for the One Who Is True

No more to grasp for some worldly aspire,

I'll follow the "Just One", whose ideals are much higher

Now I end this short discourse, saying it's You that I love,

With my eyes transfixed on You, my soul soars like a dove.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

POEMS SEVENTY-ONE THROUGH SEVENTY EIGHT

BRING JUDGMENT AND BLESSING

Oh YHVH – Lawlessness abounds.

People run to and fro in endless futility.

Each one does what is right in his own eyes.

Those in authority ignore the cries of the oppressed.

Their decisions are shallow and empty.

Any caring that they once had has long since departed.

Those above us are devoid of wisdom.

Understanding has fled far from them.

In them can be found no sanity.

Their foundations are built on wet sand.

They flail wildly to ward off the gnat,

Yet they fail to see the camel that walks by them.

Their whip stings horribly as it cracks on our backs.

The weapon of their tongue assaults our very spirits.

They give meager pittance to make amends.

They proclaim the price of their gift,

Offering it to us as and charging usury.

Often, they wear their acts as a badge of their own honor,

Displaying it proudly in plain sight,

Wearing it so that all with eyes can see.

Their kindness given to all but with conditions.

They demand favor for their feigned charity.

Their deeds are but a stench in your nostrils Oh YHVH.

Their actions and their words a vehicle,

A conveyance on their road to Sheol.

For they are not at all like you YHVH.

No, opposite are their actions and intents.

Their deeds will burn with fervent heat,

Fuel for everlasting fires of torment.

Wood, hay and stubble they offer in sacrifice to You.

You, whose eyes are as a flaming fire, you with eyes that see the very hearts of men.

You who judges the thoughts and desires of every heart.

You whose tongue is a double-edged sword.

You, whom everyone will stand before on the Last Day.

Wait no longer our King of Majesty,

Tarry not one minute more, our Righteous King and Redeemer.

Deliver your people and judge quickly the oppressor.

Cause those with stiff knees to bow humbly before you.

Humble the prideful and fell the lofty trees.

Bring happily before you those whom you love,

All of your people, whom you have ordained to be yours.

Separate forever the sheep from the goats.

Bring to public spectacle those who practice unrighteousness.

Exalt those who love Your Kingdom and Your Name.

Be glorified in all the Earth.

Show your glory through the actions of Your People.

Let the wicked go to everlasting sorrow,

But let those that are sanctified remain in your presence forever.

AMEN.

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INTERVENE OH HOLY ONE

Have vengeance for me oh YHVH,

Have your way with those who torment me.

Shut the mouth of the wicked and prideful man.

Cause his tongue to shrivel on the inside of his mouth.

Make his folly known to all of those he has victimized.

Cause his superiors to perform righteous judgment.

Pay him back tenfold – recompense for recompense.

Let all of his generations know of his infamy,

And let them be ashamed of his misdeeds.

Let your righteous judgment fall upon him,

And cause all of his endeavors to fail him.

Let the things that he cherishes dry up,

And let them blow away like the dust during a gale.

Let there be no increase in his barns,

And let his herds not be found by him.

Make him a pauper – a man who is destitute.

Let him search for his prized possessions,

And let them not be found by him.

Let him no more make claim of Your Name,

And let him no longer be an affront to Your Holiness.

In your chastisement let him be corrected.

Let his eyes to be opened and his ears to be unstopped.

Cause his heart to feel unfettered sorrow,

And let his mourning be heard by many who are far off.

Shatter his haughtiness oh Yahweh,

And refine his heart in your fire.

Act through your might and cause him to hear your voice.

Receive glory by bringing him to the low places.

My delight is to see your glory shown,

And to see your justice performed in the affairs of men.

Yahweh Yeshua, you are King and Lord,

And your majesty shines many times brighter than the sun.

So, intervene oh Holy and Righteous One,

And change this man, or remove him forever!

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I STILL AWAIT YOUR ANSWER

If I might be so bold, might I ask, what do you want?

What requirements have I neglected, what price have I not paid,

That you see fit not to grant me the desire of my heart.

What I ask for is not hard for the maker of all that exists,

Nor should it seem to be an impossible task for an Almighty God.

My life has always been simple, I've never asked for much.

I've never asked for money or wealth like most men would ask,

For I know what such things lead to.

I've not asked for fame or recognition, which many certainly crave,

For I know that those things are really hollow facades.

I've not asked for might or power, for which men all covet,

For I know that you are the Kingdom, Power and Glory.

I'm content in the life that you've designed for me,

One where I can effect change and expect my reward when I reach Glory.

I've never really asked you for things that I wanted,

For wants are mostly requested out of selfish desires.

Instead, I've only asked you for needs, the basic necessities,

The simple staples of life; those things that are needed to survive.

But for years I've only had one request, only one desire for my flesh,

The love of a good woman who loves you and can love me.

Oh, I love the amusing antidote that my friends have said for years,

“God's making that special one just for you.”

Does it take the same God who made all that exists, made it in six days;

Does it take you so many years to knit together one single woman?

Dear Yahweh, I know that they're enigmatic, yes, maybe even for you,

But what do you answer, when will you hearken to the voice of my cry?

I only look for answers, for a sign or perhaps, maybe, some results.

Why the silence O Yahweh, where's her presentation?

I've admitted my sin Yahweh, I've confessed my shortcomings.

In foolishness I did set out on my own to fulfill my need for a companion.

Like a blind man I did fall into many pits and stumbled over the goads.

I've allowed my heart to love those for what ever reason, couldn't reciprocate.

I've allowed feigned lovers to lead my heart down a primrose path,

Only to have them push my heart off of the precipice at the end of the trail,

And to have it cut asunder on the sharp rocks below.

Yet each time you were faithful Yahweh, you picked up its pieces and made it new.

You healed this wounded man and rebuilt what was once destroyed.

Yes, I've learned Yeshua, I've learned to obey, and I've learned to listen.

And although I listen, I do not hear an answer; silence is my portion.

Be silent no longer Yahweh, speak to me in a clear and concise manner.

Whatever the answer, I'll heed and obey, even if it is contrary to my desire.

I will continue to sit and wait for your answer Yahweh,

I pray that it comes quickly and that I hear it astutely.

And I promise to accept your decision with gladness and joy.

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Authors Note: The answer was received in August of the same year and she is a wonderful woman who loves Yeshua. Her name is Lourdes...Hallelujah!!

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE

I exist, and I am alive, but where did I come from,

I have no recollection of ever having been before.

I sit in this dark void, jostled from time to time,

The void casting itself in varied positions.

I am nervous and confused, what am I, who am I?

I should be frightened here in the dark but I'm not,

No, I'm peaceful, content and assured of my fate.

Something urges me to continue, to press forth,

But what or who is this presence, what is this drive?

Why do I feel special; what did you say, I'm called out?

You're knitting me together in the secrecy of this place,

This blackness is but temporary, I will leave it someday soon?

Oh, whose voice do I hear, who talks to me so tender?

What purpose, what special thing, I just don't understand,

I'm brand new; I continue to wonder what this is all about.

Please explain to me clearly, tell me plainly, what is life?

Why must I leave the security of this place?

I must be born? I must enter a hostile place of dread and fear?

I've done nothing wrong, why condemn me to such a fate.

Now I understand, I must live for you, for your purpose.

But still I need to know more, please read me the storyline.

Then like a wondrous picture you show me what is to come.

It is a life of laughter and sadness, one of loneliness and strife,

A life spent in solitude and in want of relational closeness,

One where love given out is never quite returned in kind.

Many things you reveal to me, countless sights I see,

I feel prepared, the map before me to guide me, a plan.

But why can't you let me remember what you have shown me?

Why must I go through life like a blind man,

Like one in the dark who must feel his way with every step?

You are God, my Creator, tell me why this is so!

I showed you the scenes of your life to assure you of who I AM.

I want you to know that you have a purpose and are so very special.

Yes, you will enter a hostile and painful world shortly,

A world where some will seek to hurt you, some to destroy you.

It is appointed for you to walk in your own strength for a short while,

To rebel against me and yes, to even deny me; but you will return.

In your rebellion you will see sin for what it really is and will come to hate it.

Through your rebellion you will understand what rebellion is and will detest it.

During your time away from me you will turn to dark things, my enemy's wiles,

But, when you gloriously come back to me we will use your knowledge against my foe.

I will test your faith in me by slowly answering your prayers, but they will be answered.

Yet, to truly see how much you love me, some prayers will not be answered; you will understand.

You will long for companionship and for much of your life you will not find it.

But I will reward you for your faithfulness to me and for your steadfastness.

I will provide you with a wonderful crown, a beautiful jewel, a wife that all will envy.

You both will serve me until I come to receive you unto myself.

Your union will be a blessing to this world, a testimony to the saved and unsaved alike.

And when I take you both unto myself I will bless you with wondrous gifts,

Gifts so beautiful and unique that mere earthly words cannot describe.

You both will live with me forever, living, laughing, loving and worshipping me.

So, go forth now, it is time for you to enter into the world.

It is time for you to begin your destiny in me.

I have chosen you from before the foundations of the world,

And because I have chosen you, nobody will pluck you from my hands.

Always remember and never forget that my promises are true and just.

And remember that I will be with you always and forever.

This is my promise, this is my purpose, and this is my bond.

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ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

The road that I travel is rough, filled with the holes of time and war.

It is a road that has been traveled by countless armies over the millennia,

Infantries of antiquity marching in cadence with me this present day.

Comrades in arms walk with me today, trodding over unfamiliar ground,

The crisp morning air scented by the lovely cedars of Lebanon.

This land I could call my own, the milk and honey would I eat,

But the ravages of war prevent me from musing any farther.

Such a wondrous sunrise over the mountains that witnessed it so many times,

The life-giving light that brings warmth and comfort; and another battle.

The same star rising in the east in quiet majesty,

Alighting over Mount Hermon, like it has, shining from the beginning of creation.

O how the armies of Assyria and Persia must have beheld the same sight,

How Alexander and Pharaoh's have seen the sun come over the same crest.

The villages are quiet but for the stirrings of the few early risers,

Their work interrupted as they spy us and return indoors out of fear,

Or perhaps out of expectation of events that they know about all too well.

Perhaps their ancestors acted the same when Pharaoh's army came over the rise,

Or Nebuchadnezzar's or the legions of Rome, or the Crusaders.

They play out their parts in a production that is old as time itself,

Proving to me that there truly is nothing new under the sun.

We wait quietly, certain that those who have escaped, those who ran inside,

Might they will sound the alarm, to alert our ardent enemy, our sworn foe?

Surprise overcomes us as minutes tick by, the quiet continues.

Even the birds have ceased their music, their joyful chatter,

Waiting in expectation of what they somehow know is going to transpire.

Moving forward in silence, my heartbeat louder than any gun, any weapon of war,

Surely someone can hear it beating, someone will be alerted by its rapid thumping.

My mind checks itself constantly; safety off, three round burst, one round chambered;

And yes, the grenades are there, just like they were ten seconds ago; all is set.

What's this I see, she's so young so fragile, can't be more than seven or eight.

If she was back home she'd be getting ready for school, picking out her clothes for this day.

But here she's standing in harm's way, about to witness death and destruction.

Sweet Yeshua, keep her safe, envelope her in your safe arms during the melee.

She motions to a house with shuttered windows, a tattered wooden door,

It appears to be dark, the peace of sleep seems to emanate from it; not for long.

Go inside I motion to the little angel who guides my way, shows me my path.

Thank you Yeshua, she went inside, she's behind the stone walls of the house.

My foot crashes against the door, it breaks and falls to the floor with a thud.

A look of surprise from eight, no ten, no it's twelve men lying on the floor.

Faces that seem to still in the fog of sleep, waking to a startling reality;

Today they'll breath their last, their sleep will be perpetual in the twinkling of an eye.

With instinct some reach for their weapons, a mistake I wish they didn't make.

My training takes control and I feel my finger squeeze back on the trigger.

My weapon rears up like a wild stallion as it gallops into the kill of the battle.

Flashes of light bounce off of the dark walls, ensigns of lightning my finger is producing.

One by one the men fall, reminding me of idols blowing down in the wind.

I grab an RPG that is standing like an guard against the wall,

It's a sentinel asleep while on duty, standing there without orders, without a commander.

I'll be your commander and I'll give you specific orders, you will obey my commands.

We exit the hovel in full assurance we will not be accosted, no harm will befall us.

But what is this I hear, popping in quick succession, little flashes coming from another home.

The rock on the wall next to me chips away like someone invisible using a jack hammer,

This wall taking a terrible beating meant for me and my comrades.

The weapon in my hand levels, its aim being them trying to do us harm.

Then a noise like a Roman Candle, sparks and a trail of fire and smoke leave me behind.

A flash eliminates my assailer, he who sought my life is no more.

Running, but my attention is drawn back to that home, rapidly disintegrating into rubble.

Countless secondary explosions that increase exponentially each second,

Like some eternal conflagration, a glimpse at the lake of fire I surmise.

With haste we depart, choosing to hike rather than the highway in which we came,
Alexander's highway, the Assyrian thoroughfare no longer safe, we're the enemy.

Estimating the clicks as we walk, one, two, three – we're probably safe.

But now the drone of a vehicle and what sounds like men screaming in Arabic.

Oh Yahweh, we've been made, discovered; enemies advance against us, frothing at the mouth.

In an instant one comrade falls, a bullet through the neck, he never had a chance.

We take cover, but in a ravine, our enemies on the hill; we're ducks in a shooting gallery.

Another comrade shot in the leg, his blood spurting with every heartbeat; I can't save him.

One by one, picked off like trout in a barrel, like a game animal during season.

I'm going to die anyway; must take some of the other guys with me I surmise.

I got two Yahweh, but there are so many, and they won't stop till I'm dead; help me I pray.

My stomach hurts Yahweh, like someone just kicked me there, what does this mean?

I gaze down, there's blood, lots of it...am I coming home to be with you now?

They're coming down the hill now Yahweh, oh please deliver me from my enemies,

You did promise to do that, I remember all of the promises, all your precepts, you are my trust.

Gunfire, helicopters, voices coming from behind, not from the direction of danger?

Not the sound of Arabic, no, it's the ancient voice of the Jew...

you've kept your promise Yahweh!

The pain of hot lead, my gut hurts greatly, waves of unconsciousness crashed on my shore;

I fight them.

Fight sleep until I know their fate, those who are as brothers to me, the Diaspora Brigade.

Medic shakes his head each time; their loss more painful than my bullet wound,

Each confirmation like another bullet entering the very center of my being, they're all gone.

Too much pain to bear, I will succumb this time to the waves of unconsciousness

crashing upon me.

I awake, the ceiling moving, people walking beside where I lay, a sensation of motion;

I feel safe.

Nurses gaze upon me, the object of their adoration, one whom they respect; I am content.

Thoughts of my parents, both busy about their lives and their families;

not aware of my condition,

No knowledge of where I am or what I'm doing, thinking that I'm living the life of a loner,

a recluse.

If I perish they will never know what I did, secrecy will keep them from being proud of me,
silence is essential.

I want to hug my dad, kiss my mom and talk to my sister just once more time,

please let me live Yahweh.

Drugs wearing off again, pain increasing, do the doctors hear me? Am I even alive?

Pain is leaving again...surgery??

Conscious again, stirred by a monotonous Hebrew man talking, oh, it's the news on television.

Someone's standing next to me; vision blurry; it's a man with gray hair, his voice broken,

Broken by waves of emotion that toss him to and fro – please hand me my glasses I ask.

Aluf Sharon at my bedside; praying while holding back tears; Baruch Ha Shem, my son lives,

Looking up toward heaven he breaths a sigh of relief and thankfulness,

hands lifted up in praise to Yahweh.

Reflections of how blessed I am – Aluf Sharon considers me as one of his own – I'm honored!

Bless Yahweh, now the voice that I've waited to hear,

An ever-delicate voice that sets my heart to flight whenever I hear even her whisper.

My precious Leah, my love, pushes past my commander.

Her very motion letting all in the room know that she is in command now,

All would gladly obey her, no matter what the order.

Tears fall from her face and light upon mine like a soft rain, a welcomed rain.

She holds me tight, like she's never going to let me go.

My wound hurts, but don't release me; the best pain I've ever felt

Her tears salty yet sweet refresh my very soul.

Utter contentment fills my entire being.

More my love, once I awake from my impending sleep.

Hallel Yahweh, you preserved me; my ever-present help in time of trouble.

Yeshua, my light and my salvation, I shall not fear nor, shall I dread.

The hosts of my enemy were camped against me, and by your grace I did not fear.

You are my shield and my buckler O' strength of my soul.

On the road to Damascus, in the fertile fields of Eretz Yisrael, anywhere on earth,

Or somewhere in the vastness of endless space and time – You Are My G-d

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SAILING WITH CAPTAIN YESHUA

Sleep overcame my tired eyes and you lulled me to blissful slumber,
The stress and sorrow of a busy day dissolved away into sweet unconsciousness.

When before my eyes I beheld a land in decay and sorrow,
Streets filled with anger and distrust; a place of foreboding woe.

In the distance a ship, one of beauty and fine craftsmanship,
A sound looking vessel adorned with sails of a purest white material.
With destination unknown, I approach this fine ship, wondering, praying,
Should I trust my being to the operator, is He trustworthy, is he skilled at sailing?

A glance at where I have come from causes me to move forward,
I cannot go back to such a horrid place, returning to utter misery and fear.
Standing at the gangplank I question the crew, I have to know, what price?
The Captain, with hair of white and a beard to match answers my call,
In ever so soft but firm speech he speaks words that cause me to listen in awe;
I've paid your fare is the reply I hear from this wondrous looking seaman.

I knew you were coming, even before I built this incredible vessel.
Just one thing you need he says; believe that I have done this for you.

Feeling an irresistible urge to believe this man, and terms agreed, I board.

The ship sets sail with many others who are guests like myself,

Men, women, young and old, of all the families of earth and all tongues,

All united in our captain and trusting him on our journey to a better land.

We're told of a land flowing with milk and honey, with streams of living water,

A place where there is no sickness, sorrow or death, a place called heaven.

It seemed like the space of a lifetime passed in just a few seconds,

We were young, then old then infirm and then came the great barrier;

Something that loomed in front of the ship, a dark mist, foreboding,

A mystery we somehow all expected but somehow all hoped to avoid.

Fear not, the Captain cried out, as if anticipating what we all found apprehensive.

Trust in me and the mist will turn into a white cloud of joy, into a blue sky of bliss.

We could not resist His words, spoken with such authority; a voice of experience.

And when the ship passed through the mist we were immediately at our destination.

Before us was a city with walls made of jewels, its height reaching far into the sky.

The gates of the city were also jewels but were open for all who reached this expanse.

The flowers along the path sang the name of the Captain and they bowed as He passed.

Palm trees clapped their fronds as we passed by, applause for all who overcame.

The sky was blue and smelled like a sweet summer rain, clean and fresh.

I smelled the colors that were around me and could hear them also.

As I breathed in I could taste honey mixed with the sweetest of new wine.

What sounded like the voices of innumerable singers filled the air.

I could see the music as well as hear it and it smelled like frankincense.

All who stood there had a radiance and they shone like the sun,

All having the same brilliance that the captain possessed, but yet not as bright.

In one accord we followed the Captain, like a fold of sheep follows a shepherd.

Having led us to a great table, the Captain then sat each person individually,

Welcoming each attendee as though they were the guest of honor at this feast.

The accommodations were for a countless number of people, the table infinitely long,

Yet, I could see the whole table and all who sat there,

My spirit comprehending the once incomprehensible.

As I beheld all who sat there I then grasped the significance of this dinner setting.

For I looked at all who attended, and we were all dressed in fine white clothing.

Every soul there appeared perfect, no spot, no defect, no wrinkle – like a beautiful young bride.

And the bride cried because we realized that we were now betrothed to the Captain, the King.

The long days and years of waiting, of suffering and yes, sometimes doubt, just melted away.

All of the old cares and anxieties just dissolved and could be remembered no more.

We awoke like one does from a dream, into the reality that was true all along.

And the words spoken from heaven in the past finally became so real;

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death,

neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain:

for the former things are passed away. Revelation 21:4

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ADD TO THE CUP OF MY LOVE

Set before me is a cup, a cup that is my very own.

Some people fill their cup with coffee and some with tea,

Others with worldly things of their varied choice.

My cup is a cup filled with love, hopes and dreams,

With the very aspirations of your hearts and souls.

My cup is a very old cup, an antique to the utmost degree,
Formed before the very foundations of the world came into being.

It has been poured out many times for many people,
From the days of the Garden and up to this very minute.

A very special ingredient in my cup is that of love.

I've poured it out so many times that my wrists sometimes hurt,

But I endure because I know that compassion is so very needed.

T'was once a day many years ago when my cup poured completely out,

When I hung on that tree and showed my love to its highest degree.

But many are the times when I wished that people would add to the cup,

To sort of fill it up; adding instead of constantly taking from my reserves.

For although I have adequate supply to sustain all for eternity,

It does hurt that my love is taken advantage of.

Will you ever realize how it feels to have your cup emptied daily,

To be refreshed every night, only to be emptied the very next day?

O' how I wish that our relationship was more than a one-way street,

That we'd walk with each other on the journey of life and have true communion.

O' how I wish that the feelings of love that I have for you, so very strong,

Would be returned in even the smallest fraction back in my direction.

It hurts me so very much when I constantly proclaim my love for you,

Yet you find it so hard to voice back to me some of the same sentiment.

I am your protector, your shield and your buckler, the one who loves you so.

I died for you once and would again if it were possible, but it is not.

Oh yes, if you could just say that you love me, those three simple words,

My heart would leap for joy and I'd bless you with your every possible need.

It would cause me to make forests in the desert places of your lonely hearts,

It would cause me to create flowing rivers in your dry and barren places of your souls.

It would cause me to make the sun sing during the day,

And I would have the moon lull you to sleep with precious melodies.

I would make the trees clap their hands whenever you passed by them,

And the waves of even the smallest pond would resound in a beautiful chorus.

Your bodies; my temples; would shine forth like the noonday sun,

And the lost would come in an endless throng hear you tell them about me.

It's such a simple thing that is required of you, not a harsh burden, not impossible.

A simple task it is to love me, to return to me what I've given to you.

And I don't require a full measure, just a few drops at will do at first.

Those few drops will produce incredible amounts of flowing waters,
Streams at first, then rivers, bays and oceans to a wonderful extent,
So much so that the whole world could not contain the love that we share with each other.

The iniquity of this world is but a fleeting moment,

Just one grain of sand in the hourglass of eternity.

Please do not allow it to harden your heart, or grow your love cold.

Yet again I entreat you, love me; I've done all that I can do,

And I will sit here patiently, waiting for the love that I desire and so deserve.

I'm coming soon, and I bring my reward with me,

And I pray to my Father that my reward for you will be plenty,

So much so, that my angels will strain to carry it.

Be blessed my child, for you are loved greatly.

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HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND YOU

I try to understand you,
To see into the depths of your infinite wisdom.
Confusion swirls within my mind,
My wisdom seems as a drop of water in an endless sea.
Like a single atom compared to all the vastness of the universe.
My mouth parched with thirst in want of knowing your plans for me.
Just a simple glimpse would suffice.
So many signs point this way or that,
Vast confusion on the highway that is my life.
Advice from friends and loved ones obscure the issue,
Two point to the left, while three point to the right.
So, I ask you to reveal your purpose, I promise to watch and listen.
And I know that you are faithful to show me the right direction,
But again, I encounter confusing signs.
So, in desperation I again seek your face to know your will,
Face down on the floor, speaking in unknown tongues.
Visions you show me, dreams you reveal to me,
A map to show the way, to chart my course.

I should be happy, for I know the way,
My rudder is set, and the wind is again in my sails,
But I hear things that still make me doubt.
And a confession I must certainly make – my mind is at war,
It battles against what it knows to be true,
Trying to root up what you have planted in its fertile ground.
My soul, once a place of peaceful bliss,
Now a battle ground, a place of horrible carnage, my mind is wounded,
A spiritual battle which ensues on tangible property.
O' Yahweh, come fight this battle with me.
Pursue and route the merciless and vengeful enemy.
Cut them to pieces with your holy sword,
Pursue those who pursue me and utterly destroy them.
Bring their plans to ruin and make them a laughingstock,
And avenge me ten times toward them, all of them.
Make your purpose for my life to prosper,
Make it grow like a tree near the banks of the Jordan.
Cause my life to produce bountiful fruit,

Luscious fruit that will satisfy you,

That will feed anyone who might be in need.

Plant your thoughts and your ways firmly and unshakably in my mind,

And grow my faith so that I can trust you all the more.

All things happen in your time – this is so true.

But let the timing for the desires of my heart be here and now,

Delay not one more day – not one more hour.

Work, through your holiness and your majesty,

Intervene in time in space – work a miracle.

In so, both of us will yet be certain,

That He that dwells in the midst of us is holy.

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GIVE ME ANSWERS LORD

Confusion crowds my oh so finite mind, lack of direction.

Lack of hearing the voice of the one I love most.

What shall I do? Where shall I go?

Do I remain or are you moving me forward?

Only answers I seek, simple answers I beg.

You are the King of Eternity,

You know the end from, the beginning.

Leave me no more in this quandary,

Let me no more wander aimlessly in the wilderness.

Those who seek to destroy me, they have their fill.

Those who mock me are filled with laughter.

They call you the God of My Confusion.

I'm your hanging laundry, long forgotten.

I am a wanderer and a nomad,

I walk daily in the desert looking for a home.

Others have direction and they find their rest,

Yet I am stranded in this foreign place,

An alien in my own surroundings.

My spirit senses that you will answer soon, but my flesh mocks me.

Crying from the rooftops that you don't hear me.

While I was in my mother's womb you spoke to me.

Though I remember not the words,
I know that you have a wonderful destiny for my being.

But your silence is deafening,
Your quietness like the sounds of many rapids.

But who can make sense of the rushing waters?
Who can understand the voice of the cascade as it falls on the jagged rocks below?

Make plain to me your ways Oh Lord.
Answer my questions before I utter any words.
Give me a final home, a resting place.
Lead me to the land that you have promised to me.

Bring me together with so many others,
Those whom you have given similar direction.

Let us grow and prosper in your ways.
Let us be a to others a shelter in the storm.
Let us be a fortress for those seeking safety.

And be our King Oh Lord,
Our everlasting help in time of trouble.
Be glorified in those whom you have called,

And use us as vessels for your righteousness.

Our only desire is for you, yes only you.

So, look down from Heaven and grant blessings,

Blessings on those whom you have called,

Those whom you have set apart.

I beg Oh Lord, that you make a way!

Like you led Israel, make a way for me.

Like you led your Holy Prophets, make a way for me.

Look far beyond my foolish ways.

See not me Father, but rather only Yeshua who is within me.

Don't allow me to walk in the flesh,

But only in your Spirit, your Spirit only.

For only the foolish follow the folly of their own hearts.

Each and every morning my only desire,

Is that you proclaim Your covenant to me,

For I only trust Lord in You!

Now with so many things ushered from both tongue and pen,

I again pray for focus and to hear you speak plainly.

Keep no longer your plans from me.

Speak to me and I will listen, command and I will obey.

Call for me and I will shout, "Here Am I."

I want more of you – so much more.

I spurn riches and fame in favor of you.

I ask for no material thing, just for your communion.

And I pray that you contend with those who seek my life,

The many who plan to do me harm,

May your will be done to them in accordance with your justice.

Now I will sit and wait patiently to hear your voice.

I will watch in awe as you open untold doors,

And make ways of travel for me, your servant.

I will bless you Lord at all times,

Your name will continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall shout its boast in you Lord.

The righteous shall hear thereof and be glad.

They will magnify you Lord along with me,

And together we will exalt your wonderful Name.

For I sought you Lord and you heard me,

And delivered me from all of my fears.

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