



**Poetry
Inspired
By
The
Sermon
On The
Mount**

Richard Hindmarsh

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The
Sermon On The Mount

Richard A. Hindmarsh, MD



FRACTURED
RESILIENCE

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INTRODUCTION

This poetry book, is an exploration and celebration of the Sermon on the Mount—a collection of verses that seeks to breathe new life into the profound teachings imparted by Jesus. Just as the sun bathes the mountaintop in its warm embrace, these poems aspire to bathe the reader's consciousness in the radiant light of wisdom, love, and compassion that permeates the Sermon.

Within these pages, you will find verses that paint vivid landscapes of divine truth, unveiling the profound depth and relevance of these ancient teachings in our modern world. Through carefully crafted words, each poem aims to invite you on a transformative journey—a pilgrimage of the heart and mind—wherein the timeless wisdom of Jesus' sermon resonates with new meaning and significance.

Poetry, with its lyrical cadence and vivid imagery, possesses a unique ability to capture the essence of profound ideas and distill them into moments of timely reflection

As you delve into these verses, allow yourself to be transported to that sacred mountaintop. Feel the gentle breeze of spiritual awakening brush against your cheek, and let the words embrace your soul, inviting you to dwell in the depths of divine love, grace, and mercy. Through contemplation and meditation on these poems, may you discover new insights, kindle the flame of spiritual growth, and embark on a transformative journey toward a life aligned with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

May the verses within this collection serve as a testament to the enduring power and timeless relevance of the Sermon on the Mount. May they echo in the chambers of your heart, forever reminding you of the divine truths that illuminate the path to inner peace, righteousness, and God's boundless love.

Would You Have Listened?

Matthew 5:1

In a world of silence, where shadows linger near,
A preacher's whispers break the chains we fear.
A sermon so brief, yet the echoes profound,
A message of release in every whispered sound.

Two thousand words, a quarter hour in time,
A power untold, a rhythm sublime.
Gathering the lost, seeking a healing touch,
In the crowd's indifference, faith begins to clutch.

Would you have listened to the preacher's call?
In a world of bondage, did your heart enthrall?
Transformative words, a new life to start,
A beat anew, resonating in your heart.

To the crowd, it mattered not, the words they'd miss,
Seeking only healing, a touch of bliss.
For the faithful few, a sacred connection made,
Transforming hearts, as the preacher gently swayed.

But the mocking voices, scornful and loud,
Sent Him to the cross with an angry crowd.
Yet for those who listened, a beacon of truth,
A melody of redemption, echoing through youth.

Would you have listened to the preacher's call?
In a world of bondage, did your heart enthrall?
Transformative words, a new life to start,
A beat anew, resonating in your heart.

In the tapestry of time, a sacred plea,
The faithful few, in grace, they decree.
Would your heart beat anew, in the face of scorn?
A symphony of faith, for a new morn.

As the preacher's words unfold, a timeless tale,
Of sacrifice and love, like a ship's majestic sail.
To listen, to believe, in the face of disdain,
A choice profound, echoing through the pain.

Two thousand words, a quarter hour's grace,
A tapestry woven in faith's embrace.
For those who stood steadfast, against the tide,
A melody of courage, in the shadows they'd confide.

Would you have listened to the preacher's call?
In a world of bondage, did your heart enthrall?
Transformative words, a new life to start,
A beat anew, resonating in your heart.

In the symphony of choices, would you be true?
Counted among the faithful few.
As the preacher's plea lingers in the air,
A timeless song of hope, for hearts to bear.

Blessings And Curses

Matthew 5:2

In the quest for joy, we aspire high,
No more tears, no more weary sighs.
Breaking free from the chains that bind,
A melody of hope, a soul unconfined.

To be happy and blessed,
Our hearts confess,
Yearning for love, in life's grandeur,
Escaping the curse, finding the pure.

Blessings showered from the heavens above,
Sent with grace, wrapped in God's love.
A balm for the wounded, a solace so deep,
In the arms of mercy, sorrows find sleep.

For those mourning in shadows of despair,
A comforting presence, a divine repair.
And sinners repent, mercy does flow,
Forgiveness bestowed, like rivers that grow.

To be happy and blessed,
Our hearts confess,
Yearning for love, in life's grandeur,
Escaping the curse, finding the pure.

Peace for the meek, a tranquil embrace,
Satisfaction blooms for those who seek grace.
Pure hearts, behold the radiant light,
Guided by faith, restoring the sight.

In the tapestry of life, where curses persist,
Trust not in self, where blessings resist.
If rusted blessings are all you see,
Open your heart, let God's love set you free.

For those mourning in shadows of despair,
A comforting presence, a divine repair.
And sinners repent, mercy does flow,
Forgiveness bestowed, like rivers that grow.

To be happy and blessed,
Our hearts confess,
Yearning for love, in life's grandeur,
Escaping the curse, finding the pure.

In the symphony of grace, we find our part,
A song of redemption, a beating heart.
As the music fades, let your soul trust,
In the melody of love, where blessings adjust.

Cursed Are The Boastful

Matthew 5:3

In the echoes of self-righteousness,
A foolish tale we weave,
Like paper down the drain,
Bearing burdens, make-believe.

Not the tidy, not the neat,
But the one with all our stuff,
On the stage of public eyes,
We beat our chests, act tough.

Deep within the beating heart,
A notion takes its quest,
To be the best, to self-proclaim,
But in that, we find unrest.

Oh, contentment, elusive dream,
Not in self-promotion found,
God must stand at the forefront,
Pride, leave it on the ground.

When ego shouts, "I stand alone,
I can do it by my might,"
Curses court, hearts turn to stone,
In the dark, we lose our light.

Deep within the beating heart,
A notion takes its quest,
To be the best, to self-proclaim,
But in that, we find unrest.

Oh, contentment, elusive dream,
Not in self-promotion found,
God must stand at the forefront,
Pride, leave it on the ground.

Crucify the ego, let it go,
On the cross of humility,
He grants us peace, a sacred flow,
In surrender, find tranquility.

It's the humble, it's the lowly,
Who receive His sweet embrace,
In their hearts, His peace resides,
They find joy in His grace.

Oh, contentment, elusive dream,
Not in self-promotion found,
God must stand at the forefront,
Pride, leave it on the ground.

So, if you seek His blessing,
And heaven for your home,
Crucify the ego's shouting,
In His love, shalom is sown.

In the quiet and the simple,
In humility's embrace,
Find the truth that sets you free,
God's love, the highest place.

Cursed Are The Hard-hearted

Matthew 5:4

In a world where hearts are hardened,
Encased in ice, emotions burdened.
Some may be mean, some may be nice,
But behind the facade, a chilling device.

No care for the wrongs they've spun,
Hurting others, claiming it's just for fun.
Remorse and contrition left in the past,
Cross their path, and you're in for a blast.

Ice-cold souls on the highway to hell,
Locked in a shell, where comfort dwells.
But God promises a peace so real,
For those who mourn, His comfort will heal.

In the shadows of their calloused hearts,
No room for empathy, as the darkness imparts.
Their deeds define them, a wrathful tide,
A storm within, where compassion hides.

No care for the wrongs they've spun,
Hurting others, claiming it's just for fun.
Remorse and contrition left in the past,
Cross their path, and you're in for a blast.

Ice-cold souls on the highway to hell,
Locked in a shell, where comfort dwells.
But God promises a peace so real,
For those who mourn, His comfort will heal.

The thorns of corruption pierce our soul,
In mourning for sins, we find our goal.
God's mercy descends like morning dew,
Removing thorns, making hearts anew.

A journey within, a sacred appeal,
To a higher power, where broken hearts heal.
The highway to hell, now a distant sound,
As God's promise echoes, love unbound.

No care for the wrongs they've spun,
Hurting others, claiming it's just for fun.
Remorse and contrition left in the past,
Cross their path, and you're in for a blast.

Ice-cold souls on the highway to hell,
Locked in a shell, where comfort dwells.
But God promises a peace so real,
For those who mourn, His comfort will heal.

So let the melody of redemption play,
In the hearts that mourn, a brighter day.
For in the echoes of this soulful song,
Hope emerges, and love grows strong.

Cursed Are The Defiant

Matthew 5:5

In the shadows of defiance, where the wild winds moan,
Cursed are the rebels, bad to the bone.
With purpose lost, see their parents groan,
A tempest of chaos, a heart turned to stone.

Brash and inconsiderate, they fight with all they've got,
Stealing peace and treasure, yet rarely getting caught.
Might and power their allies, ignoring all alerts,
To satisfy desires, even if it hurts.

Oh, the curse they carry, in the dark of night,
No matter what they gain, never satisfied.
But there's a promise shining, a beacon so bright,
For the gentle and the meek, a guiding light.

In the tapestry of chaos, where defiance weaves,
The rebels dance on graves, like autumn leaves.
A stolen moment's pleasure, a fleeting delight,
Yet deep within, the yearning, a soul takes flight.

Might and power echo, through the silent air,
A symphony of defiance, a tale of despair.
Yet in their restless hearts, a longing resides,
For something more profound, where hope abides.

Oh, the curse they carry, in the shadows cast,
A never-ending hunger, a longing to outlast.
But in the arms of mercy, under heaven's song,
A promise for the meek, where they belong.

The earth and sky above us, in His hands belong,
To the gentle and the meek, He'll never do you wrong.
Seek and you shall find, a love that's ever strong,
For God is the great provider, to Him, we all belong.

In the whispers of redemption, a silent plea,
The rebels find a solace, set their spirits free.
No longer cursed and wandering, in the darkness roam,
For in the arms of grace, every heart finds home.

Oh, the curse now lifted, by a promise so divine,
In the gentle and the meek, a love will always shine.
For the earth and sky above us, in His hands belong,
If you are His child, you'll find where you belong.

In the tapestry of life, where melodies entwine,
The rebels find forgiveness, a love so pure, divine.
The music of redemption, a masterpiece untold,
In the promise of the gentle, a story to unfold.

Cursed Are The Covetous

Matthew 5:6

In the shadows of desire, where covetous hearts conspire,
A hunger for more stuff, a never-ending bluff,
Greed-driven souls in pursuit, never satisfied, always mute,
Entitled to it all, in a world where others fall.

Oh, the curse of craving, in a world so unforgiving,
They build castles of illusion, on a foundation of confusion,
But little do they know, it's a void they can't outgrow.

Cursed are the covetous, lost in the pursuit of excess,
Their hunger knows no bounds, their thirst never rests,
But in the echoes of their longing, a truth unfolds,
No treasure on Earth can fill the void a higher power holds.

In the shadows they linger, envy and jealousy, fingers,
Pointing at the others, deemed so small by entitled brothers,
Fortune and fame, a painful game they play,
Yet even if they win, a constant ache within.

Oh, the curse of craving, in a world so unforgiving,
They build castles of illusion, on a foundation of confusion,
But little do they know, it's a void they can't outgrow.

Cursed are the covetous, lost in the pursuit of excess,
Their hunger knows no bounds, their thirst never rests,
But in the echoes of their longing, a truth unfolds,
No treasure on Earth can fill the void a higher power holds.

Seeking fortune, seeking fame, living in a constant pain,
Their hearts cry out, in the silence of their fame,
For you cannot fill a void, only God can fill,
No matter the fortune, no matter the skill.

Yet, to those who remain hungry, for what He has to give,
A filling they shall find, a brand new way to live,
In the quiet surrender, where humility resides,
The hunger turns to grace, as a new path guides.

Oh, the curse of craving, in a world so unforgiving,
They build castles of illusion, on a foundation of confusion,
But little do they know, it's a void they can't outgrow.

Cursed are the covetous, lost in the pursuit of excess,
Their hunger knows no bounds, their thirst never rests,
But in the echoes of their longing, a truth unfolds,
No treasure on Earth can fill the void a higher power holds.

In the tapestry of seeking, in the quiet of surrender,
A melody emerges, as the heart remembers,
For in the stillness of the night, a song will rise,
Breaking the chains of craving, under the infinite skies.

Cursed Are The Malevolent

Matthew 5:7

In the shadows where malevolence breeds,
A curse upon the hearts, planting wicked seeds.
They thrive on pain, revenge their sweet delight,
Spiteful souls, darkness their chosen night.

No compassion in their calloused hearts,
To others' struggles, they play no part.
Mercy, a foreign word in their disdain,
Grace abandoned, replaced by disdain.

Oh, the trouble they sow, a tempest's wrath,
Leaving anguish in their treacherous path.
But in the face of hatred, we'll stand strong,
For mercy and compassion will be our song.

They see misery as what others deserve,
In their twisted minds, a truth they preserve.
To help a neighbor, a sin they declare,
A lack of empathy, a cross to bear.

Yet, in the depth of despair, a promise rings,
For those with hearts where compassion springs.
God's mercy awaits the ones who care,
A refuge of love in a world unfair.

Oh, the trouble they sow, a tempest's wrath,
Leaving anguish in their treacherous path.
But in the face of hatred, we'll stand strong,
For mercy and compassion will be our song.

In the tapestry of life, forgiveness we seek,
A balm for wounds that run deep.
Conscious of others, their silent cries,
In the symphony of compassion, our spirits rise.

We all crave mercy, forgiveness we implore,
From the Almighty, our hearts explore.
Be aware of the plight, the struggles they bear,
Let not their anguish be swallowed by despair.

No room for hatred, let love abound,
In the realm of compassion, our hearts are found.
For in extending mercy, a divine accord,
A melody of grace, in harmony restored.

Oh, the trouble they sow, a tempest's wrath,
Leaving anguish in their treacherous path.
But in the face of hatred, we'll stand strong,
For mercy and compassion will be our song.

As the echoes of forgiveness resound,
A chorus of hope, love, and grace surround.
In the symphony of life, our hearts aligned,
Mercy prevails, leaving bitterness behind.

Cursed Are The Depraved

Matthew 5:8

In the shadows where the wicked play,
Depravity unfolds, a twisted ballet,
Cursed are the souls, lost and enslaved,
Glorying in evil, to darkness engraved.

Their conscience, a seared and calloused shore,
No guilt or shame, just an endless war,
Faults they commit, yet quick to blame,
A wicked game, they dance in shame.

They hold a god within their grasp,
Under control, a puppet in their clasp,
Responsive to the wicked demand,
A twisted fate, a cruel command.

But to those whose hearts are pure,
The God of creation will endure,
In the depths of grace, He'll appear,
A melody of love, casting out fear.

Life's value lost on the wicked's tongue,
Mocking and growling, their poison flung,
Plight of the lame, a distant cry,
In the darkness, where empathy lies.

But to the holy, the pure of heart,
A divine encounter, a brand new start,
The God of creation drawing near,
A symphony of redemption, crystal clear.

Keep desires and affections sincere,
In a heart that's pure, free of veneer,
Pleasing to the Lord, a sweet refrain,
In His presence, all sorrows wane.

To those whose hearts are pure and true,
The God of creation, He'll imbue,
A harmony of hope, dispelling despair,
In the sacred space where love and grace pair.

Cursed are the wicked, bound by chains,
But the righteous find freedom in God's domains,
The music of redemption, a soothing balm,
Healing the broken, restoring the calm.

In the symphony of souls, let purity reign,
A crescendo of love, dispelling the pain,
The wicked may mock, growl, and blame,
But in God's embrace, we find our aim.

To those whose hearts are pure and free,
The God of creation, eternally,
A melody of love, an anthem to hear,
In every note, He'll always be near.

Cursed Are The Contentious

Matthew 5:9

In a world of discontent, where shadows cast their might,
Cursed are the contentious, tangled in the fight.
Bullies masked as warriors, claiming truth as their guide,
Their tempers like a storm, expectations held so high.

Serve them just right, or face their scornful eye,
A dance with danger, where the stakes are set sky-high.
They take what you do, twist it with a sly lie,
A venomous concoction, motives left awry.

Oh, the poison they spread, like wildfire it grows,
Stabbing in the back, making hearts feel the throes.
But hold on, there's a promise, a whisper in the breeze,
For those who crave peace, yearning for soulful release.

In the midst of chaos, where shadows cast their doubt,
The workers of peace emerge, courageously stepping out.
They pay the great cost, bidding the fight goodbye,
Choosing love over swords, beneath the vast sky.

They share not the poison, but a balm for the soul,
In a world torn by discord, they strive to make whole.
No lies to deceive, no motives to defy,
Their purpose clear as day, reaching for the sky.

Oh, the poison they reject, in unity they stand,
Facing storms together, hand in hand.
And God's promise echoes, a melody so sweet,
To the children of peace, the greatest reward they'll meet.

The melody of peace, like a gentle stream's flow,
Washing away the pain, letting compassion grow.
In the silence of surrender, where swords are laid to rest,
The children of peace find solace, truly blessed.

So let the contentious rage, in their battleground of strife,
While the children of peace, weave the fabric of life.
For in the end, when the echoes of the battle cease,
They shall be called God's own, the bearers of lasting peace.

Oh, the poison fades away, as love takes its place,
In the heart of the peacemakers, a divine embrace.
And as the sun sets, painting the sky with reward,
They are called His children, their legacy adored.

So let the music carry these words on its wings,
A soul-stirring anthem, as the melody sings.
May it resonate within, a timeless refrain,
Uniting hearts in peace, erasing every stain.

Cursed Are The Acquiescent

Matthew 5:10

In the shadowed realms of compromise,
A cursed existence, whispers of despise,
Motto of cowardice, fear as demise,
Where faith is veiled, behind pride's disguise.

Turmoil reigns when faith and fear collide,
A battleground where the soul abides,
Fickle convictions pave the way to hell,
No substance, no spine, a story to tell.

Oh, the plight of the acquiescent soul,
In constant stress, guilt takes its toll,
Plagued and shamed, in a life of mess,
Yearning for a path, a chance to confess.

Their faith, a treasure, hidden so deep,
Behind walls of pride, in shadows they creep,
Conflicted evil, in every thought,
A turbulent journey, a soul overwrought.

Turmoil reigns when faith and fear collide,
A battleground where the soul abides,
Fickle convictions pave the way to hell,
No substance, no spine, a story to tell.

Oh, the plight of the acquiescent soul,
In constant stress, guilt takes its toll,
Plagued and shamed, in a life of mess,
Yearning for a path, a chance to confess.

But to those with faith and courage bold,
In the face of scorn, a story unfolds,
Ridicule may dance, in the godless throng,
Yet, a promise from God, to keep you strong.

A life not calm, with courage to share,
God's promise whispers in the open air,
A dwelling eternal, in His sacred space,
Part of a holy fraternity, a divine embrace.

Oh, the plight of the acquiescent soul,
In constant stress, guilt takes its toll,
Plagued and shamed, in a life of mess,
Yearning for a path, a chance to confess.

So, let the music echo the promise divine,
Faith and courage, an eternal sign,
In the symphony of life, a melody of grace,
The journey continues in God's embrace.

The Un-beatitudes

In the shadows of pretense, where honesty is rare,
Deception wraps its tendrils, weaving webs of despair.
Strip away the facades, let the truth appear,
A mirror to our souls, reflecting crystal clear.

Wicked children dancing in a world so unkind,
Rotten to the core, yet searching for what we can't find.
Void of worth and goodness, always wanting more,
But in this twisted tale, there's a key to the door.

Depraved in our essence, contentious in our ways,
Malevolent in charity, lost in a hate-filled maze.
Boastful towards God, hard-hearted when we should see,
Yet in this chaos, grace whispers, setting us free.

Boastful towards the heavens, defiance in our gaze,
Coveting the forbidden, lost in a lustful daze.
Acquiescent to falsehoods, stubborn in our youth,
Yet in the arms of mercy, we find eternal truth.

Wicked children yearning, for a love that won't decay,
Rotten to the core, seeking a brighter day.
Void of worth and goodness, drowning in our plea,
But in the darkest night, grace whispers, "Come to me."

Depraved in our essence, contentious in our ways,
Malevolent in charity, lost in a hate-filled maze.
Boastful towards God, hard-hearted when we should see,
Yet in this chaos, grace whispers, setting us free.

The God of grace and mercy, extends a loving hand,
Providing us a pathway to a promised land.
Through the sacrifice of His Son, redemption's melody,
Blessings we don't deserve, a symphony of mercy.

Blessings freely given, through the work of divine,
In the tapestry of grace, every thread will intertwine.
Wicked children redeemed, finding worth and more,
In the arms of forgiveness, we'll rise and adore.

Depraved in our essence, contentious in our ways,
Malevolent in charity, lost in a hate-filled maze.
Boastful towards God, hard-hearted when we should see,
Yet in this chaos, grace whispers, setting us free.

So let the music echo, the redemption story told,
In the melody of mercy, in the grace that never folds.
Wicked children transformed, by love's unending sea,
In this symphony of grace, we find eternity.

Scorned And Mocked

Matthew 5:11,12

In the shadows, scorned and mocked,
Under attack, but my soul's not locked.
If I live for the Lord, I wear the mark,
A target on my back, in the endless dark.

Twisting truth with evil might,
Spreading lies, a venomous blight.
They speak with intent, to torment my soul,
But in the depths of despair, I find my goal.

Dragging my name through dirt and mud,
A deceptive game, it's a river of blood.
Yet, I stand tall, in the face of disdain,
For the God who loves me, erases the pain.

Don't be discouraged, don't cower in fear,
In the midst of chaos, God's voice is clear.
When trust is shattered, and bonds are strained,
In His arms, the broken are beautifully regained.

Built trust with toil, with tears and sweat,
Now questioned and used, a painful duet.
Present, they act like my long-lost friend,
Behind my back, a plot to rend.

But I won't falter, won't break or bend,
For in the storm, my faith won't end.
The God who loves me, forever near,
Wipes away the doubt, calms the fear.

Dragging my name through dirt and mud,
A deceptive game, it's a river of blood.
Yet, I stand tall, in the face of disdain,
For the God who loves me, erases the pain.

Don't be discouraged, don't cower in fear,
In the midst of chaos, God's voice is clear.
When trust is shattered, and bonds are strained,
In His arms, the broken are beautifully regained.

In the depths of sorrow, I find my strength,
A prize in heaven, where true joy is lent.
The scorn, the mockery, fades away,
For in His love, I'll forever stay.

When scorned, don't be sad, rise above,
A prize in heaven, it's the Father's love.
Through toil and pain, in this transient land,
The glory of heaven, like golden sand.

Don't be discouraged, don't cower in fear,
In the midst of chaos, God's voice is clear.
When trust is shattered, and bonds are strained,
In His arms, the broken are beautifully regained.

So, when you're scorned, let joy arise,
A celestial melody, in the heavenly skies.
For in every trial, in the face of the mad,
The prize in heaven makes the soul so glad.

Bland Faith

Matthew 5:13

In a world where salt has lost its taste,
Life's flavors fade to shades of waste,
Bland echoes linger in the air,
Like grains of sand, a taste unfair.

Oh, the way we live, the words we speak,
Can they bring peace to the hearts we seek?
In humility, in meekness, find the key,
Unlock the door to harmony.

Mercy and purity, a divine blend,
In the service of God, let love transcend.
When wickedness strikes, hits your very core,
Choose righteousness as you mourn, and more.

Gifts bestowed upon us from above,
Treasures meant to share, expressions of love.
In a world that's crying out in pain,
Let the gifts you bear, His care proclaim.

Share the salt freely, no cost too great,
Deliver His message, don't hesitate.
To a world that's lost, extend your hand,
A beacon of hope in a vast, darkened land.

Mercy and purity, a divine blend,
In the service of God, let love transcend.
When wickedness strikes, hits your very core,
Choose righteousness as you mourn, and more.

When storms surround, and the waves are high,
Let the echoes of mercy amplify.
With a heart that's pure, a soul that's bold,
Stand against the darkness, let love unfold.

In the face of wrong, hold your ground,
Let compassion be the sweetest sound.
For the gifts you carry, let them shine,
Illuminate the path for hearts to intertwine.

Share the salt freely, no cost too great,
Deliver His message, don't hesitate.
To a world that's lost, extend your hand,
A beacon of hope in a vast, darkened land.

Mercy and purity, a divine blend,
In the service of God, let love transcend.
When wickedness strikes, hits your very core,
Choose righteousness as you mourn, and more.

As the echoes of salt linger in the air,
May the melody of love be everywhere.
In the symphony of life, let kindness lead,
A timeless anthem for the hearts that bleed.

It's Cold And Dark

Matthew 5:14

In the cold and dark of day,
Deception's smoke begins to sway,
Run and hide, but don't be fooled,
Choking on the lies, truth overruled.

Under the cloak, where shadows creep,
Deception's dance, a secret keep,
Confusion reigns, a twisted scheme,
Nothing is as it truly seems.

Ignorance, sin, and misery,
Flourish when the night's decree,
Darkness veils the world in fright,
But a spark of light can pierce the night.

In the depths of the night, a city gleams,
Guiding weary souls with radiant beams,
A beacon on a hillside, bold and bright,
Illuminating even the darkest night.

When all seems dark and dreary,
A glimmer of hope, a light so airy,
To see the path with clearer sight,
Delight emerges from the depths of night.

Ignorance, sin, and misery,
Flourish when the night's decree,
Darkness veils the world in fright,
But a spark of light can pierce the night.

Live to serve the Master, be the light,
In the darkest hour, burn so bright,
Illuminate the shadows, break the chains,
Answer to the plight, where darkness reigns.

The day may be cold, the night may be long,
But a servant's light remains strong,
Guiding lost souls, dispelling fear,
A luminous path, crystal clear.

Ignorance, sin, and misery,
Flourish when the night's decree,
Darkness veils the world in fright,
But a spark of light can pierce the night.

So let your life be a melody,
A song of hope, love, and glee,
In the darkness, shine so bright,
An answer to the world's endless night.

A Well-lit House

Matthew 5:15

In the silence of the morning, where the sun begins to rise,
God bestowed a treasure, a gift before our eyes.
From His Spirit and His Word, a melody unfurled,
A light to share with others, a message to the world.

So, let that light shine brightly, let it pierce the darkest night,
Through all you do and say, let it be your guiding light.
Don't hide it in a corner, let it blaze across the sky,
Put it on display, let the world see it fly.

You never know who's watching, who's longing for the light,
In a world of shadows, where day is endless night.
Be patient, be forgiving, extend a ray of grace,
For we live in a darkened world, searching for a trace.

Be kind to those you meet, as you walk this weary road,
To those within your household, let love and light be sowed.
Don't let the light deplete, in the storms that may arise,
For even in the tempest, let the beacon in you rise.

So, be humble, not bitter, when offenses come your way,
Live a life of purity, let love be your display.
Be careful with your words, like notes in a sacred song,
In the symphony of kindness, let your melody be strong.

You never know who's watching, who's longing for the light,
In a world of shadows, where day is endless night.
Be patient, be forgiving, extend a ray of grace,
For we live in a darkened world, searching for a trace.

Live a life defined by gratitude, for the Savior of your soul,
He gave you this precious light, to help others be whole.
And as you walk this path, let your footsteps echo grace,
With every act of kindness, let your light embrace.

As the days unfold before you, like pages yet unread,
Remember the gift you carry, the light within your tread.
Let your life be a canvas, painted with hues of love,
A masterpiece of mercy, descending from above.

You never know who's watching, who's longing for the light,
In a world of shadows, where day is endless night.
Be patient, be forgiving, extend a ray of grace,
For we live in a darkened world, searching for a trace.

So, let your light shine brightly, in the tapestry of time,
A symphony of kindness, a melody sublime.
God has given you a treasure, a light so pure and bright,
Illuminate the world, with the beauty of your light.

The Light Of His Love

Matthew 5:16

In the canvas of the night, a love unfurls,
A light so bright, it reveals the pearls.
Miraculous wonders in every beat,
A beauty felt, in the heart's own seat.

His whispers echo, breaking doubt's span,
Believe you can, for He's the master plan.
In the dance of shadows, His love takes command,
A symphony of grace, a melody so grand.

His love is a light bright shining,
Guiding us through the dark, always aligning.
In the depth of despair, a beacon of hope,
His love, a melody, helping us to cope.

A message sent straight to the heart,
He knew us from the start, never to depart.
A home He gives, a shelter secure,
In His arms, an embrace, forever pure.

His whispers echo, breaking doubt's span,
Believe you can, for He's the master plan.
In the dance of shadows, His love takes command,
A symphony of grace, a melody so grand.

His love is a light bright shining,
Guiding us through the dark, always aligning.
In the depth of despair, a beacon of hope,
His love, a melody, helping us to cope.

In the twisted world, His light prevails,
A banner unfurled, as love never fails.
More than a spark, it's a radiant flame,
Dispelling the dark, in His holy name.

A love that paints the sky with hues,
In the silence, it sings, never to lose.
In the quiet moments, when all seems stark,
Look for Him, His light pierces the dark.

His whispers echo, breaking doubt's span,
Believe you can, for He's the master plan.
In the dance of shadows, His love takes command,
A symphony of grace, a melody so grand.

His love is a light bright shining,
Guiding us through the dark, always aligning.
In the depth of despair, a beacon of hope,
His love, a melody, helping us to cope.

So let His love be the anthem we sing,
A light bright shining, to which our hearts cling.
In every note and every spark,
His love, a masterpiece, lighting up the dark.

Letter And Spirit

Matthew 5:17

In a land of untamed hearts,
Where rules and laws are needed,
Greed reigns as the master,
Poisoned darts in flight, unheeded.

Freedom, a distant echo,
In a lawless, boundless sea,
Where boundaries are shattered,
Weakness condemned, never free.

Oh, the God who never wavers,
Gave us rules to guide our way,
Blessings in His sacred law,
Leading us from night to day.

Yet His law, internal flame,
From the depths of every heart,
More than actions, it's the essence,
The inner light, a work of art.

He came and faced the darkness,
Died to save us, cleanse our sin,
Grace and mercy, like a river,
Flowing, washing from within.

Oh, the God who never wavers,
Gave us rules to guide our way,
Blessings in His sacred law,
Leading us from night to day.

To love God and our neighbor,
With hearts renewed, unbound,
Law of the Master, grace unfolding,
Sin subdued, a sweet sound.

In the tapestry of redemption,
Threads of love and sacrifice,
His law written on our spirits,
A melody that breaks sin's ice.

Oh, the God who never wavers,
Gave us rules to guide our way,
Blessings in His sacred law,
Leading us from night to day.

So let the music resonate,
With the soul-stirring embrace,
Of a law that's love and mercy,
Guiding us to endless grace.

The Bar Is Set

Matthew 5:18

In the age of grace, where shadows trace,
The bar untouched, not a step misplaced.
Acts and thoughts, a cosmic dance,
In the symphony of life, our soul takes a chance.

God's Word, an anchor in the storm,
A lighthouse guiding, keeping us warm.
In the echoes of sin, a face revealed,
Yet redemption whispers, a secret sealed.

Established code, on parchment old,
A measure for the soul, a story untold.
Through corruption's maze, we've lost our way,
Wandered far, in the dark, led astray.

But if we seek Him, in the silence deep,
Humble hearts, a promise to keep.
His Word, a map to guide our roam,
Revealing a path, a journey towards home.

God's Word, an anchor in the storm,
A lighthouse guiding, keeping us warm.
In the echoes of sin, a face revealed,
Yet redemption whispers, a secret sealed.

We're creatures of rebellion, stubborn and bold,
Chasing desires, trading silver for gold.
Yet in the depths, if we dare to pray,
New meaning unfolds, lighting our way.

Wandered from purpose, a plan laid bare,
In our quest for more, unaware.
But in humility, a key to unlock,
The mysteries of life, the ticking clock.

If we seek Him, with hearts sincere,
The Word transforms, drawing near.
A revelation, a truth to unveil,
In the sacred whispers, redemption's tale.

God's Word, an anchor in the storm,
A lighthouse guiding, keeping us warm.
In the echoes of sin, a face revealed,
Yet redemption whispers, a secret sealed.

Life eternal, freedom from the past,
A righteous way, forever to last.
In the melody of purpose, we find our part,
A symphony of grace, echoing in the heart.

We Are All Teachers

Matthew 5:19,20

In the tapestry of time, a truth begun,
God's moral law, more radiant than the sun.
He calls us to be teachers, voices strong,
Proclaiming His message to the world, a lifelong song.

It's not a code of merit, not a mere act,
It's a rhythm within, a profound impact.
Deep inside, where the soul resides,
A sacred mission, where love abides.

Don't take it lightly, this call so dear,
Embrace the mission, cast away the fear.
A righteous teacher, with a message clear,
In the symphony of life, let your melody appear.

Teach them with your speaking, words profound,
And in the canvas of your life, let love abound.
Handle blessings with grace, face the strife,
A living testament, the melody of life.

Open up the pages, the Living Word,
Let the Spirit's whispers be distinctly heard.
Be a faithful servant, in humble walk,
Teach His way, let the silence talk.

Don't take it lightly, this call so dear,
Embrace the mission, cast away the fear.
A righteous teacher, with a message clear,
In the symphony of life, let your melody appear.

Listen for the Spirit, in the quietude,
Whispers of wisdom, in solitude.
A faithful servant, with each humble stride,
In the tapestry of His love, forever to abide.

So let the music play, this divine decree,
In the heart's chamber, where love is free.
God's moral law, a melody so pure,
In the song of life, an eternal allure.

Murderer
Matthew 5:21,22

In the shadows of indignation, where darkness takes its hold,
A warning echoes through the soul, a tale of truths untold.
If destruction is your purpose, if mockery's your joy,
Beware the judgment that awaits, the consequences it'll
deploy.

Indignation, a double-edged sword,
A flame that burns, a bitter chord.
But in the echoes of mercy, we find our way,
Guarding hearts and minds, let love hold sway.

Convicted as a murderer, in the court of the divine,
For distorted truths and the anger in your line.
The seeds of hate are sown, in vengeful, angry thought,
Knocking on hell's gate, a consequence sought.

But in the stillness of reflection, before the storm takes flight,
We find the grace to change, guided by the light.

Indignation, a double-edged sword,
A flame that burns, a bitter chord.
But in the echoes of mercy, we find our way,
Guarding hearts and minds, let love hold sway.

Offenses like a tempest, awakening our pride,
A storm of anger stirs, casting shadows far and wide.
But let not hate consume, for it's a treacherous gate,
Choose the path of mercy, before it's too late.

When offended, guard your heart, in the face of mean
d disdain,
For all carry His image, a truth that remains.
Ask the Lord to change you, let the peace unfold,
In the midst of turmoil, let love be bold.

In the silence of forgiveness, where healing takes its start,
Find the strength to change, let compassion fill your heart.

Indignation, a double-edged sword,
A flame that burns, a bitter chord.
But in the echoes of mercy, we find our way,
Guarding hearts and minds, let love hold sway.

In the tapestry of grace, let redemption weave its thread,
A symphony of forgiveness, where all are truly led.
For in the mirror of kindness, the unseen is revealed,
A song of transformation, in hearts once sealed.

Apology
Matthew 5:23,24

In the silence of the shadows, where regrets may take their
toll,

A tale of souls entwined, a story to unfold.
Don't sacrifice the essence, for a mask upon your face,
When you stumble in the darkness, find redemption, find
your grace.

Plead your case with honesty, let the truth unfurl,
In the canvas of redemption, paint a brave new world.

Own the wrongs that haunt you, don't let them weigh you
down,
In the rhythm of forgiveness, find your sacred ground.
Run towards redemption, don't let your spirit tire,
Apologies are symphonies, let them spark the fire.

In the dance of introspection, where the heart must take its
stand,
Don't linger in the shadows, be quick to make amends.
Simple words, like notes, in a song of pure remorse,
Let the melody of healing guide you on your course.

State your part with humility, let the echoes ring,
In the symphony of forgiveness, let redemption sing.

Own the wrongs that haunt you, don't let them weigh you
down,
In the rhythm of forgiveness, find your sacred ground.
Run towards redemption, don't let your spirit tire,
Apologies are symphonies, let them spark the fire.

If on the road to righteousness, your heart begins to stir,
Change your course with courage, let your words transfer.
Admit your offense, lay the weapons down,
In the garden of contrition, let new seeds be sown.

Don't point fingers, don't cast blame, let shame be cast
away,

Return to the altar with a heart reborn that day.
For in the act of healing, in the shadow of a feud,
A soul finds resurrection, in the music of the good.

State your part with sincerity, let redemption reign,
In the ballad of forgiveness, break free from the chain.

Own the wrongs that haunt you, don't let them weigh you
down,

In the rhythm of forgiveness, find your sacred ground.
Run towards redemption, don't let your spirit tire,
Apologies are symphonies, let them spark the fire.

In the echo of redemption, where the heart and melody align,
A song of transformation, let its chorus be thine.

Don't lose your soul to save your face, let the music play,
In the symphony of forgiveness, find your light, find your way.

Resolution

Matthew 5:25,26

In the ledger of life, debts inscribed in ink,
A symphony of moments, a chain that links.

When you owe a debt, heed the call,
Time's a relentless force, it won't forestall.

Hesitation, a dangerous waltz,
Debts and wrongs, intertwined faults.
The ticking clock, a silent decree,
A chance slipping away, can't you see?

Oh, pay the debt before the dawn,
A melody of redemption, a soul reborn.
The wrongs we've sown, a heavy bough,
In the garden of time, here and now.

Like shadows lengthen with the setting sun,
Debts unforgiven, they weigh a ton.
Friend or foe, the ledger knows,
A timeless dance, where conscience glows.

Hesitation, a dangerous waltz,
Debts and wrongs, intertwined faults.
The ticking clock, a silent decree,
A chance slipping away, can't you see?

Oh, pay the debt before the dawn,
A melody of redemption, a soul reborn.
The wrongs we've sown, a heavy bough,
In the garden of time, here and now.

Seize the chance, don't hesitate,
To mend the wrongs, alter the fate.
Breath by breath, don't abate,
In the symphony of time, don't procrastinate.

For if you linger, if you bide,
Debts and wrongs, they coincide.
A swelling tide, an ocean's roar,
Resonating regrets on the shore.

Hesitation, a dangerous waltz,
Debts and wrongs, intertwined faults.
The ticking clock, a silent decree,
A chance slipping away, can't you see?

Oh, pay the debt before the dawn,
A melody of redemption, a soul reborn.
The wrongs we've sown, a heavy bough,
In the garden of time, here and now.

But if you still have breath, it's not too late,
To lift the weight, to change the fate.
In the cadence of life, a chance to create,
A harmonious end, a debt's last gait.

Lustful Eye

Matthew 5:27,28

Guard your heart, oh weary soul,
In shadows where desires unfold.
Lustful eyes, a dangerous dance,
A fleeting spark, a perilous trance.

The price you pay, a heavy toll,
As lust creeps in, it takes control.
A broken heart, it won't mend,
A soul corroded, on a road to no end.

Oh, guard your heart and guard your eye,
Let not the flames of passion draw nigh.
For what you have, it's precious and true,
In the eyes of the Lord, stay pure and true.

Lustful eyes, a rotting soul,
A wicked game, a dangerous goal.
Hijacking minds, tearing apart,
Leaving nothing but a shattered heart.

The fire within, it rages higher,
Started as a spark, now a funeral pyre.
In the eyes of the Lord, no disguise,
The thought or the act, it's the same in His eyes.

Oh, guard your heart and guard your eye,
Let not the flames of passion draw nigh.
For what you have, it's precious and true,
In the eyes of the Lord, stay pure and true.

Seek the Lord, oh restless one,
In His grace, let your journey begun.
Be pure, be wise, in His embrace,
Let not the world your soul deface.

Guard your heart from the wanton desire,
A spark that once lit, now a raging fire.
In the eyes of the Lord, no difference they claim,
Thought or act, it's the same in His name.

The toll is great, the cost is high,
As lust consumes, leaving a desperate cry.
But seek the Lord, be pure and wise,
Let not your heart follow where the eyes arise.

Oh, guard your heart and guard your eye,
Let not the flames of passion draw nigh.
For what you have, it's precious and true,
In the eyes of the Lord, stay pure and true.

In the stillness of the night, let your spirit rise,
Embrace the grace, where true love lies.
Guard your heart, guard your eye,
In the Lord's embrace, let your soul fly.

The Offenders

Matthew 5:29,30

In the gaze of your eye, a tempting mirage,
Held in your hand, a treacherous collage.
Beware the allure that lies within,
For innocence lost, is where it begins.

What you see may lead astray,
But strength within can pave the way.
Look away, be steadfast, be free,
Break the chains that bind, let your spirit be.

Oh, the idols we cherish, desires ablaze,
Passions that entangle, lost in the maze.
Before the fires of hell ignite,
Take control, reclaim your inner light.

What you do, let it not consume,
A soul entangled, destined for doom.
Remove yourself from the grip of sin,
Before the shadows within begin.

Be aware of the traps, desires ensnare,
Passions that burn, like a relentless flare.
Face the truth, before it's too late,
Avert the gaze, change your fate.

Oh, the idols we cherish, desires ablaze,
Passions that entangle, lost in the maze.
Before the fires of hell ignite,
Take control, reclaim your inner light.

In the mind-space it rents, room for none,
An obsession takes hold, blocking the sun.
No longer a pastime, but a source of sin,
Break the shackles, let redemption begin.

Remove it now, while you're still able,
Before regret becomes an endless fable.
Life's fleeting moments, don't hesitate,
Before hell's gate, don't seal your fate.

Be aware of the idols, desires untold,
Passions that grip, as stories unfold.
Before the final chapter, closes its gate,
Choose a different path, change your fate.

Oh, the idols we cherish, desires ablaze,
Passions that entangle, lost in the maze.
Before the fires of hell ignite,
Take control, reclaim your inner light.

As the final notes echo, a plea in the wind,
Heed the warning, let redemption begin.
In the symphony of choices, let love resonate,
Before the gates close, before it's too late.

Marriage
Matthew 5:31,32

In the tapestry of time, a plan divine,
God's masterpiece, a family's design.
A woman and a man, hand in hand,
Harmony's dance, a love that would withstand.

But now the echoes of hearts once aligned,
Drift apart, leaving scars undefined.
Selfishness and deceit, tearing at the seams,
Shattered dreams, a world lost in extremes.

Oh, the bubble bursts, staining perfect plans,
Serving turns to taking, slipping through our hands.
Hardened hearts like diamonds in the sand,
Dear God of mercy, guide us, take a stand.

The melody of love, once sweet and clear,
Now drowned in sorrow, whispers we can't hear.
Ashes of dreams, like embers in the night,
Fading away, leaving shadows to ignite.

Diamonds on hands, hearts turned to stone,
Aching for a love that was overthrown.
Mercy, dear God, in our weakness and despair,
Bring us together, make us a loving pair.

Oh, the bubble bursts, staining perfect plans,
Serving turns to taking, slipping through our hands.
Hardened hearts like diamonds in the sand,
Dear God of mercy, guide us, take a stand.

In the wreckage of mistakes, let forgiveness bloom,
Break down the walls, dispel the dark and gloom.
May we walk together, not run away,
In the light of redemption, find a brand new day.

God of mercy, hear our fervent plea,
Unite our souls, set our spirits free.
From selfishness and deceit, let love arise,
Rekindle the flame, wipe tears from our eyes.

Oh, the bubble bursts, staining perfect plans,
Serving turns to taking, slipping through our hands.
Hardened hearts like diamonds in the sand,
Dear God of mercy, guide us, take a stand.

In the symphony of grace, a new beginning starts,
A healing balm for the fractured hearts.
May we learn to serve, with love's pure decree,
Walking hand in hand, for all eternity.

Lie Detector

Matthew 5:33-36

In the labyrinth of deceit, where lies multiply like flies,
Detection is crucial, unraveling truth from the guise.
Oh, the confusion, thick and swirling, a tempest in the skies,
Navigating through deception, where sincerity lies.

An oath, a solemn promise, a pledge unto the truth,
Yet, veiled in ambiguity, a shield against the proof.
Words without substance, a pack of twisted ties,
To accept them blindly would be unwise.

A promise unfulfilled, a hope left hanging in the air,
An act of the devil, weaving webs of despair.
Do not make a vow with intentions so cheap,
For down that steep slope, the liars often creep.

A hope deferred, a promise left to weep,
An adept devil, in the shadows, secrets to keep.
Words without weight, like whispers in the night,
Yet, in the darkness, we search for the light.

A pledge with no purpose, a deceitful leap,
The slope grows steeper, secrets buried deep.
Cautious we must be, on this path of growth,
Spotting the lie, discerning the oath.

A promise unfulfilled, a hope left hanging in the air,
An act of the devil, weaving webs of despair.
Do not make a vow with intentions so cheap,
For down that steep slope, the liars often creep.

So be alert, my friend, in this world so sly,
Where the echoes of deceit can make truth shy.
Let the music of honesty be your oath,
In the symphony of life, let integrity clothe.

Simple Truth

Matthew 5:37

In a world of twisted tales and fancy dress,
Where truth is masked in verbiage, a tangled mess,
Let simplicity be our guiding grace,
No need for eloquence, just find your space.

From a heart that's cold and empty,
Flows a stream of words so plenty,
Like a flock of birds, they pierce the air,
A storm of chaos, a cry of despair.

Let your yes be yes, your no be no,
Cut through the lies, let honesty show,
In a sea of deception, we'll find our way,
This song of truth, our hearts convey.

A message wrapped in curses, a bitter taste,
Spoken with passion, but truth erased,
Belief won't blossom, no trust to receive,
In the garden of lies, no one believes.

In a world of dark corruption, we're drowning deep,
Sly deceptions in a sea so steep,
Words of confusion, tearing us apart,
Division sown, breaking every heart.

Let your yes be yes, your no be no,
Cut through the lies, let honesty show,
In a sea of deception, we'll find our way,
This song of truth, our hearts convey.

In the storm of words, we find confusion,
But rise above, reject the illusion,
Simple answers, in a world so complex,
Affirm with clarity, no need to flex.

Words that put you down, a heavy weight,
Causing division, sealing our fate,
But we'll rise above, like birds in flight,
Soaring high on truth, dispelling the night.

In a world of darkness, choose your sound,
Let your yes be yes, let your no resound,
No need for excess, verbal overflow,
In simplicity, the deepest truths grow.

Let your yes be yes, your no be no,
Cut through the lies, let honesty show,
In a sea of deception, we'll find our way,
This song of truth, our hearts convey.

So as we navigate this world of sound,
Let our words be anchors, firmly bound,
To the truth that's simple, honest, and pure,
In the melody of life, forever endure.

Revenge **Matthew 5:38-40**

In the shadows of injustice, where revenge takes its hold,
A whisper in the darkness, a story to be told.
If anger grips your soul, and tempts you to the fight,
Beware the path you're on, for peace will slip from sight.

Vengeance is not ours, but a longing in our heart,
To strike against the darkness, a fiery, righteous part.
Yet an eye for an eye, just fuels the flames of hate,
A perilous journey, leading to a dreadful fate.

Oh, we yearn to strike back at evil, warm our frozen heart,
But there's a truth we must embrace, tearing vengeance
apart.

For God's love in our hearts, a river pure and deep,
A melody of grace, a song that evil cannot keep.

An eye for an eye, a cycle hard to break,
A poke in the eye, won't right the wrongs we make.
No matter the skill, no matter how hard we try,
Only God's love can heal, lift us to the sky.

Vengeance is His, but in our weakness, we may yearn,
To stand against the darkness, for justice to discern.
Yet a river of love flows, from the grace above,
It's God's love in our hearts, an unbreakable bond.

Oh, we long to strike back at evil, thaw our frozen heart,
But there's a truth we must embrace, tearing vengeance
apart.

For God's love in our hearts, a river pure and deep,
A melody of grace, a song that evil cannot keep.

Taste the divine, taste God's grace from above,
Let love be the response, to every hurt and shove.
In the midst of pain, let the river flow,
A divine current of love, striking a righteous blow.

When you've tasted grace, from the heavens so high,
The courage to love, will make your spirit fly.
In the face of hurt, let compassion be your guide,
A force that breaks the chains, where love and evil collide.

Oh, we long to strike back at evil, thaw our frozen heart,
But there's a truth we must embrace, tearing vengeance
apart.

For God's love in our hearts, a river pure and deep,
A melody of grace, a song that evil cannot keep.

So let the music echo, the rhythm of divine,
A masterpiece of love, a melody so fine.
May these words and tunes, in your soul resound,
A symphony of healing, where love is truly found.

Unjust Demands

Matthew 5:41

In the garden of selfless love, we stand,
Where kindness blooms, not a demand.
Timely and convenient, cast aside,
A debt unmeasured, love does confide.

Love is the burden we willingly bear,
Not ours to carry, yet we dare.
God's love, a beacon in the night,
Guiding us through the unjust fight.

On this path of life, demands will rise,
A choice to make, peace or strife.
Not just our rights, but a higher call,
To walk that extra mile, not to fall.

Unseen burdens, heavy and unfair,
God's love within us, we declare.
Choosing grace, when thorns surround,
In the face of scorn, His love resounds.

Love is the burden we willingly bear,
Not ours to carry, yet we dare.
God's love, a beacon in the night,
Guiding us through the unjust fight.

Compelled to walk the extra mile,
In His love, we find our guile.
Two miles for one, His grace abounds,
In the thorny paths, His love surrounds.

This side of heaven, covered in thorns,
Yet His light in us brightly adorns.
Strength He gives when scorn draws near,
Love displayed, dispelling every fear.

Unseen burdens, heavy and unfair,
God's love within us, we declare.
Choosing grace, when thorns surround,
In the face of scorn, His love resounds.

Love is the burden we willingly bear,
Not ours to carry, yet we dare.
God's love, a beacon in the night,
Guiding us through the unjust fight.

In bearing unjust burdens, love prevails,
His light within, the darkness impales.
Through the thorns, His grace displayed,
In His love, we find our strength portrayed.

Generosity

Matthew 5:42

In the tapestry of life, we weave our tale,
A symphony of grace, where love will prevail.
If you want a life that's full and free,
Give what you've been given, embrace the melody.

Be gracious towards others, forgiveness in your stride,
Generosity, the rhythm, in every step, abide.
Don't wait for the storm, to lend a helping hand,
Encourage the weary, let peace paint the land.

Be generous with your time, like sunshine in the rain,
In the warmth of compassion, erase the stains.
Let kindness be the currency you're always giving,
A melody of love, in every life, keep living.

Words are notes, in the song of our days,
Season them with love, let empathy always sway.
Be kind, be faithful, let bitterness retreat,
Give it a gentle shove, make joy your heartbeat.

Be generous with your treasure, a gift from above,
Hold not too tightly, release the boundless love.
For in letting go, you find abundance in God's hand,
A symphony of trust, across the golden sand.

Be generous with your sharing, the faith that's your guide,
To those who are searching, for a peace to reside.
Open up your heart, let the melody increase,
In generosity, find the everlasting release.

Worship with abandon, serve the God who cares,
Praise Him in every note, let humility be your prayers.
In the silence of surrender, find the sacred space,
A melody of worship, connecting all of grace.

So let your life be a song, resonating in the air,
A composition of generosity, beyond compare.
In every act, in every word, in treasures you unfold,
Be generous, be bold, let love and grace be told.

Be generous with your time, your words, and your treasure,
In the symphony of life, be a boundless pleasure.
Share the faith, worship with abandon and flare,
In generosity, find a melody beyond compare.

For in the giving, in the grace, in the worship, and the song,
Find a life that's full and free, where you truly belong.
Let the music of generosity echo through the years,
A soul-stirring symphony, calming all the fears.

Loving Your Enemies

Matthew 5:43-45

In a world where hate may linger,
Love the ones who point the finger.
Kindness blooms in every meet,
A melody of grace, a rhythm sweet.

Serve the Lord with gladness,
Love's not defeat, it's a triumph, a madness.
God's promise echoes, a gentle wind,
In kindness, our broken souls mend.

A promise made in heaven's gaze,
Kindness, the path our hearts craze.
When troubles bind us, dark and tight,
God's helping hand, a guiding light.

Serve the Lord with gladness,
Love's not defeat, it's a triumph, a madness.
God's promise echoes, a gentle wind,
In kindness, our broken souls mend.

Consider those in silent plea,
Friend or foe, love sets them free.
Trials come, like mocking rain,
Speak peace, not words of disdain.

When vengeance cradles a hardened heart,
The Master's touch, a healing art.
In mercy's hands, the warmth of sun,
A redemption song, our hearts become one.

Serve the Lord with gladness,
Love's not defeat, it's a triumph, a madness.
God's promise echoes, a gentle wind,
In kindness, our broken souls mend.

Be His hands of mercy, reach out wide,
Love in the face of hatred's tide.
Point to the Savior, the burden-lifter,
In His grace, burdens grow lighter.

A symphony of love, a harmonious fate,
In the melody of kindness, we navigate.
Let these words, this musical art,
Resonate, echo, heal every heart.

Unlimited Kindness

Matthew 5:46-47

In the tapestry of life, a promise softly spoken,
God's vow to the kind, in hardship not forsaken.

When shadows dance and troubles bind,
A divine pledge to guide, an anchor to find.

Take a moment, open your heart wide,
Feel the echoes of compassion inside.
Consider the struggles, the silent cries,
In the depths of need, where hope often lies.

For the frail in a corner, shivering and pale,
A melody of empathy, let it prevail.
To those unable, young or old,
Let kindness unfold, stories untold.

In the gallery of souls, portraits of weakness,
Bodies frail, seeking solace in bleakness.
A touch of grace for the ones on the shelf,
The young, the aged, needing more than self.

Be wise in compassion, a lantern's glow,
Illuminate the path for hearts that glow.
For the outstretched hand, don't judge in haste,
Greed disguises need; let love be embraced.

For God's blessing, a promise so sweet,
To the humble and meek, in life's bittersweet.
Ponder and consider, in each act and feat,
The station of the weak, where kindness may meet.

Let the music rise like a comforting breeze,
Through valleys of sorrow, among the trees.
Feel the rhythm of empathy, a soothing stream,
In the grand symphony of kindness, let's dream.

As you walk this earth, where compassion blooms,
Look beyond facades, dispel the gloom.
For in every act of kindness sown,
A promise kept, a love full-blown.

So, take time to consider, hearts intertwined,
In the tapestry of souls, in love, we're entwined.
For God's promise echoes in each tear,
A song of compassion, crystal clear.

For the frail in a corner, shivering and pale,
A melody of empathy, let it prevail.
To those unable, young or old,
Let kindness unfold, stories untold.

In the echo of the promise, let love speak,
In every gesture, in every peek.
As the music fades, let the soul keep,
The melody of kindness, forever unique.

True Perfection

Matthew 5:48

In the orchard of life, where shadows fall,
An apple clinging close, not straying far at all.
If God's the architect, the Father we plea,
In His reflection, may our essence be.

Perfect in mercy, in grace adorned,
A symphony of love, our spirits reborn.
Forgiveness like rain, cleansing disgrace,
In the dance of redemption, we find our grace.

Love is a verb, pulsating, alive,
From God's own heart, a gift to derive.
Not a whisper, but a thunderous art,
In the melody of love, we play our part.

Oh Lord, sculpt this heart, once cold as stone,
Breathe life into it, make it Your own.
A masterpiece unfolding, a divine clone,
In the garden of grace, let Your seeds be sown.

May our eyes mirror Yours, filled with love's light,
Looking past flaws, embracing the night.
Loving and gracious, never to despise,
In the portrait of kindness, our soul relies.

Love is a verb, pulsating, alive,
From God's own heart, a gift to derive.
Not a whisper, but a thunderous art,
In the melody of love, we play our part.

For I know of Your love, the savior's embrace,
It rescued my soul, in boundless grace.
Sharing this love, my purpose untold,
In the symphony of grace, our stories unfold.

In the tapestry of time, where destinies twine,
Love's enduring rhythm, our spirits align.
A chorus of hearts, united and whole,
The anthem of love, our ultimate goal.

Perfect in mercy, in grace adorned,
A symphony of love, our spirits reborn.
Forgiveness like rain, cleansing disgrace,
In the dance of redemption, we find our grace.

Love is a verb, pulsating, alive,
From God's own heart, a gift to derive.
Not a whisper, but a thunderous art,
In the melody of love, we play our part.

So let the song echo, through valleys and knolls,
The cadence of love, the melody of souls.
In the echoes of grace, where redemption's the toll,
Our anthem of love, an eternal scroll.

Secret Generosity

Matthew 6:1-4

Do you crave the spotlight, a stage so bright,
To showcase your dreams, to bask in the light?
Or is the echo of your own applause,
Rewarding enough, in self-made cause?

In a world of spectacle, where virtue's on display,
Are you seeking glory, or lighting up the way?

But love, it doesn't dance for the crowd,
It's not about the applause, it's not too loud.
It's the quiet moments, the grace you share,
Not seeking approval, just showing you care.

In the act of giving, with a flourish and flair,
Do you cast a shadow, or does your light declare?
Does the world witness, your generous heart,
Or are you just building, a self-serving art?

In the pursuit of kindness, do you seek the stage,
Or does humility guide you, through life's boundless page?

But love, it doesn't dance for the crowd,
It's not about the applause, it's not too loud.
It's the quiet moments, the grace you share,
Not seeking approval, just showing you care.

For mercy's sake, do you open your hand?
Or is it just to grasp, what the world demands?
Is your heart a vessel, for others to gain,
Or just a mirror reflecting your own gain?

Love, it's not about the gift in your hand,
But the needy soul, on life's shifting sand.
In the quiet corners, where the broken reside,
Does your love find solace, not just your pride?

In the eyes of God, all actions laid bare,
Is your generosity, a legacy to share?

But love, it doesn't dance for the crowd,
It's not about the applause, it's not too loud.
It's the quiet moments, the grace you share,
Not seeking approval, just showing you care.

So, let your deeds echo, in God's sovereign land,
For the reward is His, in the palm of His hand.
In the symphony of kindness, let your melody play,
A timeless song of love, that never fades away.

Spiritual Merit Badge

Matthew 6:5-6

In the hallowed halls we gather,
To be seen or to find our way,
But is the sanctuary just a stage?
A masquerade where roles we play.

Pious postures on display,
Like a saintly badge we wear,
But do we seek the Father's gaze,
Or merely seek the world's affair?

Do you go to church to be seen?
A holy charade, a false sheen,
But in the quiet, where hearts are laid bare,
The Father listens, He's always there.

Loud proclamations, prayers aloud,
For all to witness, to applaud,
Yet, is the soul sincere and true,
Or a performance for the worldly view?

The acts of saints, not for show,
But a genuine love, a steady flow,
In hidden chambers, away from eyes,
Humble and sincere, where truth lies.

Do you go to church to be seen?
A holy charade, a false sheen,
But in the quiet, where hearts are laid bare,
The Father listens, He's always there.

A secret whispered prayer,
From a heart that truly cares,
He hears you in the silent air,
In the secret, find Him there.

A treasure stored in secret spaces,
Where humility embraces,
The whispers reach the Father's ear,
A melody that He holds dear.

In the stillness, where grace is poured,
The reward is not a worldly hoard,
But the affirmation, the love restored,
A grand reward by the Father adored.

Do you go to church to be seen?
A holy charade, a false sheen,
But in the quiet, where hearts are laid bare,
The Father listens, He's always there.

So, when you speak to the Father above,
Let it be genuine, an offering of love,
For in the secret, your soul is restored,
A symphony of sincerity, with the Father adored.

The God Who Hears

Matthew 6:7-8

In the quiet of the morning, 'neath the first light's tender glow,
A love that's ever flowing, in my soul begins to grow.
It's the Lord who gently listens, to my whispers in the air,
He hears my deepest worries, every burden, every care.

Oh, the glow within my spirit, like a flame that brightly
gleams,
It's the presence of the Lord, turning whispers into dreams.
For in the early morn, when weariness is worn,
Praying to the Lord, a new day is reborn.

Through the echoes of my longing, His voice, a melody,
Speaks to my heart's yearning, in waves of love, so free.
When my soul cries for mercy, a response descends from
above,
A symphony of solace, like a soft and healing dove.

Oh, the glow within my spirit, like a flame that brightly
gleams,
It's the presence of the Lord, turning whispers into dreams.
For in the early morn, when weariness is worn,
Praying to the Lord, a new day is reborn.

When I'm weary and I'm torn, tired and all alone,
I'll pray to the Lord, in a language of my own.
He knows my every state, every joy, every need,
And the answer that's approaching, is a balm that gently
feeds.

In the humbleness of morning, with sincerity indeed,
His answers fit my longings, like a glove that's meant to feed.
For prayers of selfless nature, not in greed but pure desire,
Receive the Lord's own answers, setting hearts and souls on
fire.

Oh, the glow within my spirit, like a flame that brightly
gleams,
It's the presence of the Lord, turning whispers into dreams.
For in the early morn, when weariness is worn,
Praying to the Lord, a new day is reborn.

So let the music intertwine, with the echoes of the plea,
A seamless fusion of words and melody.
In the silence of the dawn, where devotion finds its theme,
The Lord's love and kindness turn whispers into a soul-
stirring dream.

God The Prominent

Matthew 6:9

In the canvas of creation, Your prominence displayed,
A symphony of colors, as the daylight starts to fade.
A sunset's tender glow, whispers of Your grace,
I see You in the colors, in every quiet space.

Oh, God, the Prominent, in the heavens You reside,
Beneath the moon and stars, I feel You by my side.
Awe and wonder fill my soul, as I lift my gaze,
Captivated by Your beauty, lost in Your embrace.

The sun ascends, a masterpiece unveiled,
A tapestry of dawn, in Your glory, it's detailed.
Forgive my small perceptions, for making You so low,
You're beyond my comprehension, more than words can
show.

I repent for the moments when I've made You small,
No plaque on any wall can capture You at all.
To see You in Your prominence, reigning in supreme,
Beyond the captain of my team, in every heartfelt dream.

Oh, God, the Prominent, in the heavens You reside,
Beneath the moon and stars, I feel You by my side.
Awe and wonder fill my soul, as I lift my gaze,
Captivated by Your beauty, lost in Your embrace.

Worthy of all praise, beyond the reach of stars,
Eloah, the Prominent, who's never too far.
I worship not for favors, but for who You are,
In Your sacred presence, I'm healed, I'm scarred.

You're the creator of the world, as the sun ascends,
Majestic in Your glory, my heart forever mends.
In every sunrise's dance, Your majesty revealed,
A God so uncontainable, in awe, I stand and yield.

I repent for the moments when I've made You small,
No plaque on any wall can capture You at all.
To see You in Your prominence, reigning in supreme,
Beyond the captain of my team, in every heartfelt dream.

Oh, God, the Prominent, in the heavens You reside,
Beneath the moon and stars, I feel You by my side.
Awe and wonder fill my soul, as I lift my gaze,
Captivated by Your beauty, lost in Your embrace.

Eloah, the Prominent, in worship, we proclaim,
In the vastness of Your love, we find our truest name.
May this song, a humble offering, reach the skies,
As we stand in Your prominence, forever mesmerized.

God's Kingdom

Matthew 6:10

In the tapestry of time, we find our place,
Created for His kingdom, a sacred space.
Yet, we tossed the key, our hearts astray,
But He sent His Son to guide our way.

His kingdom unfolding, a celestial dance,
In process now, but destined to enhance.
On that joyous morn, a golden seat,
We'll gather 'round, at Jesus' feet.

Creation groans, in anticipation,
Yearning for the day of revelation.
Oh, Your appearing, our hearts sway,
For this, we hope and fervently pray.

Perfect love and righteousness, our daily guide,
Teach us, O Lord, to walk beside.
In the echoes of heaven's hills,
A sweet melody, a harmony that thrills.

Our wills align, in a divine song,
Conforming to Your purpose, strong.
Sung from the heights, a celestial quill,
A melody that our souls fulfill.

Creation groans, in anticipation,
Yearning for the day of revelation.
Oh, Your appearing, our hearts sway,
For this, we hope and fervently pray.

With patience, You watch us stumble and grow,
May Your kingdom flourish, may it ever glow.
In a grand revival, let Your Spirit flow,
Ignite the fire, let redemption's river flow.

As the journey unfolds, Your will in view,
Our guide, our companion, steadfast and true.
May there be a chorus of grace untold,
In the rhythm of love, a story to be extolled.

Our hearts beat in rhythm, a heavenly tune,
In step with Your purpose, under the moon.
May Your patience prevail, a boundless sea,
As we strive to live in harmony.

Creation groans, in anticipation,
Yearning for the day of revelation.
Oh, Your appearing, our hearts sway,
For this, we hope and fervently pray.

So, let the music play, let the melody soar,
A symphony of redemption forevermore.
In the grand design, as Your kingdom grows,
Let Your Spirit flow, like a river that overflows.

Daily Bread

Matthew 6:11

In the quiet of the morning,
In the whispers of the night,
You're the provider of my yearning,
Guiding me with gentle light.

Your bread, a sacred sustenance,
No bitterness shall it bear,
Yet, I've fought self-made enemies,
Thinking I'm wise beyond compare.

But if I stray beyond Your path,
Seeking pleasures on my own,
I'll find no solace in the aftermath,
A restless heart, forever prone.

Your bread, divine and ever pure,
Feeds the hunger of my soul,
In the stillness of Your will,
A melody, making me whole.

Pride, a shadow lurking near,
Threatens to block the light,
Yet His bread won't feed a heart,
Full of arrogance and endless might.

I'll resist the urge to chart my course,
In my way, where pride takes pride,
For His plan, His purpose,
In His humble love, I'll confide.

If you're weary, worn, and spent,
Something's amiss, not heaven sent,
Look within, seek His grace,
Find His presence, embrace.

Your bread, divine and ever pure,
Feeds the hunger of my soul,
In the stillness of Your will,
A melody, making me whole.

In the doing of His will,
His Word, His Spirit, an eternal thrill,
Nourishment profound and deep,
His plan unfolding, promises to keep.

When weariness clouds my sight,
And my strength begins to wane,
I'll find refuge in His might,
In His purpose, I'll remain.

So, I'll surrender to His way,
Embrace the rhythm of His sway,
In the dance of His divine decree,
His bread, my soul's symphony.

Your bread, divine and ever pure,
Feeds the hunger of my soul,
In the stillness of Your will,
A melody, making me whole.

In the doing of His will,
In the quiet, I'm held still,
His bread, the music of my soul,
In His love, I'm forever whole.

You Get What You Give

Matthew 6:12

In the tapestry of life, a gift unfolds,
A melody of mercy, a story to be told.
Choosing forgiveness, the chains break free,
From deep resentments, we find liberty.

The Master calls with a voice so clear,
Grace and mercy, drawing near.
A gift that's boundless, for one and all,
Forgive to be forgiven, answer the call.

Oh, the gift that keeps on giving,
When you chose to forgive.
Embrace the freedom, let the healing begin,
A symphony of grace, a life worth live'n.

In the echoes of redemption, we find release,
A greater gift unfolds, bringing inner peace.
Through mercy bestowed, our soul is revived,
In the dance of forgiveness, we truly thrive.

The Master's grace, a divine embrace,
Covering sins, leaving no trace.
Judgment deserved, yet love prevails,
In the forgiveness journey, our story sails.

Oh, the gift that keeps on giving,
When you chose to forgive.
Embrace the freedom, let the healing begin,
A symphony of grace, a life worth live'n.

We're rebels at the core, our sins on display,
But His love and mercy pave the way.
Lifted burdens, a weight no more,
Purpose found on mercy's shore.

As the rebel's fate is left behind,
A purposeful existence we find.
Heart exploding with praises, a flood so divine,
Sins covered by His blood, a sacred sign.

The Master's call, a holy flood,
Covered by His precious blood.
Deserving judgment, yet mercy's plea,
In forgiveness, we find eternity.

Oh, the gift that keeps on giving,
When you chose to forgive.
Embrace the freedom, let the healing begin,
A symphony of grace, a life worth live'n.

In the silence of redemption, let the music fade,
A soul-stirring journey, forgiveness portrayed.
In the echoes of gratitude, let the melody resound,
For the gift that keeps on giving, eternally profound.

Trials And Tests

Matthew 6: 13

On this winding road, so twisted and tight,
Traps and snares beneath the moonlight.
Distractions beckon, urgent affairs,
Lost in the chaos, caught unawares.

Lord, I'm lost in the dust, choking on confusion,
In this labyrinth of life, seeking a solution.
Guide my steps, let Your light be my muse,
In a world of shadows, Your love I'll choose.

Oh, Lord, I need Your guidance, through the twists and turns,
Lead me through the darkness, where my spirit yearns.
In the echoes of confusion, let Your voice ring clear,
Hold my hand through the struggles, calm my deepest fear.

Faithful and true, Your love is my guide,
In the shadows, in the darkness, let Your grace abide.
Evil hides in plain view, a subtle disguise,
Illuminate the path, open my eyes.

I walk through shadows, facing the unknown,
In the journey of life, let Your light be shown.
Guide me through the struggles, hidden from view,
In the midst of chaos, I trust in You.

Oh, Lord, I need Your guidance, through the twists and turns,
Lead me through the darkness, where my spirit yearns.
In the echoes of confusion, let Your voice ring clear,
Hold my hand through the struggles, calm my deepest fear.

Bumps and bruises, marks of the way,
Refine and strengthen, as I kneel and pray.
May every trial, every stumble and fall,
Lead me closer to You, answer the call.

My focus on Your kingdom, in eternity's light,
May I walk with purpose, in the darkest night.
Through the bumps and bruises, trials that refine,
May Your faithful fraternity forever be mine.

Lord, I trust in Your plan, though the path may be steep,
In the tapestry of life, every thread You keep.
Guide me, oh, guide me, through the shadows I see,
In Your love and mercy, let my spirit be free.

Oh, Lord, I need Your guidance, through the twists and turns,
Lead me through the darkness, where my spirit yearns.
In the echoes of confusion, let Your voice ring clear,
Hold my hand through the struggles, calm my deepest fear.

As the melody fades, and the journey unfolds,
In the symphony of life, let Your love be told.
Through the crooked path, and the shadows that may fall,
I'll find my way home, in Your love, standing tall.

Bondage Of Not Forgiving

Matthew 6:14-15

In the shadows of a prison cell, echoes a tale untold,
A bondage deeper than these walls, a story to unfold.
Not forgiving, the weight on my soul, a heavy chain,
Dragging me down like anchors deep, drowning in my pain.

But I yearn for mercy, a chance to be set free,
To break the shackles, find redemption, and let forgiveness
be.

Oh, un-forgiveness, a cruel and binding spell,
A journey to the depths of hell.
Like a swim against the current, a struggle to survive,
In the waters of resentment, where bitterness thrives.

Tied to my ankles, this weight won't let me breathe,
As I strive for air, redemption seems to seethe.
In the darkness of resentment, my future grows dim,
Unforgiving waters, where hope begins to swim.

But I crave for mercy, a chance to break the chains,
To rise above the anger, where forgiveness reigns.

Oh, un-forgiveness, a poison that I wear,
A burden too heavy, too much to bear.
To see God's mercy, for my own debts paid,
I must forgive, release the past, let love cascade.

If I want a soul that's healthy, to truly live,
Thank the Lord for mercy, and the grace He gives.
A forgiving spirit, a sight for blinded eyes,
Softening a hardened heart, where compassion lies.

For debts owed by others, are but shadows near,
Compared to the debt I owed, my Savior's sacrifice clear.
A twisted mind, an arrogance unbind,
Forgiveness, the key to set my spirit aligned.

So, I'll embrace God's mercy, let it wash over me,
In the river of forgiveness, I'll find my sanctuary.

Oh, un-forgiveness, I cast you away,
Embracing love, I'll find my way.
In the melody of mercy, redemption will sing,
As forgiveness echoes, letting freedom ring.

Pretentious Spirituality

Matthew 6:16-18

In the silence of the moonlit night,
I'm seeking answers, yearning for the light.
Fast and pray, but what's the aim?
Is it for the world, or for a higher flame?

Humbling echoes in the quiet space,
Not to beat my chest, just seeking grace.
Righteous deeds, not for the world to see,
But for the Master who sets me free.

Oh, it's not about the grand display,
Not for the world, not for the fray.
In the secret chambers of my soul,
I find the Master who makes me whole.

No selfishness in worship's true art,
It's all about the beating of the heart.
Not the image that I may impart,
But the Master's love, a work of art.

Hypocrisy is a selfish guise,
A grand display that leads to lies.
Showing off to those who stray,
But in the heart, it fades away.

Oh, it's not about the grand display,
Not for the world, not for the fray.
In the secret chambers of my soul,
I find the Master who makes me whole.

Don't seek approval, don't seek cheers,
Through hypocrisy, the truth appears.
Let the tears flow, let them see,
The authenticity, the humility.

Sorrow carried to the secret place,
Where the Master meets me, face to face.
He's the stronghold in my darkest hour,
Erasing sin with His love, a healing power.

No need for the world to be my jury,
In the secret, there's grace, no hurry.
The Master sees beyond the tears,
In the sacred space, He banishes fears.

Oh, it's not about the grand display,
Not for the world, not for the fray.
In the secret chambers of my soul,
I find the Master who makes me whole.

So, take your fasting to the silent room,
Let the Master dispel the gloom.
In the quiet, where sincerity is embraced,
A musical journey of the soul, beautifully traced.

Storing Treasures

Matthew 6:19

In the garden of desires, where riches sway like trees,
A sweet melody whispers, dancing in the breeze.
Money falls like leaves, a fleeting, fragile thing,
A momentary pleasure, no lasting security it brings.

Hungry passion lingers, always craving more,
Yet when enough is gathered, no space left on the floor.
Building a grand facade, a mansion to impress,
But in its opulence, a silent emptiness.

Oh, the haunting feeling in the quiet of the night,
Surrounded by treasures, yet a soul takes flight.
Deeper than the pockets, a void unfilled,
The pursuit of wealth, a restless heart stilled.

Busy hands construct a fortress, walls so tall,
To shelter precious treasures, chase out every squall.
Yet in the midst of abundance, a chilling truth unfolds,
An endless hunger lingers, as the story's told.

Fleeting pleasures vanish, like a flitting wisp,
Left here grieving, with only bills to crisp.
In the shadows of abundance, a truth unfolds,
The insatiable hunger, a story often retold.

Oh, the haunting feeling in the quiet of the night,
Surrounded by treasures, yet a soul takes flight.
Deeper than the pockets, a void unfilled,
The pursuit of wealth, a restless heart stilled.

Amidst the clutter, a moment to reflect,
A silent revelation, a truth to resurrect.
Resting in Your arms, in the haven of Your grace,
Love's embrace transcends, a priceless solace in the chase.

As I sit in silence, midst possessions vast,
A realization dawns, like shadows that are cast.
The answer not in riches, nor in treasures untold,
But in the warmth of Your love, more precious than gold.

Oh, the haunting feeling in the quiet of the night,
Surrounded by treasures, yet a soul takes flight.
Deeper than the pockets, a void unfilled,
The pursuit of wealth, a restless heart stilled.

In the protection of Your hold, where peace resides,
A melody of love, where every fear subsides.
The answer lies in resting, in the arms of grace,
For Your love's embrace is worth more than all the chase.

Heavenly Treasure

Matthew 6:20

In the treasury of heaven, where eternity unfolds,
We craft our legacy in stories yet untold.
With deliberate deposits, we shape our destiny,
A soulful currency, bound for eternity.

Righteous character, a humble, meek embrace,
A heart so pure and holy, in every step and space.
Hope and faith, a melody for the soul,
Live with passion, let the broken be made whole.

Oh, deposit in the heavens, where treasures never fade,
A symphony of virtues, in the choices we've made.
Gratitude, a currency for mercy we've received,
Counted among the few, in the tapestry believed.

In the treasury, invest the love that overflows,
A river of compassion, where truest beauty grows.
Praise and worship, echoes in the sacred dome,
Sing with abandon, let our hearts find their home.

Crowning jewels of kindness, sent to skies above,
A celestial dance, an offering of love.
For the greatest treasure, beyond and far above,
Is a heart that dispenses love, boundless as a dove.

Oh, deposit in the heavens, where treasures never fade,
A symphony of virtues, in the choices we've made.
Gratitude, a currency for mercy we've received,
Counted among the few, in the tapestry believed.

In the melody of existence, let our spirits soar,
With every note we offer, let our love outpour.
For the treasury in heaven, a collection divine,
In each act of kindness, let our souls entwine.

Fill the chest with moments, etched in grace and light,
In the gallery of heaven, where compassion takes flight.
With deliberate deposits, leave uncertainty behind,
In the treasury of eternity, our legacy we find.

Oh, deposit in the heavens, where treasures never fade,
A symphony of virtues, in the choices we've made.
Gratitude, a currency for mercy we've received,
Counted among the few, in the tapestry believed.

As the music fades, let the echoes remain,
In the treasury of heaven, where love shall sustain.
For in the soul-stirring notes, and the stories we weave,
Our eternal treasure, a heart that knows how to love.

Heart Sought

Matthew 6:21

In the corridors of the heart, where whispers lead,
A journey unfolds, a tale to heed.
To a haven of peace or a mansion of greed,
The path we choose, the soul takes the lead.

In shadows cast by prying eyes,
The truth unfolds, no room for lies.
It's in the secret dance of days,
Our character revealed in unseen ways.

What do you do when the world can't see?
In the quiet corners of eternity,
Your heart's reflection, a mirror to plead,
A symphony of choices, a soul to feed.

Counting the moments, the currency of time,
Invest wisely, in deeds sublime.
Is it selfish gain that fills your act,
Or a selfless dance, a righteous pact?

Away from judgment, away from the crowd,
Are you consistent or lost in the shroud?
In the secret realm, where virtue ties,
A truth unveiled, no room for disguise.

What do you do when the world can't see?
In the quiet corners of eternity,
Your heart's reflection, a mirror to plead,
A symphony of choices, a soul to feed.

The ledger of life, in receipts displayed,
Generosity or a charade?
How do you spend the currency of grace,
Are you lavish in love or lost in waste?

Guard your heart with fervor, be the guide,
Honesty echoes on the soul's inside.
Take stock of treasures, the moments you've spun,
In the tapestry of time, the race is run.

What do you treasure, what do you hold?
Is it silver and gold, or a heart of gold?
Prepare for eternity, the grand decree,
In the secret chambers, set your spirit free.

What do you do when the world can't see?
In the quiet corners of eternity,
Your heart's reflection, a mirror to plead,
A symphony of choices, a soul to feed.

As the music fades, let truth be told,
In the echoes of the heart, let love unfold.
For in the secret dance of days and nights,
We find our way to eternal heights.

Healthy Eyes

Matthew 6:22-23

In the shadows of the heart, where darkness weaves its art,
A symphony of colors, stained by the choices we impart.

If the eye within is clouded, lost in transient scenes,
Will we miss the grand tapestry, the timeless beauty that
redeems?

Oh, the lenses that we wear, what hues do they declare?

Greed and selfishness, a taint in the morning air.

Blinded by hate, perched high on a tower,

Devouring with bitterness, losing grace hour by hour.

The world turns in its agony, as we stumble through the
night,

Searching for a beacon, a way to make it right.

Rebellion and sin, dimming the light we hold,

No room for understanding, as patience grows old.

But what if we could rise above, break these chains we
weave,

See through the stained glass, find the grace to believe?

Oh, the lenses that we wear, what hues do they declare?

Greed and selfishness, a taint in the morning air.

Blinded by hate, perched high on a tower,

Devouring with bitterness, losing grace hour by hour.

In the depths of despair, a speck of gratitude,

Can shatter the illusions, shift our attitude.

Let go of entitlement, embrace the common plight,

In the darkest corners, find the flicker of light.

The world is a canvas, both dark and dreary,
Yet the Lord can save us, make the vision clear and eerie.
Ask for His grace, as you wander through the night,
He'll bring you light, dispelling the shadows with His might.

And as we lift our gaze, beyond the earthly strife,
See the colors blending, the harmonies of life.

Oh, the lenses that we wear, what hues do they declare?
Greed and selfishness, a taint in the morning air.
Blinded by hate, perched high on a tower,
Devouring with bitterness, losing grace hour by hour.

Let the music play, a melody of transformation,
Break free from the chains, embrace the revelation.
In the symphony of life, find the rhythm of the light,
For in the eye of the heart, eternity takes flight.

Slavery

Matthew 6:24

In a world where chains are hidden,
Yet the burden's clearly known,
You're a slave to life's illusions,
But choose wisely where you're thrown.

Chasing after golden fortunes,
Or surrendering to the skies,
One will lead to endless torment,
While the other, love implies.

A gilded cage is still a prison,
Deceptive chains, a weight to bear,
Illusions of security,
Leave your soul trapped in despair.

Live not for the fleeting treasures,
Nor the promises of gold,
For in the end, it brings no solace,
Just a story left untold.

Money, a relentless master,
Never satiating hungry dreams,
It's a road of endless longing,
Where nothing's truly as it seems.

Promising security,
Yet it crumbles like thin fluff,
When you're weary, feeling empty,
Money can't provide enough.

It won't bring you peace in solitude,
When you're lost and all alone,
Nor will it fill your heart with purpose,
When your beating heart is stone.

Live not for the fleeting treasures,
Nor the promises of gold,
For in the end, it brings no solace,
Just a story left untold.

But there's a Master, ever knowing,
Sees the depths within your soul,
Serve the Father, find your purpose,
Let His love and grace console.

Live to serve the One who made you,
In His love, find sweet release,
For the Father knows you truly,
And His rest will bring you peace.

Break the chains of false desires,
Let your heart and spirit soar,
In the service of the Father,
Find the meaning you implore.

Live not for the fleeting treasures,
Nor the promises of gold,
For in the end, it brings no solace,
Just a story left untold.

So choose the Master who uplifts you,
In His love, your soul's caressed,
In the symphony of service,
Find a life that's truly blessed.

Don't Worry

Matthew 6:25

In the shadows of the mind, where worries reside,
An anxious symphony, a relentless tide.
Listen closely to the whispers in the dark,
A cosmic conversation, an emotional spark.

Cares, like chains, hold the heart in a crust,
Revealing where we place our sacred trust.
Riches promised, a mirage so tough,
Yet, they can't buy peace, nor joy enough.

If wealth's the compass, it's never truly filled,
With the currency of peace, contentment distilled.
Wisdom, a heavy toll on the troubled soul,
Insufficient knowledge, the tumult takes its toll.

In the hustle of wisdom, a costly toll to pay,
A journey through shadows, a precarious way.
Insufficient knowledge to soothe the soul's unrest,
A relentless pursuit, a never-ending quest.

In the arms of others, trust becomes a dare,
A fragile bridge, a weight too much to bear.
Status or position, the fall is profound,
A trust in humanity, shaky ground.

But leave worries behind, in the dust they rust,
Lean in one direction, in God alone we trust.
No riches, no wisdom, no worldly embrace,
Can fill the void, only divine grace.

An anthem of surrender, to the cosmic thrust,
Unburden the soul, in God we entrust.
An invitation to soar, on wings of trust,
In the universe's arms, we're swept from the dust.

So let the music echo, the poet's plea,
In the rhythm of trust, let the spirit be free.
An anthem for the broken, the weary, the lost,
A melody of hope, in God, the ultimate cost.

No riches, no wisdom, no worldly embrace,
Can fill the void, only divine grace.
Leave worries behind, in the dust they rust,
Lean in one direction, in God alone we trust.

As the song fades, let the echoes persist,
A journey of the soul, in trust we enlist.
In the melody's embrace, find solace and thrust,
For in God alone, we find everlasting trust.

Open Your Eyes

Matthew 6:26-27

In this world of worry, in a web we weave,
Caught up in the chaos, can't find reprieve.
God's masterpiece around, yet we fail to see,
Nature's song of solace, a melody so free.

Look at the flowers, in colors so bold,
Blooming with grace, a story to be told.
But here we are, tangled in our plight,
Lost in the darkness, searching for the light.

Oh, take a look around, open up your eyes,
God's creation whispers, dispelling our cries.
We're fretting and fussing, tying ourselves in knots,
But His love's like an anthem, in every heartbeat it plots.

Humans, oh humans, so quick to despair,
Over trivial matters, we pull out our hair.
The worries we carry, like stones on our chest,
Blinded by the small things, missing what's best.

Anxiety like a storm, brewing within,
But the birds above, in their flight, begin.
They worry not, in the open air they soar,
God's love surrounds them, forever and more.

Oh, take a look around, let the worries disperse,
In God's grand creation, find solace, immerse.
We panic for nothing, in the grand cosmic scheme,
His love is the anchor, in life's turbulent stream.

A ball of nerves, we've become a mess,
Faith so fragile, a shattered fortress.
But the Creator's love, a balm for the soul,
In His embrace, broken pieces find a whole.

Worry won't make you taller, stress won't make you strong,
Yet we carry these burdens, for far too long.
The cat may be lost, but our path He'll guide,
Through the shadows and echoes, in Him, we confide.

Days may be confusing, the future may seem dim,
But His love is a compass, guiding from within.
Release the anxiety, let it fly in the air,
He hears your prayer, He's always there.

Oh, take a look around, see the beauty unfold,
In God's grand creation, let your story be told.
For in the vast tapestry, woven with care,
His love is the answer, a melody rare.

So let go of worry, like leaves in the breeze,
Embrace the serenity, find eternal ease.
In the symphony of existence, hear His voice so clear,
God loves you dearly, let His presence draw near.

True Beauty

Matthew 6:28-30

In a world weighed heavy, burdened by its cares,
Lost in the crowd, drowning in fashion snares.
What shoes to wear, what mask to don,
In this town of judgments, where hearts are drawn.

God made you, crafted with a purpose true,
Love cascading down like morning dew.
Don't lean on threads, a fabric crutch,
Your worth lies beyond, in the Spirit's touch.

Fashion's fleeting whispers, leading to despair,
Echoes of approval, from those who don't care.
Break free from the chains, your spirit unfold,
In the quiet, God's story to be told.

Don't be defined by the garments you wear,
In the mirror of your soul, find love laid bare.
Empty affirmation, a fading glare,
True beauty blooms, beyond outerwear.

God made you, a masterpiece of art,
In the rhythm of grace, find your part.
Clothed in peace, draped in purpose bright,
A celestial star, in God's pure light.

Internal beauty, a radiant hue,
Visible to all who gaze into you.
No need to strive for affection's gaze,
For in gratitude, your spirit will blaze.

Cast away the shackles, woven in threads,
Define yourself by the love that spreads.
Clothe yourself in purpose, peace your shawl,
In God's eyes, you're a masterpiece, standing tall.

Don't be defined by the garments you wear,
In the mirror of your soul, find love laid bare.
Empty affirmation, a fading glare,
True beauty blooms, beyond outerwear.

God made you, a masterpiece of art,
In the rhythm of grace, find your part.
Clothed in peace, draped in purpose bright,
A celestial star, in God's pure light.

So, let the cares of this world fall away,
In the melody of grace, let your spirit sway.
Clothed in love, wrapped in the divine,
Embrace your essence, in God's design.

Don't Worry – Be Grateful

Matthew 6:31-32

In the quiet of the night, when shadows fall,
A whisper from above, a divine call.

"Don't worry, my child, let gratitude unfold,
I know your needs, let your heart be consoled."

Be anxious for nothing, let go of the greed,
In the vastness of faith, plant a hopeful seed.
God's in control, surrender to His grace,
No need to fret, let peace embrace.

Don't worry, be grateful, let your spirit soar,
In the symphony of life, find your inner core.
The enemy may steal, but love will restore,
With gratitude as your shield, fear no more.

In the canvas of time, a gift divine,
Don't waste it with worry, let your soul shine.
God hears your prayer, in the silence, He's there,
Come to Him with gratitude, release every care.

Be anxious for nothing, let go of the greed,
In the vastness of faith, plant a hopeful seed.
God's in control, surrender to His grace,
No need to fret, let peace embrace.

Don't worry, be grateful, let your spirit soar,
In the symphony of life, find your inner core.
The enemy may steal, but love will restore,
With gratitude as your shield, fear no more.

Though the present may be tough,
In the storm, you're strong enough.
God provides the answer, trust His way,
In the darkest night, He'll lead your day.

Don't worry, be grateful, lift your voice in praise,
For grace and mercy that light your days.
In the melody of gratitude, find your song,
For God is with you, your faith is strong.

Don't worry, be grateful, let your spirit soar,
In the symphony of life, find your inner core.
The enemy may steal, but love will restore,
With gratitude as your shield, fear no more.

So praise Him today, in joy and strife,
For His boundless love, the source of life.
In the rhythm of gratitude, find your way,
An everlasting song, let your heart sway.

God's Kingdom

Matthew 6:33

In the shadows of desire, we wander lost in time,
Seeking something higher, a purpose so divine.
A quest for meaning echoes in the silent night,
Kingdoms of this world, fading in the fading light.

For what are you seeking, in the depths of your soul?
What do you hope to find, as the seasons unfold?
We're all restless seekers, on this winding road,
Hoping and praying for a life to behold.

In the tapestry of words, our stories intertwine,
Yearning for happiness, in this grand design.
But God has promised more, if we seek His way,
Fulfillment in His kingdom, where shadows fade away.

For what are you seeking, in the depths of your soul?
What do you hope to find, as the seasons unfold?
We're all restless seekers, on this winding road,
Hoping and praying for a life to behold.

Seek God's holy kingdom, with heart and soul ablaze,
Unravel earthly troubles, let His love amaze.
In righteous dealings, with courage in defeat,
A beacon in the darkness, where two worlds meet.

In the face of evil, stand tall and unafraid,
For His glory surrounds us, in every step we've made.
Spread His joy and peace, like a gentle stream,
Love unconditionally, let the melody redeem.

For what are you seeking, in the depths of your soul?
What do you hope to find, as the seasons unfold?
We're all restless seekers, on this winding road,
Hoping and praying for a life to behold.

As the sun sets on this journey, and the stars take flight,
Remember the seeker's anthem, echoing through the night.
In the cadence of your heartbeat, find His kingdom's grace,
A harmonious melody, in the sacred space.

One Day At A Time

Matthew 6:34

In the shadows of tomorrow, fear takes hold,
A burden on the heart, a story yet untold.
Worry, the silent thief, creeps and steals away,
Draining the spirit, casting dreams astray.

But hold on, my friend, let the music play,
For in the darkest night, there's a guiding ray.
God's promise echoes, a melody so divine,
In the symphony of faith, let your soul entwine.

Like mana from heaven, a gift from above,
God's grace rains down, an endless love.
Wisdom, strength, and courage, a prayer away,
Embrace this moment, let worry sway.

Troubles may linger in the morning light,
Yet, in God's provision, we find our might.
For every struggle, there's a promise untold,
In the tapestry of time, a destiny unfolds.

Hold fast, dear soul, to hope and pray,
In the dance of life, find your own way.
Tomorrow's troubles may seem severe,
Trust the Lord to save, banish the fear.

Like mana from heaven, a gift from above,
God's grace rains down, an endless love.
Wisdom, strength, and courage, a prayer away,
Embrace this moment, let worry sway.

Fret not about tomorrow, let it go,
In the river of faith, let your worries flow.
God provided for yesterdays, be sure,
In the fabric of time, His love is pure.

Seize this day, let gratitude bloom,
In the garden of life, let your soul resume.
Give Him praise, let the music soar,
Yesterday, today, forevermore.

Hold on, my friend, to the promises made,
In the serenade of grace, let your fears fade.
For God's presence is constant, today and tomorrow,
No need for sorrow, just banish the sorrow.

Like mana from heaven, a gift from above,
God's grace rains down, an endless love.
Wisdom, strength, and courage, a prayer away,
Embrace this moment, let worry sway.

So, in the symphony of life, let your spirit sing,
A song of faith, on hope's eternal wing.
With every note, let worries disappear,
For in God's love, there's nothing to fear.

Biased Critic

Matthew 7:1

In a world where shadows dance, don't cast stones,
Don't let your heart be cold, let love be sown.
No need to search for flaws to feel tall,
For unity's the anthem, let compassion call.

We're all sailing the same stormy sea,
Hoping for grace, longing to be free.
In the echoes of our shared humanity,
Let empathy guide us to unity.

Don't cheer when others stumble and fall,
Build bridges instead of a judgmental wall.
The "what" may be clear in the light of day,
But the "why" hides in shadows, keep judgment at bay.

Wisdom paired with kindness, a potent blend,
No need for betrayal, let's befriend.
In the tapestry of life, don't pull the thread,
No cruel attacks, let's sow love instead.

We're all sailing the same stormy sea,
Hoping for grace, longing to be free.
In the echoes of our shared humanity,
Let empathy guide us to unity.

Don't cheer when others stumble and fall,
Build bridges instead of a judgmental wall.
The "what" may be clear in the light of day,
But the "why" hides in shadows, keep judgment at bay.

Judge the deed, not the soul within,
Let forgiveness flow, let healing begin.
Bitterness and hate, let them be gone,
In the symphony of love, we all belong.

Hold back the scorn, let grace be your sight,
Quick to listen, slow to ignite.
In the depths of sorrow, extend your hand,
Be a comfort, let understanding expand.

We're all sailing the same stormy sea,
Hoping for grace, longing to be free.
In the echoes of our shared humanity,
Let empathy guide us to unity.

Don't cheer when others stumble and fall,
Build bridges instead of a judgmental wall.
The "what" may be clear in the light of day,
But the "why" hides in shadows, keep judgment at bay.

See through the lens of charity,
Even when they've done you wrong, just let it be.
God, the ultimate judge of motive and heart,
In the end, love prevails, let the healing start.

Righteous Scale

Matthew 7:2

In the courtroom of existence, where the scales ascend,
A cosmic reckoning, will you break or bend?
Acquittal or withering, the fate that's sealed,
The echoes of your judgments, in the cosmic field.

Your gaze, a reflection of the choices you've made,
The scales of justice, in balance or betrayed.

Oh, when the scales are lifted, which way do they sway?
Will mercy be your ally, or judgment lead astray?
If you've sown seeds of kindness, a harvest awaits,
But beware the bitter fruits if bitterness dictates.

Behold the mirror of your judgments cast,
In the tapestry of life, woven to last.
Critical eyes that dissect and dissect,
Facing your reflection, what do you expect?

A heart exposed to scrutiny, a soul laid bare,
In the courtroom of conscience, do you dare to care?

Oh, when the scales are lifted, which way do they sway?
Will mercy be your ally, or judgment lead astray?
If you've sown seeds of kindness, a harvest awaits,
But beware the bitter fruits if bitterness dictates.

Generosity in forgiveness, the key to unlock,
The shackles of resentment, the chains that mock.
For God has forgiven, now pass it along,
In the symphony of mercy, let forgiveness be the song.

Mean and greedy, a perilous road,
A debt unpaid, a heavy load.
Choose love over riches, let kindness prevail,
In the grand design of mercy, let compassion set sail.

For in the cosmic ledger, where entries are made,
The ledger of grace, where debts are unpaid.

Oh, when the scales are lifted, which way do they sway?
Will mercy be your ally, or judgment lead astray?
If you've sown seeds of kindness, a harvest awaits,
But beware the bitter fruits if bitterness dictates.

So be cautious with judgments, as life's pages turn,
In the book of understanding, let empathy burn.
When the scales are lifted, and truth has its say,
May mercy surround you on that glorious day.

Flawless Focus

Matthew 7:3

In the mirror of judgment, reflections so clear,
A tapestry of flaws, we're all entwined here.
Pointing fingers outward, oblivious to our own,
Rejecting love with hearts that have turned to stone.

But beneath the surface, a storm rages within,
A silent war of pride, a battle we can't win.
Smug and self-righteous, we stand so tall,
Yet drowning in the shadows of our own downfall.

We're all flawed, in this human crowd,
Lost in our arrogance, silence oh so loud.
Let the music of truth break through the night,
A symphony of redemption, guiding us to the light.

With eager zeal, we spotlight others' sin,
Ignoring the darkness that resides within.
Honesty abandoned, corruption takes its place,
In the secret corners where shadows embrace.

But the Creator sees beyond our outer shell,
He hears the stories that our hearts try to tell.
A lifeline extended, a chance to be free,
To break the chains of judgment and find humility.

We're all flawed, in this human crowd,
Lost in our arrogance, silence oh so loud.
Let the music of truth break through the night,
A symphony of redemption, guiding us to the light.

No need for pretense, as God sees it all,
Behind the masks, where our true selves install.
In the courtroom of grace, let mercy be the plea,
Uncover the sins we've ignored, set our spirits free.

Before we point at others, let's kneel before the Lord,
A sacred moment, an honest soul explored.
Pray for revelation, let the truth unfold,
In the presence of forgiveness, let redemption be told.

We're all flawed, in this human crowd,
Lost in our arrogance, silence oh so loud.
Let the music of truth break through the night,
A symphony of redemption, guiding us to the light.

So as the melody fades, and the echoes subside,
May the lyrics linger, like a gentle tide.
A timeless reminder, in the heart's quiet swell,
To love one another and let judgment farewell.

Impudence

Matthew 7:4-5

In a world quick to judge, slow to mend,
Where flaws are exposed, hearts rarely defend,
Let's be gracious, forgiving, learn to withdraw,
For we're not the arbiters of a holy law.

Vile sinners all, in need of grace,
Jesus died for us, love's saving embrace,
None are worthy, yet forgiveness poured like rain,
A redemption story, breaking every chain.

Oh, don't be the judge, casting stones,
Look within, where your own darkness owns,
We're all deserving of God's holy wrath,
But in His mercy, we find our chosen path.

No need to correct, with a pointed finger,
When your own soul needs grace to linger,
Tread lightly on the paths others roam,
For we're all navigating our way back home.

As you lay on your pillow, in the silence of the night,
Invite the Lord in, let Him search your soul's light,
A humble plea for understanding and truth,
In His presence, find the fountain of youth.

Oh, don't be the judge, casting stones,
Look within, where your own darkness owns,
We're all deserving of God's holy wrath,
But in His mercy, we find our chosen path.

Mirror, mirror, on the sacred Word,
Reflect the humility we've all ignored,
Remove the blindfold, let truth be stirred,
In the depths of our souls, let love be heard.

If you can't see the sin that blinds your eyes,
Spare not the judgment, let grace arise,
Humble yourself, before the Almighty's gaze,
Let His mercy guide you through life's maze.

So, look in the mirror, His precious Word,
Be humble in prayer, let your vision be stirred,
No high perch to claim, no superiority,
Just broken vessels, seeking eternity.

Oh, don't be the judge, casting stones,
Look within, where your own darkness owns,
We're all deserving of God's holy wrath,
But in His mercy, we find our chosen path.

In the symphony of grace, let love prevail,
A melody of redemption, where forgiveness sails,
For in the echoes of a humble heart's plea,
We find a harmonious tune of eternity.

Dogs And Pigs

Matthew 7:6

In a world where barks and snorts collide,
No ears for the righteous, in shadows we hide.
Feasting on the carcass of what has died,
But the word of the crucified is cast aside.

Dogs and pigs, they've heard the call,
Yet they spit out His word, calling it small.
They've turned away from the God above,
Selfish hearts, rejecting His love.

Oh, the dogs are vicious, growling in the dark,
Mocking the righteous, leaving their mark.
Swine in the mud, ignoring the spark,
Of the One who lights up the eternal arc.

Turned their backs on love so divine,
Living for themselves, a selfish design.
A shove in the chest, as they walk away,
But we'll share the goodness, come what may.

Humble and wise, in the face of the storm,
Sharing God's love, in a world that's lukewarm.
Fearless we stand, as the winds blow near,
For the goodness of God, we'll persevere.

Oh, the dogs are vicious, growling in the dark,
Mocking the righteous, leaving their mark.
Swine in the mud, ignoring the spark,
Of the One who lights up the eternal arc.

They growl and mock, like a beast untamed,
Yet we'll rise above, in His name proclaimed.
In the mud, they wallow, in their disdain,
But we'll speak the truth, break the binding chain.

Be humble, be wise, share without fear,
The goodness of God, to those with ears to hear.
In the silence, let His presence draw near,
A harmonious blend, of lyrics and seer.

Ask, Seek, Knock

Matthew 7:7

In the quiet of the night, under the moon's soft glow,
Ask, seek, and knock, let your heart's river flow.

The Lord weaves a plan, a tapestry divine,
Guiding and shielding, 'til the end of your time.

Ask in faith, with eyes that truly see,
Jesus, the provider, whispers through the trees.
All you need to serve, He'll abundantly supply,
By your side, a constant presence, never saying goodbye.

Ask, seek, and knock, let the journey unfold,
In the arms of His grace, your story to be told.
With earnest seeking, more treasures to find,
He's a willing teacher, love flowing like wine.

Knock on the door, don't fear what's inside,
No defeat in your heart, in His strength, confide.
He gives courage, a flame that won't deplete,
Life complete, a melody, sweet and discreet.

With a humble heart, believe in the unseen,
Ask for your wishes, like dreams in a serene stream.
Determination fuels your purposeful quest,
Seek for what you miss, let your heart invest.

Ask, seek, and knock, let the echoes resound,
In the whispers of prayers, a connection profound.
The Lord, a loving Father, hears every care,
With confidence, approach Him, surrender your share.

As the notes of your plea rise like incense in the air,
 Feel the rhythm of His love, a melody rare.
In the dance of surrender, find strength in His embrace,
 His teachings astounding, a symphony of grace.

Ask with purpose, let your intentions unfold,
 Seeking the mysteries, the tales yet untold.
In the silence, He listens, your every prayer,
 A loving Father's arms, a sanctuary rare.

Ask, seek, and knock, let the music play on,
 In the canvas of faith, let His colors be drawn.
With a heart wide open, let the journey ensue,
In the dance with the Divine, find the love that's true.

So ask, seek, and knock, let your soul intertwine,
 With the Lord's masterplan, in His love, redefine.
 In the rhythm of faith, let the melodies start,
A song of surrender, etched in the depths of the heart.

Perseverance

Matthew 7:8

In the quiet of the morning, on bended knee I stay,
Keep asking, keep seeking, keep knocking, find my way.
Till the stars surrender, and the moon is on the run,
Never give up fighting, till the setting of the sun.

I'm persistent in my asking, with a heart that won't delay,
Come before Him every day, as I kneel and fervently pray.

Ask till there's an answer, seek until you find,
Knock till the door opens, in the echoes of the mind.
In the symphony of faith, where melodies unwind,
Our God of love is kind.

Be earnest in your seeking, through the shadows and the
strife,
For when life is filled with troubles, He's the compass in your
life.

In the tapestry of trials, where threads of hope are woven,
He is there to help you cope, in the promises unbroken.

I'm earnest in my seeking, as the winds of doubt blow,
Never give up hope, let the seeds of faith sow.

Ask till there's an answer, seek until you find,
Knock till the door opens, in the echoes of the mind.
In the symphony of faith, where melodies unwind,
Our God of love is kind.

Knock like you really mean it, against the walls of fear,
Don't run away in trembling, for your purpose will appear.

In the echoes of the knocking, find a rhythm true,
Inclusion awaits, and your purpose will shine through.

Ask till there's an answer, the whisper of His grace,
Seek until you find, in the shadows, His embrace.
Knock till the door opens, to the light that's always near,
For our God of love is kind, hold onto this truth, my dear.

He'll give you His plan and purpose, in the dawn of a new
day,

Guide you on the way, as you kneel and humbly pray.
With a nudge when you need it, and a hand when you stray,
In the symphony of grace, let His love light your way.

Ask Your Father

Matthew 7:9-11

In this imperfect world of flaws,
Earthly fathers stand with righteous cause,
They stumble, yet they rise to shield,
Their love, a fortress, a protective field.

They listen to their children's pleas,
Feed and change with gentle ease,
Through every sneeze, a wipe, a care,
A testament to the love they bear.

But beyond the earthly realm we see,
A greater love, vast as the sea,
God's love, profound, beyond compare,
Breath of life, wisdom rare.

It's hard to fathom, yet it's true,
God's love transcends the skies so blue,
Breathing life into your core,
Guiding, loving, forevermore.

He sent His Son, a sacrifice,
To save us from our selfish vice,
Guiding now with Spirit's grace,
A new life within, a warm embrace.

So be grateful for the fathers twain,
On earthly soil and heavenly plane,
One who changed your diapers small,
The One who gives your worth its call.

Approach Him without fear or dread,
God listens to the words unsaid,
Ask, and He will freely give,
Strength, the plan, the wisdom to live.

A father's love, imperfect and true,
Reflects the grace God showers through,
In diapers changed and worth bestowed,
A love that guides, a river that flowed.

Beyond the earthly, beyond the skies,
God's love, a melody that never dies,
Be grateful for the fathers twain,
On earthly soil and heavenly plane.

In the symphony of love divine,
Earthly and heavenly fathers entwine,
A seamless fusion of melody and word,
An everlasting song, forever heard.

The Golden Rule

Matthew 7:12

In the tapestry of life, love's the golden thread,
To love God wholly, let His light be spread.
Yet, how do we embrace our neighbor's flaws,
When their journey's marked by countless wars?

Pause for a moment, step into their shoes,
Feel the weight of battles, the highs, the blues.
In the mirror of empathy, reflections anew,
What action would you choose?

Love, like a river, flows through every flaw,
In the grand design, it's the highest law.
See their struggles, greater than your own,
Break down the walls, let your heart be known.

In the canvas of compassion, paint a tender stroke,
Patience and mercy, like the Master spoke.
For in their silent battles, struggles untold,
A symphony of whispers, a story unfolds.

View their present, a chapter unknown,
Self-focus dissolves, compassion is grown.
For uncertainties linger, beneath the surface,
What they're going through, a mystery, a purpose.

Love, like a river, flows through every flaw,
In the grand design, it's the highest law.
See their struggles, greater than your own,
Break down the walls, let your heart be known.

A rigid boundary, a path veering to hell,
In word, in deed, where shadows dwell.
But in love's embrace, a transformation found,
A thawing heart, a grace unbound.

To love God and neighbor, the essence profound,
In His direction, where love is crowned.
A dance of souls, a symphony of grace,
In this sacred journey, find your place.

For if you expect a boundary ridge,
Remember, we all walk on a fragile bridge.
In ways unseen, in attitudes untold,
Love's the bridge that binds the soul.

Love, like a river, flows through every flaw,
In the grand design, it's the highest law.
See their struggles, greater than your own,
Break down the walls, let your heart be known.

To love God with all, and your neighbor too,
In the melody of love, find what's true.
As the music fades, let compassion thaw,
In the echo of love, find the highest law.

The Squeeze

Matthew 7:13-14

Two gates stand tall before you
A choice that shapes your fate,
The broad one beckons brightly
Yet the narrow won't abate.

Easy and wide, a siren's call
No need for guiding light,
Just follow the careless masses
Into the shadows of the night.

No moral compass to hold on to,
Tolerance for every sin,
Arrogance and selfish cravings
Leading to a world so thin.

Don't let your soul go up in smoke
Consumed by ambition's fire,
Cruising towards destruction's door
A choice that's dire, a path so dire.

A journey paved with selfish aims
Where pride takes center stage,
A masquerade of false illusion
A script on Satan's page.

No moral compass to hold on to,
Tolerance for every sin,
Arrogance and selfish cravings
Leading to a world so thin.

Don't let your soul go up in smoke
Consumed by ambition's fire,
Cruising towards destruction's door
A choice that's dire, a path so dire.

But there's a narrow gate awaiting
Set aside your pride,
In the whispers of redemption,
God's love will be your guide.

The path less traveled, not for the weak
A journey through shadows and light,
With faith as your only compass
And grace to mend the night.

Leave behind the selfish cravings,
Embrace a life so true,
For on this narrow road, my friend,
A rebirth awaits you.

Don't let your soul go up in smoke
Consumed by ambition's fire,
Cruising towards destruction's door
A choice that's dire, a path so dire.

Life and death, a crossroad's tale
The choice is yours to make,
With every step, choose wisely now
Let love and grace your soul awake.

Deceptive Teachers

Matthew 7:15

In the shadows of deception, when the night is drawing near,
Echoes of a Master's voice, whispering, "Do Not Fear."
Institutions, once our beacons, now lost in shades of gray,
Abandoned morals, guilt, and shame, as trust begins to fray.

A counterfeit salvation, a price we pay for free,
Casting votes for promises, a dangerous decree.
Follow blindly, watch the screens, the teachings on display,
But beware the hidden cost, as innocence decays.

Confusion weaves its tapestry, deception plays its role,
Tools they wield with greed in hand, emptying your soul.
But in the echoes of His words, a refuge crystal clear,
"Do not fear," He gently says, as we hold His Word near.

A world where truth is twisted, where lies become the norm,
A dance of manipulation, a tempest taking form.
Yet, amidst the chaos, His words cut through the night,
"Do not fear," a beacon, guiding towards the light.

They promise wealth and fortunes, for just a little fee,
Follow blindly, watch them speak, on the glowing TV.
But the cost of their illusions, more than we can see,
As they drain our spirits, leaving emptiness decree.

Confusion weaves its tapestry, deception plays its role,
Tools they wield with greed in hand, emptying your soul.
But in the echoes of His words, a refuge crystal clear,
"Do not fear," He gently says, as we hold His Word near.

Amidst the noise of falsehood, find solace in His grace,
Unmask the puppeteers, let truth take its place.
For every soul misled, let redemption draw them near,
In the cadence of His promises, banish every fear.

Confusion weaves its tapestry, deception plays its role,
Tools they wield with greed in hand, emptying your soul.
But in the echoes of His words, a refuge crystal clear,
"Do not fear," He gently says, as we hold His Word near.

So, when the days are darkest, and deception's fog is thick,
Let His words be your anchor, a melody that sticks.
In the rhythm of His teachings, in the harmony of His grace,
Find strength to face the shadows, as love takes its rightful
place.

Fruit Inspector

Matthew 7:16

Inspect the fruit, in shadows it lies,
Wisdom's whispers, hidden in their eyes.
Teachers reveal, in actions and speech,
Life's silent lessons, within their reach.

To taste the truth, you must draw near,
A journey through the orchard, free from fear.
Take a bite, feel the pulse within,
For genuine fruit, bears no hidden sin.

Real fruit won't bite, with love it's lined,
In the orchard of truth, the seeker's find.
But beware the impostors, their sweetness feigned,
In the garden of lies, truth is strained.

Fruits of authenticity, wear no disguise,
Bite into sincerity, where true essence lies.
Phony allure, from a distance gleams,
But taste reveals truth, shattered dreams.

Humble prayers, an honest plea,
Is the heart genuine, or just for a fee?
Pressure lingers, a stormy sky,
Is it genuine love, or a well-crafted lie?

Real fruit won't bite, with love it's lined,
In the orchard of truth, the seeker's find.
But beware the impostors, their sweetness feigned,
In the garden of lies, truth is strained.

Flavors of love, grace from above,
Seasons of truth, kindness and love.
When you test the fruit, let the taste reveal,
The essence of goodness, the genuine seal.

In the orchard of life, where lessons are sown,
Seek the fruit of love, let its seeds be known.
With the rhythm of grace, and the melody of truth,
May your heart find solace, in the garden of youth.

Good Fruit, Bad Fruit

Matthew 7:17-20

In the orchard of our lives, blessings gently grow,
Good fruit, a gift from heaven, helps our spirits glow.

Strength it lends, like a silent guide,
Reflecting the Savior, walking by our side.

Grace and mercy from the God above,
Flavoring our journey with the Master's love.

Inviting us to mirror His divine grace,
A melody of goodness, in this sacred space.

Oh, the fruit of grace, sweet and divine,
Seasoned with love, in every line.

Guide us through, in the light from above,
A symphony of blessings, wrapped in His love.

No pressure to conform, in this orchard we roam,
A garden of acceptance, where every soul finds a home.

No corners to be pushed, no norms to bind,
Just the sweet aroma of love, that's unconfined.

Grace and mercy from the God above,
Flavoring our journey with the Master's love.

Inviting us to mirror His divine grace,
A melody of goodness, in this sacred space.

Oh, the fruit of grace, sweet and divine,
Seasoned with love, in every line.

Guide us through, in the light from above,
A symphony of blessings, wrapped in His love.

But beware the subtle whispers, in the orchard's air,
Bad fruit lurking, with its hidden snare.
Pressure builds, as the darkness starts to climb,
Tasting the slime, as it poisons over time.

Ask the Lord for wisdom, clear vision to see,
Through deception and lies, what hangs on the tree.
Not to give until broken, not a forced part,
But to stay true to the melody of our own heart.

Grace and mercy from the God above,
Flavoring our journey with the Master's love.
Inviting us to mirror His divine grace,
A melody of goodness, in this sacred space.

Oh, the fruit of grace, sweet and divine,
Seasoned with love, in every line.
Guide us through, in the light from above,
A symphony of blessings, wrapped in His love.

In the orchard of life, let our choices be,
Harvesting the fruit of grace, for eternity.
May the music of love play in our hearts,
As we dance through the orchard, where goodness imparts.

Delusional Confidence

Matthew 7:21-23

In the silence of a whispered plea,
A soul reaching out, desperately free.
Just calling His name won't swing the gate,
It's the rhythm of your life that seals your fate.

Faith and holiness, like a gentle stream,
Flowing through the heart, a divine dream.
Serving the Lord, fulfilling His will,
In the dance of purpose, our spirits thrill.

Words alone won't break the chains,
It's the depth within, where true love remains.
A heart so pure, in humble refrain,
Living aware of sin, breaking every chain.

Seeking Him with a passion so divine,
In the sacred space where souls entwine.
Humble prayers rise in the quiet air,
Today is the gift, not a tomorrow to spare.

Believer, repent, let the old self die,
Love one another, beneath the same sky.
Let His change flow deep within,
A transformation, a sacred hymn.

Words alone won't break the chains,
It's the depth within, where true love remains.
A heart so pure, in humble refrain,
Living aware of sin, breaking every chain.

Heaven's gate opens, in the pause of a prayer,
Transparent before the Master, in the soul laid bare.
Love the Jesus way, let it guide your stride,
In the eternal dance, where grace and mercy reside.

A true believer, on a journey profound,
Walking the path where love is found.
Pause and pray, in the stillness of the night,
In the transparency of surrender, bathed in His light.

Faith and holiness, hand in hand,
Shaping a life the divine has planned.
Serving the Master, in purpose fulfill,
A symphony of love, echoing still.

Words alone won't break the chains,
It's the depth within, where true love remains.
A heart so pure, in humble refrain,
Living aware of sin, breaking every chain.

So let the melody of redemption play,
In the depths within, where shadows sway.
A song of grace, a love that stays,
In the Jesus way, eternal echoes always.

A Sure Foundation

Matthew 7:24-27

In the tempest's raging fury, I'll be standing tall,
A steadfast house, weathering the storm's wild call.
Guided by Your whispers, breaking from the norm,
I'll dance to the rhythm of Your perfect, loving form.

Give me strength to carry on,
Transform Your words into a song.
In each moment, let me live,
To do the Father's will, my heart to give.

Your word and leading, my compass in the dark,
A melody of purpose, an eternal spark.
To spread Your kindness, let it be my skill,
In Your loving arms, my heart to fulfill.

Give me strength to carry on,
Transform Your words into a song.
In each moment, let me live,
To do the Father's will, my heart to give.

I want to be Your vessel, filled with light divine,
Expose the hidden shadows, let Your glory shine.
Reveal the secrets buried deep within,
Help me conquer the battles I'm fighting within.

Show me the treacherous paths, the ones that lead astray,
Hold me close, Lord, guide me back, I pray.
On the journey of life, take me by the arm,
Keep me on the path that shields me from harm.

Give me strength to carry on,
Transform Your words into a song.
In each moment, let me live,
To do the Father's will, my heart to give.

As my days on earth are few,
Help me grow, help me love, help me serve with truth.
In the symphony of existence, let Your music play,
A soul-stirring melody, echoing beyond this fleeting day.

The Words Of Jesus

Matthew 7:28-29

In the stillness of the night, a whisper divine,
The words of Jesus, a sacred design.
Life's tumult may rage, but in His words we find,
Comfort for the soul, an anchor to bind.

Oh, His verses, like a soothing stream,
Through the darkest valleys, a guiding beam.
Read them now, let your spirit enthrall,
Answer His call, as the shadows fall.

The words of Jesus, an ancient refrain,
Echo through time, relieving our pain.
God's message to you, in each sacred line,
Embrace the truth, let your spirit entwine.

For every soul, His words were inscribed,
An eternal manuscript, forever subscribed.
In the tapestry of life, they beautifully weave,
A promise of redemption, to all who believe.

In the teachings of love, like a melody,
He paints a portrait of grace for all to see.
Live like the Master, let your heart rise above,
His strength from heaven, an unwavering love.

The words of Jesus, a timeless decree,
Alive and active, a melody free.
They teach us to love, in each waking day,
A compass to guide, showing us the way.

These words, a symphony, in the silence they sing,
New with the dawn, to the broken they cling.
Hear and do, let your spirit take flight,
Guided by His words, bathed in eternal light.

As the pages unfold, a narrative divine,
Each word, a pathway, where true meanings shine.
For in every sentence, a promise so true,
He'll lead you to heaven, when life bids adieu.

So, listen closely, let His wisdom flow,
In the garden of grace, let your spirit grow.
With every heartbeat, with every breath,
Embrace His words, escape the chains of death.

The words of Jesus, a serenade sublime,
An everlasting rhythm, through the sands of time.
May they resonate, in your heart they'll stay,
A melody of hope, guiding you on your way.

As the final notes linger, and the curtain descends,
The words of Jesus, a song that transcends.
Let them dwell in your soul, a treasure so true,
For in His words, eternal life will renew.

CONCLUSION

In the culmination of this poetic journey through the Sermon on the Mount, we find ourselves standing on the precipice of a profound spiritual awakening. Like the gentle whispers of a breeze on a mountaintop, these verses have carried us to new heights of understanding, challenging our hearts and minds to embrace the transformative power of love, compassion, and righteousness.

Through the vivid imagery woven into these pages, we have beheld the beauty of a world illuminated by divine wisdom. Each line, like a brushstroke on a sacred canvas, has painted a portrait of a life lived in harmony with the teachings of the Great Teacher. We have witnessed the radiance of humility, the resilience of meekness, and the boundless power of forgiveness.

As we reach this final verse, our souls stand in awe of the boundless love that has cascaded upon us, guiding our steps and shaping our spirits. We have come to understand that the

Sermon on the Mount is not merely a collection of words or a sermon given long ago, but a timeless beacon that illuminates our path in the present moment.

The conclusion of this poetic journey is not an end, but a new beginning. It is an invitation to carry the light we have discovered within us and share it with a world thirsting for hope. The Sermon on the Mount beckons us to live as peacemakers, to hunger and thirst for righteousness, and to embrace the sacredness of every human soul.

As we close this chapter, let us remember that these verses are not confined to the pages of a book. They are etched upon our hearts, and it is through our actions and the way we treat one another that we bring them to life. May the echoes of these words resound in the chambers of our souls, inspiring us to create a world where God's love reigns supreme.

So, let us embrace this conclusion as a springboard into a life of purpose and devotion, living each day as an offering of love and kindness. And may the Sermon on the Mount forever remain a guiding star, illuminating our path and beckoning us toward a higher, more compassionate existence.

In the grand tapestry of human experience, may our lives reflect the essence of these sacred words, and may our hearts forever resonate with the eternal wisdom contained within the Sermon on the Mount.

