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Ten Toes Tall - Volume 1

by Robert Scrivner

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TEN TOES TALL

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH
A POET FRIEND



ROBERT SCRIVNER

In His Image Poetics

Ten Toes Tall
Volume 1

Robert Scrivner

Through the Year
With a Poet Friend

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JANUARY 7

ARCHITECT DIVINE

The stars and moon the night illumine...
The sun brings forth the day.
If the heavens spoke in rhyme,
This to us they'd say:

“Our order is no accident—
What fools some mortals be—
‘Twas no chance cosmic happening,
But plan of Majesty.”

Building grand and beautiful,
Bespeaks...architectural mind.
Boundless celestial canopy,
Cries forth...Architect Divine!

On canvas of silent splendor,
Creator Majestic speaks.

As Intellect thirsts for Wisdom,
Wisdom His **most loved** seeks.

Wisdom says, “Not nothingness,
On vast Cosmos Sea;
But created in My image...
Sons of Majesty.”

Yes! The heavens declare God’s glory,
And we shall do the same;
For we are the sons of God,
By might of Jesus’ Name!

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MARCH 3

EASTER MORNING JESUS

On Easter morning Jesus the Christ,
Came forth in splendored radiant might.
Though we'd no chance to honor Him dead.
His rising grandeur our praise did ignite.
We had come early before the dawn.
We sought the place where He was laid.
We would have honored with fragrant spice.
At His tomb we would have
highest regard conveyed.
There at His grave we would have knelt.
There we'd have exalted His Name rightly.
Then through the garden He came . . .
Jehovah the Son.
There Jesus, was forever our spirits delighting.

Highest honored from Calvary
Jesus sweetly came.
Hades behind Him, He would to heaven soar.

As Messiah I AM, God's sacrificed Lamb,
This Easter morn, Jesus we highly adored.

We worshipped Jesus,
His resurrection might we acknowledged.
We gave highest honor to God's risen Lamb.
As He asked we touched Him not.
For He would ascend, to His Father
our Lord Jehovah I AM.

Easter morning praises we will lift
To our ascended Savior, Yeshua Lord supreme.
We will give eternal worship to God's holy
Son.
For, by His Blood we are forever redeemed!

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MARCH 19

FEELING AND FAITH

Feeling and faith seldom share,
An increment of time.
When you're feeling a million bucks,
Your faith may be a dime.

It's possible the two could share...
But not especially so.
With your feeling you think it is,
But by your faith...you know.

Faith is based on knowledge of,
God's eternal Word.
Feeling comes and goes again,
Swayed by what you've heard.

Faith is now—this moment.
Faith says, "It is this hour."

Faith stands tall; but feeling crawls,
For feeling has no power.

Today you feel God cares for you;
Tomorrow...that He's forgot.
Feeling wonders if God left;
Faith knows your God has not.

When next you need an answer,
Your feelings please remind,
"God is forever faithful;
Not sometimes deaf and blind."

When with your feelings you seek God,
You have an endless quest.
Lookin' and a wishin' for,
What faith knew you possessed.

So keep your spirit richly fed,
And on God's Word depend.
Feeling only hangs around . . .
Faith is your *trusting* friend.

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MARCH 28

FOR JESUS' FACE I LONG

Heaven boasts great jasper walls,
With emerald fields full-flowered;
Yet none of these my heart shall please . . .
For Jesus' face I long!

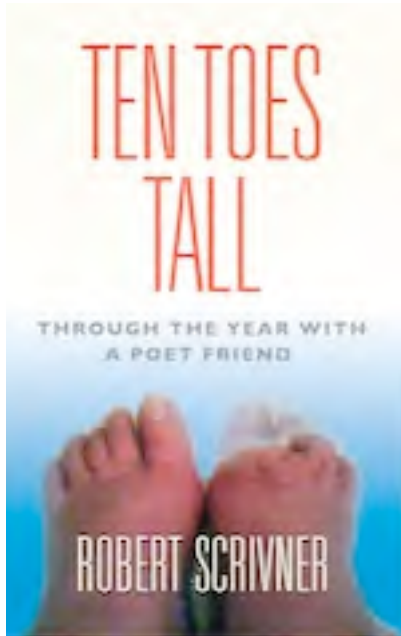
On heaven-harps high angel bands,
May master Handel's best.
Though chords of bliss my heart may kiss...
For Jesus' face I long!

Heaven grandeur's greatest grand,
My yearning heart can't fill.
Though song and sight may sense delight . . .
For Jesus' face I long!

Heaven's Highest's, "Well run!" smile . . .
My new heart's crowning glow;

O, how I pine His smile divine...
For Jesus' face I long!

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