

# FOR THE LOVE OF POETRY

By André Cronje

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# 1. The Fashion Police

I was Nike my whole life until I heard Johnny Walker say, just keep walking and do not look back. I celebrated the occasion in my Levi jeans, Red Cap, and Prada shoes for a night to remember. No one could spoil my Happy Hour. So I thought. Until Yin Yang, my ex showed up, and stole the color from my Vuitton. I felt like a Floss and wanted answers. That's when Dr. Martins told me his Gucci secret. But the next day, I was high on Diesel again when the Police stopped me. It happened in DC on the way to the Ritz. I was at Vanity Fair looking for True Religion when they signaled me and asked for my fashion label. Officers, I replied, I do not have an Armani with you. I'm Coco. If you give me your Parker, I'll give you my Rolex signature. But they just stood there like Hugo Boss in Hush Puppies. Their Rayban looks gave me the Fear of God. My legs started to QuickSilver under their Urban Expression, and their Tribal Theory turned my Ambeance into Decay. I knew then that I needed a Vogue update on the latest trends. And before making a DKNY, I reached for my Apple and phoned my Loreal. Hello dear, I am in the deep Dior and might not be sleeping at our Sagebrook home tonight. But like a Good American, the Fashion Police let me off with just a discount voucher for an Xtreme makeover at Xoxo. But in the end, I went back online to support ShineAndre, the new kid on the block.

## 2. Covid Terror

Like inmates behind bars, so are my friends and I in lock-down. Freedoms clipped like birds wings, isolated into familiar spaces, while some, lying in foreign beds, fighting death with every breath.

Bill Gates did a Corona Edtalk, but his hypothesis would not persuade casual men to prevent the Covid Terror. And WHO would not prepare for a pandemic until the Wuhan rumors turned deadly around the world. A perfect storm of fear and frenzy, forcing social distancing, six feet away or under by an invisible force. Yet some protested amendment rights, forgetting peace and love for one's neighbor is the greater commandment from above.

But though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Bloody Friday paraded death as a champion, but by Easter Sunday, Christ's resurrection power crushed his pride and his head. Followed by a worldwide tweet saying, Jesus is alive, believe this gospel, and be baptized.

### 3. Neither

Neither hot, neither cold,  
Just a little story, I was once told,  
About the loud and the proud.  
Neither up, neither down,  
Just a little bit self-centered,  
Smiled the narcissist clown.  
Neither a boy, neither a girl,  
Just a little one cross-dressed,  
Without a pink or blue uniform.  
Neither me, neither you,  
Just a little bit of everything,  
Like mannequins confused,  
Walking down the aisle of denial,  
With pronouns and ideas,  
To sway a very naive crowd.

## 4. Flowers

Flowers are given for many reasons,  
Flowers that grow in different seasons.  
Flowers are perfumed letters in color,  
Flowers are silent words with goodly deeds.  
Flowers scents with heaven's commission,  
Flowers release nature's joyful emotions.  
Flowers flatter and spark the eyes,  
Flowers for aroma and flowers for beauty,  
Flowers from the heart that keeps beating.  
Flowers for weddings, and funeral flowers,  
Sadly, not seen again by those dead and gone.  
Flowers for a friend sprouts appreciation,  
Flowers for a partner spices romance,  
Flowers for any occasion and reason,  
And finding an opportunity is not hard to do.  
Flowers for love, and flowers for peace,  
May these flowers I pray, never cease.



## 5. The Missing Thought

I am missing something

I don't know what,

Searching, seeking,

I hope to find,

The missing thought,

That jumped my mind.

## 6. My Passion

Poetry is a new passion of mine,  
I find words that rhyme,  
Then make them fit line by line.  
It may take some time,  
But it is better than doing crime.  
And before the clock strikes nine,  
I tell myself, don't worry, you'll be fine,  
Just relax and enjoy your wine.

## 7. Three Two One

Three men once stood before a judge, Two were rotten thieves, guilty as hell. But One, betrayed by the kiss of a friend, was innocent like a lamb.

Three men were sentenced to death that day, Two deserved their actual pay, but One, a king, they sadly wished away.

Three bodies were bruised and broken as they hung on a cross. Two for a life of crime, but One a savior for all humankind.

Three souls departed that day, Two for paradise up where they belong, but One would slip away, down to Hades, with the worst of every kind.

Three were laid to rest, Two from dust to dust, but One would go from dusk to dawn, as foretold.

Three days later, Two in their graves remained, but One, called the prophet and messiah, rose from the dead as his tombstone rolled away.

Three, Two, One, can you hear the angels choir and that old gospel song, he has risen, Jesus Christ is alive. And to all who will join, to say amen, will one day too shine like the son before his holy Father.

## 8. A Beautiful Day In Paradise

It is a beautiful day with you in paradise. A time of angelic songs, dance, and sweet romance. A beautiful moment full of life and sunshine because all is forgiven, and everything is made new.

So was the day we met, and I wanted to be with you. When I realized who and what you were. It was an unforgettable moment when I invited you to come and stay, never to be apart from each other, ever again.

And to this day, it remains a blessing to see life through your eyes and experience both the sadness and joy you have for this world.

And now, whether in sunshine or rain, I keep walking and talking with you because I love your name. I am longing for that moment I can spend with you again and hearing your voice whispering, I love you, and I'll see you soon.

## 9. The Prophet And The Prostitute

She is the kind of woman you will find on Cheaters for having Sex in the City. Her reputation as a socialite was well known, and her clientele was men from all walks of life. She would take your money shamelessly, advertising paradise, while luring your soul to hell. But what does a prostitute have to do with a prophet? When she heard about Jesus, she wasn't interested in sex or his money. She wanted to meet this holy man who had a reputation for being a friend of sinners and forgiving sins. She was a woman in need, and he had the love and compassion she wanted that no other man could ever give her. And because of his prominence she selected her most expensive perfume to present to him as a gift.

When the two finally met that evening, it made headline news around the world, but not for the tabloid reasons you thought. This is not about who touched who first but whose touch impacted the other's reputation the most. You see, every time Jesus touched someone or was touched by someone, something spiritual and supernatural happened. Jesus often interacted with her kind, which most men, for obvious reasons, needed to avoid. But this time, something did happen that still empowers women, of all reputations, around the world.

So, when she arrived, she came uninvited and threw herself at the feet of Jesus to the embarrassment of the host. How she got inside and passed security, no one knows. It was not a public restaurant where business deals were set and done. It was a private party for a selected few. If Jesus were anything like today's celebrities and politicians, his bodyguards would have prevented her from causing a fiasco just for his signature or a selfie. And while the prominent religious figure and his guest were still in disbelief, she made her intentions clear as she poured the precious perfume on the head and feet of Jesus. For at a time when he needed something special, she was there for him, with a special gift. She was determined to use every drop

of her costly perfume as an act of admiration and worship. The whole room just lit up with the sweet scent of that perfume amid the shock of the onlookers at the table.

One greedy accountant even objected to the unnecessary waste. He remarked that it could have been sold for a profit and the proceeds donated to a charity supporting the poor. While another thought in his heart, is he, not a prophet? How does he not know what type of woman is touching him? But before they could push her out the door, Jesus spoke up for her. Leave her alone, for she has anointed me for my burial. Because he knew that his mission to die for the sin of the world was only a few days away. But like a good movie, sorrow turned into joy when God raised him from the dead three days after his death on the cross.

Then Jesus announced to everyone there present. What this woman did for me, this day, will be shared around the world in memory of her. He not only defended her, but he also gave her a prominent place in the gospel and paradise to come. That's her love story and encounter with the son of man, recorded in the bible, in all four gospels. And her name was written in the Lamb's book of life.

## 10. On My Own

I'm on my own, but I am not alone. It is crazy I know, but I am at peace. A rushing crowd would tell a different story, as they chase the wind and endless glory. Quietly I watch from the sideline. I used to be that star player. But times have changed, and my world has rearranged. I walked down the street and met a friend. His words were peace and joy, but it cut my heart like a knife. Not till I looked at the cross, and saw God's love, did I know what he meant, when he said, I am born again. Amazing grace how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I am found, to Christ I belong. I'm no longer alone.

## 11. Friend Of Mine

Friend of sinners, friend of mine, turning water into wine, you're invited to my wedding and after-party. Come with your Spirit and the wine, for my friends and I are thirsty and dry. Quench our thirst and still our hunger. Let heaven's blessings destroy every wrong. Wrath held back, all is forgiven, Jesus paid the ultimate price.

Friend of sinners, friend of mine, turning water into wine, how lovely is your house of prayer. We anticipate your voice beloved groom to take our place by your side at the wedding table. To eat and drink with you as your bride the bread and the wine in your father's kingdom. And to be crowned kings and priests that will reign with you forever and ever.



## 12. Fifty-Five P's To Success

Pen, Paper, Print Please,  
Partner Proposals Presented,  
Provoking Prerequisite Persuasion Points,  
Propelling Positive Pioneering Perceptions,  
Promoting Pivotal Pragmatic Preparations,  
Prompting Proper Precise Planning,  
Painstakingly Perfected, Publicly Projected,  
Practically Processed, Proudly Pursued,  
Promptly Pushing Production Performance,  
Predicting Promising Prosperity,  
Preceding Profit, Power, Pleasure, Position,  
Perhaps Paramount Pertaining Peace,  
Passionate Persistent Prevailing Prayer,  
Privately Practiced.

## 13. Praise Jah

Praise Jah for rhythm, Praise Jah for rhyme,  
Because of Christ, I no longer live a life of crime,  
I am done with sin, the past, and lies,  
Repented and forgiven, the old man passed away,  
All things new, I am born again,  
Empowered by the gospel and his name.

Praise Jah for rhythm, Praise Jah for rhyme,  
All you people that love truth and justice,  
How he suffered shame for those sins of mine,  
And died a sinners death on a bloody cross,  
But as the sun sets and rises, so he did rose again,  
As he promised, an empty tomb, he did not lie.

Praise Jah for rhythm, Praise Jah for rhyme,  
In his temple and before his throne,  
To celebrate with song and dance,  
This eternal life and his resurrection,  
With shouts of joy and words of truth,  
I now will say, Jah, you are my joy and song.

## 14. The King Of Clowns

There once was told, in times of old,  
Of a certain story, that had no glory,  
Of a fashion king, and his dancing queen,  
Who lived and reigned in Forever land,  
Who was invited to every ballroom and party,  
Not just once, but twice as much,  
To impress the public and the press,  
With their latest show on how to dress.

And because they had a private tailor,  
They always posed eloquently above the rest,  
But pressed for time to finish by nine,  
The fashion guru failed to knit and sew,  
His thoughtless mind on this important matter,  
So, he went before the king to present,  
With magic and deception,  
An outfit never to be seen,  
With 3D vision and pixel color clarity,  
He then described to the king this secret array,  
Try it on, oh king, even the birds will sing.

And so, the king did, without a pause,  
Posing fashion cool in his daring gown,

The king, crowned with only jewels, act a fool,  
Not even the mirrors bend or cracked,  
For in his pride, he made a public stride,  
Before an audience awaiting his current shine,  
And eager to please they bandit together,  
With warm applause on this icy matter,  
Except for one small child, a brainy little boy,  
Whose pure lips and truth seeing eyes,  
Would not fake the adult site.

Look, mommy! the king has no clothes on,  
A gasp for air swept through the crowd,  
You could hear a pin drop and popping eyes,  
As vanity fades with the hypocrite's cheer,  
And because the king's guard has let him down,  
With private matters not for public show,  
The king red-faced, was disgraced,  
As the king of clowns.

## 15. The Show Must Go On

What a performance the preacher put up for the crowd. They are all the same. Just like that friend of sinners, sitting with the drunkards, prostitutes, and the lame. The other day he turned water into wine. Can you imagine? People are drowning, while he walks on water. He even ruined a rich man's bacon farm, when he cast out that maniac's demons into grazing pigs nearby. What was he thinking? Now that crazy walks around town clothed in his right mind, telling everyone God did it. And what is this healing the sick on a Sabbath day? He is messing up our show, he needs to go. Thirty coins of silver are all we need to maim and blind justice for a worthy cause. We already checked out his accountant. Would be easy as pie, no math. Come Friday, look for that kiss. All is set and done, we are not risking another adulterous debacle. Whatever it takes, we need to keep our traditions and power. This time we will hit the nails on both his hands and feet and center him between two miserable thieves. That would make a nice cover for Time to come.

Friday came and it was a bloody show. The lights of the world went out when darkness fell at noon, three hours long, to be precise. Dead and buried the healer and king of the Jews were laid to rest. All he did was good, but they paid him with a currency corrupt. It was finished. So, everyone thought. But it was God's foolish plan to save humankind, prophesied by many prophets long ago. And so, it happened as foretold by Hosea, that after two days he will revive, and on the 3rd day will he rise and live again. Then the devils were made a public show, when Christ walked out and left an empty tomb, but not before he took the keys of death and hell. So have Christ rose from the dead, seen alive for forty days by over 500 witnesses before he ascended into heaven before their eyes. This is Jesus of Nazareth, God's only begotten son and greatly loved. Praise God and believe in his name. Oh, Bethlehem star, you bright morning star, you will always shine brighter than the lights in all the

world as you give joy and peace to man, of every kind.

## 16. Bittersweet

An angel appeared to me from heaven with a little note, I wish I never read. Eat, he said, sweet-tasting to your lips it will be, but bittersweet you will swallow what you eat.

Bread of sorrows, bittersweet, I like cupcakes, candy, and little treats. But you, I don't like to eat. Not today, or tomorrow, pass me by one more time, life's too short to miss a party.

Bread of sorrows, bittersweet, it's you again. Tell me, who gave you my name and number? Go next door and trouble my neighbor, but please leave me in love and peace.

Oh no bread of sorrows, bittersweet, back so soon, don't you ever listen? This is happy hour. Smile on me with fun and laughter, not with fear, terror, or disaster.

No, no, no! bread of sorrows, bittersweet, what a menace. I wish we'd never met. Go away, and stop harassing me! I have rights you know. Now I will go to God to find my hope in prayer again.

Father in heaven whom I love, bread of sorrows I'm forced to eat. But I've heard of your living bread, broken to pieces to make me whole again. Change my appetite with Jesus' love, and save my soul from your wrath to come. Amen.

## 17. Jesus You Are

Jesus you are the one for me,  
Jesus you are the shining one,  
Jesus you are, the one and only Superstar,  
That came from heaven to set me apart,  
for your kingdom and your glory, Lord.

Jesus you are the one for me,  
Friend of sinners, friend of mine,  
You heal the sick and you pardon crime,  
Turning water into wine,  
The deaf will hear, and the dumb will speak,  
The blind will see, the lepers cleansed,  
Dead men walking out of their tombs.

Jesus you are the one for me,  
Man of sorrows you healed my pain,  
From the cross to the empty grave,  
Christ is risen, I'm born again,  
The truth revealed, he did not lie,  
Salvation has come for everyone.

Jesus you are the one for me,  
The word of God, Emmanuel,



The spoken word made flesh and blood,  
Meek and mild you taught all men,  
The truth revealed,  
Christ has come, and you'll come again.

Jesus you are the one for me,  
Kings of kings, and Lord of all,  
Upon your shoulders the rule of law,  
No other name, no other god,  
Lion of Judah, lamb of God,  
Blazing sun, the great I am.

## 18. The Wishing Well

I wish you well, health, and long life. I wish you happiness and success. I wish you no more death or sorrows, no more pain, misery, or wars. I wish for you words that could heal, and the power to love, more than stuff. I wish you more than I can promise to perform. I wish for you heaven on earth and a new Jerusalem, with streets of gold, and it's light the glory of its Maker. I wish you all the best and nothing less. But every time I drop a coin into a wishing well, my wish list goes down, as well, never to return to me the joy and prosperity, I wish was yours and mine.

Then I was told, that if you want to see your wishes come true, you need to look beyond the well, and pray to the One who created the heavens and the earth, who is able to do more than what you could ever wish or ask for. For the fervent prayer of the righteous avails much, moves mountains, and even the elements obey. The dead are raised, the sick get healed, and the blind can see. And whoever is bound by demons or addictions is being loosed and set free in his name.

So, instead of dropping coins down an empty well, I now pray and believe God for answers and a miracle. That out of your spirit man will flow rivers of living water unto eternal life, joy unspeakable, and full of glory to refresh your heart, soul, body, and mind with the words of Christ that are health to all your flesh, and riches even to the poorest of souls. You will live and not die Jesus said, and even if you die, yet shall you live with him, forever in paradise. I wish you well.

## 19. Begging

Do you have a penny or a quarter? Perhaps a dollar or a pound? What about some bitcoins to fill my pockets and my empty bank account? I don't know how much is on my mind. Some may argue that money doesn't grow on trees. You have to work to eat, not beg for your daily bread. That sounds like good advice, but I am still hungry if you don't mind.

Yes, some, with sweat and tears, will have to do their part. It's not easy, but every job promises some rewards. A thousand steps start with one. Little by little, you can increase and work your way to the top. And though your progress may be slow and costly, always remember that blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God.

Hear me, you brought nothing into this world, and nothing you will take with you into your grave, accept the riches you laid up for yourself in heaven where moth does not destroy, and thieves don't break in to steal. So I beg you not for your money that perishes with the spending, but for your poor soul to become rich towards God in the things that eternally matters.

## 20. Stone That Adulterous

Dead men walking, out for a thrill, trap set and ready, they raided a home. Bedroom busted, there she laid in the arms of yet another lover. Grab her they shouted, before dragging her sheet-wrapped body down Main Boulevard to be stoned. Tears of terror stream down her painted face. Her anguished soul pleading for just one more chance. To hug and kiss, not the stranger left in bed, but her friends and family, to say her last farewell. This is not your Disney Tale, Blockbuster, or a Parisian Show. But a devious plot of evil men conceived in the belly of hell, against the one they called the Messiah, king of the Jews. To embarrass and to harm, to discredit and to shame, that Nazarene teacher, what's his name? Condemned to death without mercy, that she knows. The Law of Moses will pound on her head, as stones crush and bruise her perfumed body, before departing her final breath.

Now ready for the kill, they picked their stones. Cool your anger and don't be hasty boys. Let's get two birds with one stone as they parade the harlot wife downtown as luring bait. For today they said, we have a bigger fish to fry. Hoping that by nightfall they can deliver both harlot and preacher to the Reaper's claws of death. And in their zeal for God and Moses, they anticipate sacrificing innocent blood, the perfect substitute for everyone. And with confidence in Moses and their evil scheme, they burst yet once again onto another scene. Where a packed audience sat and listen to the son of man, teaching and preaching about his Father's kingdom, forgiving sins, and doing good, healing everyone. Master Teacher, excuse our riotous intrusion but we have this urgent matter that demands your final approval. Here she is the adulterous kind, unfaithful to her marriage vows, and a harlot. Lucky we were, just happen to be in her neighborhood when she invited a fornicator and fool to her wedding bed while her husband was out of town. Now Moses gave the Ten Commandments and the law, but these hypocrites by the letter

know them all. Their credentials are the splattered blood on their stonewashed walls. But you Jesus, friend of sinners, drunkards, tax collectors, and of her kind, tell us, what do you say of our find?

But knowing their plan and evil heart, he turned a deaf ear while drawing circles in the sand. Yet they persisted, wanting to record his every word. Then Jesus, with fire in his eyes and the sword of his mouth stunned even the cheering crowd when he said, Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone. Silence dropped on them, like the arms of her accusers now lame with conscience guilt. For who could dare to cast his stone, but for him alone who spoke those piercing words? Exposed and naked they now themselves began one by one, slipping through the awestruck crowd. Convicted and condemned, the hunters are now on the run. If only they had repented at his reproof, he would have given them life and new birth. Then turning his attention to the adulterous lying in the dirt and covered with shame, he said, Woman, where are your accusers? Did no one cast his stone? And with tears still streaming down her scarlet face, she raises her bowed head to scout the site. And seeing no one, she replied, No, my Lord, they are all gone. And as she gazes into his soul-piercing eyes of love, she perceives that he who now stands before her is far greater than Moses or the blazing sun. Then he spoke to her heart yet once again, Neither do I condemn you, Go and sin no more.

## 21. Sleeping Beauty

Sleeping beauty had a song,  
Till terror came along,  
And when the dial struck midnight,  
She was no longer safe,  
In her twin strong towers,  
No one heard or saw her cry,  
When her joy turned into sorrow,  
Her body now a living corpse,  
That is the day she died,  
May she rest in peace.

I believe there comes a day, not far away,  
When a true hero will appear again,  
To slay the impostor called the beast,  
And to save the day for humankind,  
But first, the starless nights,  
Blood-red moon, and the burning sun,  
Will turn black and gray the light blue skies,  
Before Prince of Peace will come to kiss,  
And awaken his sleeping beauty from her slumber.

## 22. Sing And Pray

This is the day the Lord has made,  
Let us rejoice and be glad in him.  
Let us sing and praise his name,  
With new songs, solo or in a choir.  
Pour out into us, oh Lord, your glory,  
And declare through us your story,  
How you've died and rose to life again,  
And invited us from the outside in.  
We have found our place,  
Where time is never a waste,  
It's in your presence we live and die.  
Victorious we are in love, hope, and faith,  
Till that moment we come, face to face  
With you in eternity, without end.

## 23. What I Do

Where do I start, with my books or my art?  
I write and I paint, with pencils and pens,  
A novice in search of that fabulous Utopia.  
I blog about things I love, and the stuff I hate,  
It's just my opinion worth pennies of gold.  
It's my thoughts and ideas, a mix of emotions,  
To ponder line by line and to remember,  
What I do is important, but not just for me,  
And one day I will be rewarded for all my good.



## 24. Goals And Dreams

Write your goals,  
And work on your dreams.  
Let them balance,  
On faith and action.  
When these two join together,  
They accomplish much as one.  
But without each other,  
Even the best of wishes,  
Will remain zero without a profit.

## 25. Time Train

As the thoughts of man's imagination, so is the ticking of time. Yesterday is gone, with moments lost in time with some regrets. Today comes with new expectations. And tomorrow shines with potential that may or may never arrive.

Today is already yesterday's tomorrow you spoke off. You can't stop, rewind, or speed up the clock, except the Creator of time, space, and matter. And as the present moves forward into the future, it simultaneously turns into the past.

Yesterday was but a brief piece of history. A time that gave you knowledge and experience. And today you may, or may not find the time, to catch those lost chances of yesterday.

But tomorrow will be better, I promise, they always say. And so, you make plans, for better or for worse. So cast off your past burdens, present cares, and future worries into God's mighty hands through prayer, and let your joy and sorrows rest with him for he cares for you. Keep living in the present with hope and faith. And let go of your past in repentance and forgiveness. Embrace your future with confidence in God. So will times of refreshing come to you from heaven and peace of mind.

## 26. Who Am I

I am a footprint away from royalty and a shoe size short of class.

I am welcomed in king's palaces and fit into paupers' homes.

I have the inside scoop of everything and sometimes the backdoor.

I am essential for special occasions, and sometimes no one cares.

I am a classic from the past, yet am I still fashionable today.

I am always in with the crowd and sometimes out with the dogs.

I am beautiful to behold and sometimes just a pretty eyesore.

I am like cream on the top, but underneath I have issues too.

I am highly valued, yet am I frequently trampled upon.

I am the lowest of all, and still, am I highly sought after.

I am front and back everybody's doormat, I am the carpet underneath your feet.

## 27. Scouts Honor

Girls and boys, scouts the land and valleys,  
Looking for a ray of hope in a rainbow brand.  
Behind the pot of gold lies a secret perversion,  
To parade little ones off to Sodom land.  
Hollywood busted, clowns and priests,  
In human trafficking and child porn rings.

Even a child can look and tell,  
Nay, he's a boy, not a girl!  
But some love living a fictitious lifestyle,  
Where science fiction bends their reality,  
As they continue walking down the aisle,  
Thinking it is all paradise without hell.

Rainbow scouts, come listen, it is story time,  
Let's go to the zoo to find another clue.  
Animals talked and warned each other,  
To huddle together in the Ark two by two,  
Just before the burst of clouds, and fountains,  
That would flood mountains and the tallest trees.

A 100 years Noah built and preached,  
But the hourglass ran out of sinking sand,

Read again, the apocalypse end is foretold,  
A fiery furnace will burn heaven and earth,  
Fear you not, God's coming wrath?

Scouts honor, check again, facts not fiction,  
DNA is God's own brand.

Boys and girls in love are perfectly natural,  
And rainbow colors proclaim his promise,  
Faithful to his word, never again he would,  
Flood-wash man and beast to a watery grave.

But here is scientific proof of God's great love.  
How Christ died for sinners small and great,  
And left an empty tomb rising from the dead,  
That through faith in his resurrection power,  
Anyone who loves his name and 2nd coming,  
May live and scout with him for eternity,  
On his new and amazing heaven and earth.

## 28. Perfect I Am

I am not the brightest star in the sky,  
yet I radiate with light and shine,  
And I'm not the sweetest pie around,  
but taste and see, I'm delicious too.

There I was in my mothers belly,  
Fashioned and formed in secret,  
Perfect on the day I was born,  
A mother's love and a father's joy.

Not influenced by force, hype, or charisma,  
Nor shaped by vanity, pride, or constant selfies,  
Imperfect, yet perfect, I am,  
In the eyes of love, and heaven above.

## 29. Careless

I remember the day,  
When I was reckless and young,  
Walking on the railroad just for fun,  
Life was careless and risk-free,  
For the rock star, I wanted to be.

Until someone showed me,  
What was written in a good book,  
How life began, and end in death.  
Then I started to seek and find,  
This Creator God of mankind.

Now I know the future as I know my past,  
That life did not begin with a big bang,  
Neither is evolution fact or science.  
For rocks and apes do not match my DNA,  
For in His image and likeness, I am.

## 30. Raped By The World

I loved the world. But the world did me wrong. I was beaten and gang-raped while many looked on, paralyzed by fear. No one came to my rescue. They did not care, while others sought their own opportunity to harm me again. For years I walked with that pain and fear. The scars it left were deep and invisible, or so I thought. Shame made a prisoner of me. Death called my name to end it all.

That was until another voice spoke inside my heart. Come, I want to show you a new way of life. You live in a fallen world, but all is not lost. Behold the lamb of God. Humiliated and exposed before a world of onlookers. Crucified for sin for the sin of the world he bled and died. But wait, his blood was not in vain. His death offers you new life, and his pain is your medicine. Healing and therapy are now possible through his resurrection from the dead. Hope and joy will spring up in your soul like a fountain of living water.

Is it really true? Could I forgive those who hurt me? He forgave my sins, should I not do the same? To love and to pray for those who robbed me of the precious and sacred things I once owned. Pornography, rebellion, and sexual immorality must go. God is holy and wants you to live holy too. The only other option is to remain a victim or a perpetrator waiting to be judged by God. Ask for forgiveness so that you may be healed from the wounds lest your hate and bitterness towards men, and God destroys you for what the devil did to you.



## 31. The Paradise Scandal

What happened in Paradise should never happen again. Adam's sin bankrupted an entire human race. Created in the image and likeness of God, the act of disobedience caused the sting of death that tainted the human mind with evil thoughts and intentions. A one-night stand with that snake in Eden went horribly wrong. Their eyes went open and all innocence was gone. They found themselves stripped naked and hiding from God. So, they lost their home and got evicted by God. They stock market crashed down from shining glory into a Pandora's Box of happiness and sorrows. Thus, man's DNA went viral in the wrong way. Only the redeeming blood of Christ could stop and save dead men walking from his wrath to come. Tormented with curses and the fear of death, they served the god of this world in passing pleasures and sin. But for this reason, Jesus came from heavens beauty down to earth's manure, to destroy the works of the devil, and not to judge or to condemn. Satan's lies made slaves of men, but the love of God makes them sons again, turning sinners into saints, and teaching rebels to obey. The lights came for man to shine again, as living stones in pots of clay to cry psalms of praise night and day. The foolishness of God's wisdom on display is much wiser than brainy men today.

## 32. The Wheel

I rolled up the mountains,  
And I rolled down the hills,  
I rolled left in the alleys,  
And I rolled right around the corners,  
I rolled with friends, kids, and sportsmen,  
Competitive and for adventure,  
I rolled on roads of tar and muddy tracks,  
Till I hit a rock and rolled no more,  
Discarded I was tossed to be recycled,  
When an artist took interest in me,  
Now I roll with laughter with every spin,  
A wheel of fortune, it`s so much fun.

## 33. Open Borders

You lock your doors, and you shut your gates,  
You do the same with a car and safe,  
Up goes the firewalls, antivirus, and fences,  
This you do daily for your own peace and safety,  
Then how can you support open borders?  
It's a fool's paradise and makes no sense,  
Inviting punks and rebels among the refugees,  
To park and crash within your border and defense,  
And when the world goes off to bed to rest,  
These agents of death and disaster awake,  
Because someone trophied a Trojan horse.

## 34. Dear Americans

Fear not, and don't be afraid, when they rise to intimidate, with threats and lawsuits, to scare and divide. With nasty speech and venom, they catapult an insurrection, while plotting treason in secret chambers, to ban and cancel, the king and his counsel, not to tweet, or to Parler another word. But nay I say the prophet of old. You will not succeed to impeach or defeat, God's chosen and appointed, in this or that thing. With truth and justice, from rooftops to every corner, will I now proclaim, here is your proof, and details do not lie.

Facebook, Twitter, Amazon, and Apple, all joined in this conspiracy, to overthrow the American and his culture. Nefarious signs illuminate the broadband skies, as the deep state runs undetected through simple minds, and open borders. I heard them speak, a demon called Deception, conversing with the father of lies. R.I.P. the truth and democracy dies, in the dark. No need to evacuate, the smelly swamp, or to cut through curfew lies. We will cross that line, underground. Let us go public and woke their cry. Casting clouds with networks towering, over the ignorant below, broadcasting our inner intentions, as we go. Accusing those opposing, though narrow and straight, as evil, and crooked to our cause. It is time for an Aquarius reset. The last time such a vision was aired, it created World War 2, and a Holocaust for the Jew. Hitler's dream went viral, as the nightmare spread wild. With religious persecution, freedoms went down, wishing death on those, who would not hail the Nazi crown.

Did you know that Time magazine heralded the praise of such a beast, even the UN? Not to forget, the Fuhrer, a Nobel peace nominee. Like Obama, honored with noble stars, while mocking God's only begotten son, saying, what military power can survive under such command, to love your enemy on the battleground? Yet there's one uncrowned who stunned the world, who for peace sake spoke to Kim Jong-un and sneaky

China, and did not back down. Not many before or after him can claim such patriotism and love for their country, to serve unthankful men without a paycheck, to make America great, again.

And speaking for the people, died another veteran, on Capitol Hill, far from foreign soil on home turf shot unarmed, with blood dripping from her neck, draped with the American flag. Because she did not recognize the enemy in disguise, subverting the land with socialism and crime. They had a plan, BLM and Antifa mixed with the crowd and sinister mind, cheering her on to do wrong. But some who saw just fine chased and brought them down. Those are the true American heroes not shown by the mass media, blasting hysteria. And do not believe their Fact-Checking friends. Leftist liars with zero interest in telling righteous truth. Fear God and depart from evil. Unfollow these anti-American advocates and officials greedy for money and power. Follow the truth that will set you free and give you eternal life. And be on your guard, for Miss-and-Diss information, they forcefully claim.

Dear Americans, lovers of truth and of this great nation under God, the victory is at hand. Christ was crucified and raised from the dead for the cause of all mankind. Yet despised and rejected, by the very ones he came to serve, and save. He who lives was raised to life that sinners can breathe God's praise on bended knee. And for believers, to have faith and courage, and not to fear the mountains, or the valley of the shadow of death, portrayed in Psalm 23. It is there where true heroes are born and die, to save homes and land, that allows even strangers far and wide, to enjoy careless freedoms from daring danger.

But now a few good men have risen again, like Trump, Powell, Wood, and Flynn, assaulted by media tech, billionaires, and conmen, mastering puppets of the current crowd. But never forget, he gains nothing, who dies without Christ, to forever lose his soul in a fiery hell. And not until you believe Jesus and his gospel, can you triumph over this world, and escape God's wrath to come. Longing for that permanent home, where the lion and lamb will dwell together in harmony, where men and angels will

stay for all eternity. Blessed are the kind, not blind to the truth.  
And blessed are the meek, for theirs is the promised land. God  
bless America and God bless the President.

## 35. Things You Won't Find

No friends or family,  
No parties or bars,  
No rest or calm,  
No crime or dime,  
No shops or malls,  
No police or doctors,  
No drinks or treats,  
No justice or law,  
No heroes or stars,  
No sports or entertainment,  
No medicine or cures,  
No holidays or work,  
No escape or bail,  
No light or candle,  
No happy moment or joy,  
No Uber's in or taxi's out,  
Nothing but emptiness, regret, and pain,  
In a God-forsaken Hades down below.

### 36. Going Higher

I am going higher, higher than ever before.  
No more staying down crying on the floor.  
Some climb trees, some climb mountains,  
Some climb stairs, some ride the elevator,

Some even rocket and jet around the sky,  
While some smoke to keep them high.  
But I use none of these to make me fly.

I am accelerating for take-off,  
As my dreams and hopes start to soar,  
Further than the sun, moon, and stars.  
To a heavenly city beyond Pluto and Mars.  
I heard his voice, I answered the call,  
He gave me his word and promises too.  
So, fear not, cheer up, and don't be afraid,  
I'm always by your side, my blessed child.



## 37. The Open Door

For a limited time only! The door is open to anyone who wants to enter in. Yes, the entrance is free. Come quickly. No time to waste. Come as you are. Aliens, foreigners, bastards, and outcasts all are invited, even the poor have this invitation. Come and buy, without money and without price. Never before has this been so possible.

Thieves, liars, fornicators, and adulterers forsake your sins. Come and see the holy grail. Grace and mercy wait at the door. No reservation, no exclusivity. Faith is the key and password. All nations, creeds, and languages are invited to come and sit for dinner at the Lord's table. Wash yourself from those dirt-infested playgrounds where pigs like to mud roll.

Foolishly they think paradise is sipping cocktails, bikinis, and festive dance. But do not think that heaven will be a quiet place? Come this is your chance. Yes, there will be scoffers on the way and mockers at the gate. They laugh and joke while watching men pass them by from death to eternal life. The entrance through the door is a gift and a reward. God was so extravagant in his love that he paid the price in full for everyone, whoever wants to come. God will not force you. You have to make up your own mind where you want to spend your eternity. I do not recommend hell.

They lied to you, there is no party in hell. But in heaven there will be happiness non-stop. No more sorrow, tears, or pain. Only love, dance, and happy songs. You will see, he knows how to prepare a banquet. Turning water into wine and giving bread full of life. The door is open, and the way is straight.

Now there is plenty of room for everyone who wants to come. Just enter through the door but avoid the window and the wall. The wedding ceremony is drawing near, and the bride looks beautiful. The groom is getting married to a bride without spot and without blemish.

Oh no, some of the guests invited are full of excuses, and half the virgins are without oil. They have turned to the left and others to the right after pleasure, wealth, and love not thinking straight and narrow is the way. But keep your eyes on the prize and stack your treasure in heaven. You may be poor on this earth and still be rich towards God and walking on streets of gold. Come and take your place, be sure your name is written in the Lamb's book of life. He has gone to prepare a place for you.

## 38. My Virgin Love

My virgin love, engraved on the palm of my hands. How beautiful you are, adorned with jewels and scented perfume. You are my chosen one among thousands, called to wine and dine with me at the wedding feast. Be watchful my love, for the hour is late and the time is at hand. Not everyone that is invited will be ready when I come. They are too busy with the things of this world. And their excuses prevent them from answering my call. Listen, my love, I am whispering sweet words to your heart this day. I have secrets to tell you and mysteries to reveal. Things beyond the present and pretense of this world. I am calling you to come closer to me, where you belong. You are mine, and I am yours. I have called you by your name. I can't wait to rapture you away from the buzzing crowds. To romance and dance with you, my beautiful bride. Your love kindles desire and an intimate longing in me. The sweet incense and fragrance of your prayers and worship fill my Father's throne and Bridegroom chambers where angels come and go. So, wait for my call. Soon I say to you, and the world will see you no more. Get your lamps burning with extra virgin oil. Don't be left behind. For when I shut the door, they will cry, but I will not hear. Warn them for me, but to you, faithful one, who is wise and loves my name, get ready, I am coming soon.

## 39. Amazon's Pandora's Box

I made my peace, now will I expose the beast in Amazon's Pandora's Box. What's inside? It may not be what you expect. Hidden from public sight, and crawling in the dark one scandalous act?

Open the box. What will you find? Happiness, love, joy? Depends on what's inside. Don't be surprised when truth cuts through the lies. It's a shame when writers alive and well, have to beg and claim, for lost books and stolen names. A loss of income, but how much? No one can tell. Ghost Riders in the wind, roam the haunted jungle, as billions of revenues are side-pocketed each year.

But who will dare to kill a bear if no one writes to tell the story? So, let's rap and pack that pretty box? It comes with a moji and a smile, Hush-hush, why the secrecy? Stop beating around the bush. Show and tell, but don't cast a spell when you open Amazon's Pandora's box.

But who is doing the cha-cha-cha chanting Amazon's the Beast? If there's a problem correct the mistake. But still they like to feast on shadow figures licking up their blood to fill up their rotten coffers.

For a dollar and a dime, someone profits from crime, Pontiffs Pirates five star cruising the seven seas, while authors drown in penniless tears. Fact or fiction it's not clear. But check the news it will appear. You don't need to be a knight in shining armor to slay the Amazon beast.

## 40. Come Up Here

Come up here friend, I have things for you to watch and see. Higher than any ladders of success, secret elevators, or rockets to fame. Beyond your wildest dreams and visions of this earthly realm. I am calling you higher than the sun, moon, and stars. No need for space stations, ships, or plains. Just lift your heart in prayer.

Come up here into my presence, where I Am. Draw near my perfect bride-to-be, and let my cup of joy flow out of you. First the banqueting table, and the upper room I am preparing for you. Then you will hear my voice, calling you by your name. I gave you my peace, and my promises are sure. I will never leave you nor forsake you, I am always by your side. So, watch and pray, for no one will know that rapture day or the hour until the moment it is too late.

Do not let your heart be troubled. You believe in God, and you believe in me. And because you love me and know my name, I will save you from that hour of trial coming on all the earth. I am going to prepare a place for you. If it were not so, I would not have told you. But now listen to what my Spirit is telling you. So come up here, where I am, waiting for you with love and my reward.

## 41. Tick-Tock

What numbers go around,  
Up 12, down 6, left 9, right 3,  
That's your clock, right,  
To awake and to alarm,  
The sleepy heads, not the dead,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock.

Every second, and minute by the hour,  
Night and day around the world  
Time will run, stop, and fly,  
This happens to young and old,  
That's the cycle of daily life,  
As we watch the clock.  
Tick-tock, tick-tock.

But every second counts,  
That's how you win or lose,  
Wait a minute, they always say,  
And 60 minutes later,  
Here comes lady hour,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock.

For time is no gentleman,

And waits for no one,  
A precious commodity,  
You can't buy or sell,  
But you live with it,  
You make peace with it,  
And you die with it.  
After all, it's your time,  
To spend or to lose,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock.

## 42. Trick Or Treat

Trick or treat, what do you want?  
Kids love candy adults like to give.  
But if you don't play the witch kids game,  
To dress and to go along in evils name,  
Then out goes niceness with a wish from hell,  
When they trick to curse with a nasty spell,  
Neighbors, friends, and total strangers.

But what about the entertaining Magician,  
Who mesmerizes you with tricks and laughter?  
Can funny be a temptation to entertain evil?  
Wish not magic to spoil the purest of eyes?  
Deception with a smile is a tactical craft,  
To trap and to spoil men to a fateful fall.

Don't be fooled by their angelic aura,  
For witchcraft, divination, sorcery, and magic,  
All have their origin from the gates of hell.  
Like rebellion against authority is the same.  
Laugh or cry, but to distort the truth,  
Alters reality into a traitorous lie,  
Deceiving and being deceived yourself.



## 43. You Don't Need God

You don't need God to live and breathe,  
You don't need God to be bright or witty,  
You don't need God to earn or burn cash,  
You don't need God to love and to party.  
Yes, the healthy don't need a doctor,  
And the rich don't need a dime,  
The strong don't need anybody's help,  
And the lucky don't need anyone's prayers.

But no matter what your race, status, or class,  
The thirsty needs water to quench their thirst,  
The hungry needs bread to still their hunger,  
The troubled needs peace to calm their fears,  
And here is the invitation Jesus made to you.  
Come to me, and I will give you rest.

For I am the resurrection and the life,  
I am the first and the last,  
I am he who was dead and now lives again.  
God will reward those who seek and love him.  
But whoever rejects Christ has no hope in hell.  
And depending on your choice and lifestyle,  
Access to heaven will be granted you, or denied.

## 44. Come Out Of The Closet

Come out of the closet, cold and dark,  
Stop playing hide and seek,  
I know you're naked in there,  
I have a garment for you to put on,  
Whitewashed and pure as snow,  
To cover your shame with love.

Get out of the closet, cold and dark  
Stop playing hide and seek,  
Escape from your fear and guilt,  
No more pride or parades,  
Let go and forget all those charades.

Come out of the closet, cold and dark,  
Stop playing hide and seek,  
Come walk with me in the light and truth,  
You will never again be the same,  
But to stay on the broad forbidden way,  
Will only lead to hell and damnation.

### 45. Death Has A Riddle

Death has a riddle you must solve,  
Whether you are rich or poor,  
Nice or nasty, it does not matter,

The Reaper will stalk you down,  
Young and old, weak or strong,  
Death doesn't care who you are.

Whether wise or stupid, hero or zero,  
Handsome or a beautiful princess,  
The Reaper is looking for you,  
You can play hide and seek,  
But everyone dies once or twice,  
Unexpectedly or by appointment, R.I.P.

Some die in peace, some in horror,  
The second death is the worst,  
But for those who died with Christ,  
Have this hope to meet the Lord in the air,  
And in a blink of an eye with the rapture,  
They will escape death and the Reaper.

## 46. Plus One

One is better than a zero on a scale,  
Until two came along and made a couple,  
And breaking a threefold cord is not easy,  
Now four corners make a square,  
And five stars are what everyone is hoping for,  
While six feet under is not the way to go,  
Yes, there are seven wonders in the world,  
And eight seems to be the standard time,  
While nine lives look pretty good,  
But a perfect ten is every man's dream.

## 47. Open-Minded

Don't be so open-minded,  
That there is no border control,  
All you'll get is dirt and pollution,  
Will you insist on such foolishness?  
Protect your heart and your eyes,  
For without guards and gates,  
You'll become a thief's paradise,  
Leaving you vulnerable and open,  
To virus infections and hackers,  
If only you were not so open-minded.

## 48. Welcome Jesus

Welcome to my home and neighborhood,  
I am honored by your presence, my Lord.  
Like in times of old, do good and heal the sick.  
Bless the poor, the blind, and the lame.  
As Governor of the nations, I invite you,  
To rule and to reign over us as King,  
On every continent and every island,  
Be our Ambassador and Beloved Friend.  
In countries and cities far and wide,  
Let your light and love shine on all mankind,  
To reflect the likeness and image of God,  
The Creator of heaven and the earth.  
For the kingdoms are yours, and all authority,  
The earth also, and the fullness thereof.  
Therefore, do we welcome you in our midst,  
As the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last,  
The One who was dead but now lives again.  
For in no other name in heaven or on the earth,  
Is there salvation but in Jesus name. Amen.

## 49. The Fallen Soldier

Here lies a fallen soldier,  
Who stood his ground, with honor,  
Now buried, six feet and under,  
A warrior, and brother in arms,  
Who faced fear, and death,  
Nor wavered in his service,  
For king and country,  
To serve and to protect.

And for the sake of peace, he died in war,  
With unshakable love and devotion,  
For all, young and old, and the vulnerable,  
A hero, forever remembered,  
A son, a father, a husband, a brother,  
Loved, respected, and honored,  
Rest in peace soldier, your war is over.

## 50. Charlie's Hell's Angels

Holy Cow, they did it again,  
Whispering sacrilege at the funeral parlor?  
Show and tell, how they intoxicate,  
Chanel with the scent of death,  
Burning incense with pressing Tabac.  
With sticks and stones, drums, and beat,  
Harry would pot and craft Celtic chants,  
To Charlie and his angels, dead and gone.

Like haunted ghosts their demons,  
Would come to the party and cartel,  
Sounds like Lucifer, the angel who fell.  
Public and proud they assault,  
The innocent with insults and injuries,  
Using blunt objects of democratic speech,  
To viral hatred that contaminates,  
With twisted words, deceiving open minds.  
What are they scheming, no one can tell?  
Funneling evil artistically, with a spell.

Wondering souls, darkened by the hour,  
Comical they poke obtuse holes,  
To curse the blessed peace off this land.



And with games of immorality,  
They build their thrones with anarchy,  
To stain and profane brands and names.

Moh, they laid to rest after the terror,  
Yet they keep mocking the blessed Christ.  
Wicked and nasty, they post to shame,  
Claiming liberty, by horseback-riding,  
Human rights, and the public press.  
Fearing no one, not even God. Wish they  
Did to escape his wrath to come.

## 51. The Games of Royalty

Kings and Queens on ancient thrones ,  
Ruled and played their strategic games,  
With a colorless black and white board,  
But the Bishops corrupt had other plans,  
To paint and persuade the Pawns to mutiny,  
And then to spoil and plunder the Royal Chess,  
All for the love of money, power, and prestige,  
But the Knights fought hard for truth and justice,  
Until peace and order in the Castle was restored.

## 52. Parenthood

Babies pee and poo,  
While kids wee and whine,  
But not until teens grow up,  
And become mom's and dad's,  
Will they understand as adults,  
The joy and sorrows of parenthood.

## 53. Today And Tomorrow

Today you start, and tomorrow you finish.

Today you do something smart,

And tomorrow you continue.

Today you prepare for battle,

And tomorrow you are ready.

Today you take a small step,

And tomorrow you take another.

Today you take courage,

And tomorrow you'll have confidence.

Today it seems insignificant,

But by tomorrow it will be wow.

So be ready, for tomorrow starts today.

## 54. The Lucky Guy

A lucky guy received a scented email the other day, saying: Hi handsome, you're so lucky I found you. Here is my link and number. Let us hook up, so we can chat in my private chamber. And with emoji kisses and smiley faces, she seduces him to gain his purse and power. Like moths to a flame, she captures men and places them under her spell. She is hot, I give you that, but boy, you are way too cool, not knowing she will play you like a fool. With flattering lips and flirting eyes, she disarms him with a whisper: I am sugar, and you are spice, let's roll that lucky dice. But her sweet words will drip and stick to your soul like melted candy on a hot summer's day. The fire alarms go off, but you keep snoozing the bell. Wake up man, it's you who will fry when her breast befalls your eyes. Run baby run, lest you burn with lust, trapped in her web of dreams. Play hide and seek, for when she comes knocking, her seductive charms will sweep you off your sturdy feet.

If you be so open-minded with no lock on your door, you'll end up with no walls to protect you from her sinister mind control. Look a little longer, and sin's pleasures become even stronger, for that second glance cannot be trusted. So don't hang around, guard your loins and get out of there. Shut your eyes and play the blind man on the corner. For it is better for you to enter heaven's gates a mole than to fall into hell's fire with perfect vision. Hell is hot, but she is not, avoid her seduction and lose her number, that you may keep your precious soul in that tempting hour. Lest she eats you up and wipes her mouth, saying: I have done nothing wrong. That is the way of an adulterous witch. For a harlot is a bottomless pit, and a seductress a narrow well. She lies in wait for victims and increases the unfaithfulness among men.

Listen to my wisdom and bow your ear to my understanding. For the lips of a strange woman drips honeycomb and her mouth is smoother than oil. Look how the mighty have fallen, slain by her

high heels and strange perfume. Brothels have left many wounded. They will never see the light of day again. But you, whoever you are, flee God's wrath to come, run for cover, and run for your life. For her perfume is the scent of death, and her easy love stings like scorpion's poison. Her soft touch is like dragon claws that will abort your reputation and sell it off to the highest bidder. For her ankles are chained to Hades below, which welcomes every fool that lies with her. Save yourself, cancel her invitation and exit her playground. For the price you will pay ain't dollars, pounds, or yen. Your soul is on the table, for a pennies loaf of bread.

## 55. The Rapture

With every dream, the imagination breaks open,  
So the heavens open, and release the rain,  
There is an invitation for a crown and eternal life,  
But first the engagement party of a king.

Out goes the call, it's the last trumpet blast,  
The king is coming, he is here, Jesus welcomes you,  
To a heavenly meal and wedding feast,  
Come up here, it's time for the bride and groom.

And in the twinkling of an eye, they are raptured,  
But because the foolish did not watch and prayed,  
They now shout and cry in sorrow, let us also in,  
But it's too late and the door stays locked,  
Until the end of the trial and great tribulation.

## The Author's Books

1. **God's Health Plan** - Despite the finest doctors, staff, and medical advances, health issues, and death continues. The sick want a cure, and for many, it comes with labels, potions, and even in unexpected places. But where medicine ends, faith is born for a miracle from God who heals the sick, raises the dead, and cleanses lepers. Everyone that came to Jesus sick went home healed.

2. **For The Love Of Poetry** is a poetic compilation of stories and poetry penned on paper for the joy and reflection of every reader. Each poem and story evolved from everyday life's challenges and opportunities to explore the spiritual impact and footprints people leave behind.

3. **Paris France Mission** - is a blend of stories and prophecies for missionaries and lovers of France. Paris is known as the city of love, where angels walk the streets night and day caring for the poor and needy. Spiritually it's the city of great joy where the Catacomb dwellers will come alive in Christ Jesus. Paris France is also the only country known in which the nation and its capital form a cross.

4. **Love God And Sex** - Love has inspired many songs, poems, and letters. Whether you are single, married, divorced, or part of a community, you can know for yourself, what God says about love, sex, and relationships.

5. **Wisdom Quotes** - The road to success is laden with traps and tricks that may burn or bless your soul. Here are wisdom and motivational keys for life that will inspire you on your journey.

6. **Kings And Queens** - present the power and prestige of authority. Leaders, lawyers, and the police are all God's servants who have the divine duty to execute moral and political laws with truth and justice. Whoever rebels against God's institutions



brings upon themselves swift judgment.

7. **The Art Of War And Peace** - presents over 500 analogies with conceptual art on the attractiveness of world peace, inner peace, and peace with God amid burned bridges, broken promises, and the ashes of war. Everyone has their cause. Some fight cancer, some fight poverty, and some fight for no reason.

8. **The Truth Will Set You Free** - braves deteriorating moral and social issues of society through letters and poetry and advocates the Word of God as the most valuable solution often scorned. It defends religious liberty, doctrines, and values outlined in the Word of God for correction, instruction, and living.

9. **The Coming Apocalypse** - reveals the horrific events, also known as the time of God's wrath, that will emerge just before the return of Christ second coming, to reign and restore peace on earth. For seven years you will witness the deaths of two-thirds of the earth's population, including friends and family, through plagues, famines, war and disasters.

10. **God Money** - presents financial wisdom and stories Jesus taught on how to open a bank account in heaven, that you might be rich toward God. You will see how Jesus loved a wealthy young man, warned the rich, and blessed the poor.

11. **Vuisboek** - is 'n boek van poësie vir die Afrikaner in die land waar die kranse antwoord gee. Om 'n volk te herinnering aan sy gelofte en sy krag.

12. **Paris My Love** - Immerse yourself in a poetic and loving journey through the streets of Paris with "Paris My Love" by André Cronje. This experimental work of art is a compilation of poems and love letters, written by artificial intelligence, which explores the emblematic places of the city of light. Un-edited.

ParisFranceMission.Org

[THE END](#)