

Information concerning the front cover image.

This is Frank Henrich speaking to you. In the year 2006, I had the privilege to view over 1000 medieval images over a 5 month period of time. The cover image is one of my top favorites and is over 500 years old. I found it on www.scriptorium.columbia.edu. The cover image is presented to you with the permission of the Houghton Library, Harvard University of Boston, MA. Manuscript MSTYP 00252 fol 36v.

**TALKING WITH
JESUS**

**WE SPEAK TO JESUS
WHEN WE PRAY
WITH OUR MINDS OR VOICES.
HE RESPONDS
WITH NON-VERBAL BLESSINGS
AND DIRECTIONS.**

BY FRANK E. HENRICH

CREDITS

The credit for this book goes first to our wonderful God for the gift of writing, for the inspiration of writing it down, and for being His custodian of thoughts for transmission to others. All praise is His.

Published by Frank E. Henrich
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I appreciate the assistance of my wife, Barbara, in the preparation of this book. My thanks also to my daughter, Mary Henrich Doria, for professionally editing the book. David Patterson, who I like to call my adopted son, spent hours with me on discussion of the book's content, and for this I am appreciative. His suggestions were helpful.

Visit www.poemsforchrist for additional poems. The book by Frank E. Henrich, *Jesus and Me in Workplace Ministry* is available at amazon.com

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Sarah Woodbyrne photo page 51

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From an old Christian book published in 1881, *Christ In His Church* by Richard Brennan pages 24, 39, 80

Medieval art from Harvard University Library are on the cover and on page 58.

A Frank Henrich drawing is on page 12.

PREFACE

First and foremost this book is being published so that through it we may glorify God. That hopefully as you read the book, the Holy Spirit will touch your spirit, drawing it to a closer life with God through our Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

This book is book one of three in a series titled *Talking With Jesus*. The driving force behind this publication was to publish many of my unpublished poems. Soon I discovered I needed to divide them into three books.

It was the selection of the cover that most excited me. This selection was one of those unexpected pleasures that sprinkle our lives with joy, . After writing a poem, I look for an image that will assist the reader when reading the poem. In searching old medieval manuscripts, there I found some wonderful images painted on leather, five-hundred years ago. The cover of this book is such an image. (Read page 2 for more data on this subject). Thanks to Harvard University Library who holds the original manuscript, so there you can see it today. This image touched me as soon as I first saw it, seeing Jesus sitting across the room talking to me. So I called it "Jesus talking to me image." When I was looking for a cover for this book, there it was in front of me. Prayers of praise or pleas are forms of talking to Jesus, and that is what this book contains. So could there be a more appropriate cover or title for this book?

Frank E. Henrich August 14, 2013

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CHAPTER ONE - CHRISTIAN WALK

Hi, I am Jarvis, your narrator. You and I will get better acquainted as you read on thru this journey of study. But let us get one thing straight. I am your friend and am happy to spend some time with you in the theater of thought. So on to the first chapter where Frank, the author, has gathered some thoughts and other things for you on the Christian Walk.

Frank says, "Each one of us has a unique Christian walk. As everyone's fingerprints vary so does the way we come to God. That does not mean that God and His teachings vary from one person to another. No, they are absolute and unchanging. But how God slowly unveils them to us as we age differs as when we were babies we could not understand the resurrection. He has us pass through the trials of daily living from the need of mother's milk, to the first day of school, to the first fight with a classmate, to the first date, to our marriage, to raising our kids, to learning to work for a living, to assuming the responsibilities of supporting others in various steps or conditions, to accepting old age, and lastly preparing for earthly death.

Thus the walk of a Christian as he or she learns to accept Jesus as their Redeemer, has many stops in the road when encouragement and direction is needed. Although this direction is only given by the Holy Spirit, the flow of this leading is thru His workers, knowingly or unknowingly in the course of daily happenings. Prose poetry is one of the ways used, as are testimonies, and of course, the king of them, Holy Scriptures. So as this chapter talks about the walk of a Christian, perhaps, as you read you will find a watering point that encourages you. So let us start reading."

This is Jarvis back again. I am wondering if I too need some help in this Christian walking arena.

The night creeps across my real consciousness,
Like a soothing balm sweeping my mind cells
Into a state of restful relaxation,
As I know, soon the day will turn to sleep.

What have I accomplished this busy day?
Is my life or life of others better
Now that I have expended forth with gusto
The will force, of my personal driving?

When a play is performed the end happens,
But with my life the end never happens
The events keep flowing on forever
And who is, to determine good from evil?

But there is one satisfaction to it;
Because it never stops in its varied tracks
We can always look to tomorrow's light
With renewed hope, that all will be right soon.

Oh! Jesus you provide tomorrow's hope,
Your awesome power is beyond my grasp,
Your spiritual guidance of my events,
Take me, by the hand and lead me always.

By Frank E. Henrich July 10, 2010

John 4:14 Jesus said, "Whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst; the water that I shall give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life."

TROUBLE WITH MY

CHRISTIAN WALK

By Frank E. Henrich Summer of 1983

A true event in my life

I want to tell you a true story in my life during the summer of 1983. I was having trouble walking my Christian walk. In seeking help, I thought if Jesus wanted me to walk a better life, He could help me. So I started to pray for direction. Day after day, I prayed.

Growing roses is one of my hobbies. One day, there was a prize red rose in my garden and I picked it. The rose is known to rose growers as the Chrysler Imperial. It is a large fragrant red rose. This one was big and so beautiful, I selected a single rose vase to hold it -- to give it the honor it deserved -- and then placed it on the desk in my bedroom. For days, I watched the large bud open more and more. One night just before going to bed, I looked at it again. It was almost completely open, and I could smell its fragrance. I knew that the next morning when I woke, it would be in full bloom.

When I opened my eyes the next morning, I remembered the rose and immediately looked over at it. It was bent over and dead. All its beauty was gone. I went over to see what had happened. It was then that I saw the problem. The water had dropped to a level below the rose stem during the night. I thought, "Oh no! I felt cheated. If I had only checked the water level last night!"

But it was time to go to work so I started to dress, and while sitting on the edge of my bed something

happened to me that I will never forget. I was pulling on my socks when this rare event happened. I was facing away from the desk with the rose.

In my mind's eye, you know that theater in your mind, where you relive memories, I saw the rose in the vase again - - dead and bent over. And at the same moment, I received into my mind a silent word thought that I knew did not come from me. The thought was, "You have to stay in the nourishment, if you want to walk in Me." I immediately knew that the Lord Jesus had answered my prayer with the direction I had sought. My response was, "Lord show me the ways to stay in your nourishment."

How about you? Are you receiving nourishment?

Jeremiah 2:11-13

*But my people have changed their glory
For that which does not profit.
Be appalled, O heavens, at this,
Be shocked, be utterly desolate,
Says the Lord,
For my people have committed two evils;
They have forsaken me,
The fountain of living waters,
And hewed out cisterns for themselves,
Broken cisterns that can hold no water.*

Hi, this is Jarvis again. Fr10k, the author, loves roses.
an

When I interviewed him for this book, he said,
"Flowers are bits of Heaven on Earth. My garden has
65 hybrid tea rose bushes." Flowers do come in many
colors as described in the next poem.

GOD'S RAINBOW OF COLORS

The beam of God's love bright
Strikes my body like a prism Of
glass receiving the sunlight
And I am a rainbow of colors.

Color of yellow for joyful feasting,
Color of blue for compassion,
Color of green for faith growing,
Red for serving God with passion.



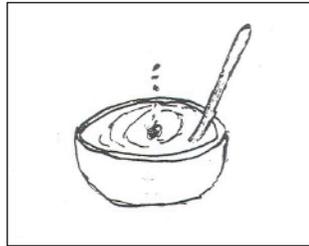
I call my God, my Old Friend,
He doesn't seem to mind, To
Him as an Old Friend,
It is easier to talk & find.

So the rainbow of colors bright
Fill me inside with a blaze, I
am filled with such delight
Lifting my arms in holy praise.

Poem by Frank E. Henrich November 15, 2010

LIFE IS A JOURNEY OF EPI-

SODES



Life is a journey of episodes,
Some tiny, some small,
Some large, some giant,
Like droplets of color in a cake mix.

First, standing out bright!
Then as it is stirred - slowly,
Slowly blending - more and more,
Until its visibility is no more.

But, then there is another episode
That comes splash.
And so life forces forward
On its journey through the episodes.

Poem by Frank E. Henrich November 1, 1984

2 Tim 1:13-14 Hold fast the pattern of sound words which you have heard from me, in faith and love which are in Christ Jesus. 14 That good thing which was committed to you, keep by the Holy Spirit who dwells in us.NKJV

Jarvis, your narrator, is back again. You thought I had forgotten you. Oh, no! Frank told me, "That the control-

ling of anger is a lesson that every new Christian has to learn. It is secured by turning anger into pity." Let us see how Frank expressed this poetically.

TURN ANGER INTO PITY

By Frank E. Henrich February 17, 2011

I was rudely treated
The mental sting smarted,
Oh, where is my cocoon?
I want to climb into it.

Oh! Senseless rudeness
How piercing is your needle
Into my mental posture,
My thoughts fight back.

After hours of planning
How to pay them back
From my cocoon shelter
I am consumed with pain.

It is then I remember
What Grandma Ella advised,
"If someone angers you,
Turn it into pity for them."

For anger requires a get back
While pity is an act of compassion,
So when someone senselessly
Hurts you, having compassion is best.
Ask Jesus to help you
To send love thoughts

For they know the true story
Their rudeness they remember.

Imagine excuses for their conduct
Find forgiveness in your heart
And you might be surprised
When they become friends.

THE LAW OF THE HARVEST

Galatians 6:7-10 Do not be deceived, God is not mocked; for whatever a man sows, that he will also reap. For he who sows to his flesh will of the flesh reap corruption, but he who sows to the Spirit will of the Spirit reap everlasting life. And let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart. Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all, especially to those who are of the household of faith. NKJV The church sermon today delivered by Brian Ralston of Modesto, CA was on the Law of the Harvest. He reminded us that a tomato seed will create tomatoes not corn. And so it is with us, by the choices we make, we will grow sinful weeds when an evil thought comes and we plant and water the idea; we are then dragged into habitual sin. Instead let us do the work of our God, by turning away from sin.

Hi Jarvis here again. Frank told me that he wrote many poems about going to sleep at the end of the

day. The next poem is one of his favorites.

OH NIGHT! WITH ITS STILLNESS

By Frank E. Henrich January 27, 1984

The crying thunder that fills the morning and afternoon,
Has been released to the silence of the night.
Where did it come from and where has it gone this energy
That so abounded and now lays dormant?

As if it has entered into a sleepless night,
Will it come tomorrow again to fill the hours?
Yes, and again to be still when evening comes,
The fast pace now so unhurried seems muffled by the darkness.

The streetlight's stand as beacons against the darkness of the night.
Even my mind so rushed with thought seems subdued By
the silence and the awesomeness of the night.

Should I reverse it? Should I brush it aside with its stillness
And again fill my life with activity?
Somehow it appears as a task quite beyond my comprehension.
As silly as trying to make a morning a night.

What then am I to do with it? Hide it? Be subdued by it?
Or greet it with indifference or take delight in it?
Oh night, what is your message? Why should I fight you?

(Interlude for thought in poem)

A time for contemplation, a time for solitude,
A time for reflection, a time for quiet recall.

For if this be so, what am I to do with you?
I could let you have your way,
To set the dreams of the day aside for another time,
Yet in all this I ponder failing to accept,
Refusing to rest in your stillness,
For such is the mind of a reflective soul.

Yet if it is peace, my lot to be,
Let it be done to me,
And I will refuse to wonder still,
For the night with its thousand mysteries,
Is left unsolved by this reflective soul.
For sleep does beckon me,
To close my eyes with a drifting into unconsciousness.
So ends another day and another night.

THE WAY OF THE LORD

I see a flower with all its loveliness
I see storm clouds with all their fury
I see a child run to the open arms of a dad
I sense the cool taste of water after a run.

I sense the yearning to know you Lord Jesus
From a child this wish has been with me
Yet life with all its injustices drew me away
Bathe me now with Your presence so pure.

Let my spirit inwardly know of this union
Give me peace amidst the jostles of life
For only when this occurs am I at rest
And Your spirit permeates outward to others.

By Frank E. Henrich December 10, 2008

CHAPTER TWO₁₆ WHY AM I LIV-

—

ING?

Hi, my fellow traveler, this is Jarvis, your navigator, back again with a new chapter on why are we alive. When I quizzed Frank on the subject, he referred me to the words of Solomon from the Old Testament below.

Eccl 3:9-13 What profit has the worker from that in which he labors? 10 I have seen the God-given task with which the sons of men are to be occupied. 11 He has made everything beautiful in its time. Also He has put eternity in their hearts, except that no one can find out the work that God does from beginning to end.

12 I know that nothing is better for them than to rejoice, and to do good in their lives, 13 and also that every man should eat and drink and enjoy the good of all his labor — it is the gift of God.
NKJV

Frank, the author says, "Verse 11 holds the key. The difference between man and other animals is that they have a God-given quest to understand eternity and their life's spirit. This quest is one we all seek whether earnestly or sullenly to obtain, and yet we are doomed not to have certainty, yet by faith we can believe and have peace through Jesus our Redeemer. Jesus is the answer to our quest for eternity. For God has promised us eternal life in Heaven."

John 3:16-21

16 For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. 17 For God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

18 "He who believes in Him is not condemned; but he who does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. 19 And this is the condemnation, that the light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. 20 For everyone practicing evil hates the light and does not come to the light, lest his deeds should be exposed. 21 But he who does the truth comes to the light, that his deeds may be clearly seen, that they have been done in God."
NKJV

Reader, Jarvis back again, I do not know about you but this is getting too theological for me. Let us instead now turn to the poetry. Remember, with poetry you need to read the poem three times, with a minute or two of silence between readings, so your thoughts can mix with those of the poet. Happy reading!

WHO-ME?

I have often wondered
How it could be
That within me - such a complex system
Could lie unknown?

I have often wondered,
Could it be,
That little me
Should be so complex?
Then my thoughts did turn,

Who could it be,
That made me so,
So complex?

He must be awfully powerful!
A giant among giants;
And wisdom must abound in Him,
The One who created me.

I looked all over the world
To find who it could be,
I searched books
And I went to school.

Searched as I might
And I looked mighty hard,
There was only one answer,
It's my God up above.

Then when I was 37,
I discovered that God sent
His son to redeem my soul,
Oh! Glory!

Then when I was 41
I was blessed out of my socks
When I found that Holy Spirit
Would come and live in me.

You know this me, is,
Quite a puzzlement to me.
I'm not so sure
I should try to figure me out.

So instead,
I will just live each day
Happy to know that there is
A God watching over me.

By Frank Henrich November 1, 1984



WHY AM I LIVING?

By Frank Henrich August 31, 2010

I search for a meaning of life,
It is an elusive essence,
A flow of life,
So precious, so amazingly rare.

A non material edge,
A presence most supreme,
Yet I must distress,
As grey cells search on.

This unique essence is what?
Can I express it simply?
Oh yes! it is a knowing
It's an inner assurance.

You say, tell me more!

There is a road to travel,
We may travel the same path
Or other routes far distant.

The unique essence fills us
When we have found this path
For the road gives us purpose,
Yes, purpose for living life.

We can feel fulfilled now
For we know our way,
Our mind quest is complete
And joyful peace fills us.

All remains well and balanced
But life's struggles test us
Walking down our smug full path
It fails us, oh despair!

Do I have the energy
To cast away those ties
That held my life tightly
On a road turned foul?

I must move forward
I must quest again, Oh no!
Such a quest can last years,
Yet I must know why I live!

Until a new knowing confirms,
Yes, a new path has been found,
A reason for living that
Fills my psyche with peace.
On a hunt we wonder,

Trust and obedience are necessary for us
To have peace and hope while jostled,
When things happen we do not want,
When things happen we wonder why.

Let us remember that God's vision
Is like the announcer on the high post,
He sees it all from the first to the last,
He loves us and will carry us forward.

People try to get to the announcer perch
By declaring themselves god in an attempt
To see the parade from first to last,
The fruit of their work is like rotten fruit.

So put away the ladders, for there is no way
Out of the jostled crowd of life,
Things will happen to you that you hate,
But submit and trust and obey a loving God.

Poem by Frank E. Henrich. The idea theme
of the poem came from a sermon by Pastor Bob
Collins November 7, 2010 Centenary Methodist
Church - Modesto, CA

Hi, Jarvis back again. In order to trust and obey, we
need the promises of the Bible. Frank says, "The Bi-
ble is a pair of reading glasses that helps us focus on
how God wants us to live, adding the wonderful
promises for us to hold onto in faith.." Let us look at
this subject further in the following poem.

PROMISES OF GOD

Oh! Who can I turn to?
For things are so bad,
My walk is unstable from worry,
I need a cane, please help.

Yet the hours of the day
Keep moving thru their cycle,
Where can I find a helper?
I need a cane, please help.

My friend Joe came to me
Asking, "What ails you friend?"
All I did was look into his eyes and
Said, "I need a cane, please help."

Joe listened to my story,
Then in a quiet voice he said,
"There is only one hope for you,
It's found in the promises of God."

I angrily replied, "What promises?
For I know them not of what you speak,"
Guess Joe has been through tough times, too,
For he kept his calm and smiled.

He said, "They are found in the Holy Bible,
They are worthless to an unbeliever,
For by faith of a believer they are activated,"
I thought, have I found my cane of help?

Could it be another
False road, a mind delusion?
Oh! I hope not, please no.

Individually we move from one
Path to another different road,
Searching, discarding, searching
Until we find the true way.

Let me tell you a secret,
There is a true path,
Yes, an essence to know
A purpose for living in joy.

I found it and it is free,
Doesn't cost a dime,
That is right, you heard me,
I found it and you can too!

You ask, "But how could this be?"
All things have a price tag,
But still I will listen to what
You have to say to me.

It is the golden road of life
Created by God, our Creator,
Traveling it means you must
Delete your sin habits.

For on this road you must
Trust and obey your Master
The One who created you
And placed you here on Earth.

Shakespeare in Hamlet wrote:

"The dread of afterlife
To that undiscovered country
Where no one returns,
Troubles the will."

Even then one searched
As you and I have done,
For the true road to eternity
Unproven until journey end.

Put your hand in the hand
Of Jesus who paid your way,
Pass thru the pearly gates
At the end of the golden road.

For living here is a test,
Will you turn your face
Away from your Creator
Declaring yourself a god?

Hell awaits those so inclined,
But if you obey and trust God,
Jesus will save and equip you
For a joyful ride to Heaven.

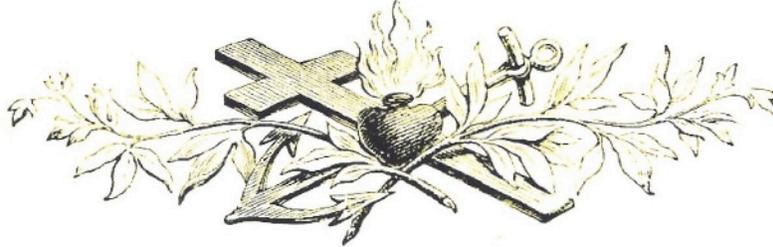


Image and words are from the book Christ In His Church published in 1881 by Richard Brennan. Artist John Shea. "Here we see the anchor of God laid upon living branches representing our lives. Upon this rests the cross of Jesus, who has paid the price for our salvation. All this then is topped by the heart of God burning with love for us."

THE BIRTH OF A POEM

Jarvis back again. After I read the following poem, I asked Frank why he wrote it. I was surprised at his answer. He said:

"So you wonder why a poem comes to be written. What inspired the author? This morning while having pancakes, seeing the General Foods pancake syrup, it reminded me of an engineer who was a client of mine, who became a friend, at General Foods in San Leandro between 1970 to 1975.

Being now 76, I often remember old friends, who I

would relish having a cup of coffee with again, but whose location and name, from my mind, time has erased. So I went to my computer and wrote this poem not knowing how it would turn out. Just let it flow. Do you have some old friends who have lost their moorings with you? Fret not, but double enjoy the friends, now moored along your ship of life."

A FRIEND FOR A TIME!

By Frank E. Henrich January 6, 2008

I was washing dishes in the galley
When I first heard a ship's bell,
Distant but beautiful in tone
Echoing thru the light fog.

Barbara was sleeping soundly
And I had a few dishes left, So
I held my curiosity at bay Until
the bell became louder.

I grabbed the rail and shot
Upward to the starboard deck,
Was this a friend calling?
But we had no appointments.

You see, my boat was anchored,
Floating on the mysterious sea of life,
Being retired, we had no routine
And lots of time on our hands.

The bell rang again, there it was,
A ship, a white-colored yacht,
Of much finer quality than mine
Bearing 20 degrees off the bow.

He was steering for my ship
A stranger indeed he was
Standing boldly on his deck,
Ringing vigorously his bell.

I yelled into my megaphone,
"Who goes there, friend or foe?"
The fog reverberated my voice
Like an echo, over and over again

He yelled back "A stranger,
Who wants to become a friend! I
have heard that you are an au-
thor,
Is that so, are you really an author?"

I picked up my megaphone,
Yelling back, "That's right, I am,
What can I do for you?
This foggy winter's day?"

"I would talk with you," he said.
So I yelled back, "Come aboard,
I have the coffee pot on
And a sweet roll to taste."



He laughed and steered his ship
Alongside and jumped aboard
Giving me a hardy handshake
Like we had been friends for years.

Well, that coffee time started
A friendship of two or three years,
He gave me his private phone number,
And with mine, we arranged meetings.

He was an author also and we shared
Our many writings, joys & problems,
We did not get together often,
But they were special sharing times.

Well, thirty years have passed
And my friend, let's see his name?
I can't remember it, isn't that odd, He
was a friend who now is lost.

He moored his boat near mine
For a time, yes, for enjoyable interludes
But the tides and currents of life,
Drove his white ship and its bell elsewhere.

So enjoy your special friends
While life has moored you together
For the winds of life can change
And the moorings break and scatter.

Jarvis back again. Hope you enjoyed the last poem as
much as I did. I have had many friends like the visit-

ing sea captain. I asked Frank to tell me more about friends. To this he added:

"Friends come and go. We learn from them, laugh with them, and they learn from us. It is all part of the living process called life. For us, who is our greatest friend present with us from birth through life eternal? It is God, who I like to call my 'Old Friend.' I'm sure He would not mind you calling Him by the same name. His love for us is so great that He sent Jesus to come down, assuming a human body and nature; and redeemed us with His blood from our sins. It all started in Bethlehem and the poem below speaks of it. "

LITTLE BABY JESUS

By Frank E. Henrich Christmas Eve 2006

Oh, Christ you came
So many years ago, Oh,
night of nights
When Christ's light shown.

Bathe me in your light,
Blind me with desire,
Hold me tightly
In this sea of life.

Jesus, I look down
At the figurine,
Of you in a manger On
my study table.
A figurine that my



Little daughters bought,
Thanks to Grandma's purse
So many years ago.

You came in helplessness
To give me eternal life,
Now, it is I
Who is helpless.

Hopeful only in meekness
Not in boldness,
Living in joy
For my Master cares.

My raft of life
Needs your constant
Steady wind and oar
To stay afloat.

Oh, Christ you came
So many years ago,
Oh, night of nights
When Christ's light shown.

Hold me in Your light!

Jarvis here, and wasn't the poem of Baby Jesus inspiring? I bet you have some stories that you could tell about your life as a child at Christmastime. It's okay, take a minute or two and lay you head back, close your eyes and relive the Christmases of your childhood.

If we had no problems, life would be just living with

Jesus as our guide through life. But alas, not so. Trials come and we are forced to again lean on the arm of God to move forward. We send prayers to Heaven in envelopes with a postage stamp of faith, seeking and obtaining guidance. Frank read what I said and replied, "Right, on!"

S O M E T I M E S , I S H U D D E R A T T H E F R A G I L E N E S S O F L I F E !

By Frank E. Henrich February 1, 2006

Sometimes I shudder at the fragileness of life
Expected or unforeseen events just a moment away;
My mind is filled with uncertainty and fear,
Could all factors blend into an okay way?

Sometimes I shudder at the hardness of life,
Where cruel persons seem to win;
Where in the name of business some suffer,
Where I hoped for justice to be present.

Sometimes I shudder at the coldness of life;
My stomach reels with a wave of fears,
Into a violent throes of worry and prayer;
While my mind does cry hidden tears.
Sometimes I wonder why life should be a care;

Where are the carefree, loving events?
I can find them in my memories so pleasing,
As I think and ponder each line and bend.

Sometimes I wonder why life should be a care;
There was Mom and Dad who savored their day;
If they made it, cannot we follow their lead?
Somehow they got us to where we are today.

The dead certainty of the past, and unknown now,
Where is the middle ground between these two?
How can we blend these two so I can win?
Only thru Jesus, can this life be known!

Jesus taught that we would have our crosses to bear,
There would be no rose garden for us;
Being Christian means He will, our prayers hear,
For He promised that He would intercede.

So when your mind wants to cry tears;
When fears give your stomach a turn,
Have faith and call on Jesus so near,
And throw those cares in the fire to burn.

Mark 8:34-36 When He had called the people to Himself, with His disciples also, He said to them, "Whoever desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. 35 For whoever desires to save his life will

lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake and the gospel's will save it. 36 For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world, and loses his own soul?"NKJV

Matt 18:2-5 2 Then Jesus called a little child to Him, set him in the midst of them, 3 and said, "Assuredly, I say to you, unless you are converted and become as little children, you will by no means enter the kingdom of heaven. 4 Therefore whoever humbles himself as this little child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. 5 Whoever receives one little child like this in My name receives Me." NKJV

Ps 23:1-24:1

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters.

3 He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil; My cup runs over.

*6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD
Forever. NKJV*



Let Us Be Ready To Run For Jesus

We end this chapter with some humor. Oh, yes, it is

okay to be happy and laugh. A Christian is known by his joy and happy nature. So this cartoon is added to give you a laugh. For we can be too Heavenly good that we fail to live in the world where God has placed us. Let us live here as a representative of God.



CHAPTER THREE— SUFFERING

Jarvis back again. Frank says, "That of all parts of living here on Earth, suffering, whether mental or physical is the hardest aspect of life to explain to a fellow Christian. That is after we have realized that in our own life, pain and illnesses of all kinds are allowed to happen to Christians. God never promised us in the Bible a pain free life but He did promise that He would be with us through the unwanted experience. Remember even God came to Earth when Jesus suffered on the cross to redeem us."

THE SUFFERING OF JESUS ON THE CROSS

Oh! Jesus my suffering Savior
Tis to You I bend my knee in adoration,
Could I suffer as You did on a tree?
Hands and feet pieced by holding nails.

Oh! just the thought of the pain
Sends my mind reeling in anguish,
Never let me forget that torment
Nor the awesomeness of Your gift.

Upon my lips Your praise does flow
With gratitude I walk each day,
Whatever things I must suffer
Let me accept freely as You did.



By Frank Henrich January 2010

JESUS' SUFFERING FORETOLD IN PSALM 22

14 I am poured out like water, and my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax, it is melted within my breast; 15 my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaves to my jaws; thou doest lay me in the dust of death.

16 Yea, dogs are round about me; a company of evildoers encircle me; they have pierced my hands and feet.

17 I can count all my bones, They stare and gloat over me; 18 they divide my garments among them, and for my raiment they cast lots.

SWEET REDEEMER MINE

Can I hide in the brilliance of Your glory?

Can peace always surround my fragile body?

Can I be strong enough to live in faith?

Guide me, love me, sweet Redeemer mine.

My strength to live this way comes from You

May Your loving grace always fill my veins

With a desire to be Your servant to others,

Guide me, love me, sweet Redeemer mine.

You have taken this old wretched life of mine

Cleansed it with Your blood and robed it white

Sending me out carrying Your cross to souls astray,
Guide me, love me, sweet Redeemer mine.

My prayer is if I stray away from Your path
Quickly take my hand and gently lead me back
Once a life in You is tasted, there's none other,
Guide me, love me, sweet Redeemer mine.

By Frank E. Henrich June 4, 2011

WHAT IS THE CROSS I BEAR ?

WE ARE EARTHEN VESSELS FASHIONED BY
GOD TO DO HIS WORK

By Frank E. Henrich Dec. 1, 1978

God clothes His light in earthen vessels. The Scripture says that "For dust thou art, and unto dust shall thou return" Gen 3:19. Jesus told us to go tell the nations the good news of the gospel. Just before Jesus ascended to Heaven, He gave us a charge as recorded in Acts 1:8 *"But when the Holy Spirit has come upon you, you will receive power and will tell people about me everywhere — in Jerusalem, throughout Judea, in Samaria, and to the ends of the earth."* NLT

So when God's golden light shines spiritually on a sick soul, that person has to respond by accepting the presence or rejecting it. If he chooses to reject God's injection into his life, he feels right only if he does it

rationally. So he attacks not the Light of God, but the earthly vessel by saying the Christian is stupid or simple to believe in what one cannot see. He takes this action out of fear of rejection by mankind.

The sick soul recognizes what is good, but chooses not to change his sinful life, especially if it is to follow a life pleasing to God that would require his eliminating his habitual sins life. As a result he is choosing evil because of the fear due to loss of pride and acceptance -- fear that others might say he is stupid, etc -- one fears, then another fear, etc. -- is how this system functions. So he attacks verbally the one thing he can attack, the earthen vessel (you and me) who holds the Light of Jesus Christ -- the key to heaven, -- a new nature filled with love and peace -- only given to us by declaring Jesus our Savior is our-light.

It is better that the sick soul attack us than God. It is part of the cross we bear. We carry the Light of Jesus Christ forward into darkness (evil), daily while depending on faith and trust in Jesus Christ. The crosses we bear are the performing of little acts day by day, moment by moment that glorify You, my God, regardless of what mankind thinks. So wonder no more why some hate you, but let your light shine.

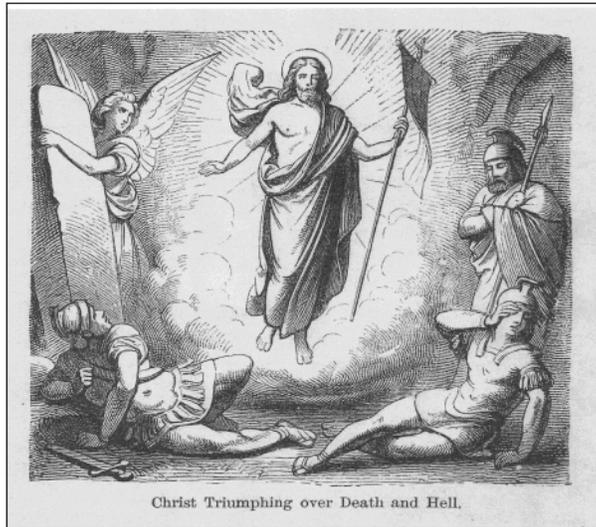


Image from book by Richard Brennan published in 1881, *Christ In His Church*.
Artist was John Shea.

Yes, Jarvis back again. I hear you asking me just who am I? Well, I am your navigator, guiding you through this book. You ask am I short or tall, old or young, fat or skinny, good-looking or homely? Well, I am whatever you want me to be. It's ok with me!

Here the subject turns from the crucifixion of Jesus to Easter Sunday and his resurrection from the tomb. For as He rose, so will you to eternal life in Heaven when you die. Jesus spoke about preparing mansions in Heaven for us in the following Scripture:

John 14:1-4

14:1 The Way, the Truth, and the Life

"Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. 2 In My Father's house are many

mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. 3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also. 4 And where I go you know, and the way you know." NKJV

Frank says, "So now that we have received the great gift of salvation through the earthly death of Jesus on the cross. Now comes our part. That is to trust and obey." Yes, it is the subject of the next prose poem.

THE PASSING PARADE

Moving around in a changing life
Is like going to a parade
Seeing with difficulty only
The parade view now passing.

I am surrounded by people
As I stand there straining to see
The crowd keeps stirring, I adjust,
A tall touching person blocks the view.

So that I cannot see what is coming,
Nor where the parade is going,
But then there is the announcer
Perched above the crowd speaking.

He tells me what is coming next
And where it is all going later,
I still would prefer to see for myself
By climbing up to that perch.

In the real world we see little,
But the present around us,
We would like to see it coming,
Like to know what our acts create.

But there is no announcer speaking,
Oh when is the announcer coming?
Will he speak loud and clearly?
So we go searching for a visionary.

A person who can see beyond today
But after a great deal of trying
We find there is only one such person,
You say who is He, so I can meet Him?

It is God who can see all the events
Their coming and their going results,
You say, yes, but I can't hear Him,
I say, yes, you can hear Him well,

He does not advise you with voice,
He guides you through circumstances,
And to receive this advice is expensive,
It means that you must trust Him.

Yes, His advice is costly to your life,
Requiring we go against our human nature,
Living according to his commandments
And trust in his love and guidance.

Joe said, "God knows we will be overwhelmed,
So He provides for this by promising,
Yes, providing great promises for His own,
They are for us to be our canes of support.

They are for millionaires and paupers alike!
They cannot be bought with money,
Just pick up your Bible and find them,
Soon you will find one and then another."

Joe not only showed me how to find help,
He told me of one of these promises
Found in the Book of Joshua, chapter one,
And opening his Bible, read the promise.

"I command you -- be strong and courageous!
Do not be afraid or discouraged,
For the Lord your God
Is with you wherever you go."

Suddenly I realized that God is with me
In this terrible problem that faced me,
I will trust that God is with me as promised
Now, I have found my cane of support!

Praise God for His mercy to those who love Him by
providing His great promises of help.

Poem by Frank E. Henrich August 24, 2012

Jarvis back again. On May 2, 2013, our author went to
the hospital with the suffering of a cold right foot.

There his right leg was amputated just above the knee in order to save his life. He wrote the below poem about this experience.

SUFFERING AND DISABILITY

By Frank E Henrich July 8, 2013

I was lying in a bed and it was dark
I was just coming awake from a sleep,
Yes, from a space of, oh where had I been?
It must be a hospital room, wasn't it?

Barb was whisperings something
As she stroked my head with pats
Of love and then she said, "Frank
Your right leg has been removed."

I was not sure I was hearing right,
Then she said it again softly,
I reached down and she was right,
The impact of it all hit home.

She continued, "That it was your life
Or the leg, so I chose your life."
The thought of losing a leg had never
Crossed my mind when we sought care.

My last memory was of walking
Into the emergency ward
Of Doctor's Hospital seeking help,
A help that changed my lifestyle.

Suddenly, I fully realized
That I almost went to Heaven,
At 81, I would have seen Jesus my Lord,
But I didn't go, why I thought?

It must be because God still has use,
For His servant, Frank, here on Earth
In yet another way,
A different way to reach others.

I wish the days that followed
Were days of ease and calm,
But I can say that God gave me
Grace and peace to live them through.

Through the next 3 months I have seen
The sick who suffer every day
And with them I pray about their fears,
And try to bring God's peace there.

Yes, suffering or disability
Is not a road I would have chosen,
But it is the road God has for me,
So God give me strength as I go.

Jarvis here! Frank wrote a second poem at the time of his leg amputation about the loss of independence, which is a form of suffering. Moving from a life where you went where you chose, to a limited body of bones, is the subject of the next poem. Sadly, in time most of us must face the sunset years.

THE SUNSET YEARS

By Frank E. Henrich June 4, 2013

Oh when did the sunset years come?
I did not see them approaching from
Around the bend in my hurried life!
Yet they arrived, molding around me.

You say to me, "What sunset years
Are your speaking to me about?"
Well, they're when your children take charge
Of your life, making major changes.

Changes you know need to be done
So confusing and often wrenching
That your mind releases its control
And you go with the resulting flow.

Yes, you're out-voted so you agree
Knowing you have taught them well,
Your reason and resolve dissipated
Not completely but in many ways.

Don't be sad for you have entered
Into another phase of life's cycle,
You have trained your children to care
So rest in that you have done it well.

Oh Lord Jesus, help me to let go
Of the reins that control my life
Give me the serenity to accept
With a grateful heart their lead.

Being thankful that my family who
Devote their time to care for me
Now being ill or old age limits me
To pursue my old vigorous life.

For as I grow older I would choose
To bypass these sunset years,
These I can't, so please God strengthen me
As I learn acceptance and forbearance.

Leaning on You, my Savior Jesus
To take my hand and guide me forth
To be an example of the old and ill
Who proclaim You even in old age.

For it is the last ministry
In the Christian walk and a hard one,
Let me be a shining beacon of Jesus
For all to see the glory of God.

—WRITTEN LATER IN THE DAY

Being surrounded by the love
Of Barbara, my wife of 55 years
And my grown children springs
My life back into the joy status.

This based on the grace of God
To trust Him no matter what,
Centered and held in love and grace,
A sense of serenity fills me.

During the evening of the day I wrote
The above poem, I saw a sunset,
Brilliant red on the sky of blue,
And suddenly, joy returned.

For there is joy and fun yet now,
Maybe I cannot drive my car
But I can still take that trip with Son
And we can laugh and chatter on.

Most of the joys of life remain intact
As Barbara and I live in a new home
There is a new lifestyle to learn
Moving forward in life's parade.

BE YOUNG IN GOD

By Frank E. Henrich June 5, 2014

I say to myself silently,
Oh alarm clock stop ringing,
Give me an half hour more
Of that precious, restful sleep.

Yet, it continues to ring incessingly
And I start to realize,
That I have Bible study class
Coming up in just an hour.

So I stand half awake
Before the mirror,
That reveals the real me,
An old man with a bent-over head.

A man hobbling on one leg
For my artificial leg
Stands ready to installed,
Yes, to let me walk again.

Then suddenly I proclaim!
Wake up, you old man!
For a new day has been born!
Hold you head up high!

For you have work to do today!
Enliven your the spirit of work!
For the spirit of activity in you
Is not of that old man you see.

But rather the eternal, always young!
Always creative, always active,
Spirit of God, for His Presence
Lives and directs your old body.

Yes, even you can be a tiger
For the great Lord you serve.
So hold up your head high!
Forget your age! Be young in Him.

CHAPTER FOUR— PRAYER

Jarvis, back again. Let us now turn to the power of prayer. The postage stamp that sends out the enclosed prayer is our act of faith in believing that God hears us, loves us, and will consider our thoughts.



SNOWFLAKES

By Frank Henrich March 21, 2008

The winter scene is like a carpet of prayers,
As the snow flurries swirl around
Glistening bits flying here and there
That coats the landscape in white majesty.

Are not little snow-flakes, fragile and thin?
Like prayers whispered, in the mind
Of a caring soul, reaching outward
Asking God to intervene for a friend?

Oh! The splendor of the sun shining
On a forest glen covered with snow,
Jesus, may my prayers create a carpet,
Of rare beauty to please Your eyes.

Let me remember the snowflake,
As I send my prayers aflight,
And in my pursuit not quake,
But pray with much delight.

Matt 7:7-12 Jesus said, "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. 8 For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened. 9 Or what man is there among you who, if his son asks for bread, will give him a stone? 10 Or if he asks for a fish, will he give him a serpent? 11 If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask Him! 12 Therefore, whatever you want men to do to you, do also to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets."
NKJV

Hi Reader, Jarvis back again. When I sat down with Frank, our author, we talked about prayer. He told me that he once had a terrible time believing in the power of prayer. He confessed his doubts to God asking are prayers of value? The result of his prayer about prayers was a true event that happened in his life. He wrote it down for you and me and it is recorded here for you to read.

ARE MY PRAYERS HEARD?

THE CASE OF THE DOUBLE WHAMMY !!

By FRANK E. HENRICH

What is this Double Whammy? This true story began in April 1975. My name is Frank Henrich and I began to question whether prayer is as powerful as some would claim. My employment was as a sales representative in my own little company, selling products throughout the San Francisco Bay Area to large industrial companies. Many a book on prayer had met my perusal with the result of me always being still in greater wonderment. Could prayer really be that powerful was my thought? I longed to see prayer as an effective spiritual weapon for me, but I still questioned it. Let me put your mind at rest, I did not question that prayer works. What I questioned was whether God answered direct prayers of a very specific nature.

I, in frustration, turning all books aside, decided to for a time to think no more on it. I do this often when I do not know the answer and I find my mind troubled. Then I turned to Matthew 7:7-11, asking God to fulfill the promise of Jesus by giving me a clear mind on this subject as a gift from Him. It was a call for

spiritual wisdom and understanding. Paul in his letter to the Colossians expressed it so beautifully in Chapter 1, Verse 9:

"We have not ceased to pray for you, asking that you may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding."

Therefore, I turned it over to the Lord and let the matter slip from my mind, trusting that He would instruct me in His time.

My wife was a nurse in a hospital. One of her fellow workers, a woman named Joan, had a problem with which my wife, Barbara, felt I could assist her. Joan's husband was rushed to the hospital with emphysema. Joan came from a Catholic background. Her husband, Matt, was a Protestant in his youth but not active in any church for years. Joan did not know any Protestant ministers but yet Matt wanted to see a minister. When Joan mentioned this to Barbara, she suggested that I come and pray with him. The meeting was arranged and I prayed over him. His health improved enough for him to go home.

Some weeks passed, and I was calling on clients. It was a Wednesday and my appointment calendar was full. I started the day eager to obtain some sales. At noon, I called my answering service for messages. My wife had left a message for me to call her. I called her and she said Matt was again in the hospital and his condition was critical. His wife wanted me to come to the hospital immediately and pray for him. Before I responded to my wife's request, all my after-

noon appointments and their importance flashed through my mind, but then I thought did God want me to pray for Matt? It seemed as though before I could ponder further I said yes, I would come at once. I hung up the receiver of the pay-booth phone and began canceling my afternoon appointments.

I was 50 miles from the hospital and I was going out there during my prime selling time. The thought kept repeating in my mind as I drove to Novato, CA "Lord, you don't need me there. You can heal him without me. You don't need me there." I could not seem to erase this recurring thought and the seemingly emptiness of my going there. I became irked with myself and thought, "It must be that God wants me to comfort Joan. That must be why He's sending me there."

Fifty minutes later, I arrived at the hospital. I found Barbara and she told me the number of Matt's private room. I pushed open the door expecting to find Joan there and expecting to soothe her troubled mind. To my surprise, she was not there. Only Matt was there and he was unconscious. I said in my thoughts, "Why should I pray over this man? He will not know that I am praying for him. This doesn't make sense." There was a large, comfortable chair at the foot of the bed and I went and sat down. I do not know how long I sat there, but I certainly remember what happened there. Suddenly, I had an inward knowing that God wanted to restore Matt and for a reason beyond my intellect, I was to pray for him. I jumped up and mightily did I pray over Matt. Later as I left the room Matt was still unconscious and no one had en-

tered even though I prayed for quite awhile.

Matt passed the crisis and in a few days returned home. I went over to see him to ask for his forgiveness for being reluctant to pray for him. I told him of the events of that day and the prayer for restoration for his life. He began to cry. You would have to know Matt to understand that it was difficult for him to cry; he was a man's man. He then told me that when he was around 17 he had accepted Jesus as his Lord and Savior in a small Protestant church in the South. There he had been very active in the work of the Lord. At age 20, he left there and went into the world and from that point for him; it was wine, women and song.

Now time had passed, no longer was he pleasing to the world. He was 55 and had emphysema in the advanced stages and yet God still loved him. I believe he was crying because Jesus wanted to restore him. I too wanted to cry because God had answered my question on the power of direct prayer. He used me in His work and that brings the greatest joy to me; and while doing this, showed me the power of prayer. For Matt and me, it was a double whammy.

Matt lived for a year and a half confined to his bed with constant oxygen. The Lord filled him with a peace and a joy that surmounted all his obstacles. I saw him often. I would go over to encourage him, to exhort him but found that he exhorted me. He began a study in the Bible and the Lord used him to touch those in his life and in the mobile-home community in which he lived. It was not the kind of testimony

that Matt would have thought he should give for the Lord. It was not the testimony of a successful, manly, proud male, but rather of a man dying while proclaiming in his words and actions that God loves him and has restored him. If you are a fallen away Christian, Matt would be saying, "God can restore you." I know of two persons who received Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior through the witness of Matt.

All stories have to have an ending. I am at a loss as to how to end this story. Perhaps I am not qualified to pen an ending. Could it be that this story is meant to live on in your life and after you have added your element, your reaction, and then only, you can add the ending? To this approach, I pray God will assist you. Let us all give the glory to the only deserving One, our Lord and our God.

Hi reader, Jarvis here again. So Frank learned that prayer is important and heard by God. Frank said, "After that event just described, I always pray with much gusto realizing how powerful our prayers are. "

Frank continues, "The next poem centers on the picture of a person in deep prayer. Sometimes when we go into a private prayer time, we are moved to closeness with God. These special times cannot be manufactured, and are wonderful when we are blessed with a special spiritual presence of God. Our spirit senses the gravity of the moment and we long for it to last forever. One of my favorite images is on the next page. It is a medieval image painted around 1470 AD by a monk of King David in prayer. Let us enjoy the

beauty of this piece of art that is hidden away today for its protection in a library where only scholars can see its beauty. I call this image King David riding a strawberry prayer sleigh. I wish I could show it to you in color. Here the subject of deep prayer is shown visually below by the painting by a monk and on the next page in the words of a poet." Jarvis back again.



DEEP PRAYER

By Frank E. Henrich March 28, 2008

THE WONDERMENT THAT FILLS THE
MIND AND BODY WHEN IN DEEP PRAYER

Oh! Deep prayer, how great thy spell
All senses diminished, a new world opens
A wonderful euphoria, fills my being
And I am home, yes home with God.

Oh! How very lovely, are your chapels
The many colors, so vivid and compelling
Cast a deep spell, immersed in my flesh
In my spirit, comes Your great loveliness.

Oh! Why do I not come more often
I do not know, 'tis a puzzlement,
But I know, when I do come to visit
It is like, heaven opened its doors.

Philippians 4:4-7 (NKJV)

*⁴ Rejoice in the Lord always. Again I will say, rejoice! ⁵
Let your gentleness be known to all men. The Lord is at
hand.*

*⁶ Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer
and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests
be made known to God; ⁷ and the peace of God, which
surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts
and minds through Christ Jesus.*

GOD ANSWERED OUR

PRAYER, PRAISE HIM

A TRUE STORY RECORDED BY
FRANK HENRICH ON APRIL 23, 1991 WHILE
SIGHTSEEING IN LONDON

My sore feet would not allow us the one-half mile walk back to the underground tube to travel to St. Paul's Cathedral in London, England. Wife Barbara suggested we call it a day. I vied for another alternative of taking a taxi to St. Paul's. Thinking the visit to St. Paul's Cathedral would not then require much walking when there, so we rode in a taxi.

St. Paul's is an impressive building. The old St. Paul's church burned in 1666 AD so this building dates from then. I now have a story to tell you about how a prayer was answered. It all started when we faced the front doors, which were 40-feet high and 15-foot wide, providing a space large enough to drive a horse and wagon into the church. These doors are only opened on rare occasions as they require 10 men to open the swinging doors. We entered in a regular door that was set in one of these large doors. You could call it a door within a door.

After entering, we were struck with the largeness of the church. Persons at the far altar end appeared smaller because of the distance of 450 feet. We were awestruck by the beauty of the interior, especially with the ceiling over the Nave in the area where the people sit. It has a 150 feet high arched ceiling. Looking down the length of the church, was casting one's eyes 450-feet forward to the main altar. Yes, a

city block away! This church, and many like it were built in the form of a cross. The Nave formed the long section of the cross. We walked up the Nave and then under the center dome. Now, the 150-foot ceiling ends and was replaced by the 365-foot high dome. The persons walking around the balconies of the dome interior, 150 feet above us appeared half size.

But it was then, that the full impact of the ceiling of the Quire area (altar area) reached our eyes. This area was located in the part of the church that formed the upper end of the long beam of the cross shape of the building. The ceiling was covered with various mosaic glass pictures. We were to learn later that they were small pieces of colored glass perhaps the size of ½" by ½", placed there when the plaster was wet, to the ceiling to portray different Biblical stories. I remembered seeing St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, Italy in 1954, which has beautiful glass, mosaic artwork over its entrance doors. But here, I found mosaics covering a ceiling 150-feet wide by 200-feet long with a brilliant golden hue. So beautiful! Barbara and I sat in the chairs provided there and looked in awe.

In my youth, I had learned to enjoy and be inspired by church artwork. The wonder of its beauty enhanced the worshiping as it motivated in me a desire to recall inwardly, the mightiness of God. The mosaic picture of Jesus as "Christ the King," at the end of the church just below the ceiling, was so very inspiring.

Barbara and I knelt and prayed softly together, each taking our own turn. The mosaics did not have any identification markings of who had performed the work. All we saw was an appeal to meditate on our God's actions, told in mosaic story form. There

were around us, 20 different ceiling cluster events for the viewer to see.

We attempted to determine the meaning of each of the many pictures portrayed on the ceiling. But there was a rope that kept visitors from entering the Quire areas, where you could really see this great artwork. You could enter the north and south quire aisles, and side aisles. But the ceiling of the Quire, where these great mosaics were mounted, could not be seen from where we sat. This is because of the large arch pillar-support structure of the cathedral blocked our view. So content to see it from a distance, we continued to sit in the same chairs located under the great dome. Since we could not obtain a closer view, we prayed that we could understand the great meanings.

I then said to Barb, "Perhaps we could obtain a printed guidebook on the cathedral that would give us the meanings of each of the pictures." I turned my head looking back toward the gift stand, way back by the front door, 250 feet away. My sore feet said "No way!", so I dropped the idea. But after a few minutes, we decided to do it, for it held the only hope we had to understand the visual messages?

Returning to the back of the church via the south aisle, we arrived at the gift shop area. It was crowded but after awhile I obtained the attention of a clerk. I asked if the guidebook contained explanations of the meaning of the beautiful mosaic ceiling. The clerk hesitated, thinking when I heard next, the voice of a woman standing next to me. There were many people standing around in the area when I approached the table with its wares that I had taken no notice of them. The woman said in a firm authoritative voice, "I can tell you." I turned to see a small woman per-

haps 5 feet tall, medium build, white haired, perhaps 70 years old, dressed in a winter coat. She was smiling at me. I did not know her, and my plan was to obtain the printed information, and return to our dome chairs to view the artwork, while resting my feet. But the clerk was so uncertain if the data I wanted was in the booklet, combined by the short lady saying, "I am a guide and I know more about the ceiling than is told in the guidebook", left me in a quandary as what to do. She seemed eager to guide us, so I turned to her and said, "Let's go." I called to Barb who was examining goods on the postcard rack, signaling her to please come. We introduced ourselves.

Her name was Mrs. Joyce Barber. With the practice of an experienced guide, we moved rapidly up the Nave to the area below the dome and then turned left to go to the north Quire aisle. There a ticket taker was positioned to collect \$1.20 for the right to go up that aisle. She waved her hand to the ticket taker saying "Friends" while pointing to us and then said to us, "Come on." We did not pay and walked through.

We spent the next 45 minutes or perhaps 60 minutes with her. At a time like this one does not watch the time. We walked away from the center dome area up the north Quire aisle as she explained the various objects and their meanings. She showed a mounted wall picture in which she stood next to the Queen Mother at a social event. We came the end of the aisle. I wondered where we could go next? Joyce turned to the right. We were facing the high altar, but now before us was a screen made of bars of metal that shown like gold. With difficulty we could see parts of the ceiling and altar through the screen. I thought is this as close as we will get? I thought we could have a

better view is we could pass through the screen. Joyce called the screen the Tijou Gates. She drew a key from her pocket and opened a small gate door within the screen and to our surprise said, "Come in."

We walked out into the Quire (Altar area). When these gates are closed one cannot walk into the area of the high altar. Yes, the very area that the ropes in the dome area had prevented us from entering, the area of the great ceiling. We were standing directly below this great mosaic artwork! She explained the meaning of each picture and told us when and by whom they were constructed. Standing there in the center of the Quire, we absorbed the beauty of the ceiling and the altar with its great canopy. I looked back at the dome area, to the rope barrier and our fellow tourists behind it, eager to know why the three of us stood there alone. She told us that she had been attending the cathedral since 1930 when her father first brought her there.

It seemed unbelievable that we were standing in this great beautiful expanse, just the three of us. The thought came to me, "Could Jesus have answered our desire to know how the artist glorified God, by providing us with a special guide?" My being was filled with a wonderful sense of awe and peace. Not an awe of the beauty of the artwork, but of the knowing that God loved us so much that He answered our prayer. Barbara was so touched that she started to cry. Joyce said to her while she hugged her, "That's okay to cry." Joyce told us that the 3 chairs, 10 feet away from us, were the chairs and kneelers that the Queen, her husband, and the queen mother use, when they attended services. I felt like she was showing the Duke and Duchess of Modesto, through the rare parts

of the cathedral on a special grand tour. I cannot describe the wonders of all she told us and explained. As we walked around the high altar, she explained how it was constructed and furnished. The priests came and went. I was afraid that they would wonder why we were there, but they only greeted Joyce with a hello.

But as we left her, I reflected on how she had so enjoyed explaining to us this beautiful church. A special place on Earth, where God is highly honored through His Son, Jesus. Before Joyce came, we thought the best we could do was to obtain some printed matter, but circumstances were to provide a better answer. God is not above helping those who seek to praise Him. Perhaps if we pray, God will use us in answering someone's prayer like our Heavenly Father used Joyce to answer our prayer. Joyce gave us her name, and we invited her to come to see us in Modesto, California.

There was to be a 5:00 evening worship service. We stayed for part of it. An all-male choir sang and the music pleased Barbara's ear. Then off we went to find and ride the underground tube to our daughter's London area home. A thought prayed and a prayer answered at St. Paul's. Praise God!

Will God answer your prayers? Have you asked Him lately? For six months after this event, we corresponded with Joyce. God used Joyce to answer our prayer. Pray God will use you to answer the prayers of others.

OH NIGHT OF PEACEFUL REFLECTIONS

Oh night of peaceful reflections
What sounds you whisper so softly
Of paradise in all its splendor
Just down the road a short way.

Oh night, you speak of the coming dawn
As if it holds the promise of blissful living,
Free of care and bubbling over with joy,
till I can hardly wait for the hours to pass.

Oh night, you speak of Jesus and His love,
Of a cocoon of grace that protects me,
Of peace and love drenching me with joy,
Oh, let it come on me as you have stated.

By Frank E. Henrich March 5, 2014

Hi Reader, Jarvis back again. When I talked with Frank about this chapter, he said, "There are so many events in my life and poems I would like to place in this book, but alas, space and time have their constraints. So on to the next subject: "What does God want me to do?"

CHAPTER FIVE—MINISTRY FOR GOD

Hi Reader, yes, it is me again, Jarvis. I am like an old shoe; you can't get away from me. I asked Frank about this chapter and he commented, "When a Christian fully realizes the magnitude of the gift of Christ's death, he or she soon wants to serve their wonderful God. Serve by offering not salvation gifts but thank-you treasures by being God's hands, voice, and feet in our world. This requires an answer to the question, 'What ministry do you have for me?' This search can be either easy or hard but always prayerful. This chapter discusses some aspects of this endeavor." Jarvis back, so we know now what to expect. Let's see what Frank has to share with us.

GOD, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

By Frank E. Henrich August 15, 2008

Oh! What peace there is,
When Jesus is guiding me,
Oh! How much contentment,
When attuned with his presence.

Oh! Fright, be gone from me,
Oh! Fame, you desiring spirit,
Be gone from me now,
For God's time is my time.

How do I know His timing?
It's a knowing in my psyche,
It propels my desires

And moves me to action.

Be content, oh wondering soul,
Be calm and wait patiently,
For your awakening will come,
Coming suddenly, be ready.

James 1:5-8

5 If any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask of God, who gives to all liberally and without reproach, and it will be given to him. 6 But let him ask in faith, with no doubting, for he who doubts is like a wave of the sea driven and tossed by the wind. 7 For let not that man suppose that he will receive anything from the Lord; 8 he is a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways. NKJV

Frank says about the next poem, "We are called to walk blindly forward trusting the Lord to lead us."

WALK BLINDLY FORWARD !

By Frank E. Henrich May 14, 2008

I felt the tension in me
As I sat in a examine room
Waiting for the kidney doctor,
What would he tell me?
I knew my kidneys weren't
Well, functioning fully 100 %,
Truthfully at only a mere 26 %,
What would he tell me?

It was the last place
In this big wide world
I wanted to be,
What would he tell me?

Ten minutes went by,
The tension filled my mind,
Then I remembered I needed
To walk blindly forward!

To be a Christian like me
Means I gotta believe
That God is real and Jesus
And will always be guiding me.

That takes a real belief,
A faith in Someone who
I cannot see or touch
And others call a phony.

Yes, my walk with God
Depends on my faith
To believe in the unseen
And walk blindly forward.

So I silently prayed
To walk blindly forward
Trusting in His presence
In a way greater than physical.

I turned my mind to reading
A pamphlet that was near me,
The knock on the door

Was followed by the doctor.

After 15 minutes of an exam
The news was good,
Yes, I can live with 26%
Of active kidney function.

The doctor told me
That she would help me
To keep it from dissipating,
She was encouraging.

What did I learn about faith?
It isn't easy to have faith in God
But it is the road I travel
As I walk blindly forward.

2 Corinthians Chapter 12:8-10 NLT: Apostle Paul writes, "Three different times I begged the Lord to take it away. 9 Each time he said, 'My gracious favor is all you need. My power works best in your weakness.' So now I am glad to boast about my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ may work through me. 10 Since I know it is all for Christ's good, I am quite content with my weaknesses and with insults, hardships, persecutions, and calamities. For when I am weak, then I am strong."

Hi, Jarvis back again. When I first read the next two poems, I asked the author why he placed them here. He said, "I placed the raindrop poems in this chapter to point out several things that a servant has to know

in order to be used by God. But I want you to read the poems and the remarks following the poem, before you read the poem for the second time. Perhaps the importance of the message will then will become more apparent to you."

Frank continued, "As with all poems, a third reading is recommended for poems are condensed thought. Like condensed frozen orange juice, you need to add three cups of water to reach the desired taste. So a poem needs three readings for you to gain its wisdom. Jarvis, this section consists actually of two linked poems and are favorites of mine. Happy reading and don't get wet reading them." Jarvis here again. Let us follow the author's advice here. Yes, you do not need rain gear.

I AM THE LORD'S RAINDROP

By Frank E. Henrich January 27, 2009

I'm a raindrop trying my best
To nourish for You, Lord, hungry souls,
When I think of the vastness of Your power
I am lost in the failure to fathom Your awesomeness.

You know the minds of millions of persons,
You know their thoughts and actions,
You send Your love to each one,
You desire that each one seeks to adore You.
How can I even imagine such a powerful love?
And then to add to this You created us,

While all You want of us is to love You and serve You
While living a life of obedience to Your word.

Oh, how my mind goes into a whirl with all this,
And then You ask me to be a rain-drop
Nourishing souls with Your heavenly knowledge,
Drawing back to You the weary ones.

Humbled as I am, I ask, who me, Lord?
You want me to be a raindrop for You?
Then let Your grace of power ignite me
And show me where my raindrop is to fall.

Put a lake behind me to draw from
And let the drops fall, and fall, and fall.
Lord, please take me (insert your name), Your servant,
Give me the mission and power to be Your raindrop.



RAINDROP

WORK FOR GOD

By Frank E. Henrich June 20, 2010

Long ago, I wrote a poem
Called, "I am the Lord's Raindrop,"
It spoke of a ministry for God
With each drop a worker.

Yes, a worker for God
Not a large important part,
But yet a person with dignity
Seeking and doing God's will.

Then today, as the deacon spoke
This June Fathers' Day sermon,
Something wonderful happened to me,
An unfolding of a deeper meaning.

I thought, is there more to learn
About the raindrop and its attributes?
Are God's raindrops like a waterfall,
Only to fall on rocks and die?

There I sat in the pew motionless
Listening to him tell us all
Of our wonderful Savior Jesus,
Truly the deacon loves God.

Yet as he spoke, my mind

Was listening to a silent voice
Guiding me through a study
Of a raindrop working for God.

My mind was expectant;
Could there be a deeper,
Yet, more profound understanding
Of this raindrop, that's myself?

Then I realized my life, my drop,
Is not physical but spiritual,
That the work I do for God
Isn't dependent on my wearing out.

So I thought, what purpose
Has my little drop of water?
Water is used to nourish plants
To bring them to a fruitful state.

Then I thought, it must follow,
I, the raindrop, must also nourish,
But not in a physical world,
Rather in a spiritual realm.

Yes, Yes, I am a spiritual drop,
A helping messenger sent out
To bring lost souls to salvation,
Showing them that Jesus is the way.
My mind seemed swimming with thoughts,

Others must be noticing, wondering!
Yet, as I gazed around the church
The congregation was placid.

Then I thought, how long, how long
Can I last as a spiritual drop?
Would I quickly evaporate, be gone!
Like a physical drop of water?

Praise God! Oh praise our God,
For soon, it came clear to me,
My drop isn't lost when nourishing
A sick soul seeking God, our Master.

Yes, my drop does only hold
A small bit of spiritual energy,
But it is renewed every day,
Praise God, please bless my raindrop.

Then I thought how can this be?
Again my mind became clear,
God gives my drop spiritual gifts
As daily I seek His work.

Praise God for this new profound
Understanding of my work for Jesus,
Who died on the cross for me,
Whose blood covers my sins.
My inner thoughts became quiet

And my mind returned to the service,
The deacon soon finished his sermon.
Grasping his hand, I thanked him.

I went back to my daughter's home
There wrote the vision down
While it was fresh on my mind;
It was then a question did arise.

I thought, Lord, what do you want me,
To do with this information?
(The Lord knows I like to write poems
So, of course, I wrote it down.)

But Lord, is it written just for me?
Perhaps it's intended also for others,
Written in poetic prose to be read,
Could it also be for you, my reader?

A deep sadness then filled me,
For although, I love to serve now,
This has not always been so,
Oh! To relive those wasted years.

Reader, has this made you realize
That your raindrop lies unused?
Has your lifestyle of self-ego
Destroyed your raindrop work?
It's not too late for you,

Get down on your knees,
Tell God you're sorry and want
To be a raindrop for Him.

Jarvis, back again. The author placed the raindrop poems here for a reason. Frank said, "A servant of God must come to the point where:

1. He understands the awesomeness of God.
2. That his or her ministry is only a very small ministry compared to all of God's ministries.
3. Yet, even if one's ministry is very small, it is important, for if all the drops were removed, God's waterfall would not exit.
4. That the power you function within your ministry is not depleted with use but is renewed spiritually as you need new anointing."

Jarvis back again, asking do you see your ministry for God in a different light now?"

When I interviewed Frank on the next poem, He said,

"God empowers our prayers when He wills with spiritual power. The Bible instructs us so. When we pray, we ask God to intervene into the natural flow of the physical world. We are asking for a spiritual invention," Jarvis, back again. In the next poem, we have a prayer poem for God to remove from us falsehoods, as God did in the life of the Apostle Paul. We all have unknown errors in us. Some are small and some are great, and we need our vision cleared by God to see rightly. This is a prayer asking for such a cleansing. Before we read the poem, let's read the Scripture:

The Damascus Road: Saul Converted

Scriptures Acts 9:1-18

Then Saul, still breathing threats and murder against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest and asked letters from him to the synagogues of Damascus, so that if he found any who were of the Way, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem.

3 As he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly a light shone around him from heaven. 4 Then he fell to the ground, and heard a voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why are you persecuting Me?"

5 And he said, "Who are You, Lord?"

Then the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting. It is hard for you to kick against the goads." 6 So he, trembling and astonished, said, "Lord, what do You want me to do?"

Then the Lord said to him, "Arise and go into the city, and you will be told what you must do."

7 And the men who journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no one. 8 Then Saul arose from the ground, and when his eyes were opened he saw no one. But they led him by the hand and brought him into Damascus.

9 And he was three days without sight, and neither ate nor drank. Now there was a certain disciple at Damascus named Ananias; and to him the Lord said in a vision, "Ananias."

And he said, "Here I am, Lord."

11 So the Lord said to him, "Arise and go to the street called Straight, and inquire at the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus, for behold, he is praying. 12 And in a vision he has seen a man named Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him, so that he might receive his sight." 13 Then Ananias answered, "Lord, I have heard from many about this man, how much harm he has done to Your saints in Jerusalem. 14 And here he has authority from the chief priests to bind all who call on Your name."

15 But the Lord said to him, "Go, for he is a chosen vessel of Mine to bear My name before Gentiles, kings, and the children of Israel. 16 For I will show him how many things he must suffer for My name's sake."

17 And Ananias went his way and entered the house; and laying his hands on him he said, "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, who appeared to you on the road as you came, has sent me that you may receive your sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit." 18 Immediately there

fell from his eyes something like scales, and he received his sight at once; and he arose and was baptized. NKJV

Image of Saul falling from a horse. Image from book by Richard Brennan published in 1881, *Christ In His Church*. Artist was John Shea.



DELIVERANCE THROUGH SUPERNATURAL INTERVENTION

JESUS, PLEASE HEAR ME

Oh Lord, help me to learn
The lesson Saul learned,
For my desires are to serve you
But am I blind to your needs.

If I am pursuing earnestly
A course contrary to you,
Oh, show me my error,
As you did Saul on the road.

Come burn out the chaff in me,
Illuminate the good there,
So I may follow you,
More fully and rightfully.

Make a better servant of me,
For in my humble heart
You know I want to serve,
Cleanse my soul, my Jesus.

Poem by Frank E. Henrich August 22, 2008

Hi, Jarvis here again. The next poem points to the need for a dedicated servant of God to live a holy life as best as he can. It is one of the author's favorite poems and requires of you some soul searching. Be prepared to evaluate your life and boldness for God.

TRANSPARENCY

By Frank E. Henrich March 11, 2007

Note in this poem "Love" is God.

*Love says to me; "Be transparent for Me,
Live a life in My transparency
For with this style, you are My witness,
My glow will sparkle from you."*

*From me, "Oh! I wish I could,
But how could I survive?
Don't you see; my sins I must hide.
Let others see, Oh, No!
My human nature says: hide in my house,
Hide in my clothes and speech."*

*Love says, "Know you not, on the cross before all,
I was naked, whipped and left to die,
How transparent is that? Can you not be
As transparent as I?
Remember it is My spiritual nature that will glow,
Not your human nature."*

*From me, "Oh, show me the way to sparkle,
A transparent beacon for you to others."*

**Read Scriptures: Luke 11:35-36, Matt 6:22
Matt 5:14-16, Romans 2:19**

Jarvis returning to announce the next poem! In the next poem instead of reading the word "Me" say your name in this prayer; a prayer asking God to accept you as one of His workers.

THE PLEADING PRAYER OF A MESSENGER !!

By Frank Henrich November 10. 1984

I am but one voice,
 Among many who say:
Make clear the way,
 Before the Lord God.

Each voice has a slant,
 That God wants to convey;
A direction correction,
 A loving rebuke.

No one hears me
 Is my voice to be heard
Only by the wind,
 That has no roots?

When will it be heard,
 By persons who care?
Yes, I know, my God,
 When You will it so.

Then let me plead,
Not for my glory or fame;
But for human souls,
Who are losing their way.

Help me to show them,
That their glory rests in You,
Their Creator and Lover, not in
Themselves or physical things.

In Your mercy, lift
Partially the spiritual veil;
Let them gain a glimpse,
and they will turn back to You.

Use me as Your instrument,
In whatsoever way;
But let it be, that Your voice
Is heard thru me.

Lord, let me be a minister
In the field of my labor.

Here, I am again, Jarvis, returning with the final poem in this chapter. It is important to recognize that Satan will try to derail the work of God's servants. He may for a time be successful. Frank says, "We need to help the fallen workers, and bring them back into fruitful labor for God. The next poem stresses this point, and is an excellent prayer for workers of Christ to say frequently. It could be called a rededication

prayer."

Jarvis back, let's read it now!

THE WOUNDED WARRIOR

ON THE SPIRITUAL ROAD FOR GOD

I used to think that the road to God
Yes, that road that leads to a close
Relationship with Him in a daily walk
Was always traveled only toward God.

But sadly instead I have found bodies
Of living persons hobbling in retreat
Confused, tired with confidence lost
On the road they had sought to travel.

Having known them in their former eagerness
Now placidness in spiritual things
My soul quickly discerns and weeps,
Oh God, please restore in them Your Spirit fire.

The sight of these wounded warriors for God
Fills my heart with a compassionate ache,
They think they are still okay but I know better,
Oh God, please restore in them Your Spirit fire.

Once they were bright beacons showering
The light of Christ to men and women,
Oh, how they glistened for You to others,
Oh God, please restore Your Spirit fire.

Success is a tough master of an earthly soul
Yielding both worldly and spiritual pride
Blinding the eyes of a Godly spiritual person,
Oh God, please restore Your Spirit fire.



There are some I
see lying down cry- ng,
What could be
his or her problem?
Lord, have mercy on your fallen,
Oh God, please restore Your Spirit fire.

Sometimes I become bold and ask them,
What are you doing now for our Lord Jesus?
Their eyes tell a story of a lost way,
Oh God, please restore Your Spirit fire.

Could the world's troubles have caused

Their fire for serving God with mightiness
To fester in blaming God for their fate?
Oh God, please restore Your Spirit fire.

I am alarmed as I see wounded warriors,
Could their fate on this highway journey,
Befall me, if I take my eyes off Jesus?
Oh God, please restore Your Spirit fire.

Oh God, I plead with you to guide me
Gently with Your Holy Spirit connection,
Keep me meek and humble in You always
As I walk by faith this highway with You.

Yes, I have felt the loneliness
When worldly men shun me and my love
For you, my Lord and redeemer so dear
Please never let me turn away from You.

For once a person has tasted the joy
Of being close to You there is a freedom,
Yes, a freedom to function in Your Spirit
That can never be replaced by the world.

The sight of these once glorious warriors
Alarms my soul that their pain could be mine
Oh God, hold me in the hollow of your hand
Be gentle with me but use me mightily.

By Frank E. Henrich October 19, 2012

Jarvis back again with closing thoughts by the author
on this chapter. Frank said, "Of all the chapters, this

one is of the highest importance. For in Heaven, we can praise God, face to face, but here on Earth we can praise Him plus do his work saving the lost and encouraging the depressed. Happy ministry work!" Remember God does not call the equipped but rather He equips His called with spiritual power from on high.

CHAPTER SIX— LIVING CON- STANTLY IN THE SPIRIT —ALSO

KNOWN AS PRESENCE CHRISTIANITY

Hi this is Jarvis, back again, dear Reader, with a new chapter in this book. In this world there is much confusion on how close can we come to living a life pleasing to God. Is He a distant God who really does not know us? Is He a God who cares and loves us as individuals? If so, can we depend on Him for our daily needs? Frank's views on this subject are, "As we grow older in our walk with Jesus, we learn to trust Him more and more. As problems come and go we learn to say, believe, and live the saying, 'When in doubt, leave it to the Lord to work it out.' The Scripture about the birds below gives us encouragement."

Matt 6:25-34

"Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing? 26 Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? 27 Which of you by worrying can add one cubit to his stature?

28 "So why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin; 29 and yet I say to you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. 30 Now if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will He not much more clothe you,

O you of little faith?

31 "Therefore do not worry, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?'" 32 For after all these things the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. 33 But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you. 34 Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble."

NKJV

Frank continues, "We accept that we are at least as valuable as a bird, so we learn to trust the Scriptures as God's word. As time, and events move forward in our lives, we eventually seek to serve Him, and live a closer life. But how can we live closer to God? We learn to accept by faith, the promises of God in the Bible. The following poems contain truths and thoughts that mean so much to me."

Jarvis, back again. But before you read the selected Scriptures, let us read a short prayer poem to prepare us for God's promises.

A HOLY SPIRIT ABIDING

Gently blows the happy wind
Of the Holy Spirit tonight
Upon those who are right
With our Redeemer Jesus.

Gently blows the caring wind
Of the Holy Spirit today
Upon those who seek to serve
Our wonderful Creator God.

Gently blows the loving wind
Of the Holy Spirit this day
Upon the frontline holy warriors
Who with boldness serve God.



Oh invisible Holy Spirit abide
In my frail body of bones
Unite your strength with my soul
For this is my fervent prayer.

By Frank E. Henrich December 7, 2011

HOLY SCRIPTURES

700 years before Christ was born of Mary, God announced a new covenant that was fulfilled by the death of Jesus and the coming of the Holy Spirit in:

Jeremiah 31:31-34

"Behold, the days are coming, says the LORD, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah — 32 not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that

I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt, My covenant which they broke, though I was a husband to them, says the LORD. 33 But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, says the LORD: I will put My law in their minds, and write it on their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people. 34 No more shall every man teach his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, 'Know the LORD,' for they all shall know Me, from the least of them to the greatest of them, says the LORD. For I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin I will remember no more."

NKJV

Acts 1:4-8 Jesus promises the Holy Spirit. 4 "Jesus being assembled together with them, He commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the Promise of the Father, "which," He said, "you have heard from Me; 5 for John truly baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit not many days from now." 6 Therefore, when they had come together, they asked Him, saying, "Lord, will You at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" 7 And He said to them, "It is not for you to know times or seasons which the Father has put in His own authority. 8 But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth." NKJV

Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit

1 Corinthians 3:16-17 "16 Do you not know that you are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwells in you? 17 If anyone defiles the temple of God, God

will destroy him. For the temple of God is holy, which temple you are."

NKJV

Frank continued talking to me, "Jarvis, don't you see your body, and my body, and the physical bodies of all Christians can become the temples of the Holy Spirit; where He dwells and guides us; gives us good thoughts, and transforms our lives so that we can live a very close life with God?" I responded, "Yes, Frank, I see it." Frank then satisfied that I knew the importance of having the Holy Spirit dwelling in me, leaned back in his chair, and with a sigh said, "But so many do not, because they allow known sin to continue in their lives. God is holy, and cannot dwell in sin. Jarvis, isn't it sad that they choose sin over a life with God dwelling in them?"

**PRESENCE CHRISTIANITY
FOR ME!**

**CAN YOU HAVE A CONTINUOUS
CONNECTION WITH JESUS ?**

or

What happens when my Lord comes to visit ?

By Frank E. Henrich February 10, 2006

Oh Presence, how sweet You are
When my Lord comes to me
My body sparks with delight
My senses are on fire
Yet in all this
I am quiet outwardly, at peace.
That happens when my Lord comes to visit!

How can I have so much fire
Within and be so still?
When a euphoria of well- being
Fills my inner being with a song
That swells higher into a wave
Of gentle peace and pleasure
That happens when my Lord comes to visit!

Oh that it could be continuous,
Oh that it could be forever,
Yet how could I function here on earth?
How can I work to feed my family?
How can I have time for friends?
I would not be able to work
Yet, what happens is my Lord comes to visit !

So in God's wisdom, God says, "No,"
The grace of My presence in you
Must be limited in the normal day,
Then I say, "What am I to do?
When I meet earthly problems
When the day looks dark as it moves
When I long for that peaceful connection."

Oh Lord what am I to do?
What am I to do?
Then the words trust and obey fill my mind
Am I right with God?
Is Jesus my spiritual companion?
If I can say, "Oh yes, I have confessed my sins"
Then suddenly peace fills me.

And I say, "Lord Jesus I have a problem."
Then inwardly I have a knowing
That He has never left me.
Then I can respond, "You're in charge
Please take care of it while I do my part
And I will accept the outcome
Whatever it will be for you're my guiding light.

As long as I can rest in your presence.
Even if it is not a wonderful ending.
Yet, in my humble way, I say, Lord Jesus,
You are in charge and I will be watchful
As the Bible tells me in 2 Timothy 2:24
"And the servant of the Lord
Must not strive; but be patient."

This patience, this presence, is given to me
By your gift of unmerited grace.
Lord Jesus, please never take this grace from me.
Let your spiritual Presence always abide in me.
I will tell the world of your miracles,
The wonderful things you have done
In my life that happen and happen and happen.

Presence of Jesus is an inner knowing that He is with me
Not in a physical way but in a spiritual connection
It is this knowing that lifts my spirit
And lets my being be filled with peace
That flows from this knowing
In unmerited grace to see me thru the worst and best
Events of life and onward to Heaven.

Would I want to live without it?
Oh no, never!
You say, "I do not possess it!
This spiritual connection, you describe.
Is it new or have other authors described it?"
Oh yes, many have written about its wonders.
Yes, you can have it, too; just ask Jesus to fill you.

Read Scriptures Ex 33:14, Psalms 16:11 & 31:19-20

LIVING AN INTIMATE LIFE WITH JESUS

By Frank E. Henrich July 7, 2008

**I live a redeemed life
Living intimately with Jesus,
He lives in me, yes sir,
And it is wonderful.**

**Some people call me spiritual
And I suppose I am,
For long ago I learned
Jesus is my companion.**

**That if I opened the door
To my being, He would come
Move right in with me and live,
So I turned my life over to Him.**

**No longer is He the figure
Hanging on the cross
In pain and anguish
Dying for my sins.**

**He's done that and more,
He was resurrected
From the dead, He arose
And bodily moved to Heaven.**

But He promised to return
In the spirit to make a home In
former sinners just like me
And He kept His promise.

He promised to live in me
To fill me with His grace
To guide me thru the Holy Spirit,
Oh, praise God, praise God.

You say I am too serious
Yes, mystical and too spiritual
But now I would not have it
Any other way.

I used to believe
That living intimately with Jesus
Could only be done in monasteries
Or in the seclusion of a nunnery.

But I have wonderful news
You can live an intimate life
Full of grace, peace and joy
Humbly, in His power, today.

You want to? Just ask Jesus.

2 Cor 6:14-16 14 Do not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. For what fellowship has righteousness with lawlessness? And what communion has light with darkness? 15 And what accord has Christ with Belial (Devil)? Or what

part has a believer with an unbeliever? 16 And what agreement has the temple of God with idols? For you are the temple of the living God. As God has said:

"I will dwell in them And walk among them. I will be their God, And they shall be My people."
NKJV

Rev 3:14-22 'These things says the Amen, the Faithful and True Witness, the Beginning of the creation of God: 15 'I know your works, that you are neither cold nor hot. I could wish you were cold or hot. 16 So then, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will vomit you out of My mouth. 17 Because you say, 'I am rich, have become wealthy, and have need of nothing' — and do not know that you are wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked — 18 I counsel you to buy from Me gold refined in the fire, that you may be rich; and white garments, that you may be clothed, that the shame of your nakedness may not be revealed; and anoint your eyes with eye salve, that you may see. 19 As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Therefore be zealous and repent. 20 Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and dine with him, and he with Me. 21 To him who overcomes I will grant to sit with Me on My throne, as I also overcame and sat down with My Father on His throne.

22 "He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches." NKJV
Jarvis back again. Did you think my silence meant

that I had left you to wander through this book alone? Oh no but it is better to say nothing than to write unnecessary words. But it is time to make an announcement of the distinct second portion of this chapter. The first part covered material dealing with the two subjects of how can we have a close walk with God, and how it comes (through prayer and dedication). Now this next section moves on to what can you expect when it happens. How is your life different? Reader, you can check your life to see if you have reached this point and if not, set a goal to reach even closer to living a life pleasing to our Wonderful Creator.

When I interviewed Frank, he said, "Have you reached a condition of the mind and spirit where you maintain an inner peace regardless what happens to you? A peace that many describe as an "Inner Stillness," or "Inner Silence" or "The Singing Silence Of Peace." It is an awareness of God within you guiding you. It is not arrogance because those who have it are humble and very caring of others. They are meek, which is defined as seeking not their will but the will of God. As we mature as an earnest Christian this life, which I also call "Cocoon Life," there grows a condition within us, happening once in awhile at first. Slowly the incidents increase to where we live constantly in it day and night, each day, and love it.

Then it appears quite by accident, you read of someone else describing this wonderful inner silence, and you are assured you are on the right track with God. So it was when I read the following excerpt:

THE SINGING SILENCE OF PEACE

The first paragraph of chapter one of the book *A History Of Heaven* by Jeffrey Burton Russell reads, "A normal human being longs for three things that cannot be obtained in this life: an understanding of self, an understanding of others, and an understanding of the cosmos. We cannot be sufficient unto ourselves. We are created for the connection with others, for the connection with the cosmos, for the dynamic connection among ourselves and with God. When we ask for connection, we are often met with silence. But if we listen, the silence sings to us."

CONNECTION TO SINGING SILENCE

By Frank Henrich October 3, 2009

Oh connection where are you? I
search for you in my church,
I search for you with my friends,
I search for you in my prayers, I
listen earnestly to the silence.

Is it not enough that I seek
Connection to answer my questions?
"No," you say, "It is not enough."
Then what more is wanted of me?
If desire, is not enough, what is?
Oh, I am so troubled and sad,

My intellect demands of my mind
Answers to who I am and why, yes,
Why am I here and exist for what?
I am told I must connect, but with whom?

College intellectuals speak out
But they have a dozen different views,
Which one holds the answer for me?
Then one day God threw me a curve ball
And revealed to me that He is spirit.

Yes, God showed me in a way
For now I cannot deny His existence,
For my world expanded its horizons
Into a world that is Spirit controlled,
And I saw life in a different prospective.

My intellect said, "You need to connect,
But how do you connect with a Spirit,"
And my mind said, "I need a new start."
So I studied the Bible and prayed a lot,
And at last, my spirit found rest.

For if I live a life pleasing
To Jesus my Lord, He will send
The Holy Spirit to dwell in me,
And I can attend, free of cost,
The College of the Holy Spirit.

So I enrolled and what classes!

The teaching is outstanding
And most of all, came the data
That shows how to properly connect,
Praise God for His wonderful school.

For now the silence sings to me,
Its tune is carried by flowing grace
That bathes my spirit and body
With a constant state of peace and joy,
My character remains, but strengthened.

Oh, what a mystical union!
A heaven here on this Earthly globe,
Yes, I found the connection,
If you are still searching for God,
Turn to Jesus, the true connection.

INNER STILLNESS

Oh inner stillness, what are you?
Are you an inner calm that remains?
Even when a stressful act happens?
What are you, oh inner stillness?

When I wonder what lies ahead
Worry seems to fall off of me,
Which reality is really real?
What are you, oh inner stillness?

How did I find you, oh perfect peace?

I can't remember purchasing you,
Not a penny did I spend for your balm,
What are you, oh inner stillness?

God, my Old Friend, how can this be?
Grace is an invisible force that covers
My whole being with a knowing
That I am in the hands of God.

Yes, in the hands of the Creator of all
Where nothing happens but He knows,
Whose swift hand protects His beloved,
So in all circumstances, rejoice.

This stillness is a grace connection,
A Divine tie that holds me firmly,
Which I value more than gold,
To maintain it, I will not sin.

For there is a spiritual, invisible cocoon
Inside of me where God and I dwell,
No language is spoken or needed,
It's where the Holy Spirit abides.

Words cannot describe its rapture,
Pictures of it do not exist,
Please, dear Old Friend, never take
This wonderful connection away.

By Frank E. Henrich September 23, 2012

Hi Reader, this is Jarvis back again. We have been
reading about having the presence of God within us
in the present world around us. Frank now provides

two poems about the future. He says, "If we are not careful, our presence with God can be disturbed by worrying about the future. "

MY FEARFUL SELF OR SEARCH FOR WISDOM

By Frank E. Henrich June 15, 2011

My fearful self cries out, "What next?"
My mind rambles from fear to fear,
Who can save me from this tumult?
Oh! Guide me, sweet Redeemer mine.

My mind urges, increase wisdom
Find profound books, ponder ideas
But sages give varying advice
Oh! Guide me, sweet Redeemer mine.

Then a close friend said, "Fear no more,
There's a great source for the soul's rest,
It is the Bible, God's living word."
Oh! Guide me, sweet Redeemer mine.

So to the Bible that day I went
I found Jesus Christ, my Redeemer
And began a life filled with love,
Oh! Guide me, sweet Redeemer mine.

MY FRAGILE LIFE

Oh Lord, I realize suddenly
How weak in the faith am I,
It is scary to contemplate
Even after 80 years with You.

My mind and body are fragile,
Not a strong muscle to show,
So I can only call on You
Constantly pleading for grace.

For to live without You is void,
So have mercy on me
Showering Your love over me
For You are my heart's desire.

Even that desire is a gift
Given to me as I stumble along,
The Scriptures say we are dust
And to dust we shall return.

While this dust is a body
Let it serve and honor You,
It will come from a thankful heart
Who received Jesus' redeeming gift.

Though my walk be one or eighty years,
God let me never forget
All I have to offer is my free will,
Take it and lead me forward.

By Frank E. Henrich June 21, 2012
IN THE HANDS OF GOD



By Frank E. Henrich July 10, 2010

The night creeps across my consciousness
Like a soothing balm sweeping my mind cells
Into a state of restful relaxation
As I know, soon the day will turn to sleep.

What have I accomplished this busy day,
Is my life or the life of others better
Now that I have expended forth with gusto,
The willful force, of my personal endeavors?

When a play is performed, the end comes,
But with my life the end never arrives,
The events keep flowing on forever,
So day's end leaves our problems unsolved.

But there is one satisfaction to it,
Because it never stops in its varied tracks,
We can always look to tomorrow's light
With renewed hope, that all will be right soon.

Oh! Jesus, you provide tomorrow's hope,
Your awesome power is beyond my grasp,
You give spiritual guidance in my events,
Take me, by the hand, and lead me always.

Hi, Jarvis back again. Following the theme of the last thoughts, Frank sets next before us a poem he considers inspiring titled *God's Frontline Warriors*. He hopes you will find it inspiring also. To better understand the poem, Frank wrote a preface describing

how the poem unfolded to him. The preface is titled *A Picture of the Christian Battlefield*.

A PICTURE OF THE CHRISTIAN BATTLEFIELD

By Frank Henrich - A true Happening

On Sunday morning in August 2012, I was sitting in church listening to the Sunday sermon. When in the theater of my mind, where I often relive memories in full color, I saw something new to me. I was standing in a large grassy plain where the grass was short and a brilliant spring-green color. It extended in all directions for miles. I stood alone, but looking afar I saw a large army headed my way. The army was so large that I could not see its end so it appeared as a large green mass approaching. They were all marching slowly across the landscape of time and somehow I knew they were all Christians. Then I recalled that I had written a poem called *God's Frontline Warriors*.

Here I was standing out in front of this army. The thought why am I here filled my mind? Then the thought that every general sends out scouting parties to evaluate the strength of his enemy. It was very important for every army that they have this forward guard. Being in the forward guard can bring great risk of injury and even death so only the bold dare venture here.

In a Christian army this vanguard force is a volunteer group of souls requesting the honor to serve.

Then I realized that the leaders of the Christian army are its generals and they cannot risk their lives being in the front guard. No, no, for they are busy organizing and directing the army. These forward scouts have to be serious, earnest Christians wanting to serve God. For the lukewarm Christian will most likely prefer to bypass this honor. The generals need a group of qualified volunteers who are trained to be bold, while moving ahead of the army and feeding the information back to the generals to help them to prepare the way.

Then I realized that some of these frontline warriors scouts, are you and me, yes us, we who are those in the ministry of presenting God daily to the marketplaces in our lives. We are part of that vanguard. God has trained us for this work.

As soon as I arrived home, I looked up on my computer for a copy of the poem *God's Frontline Warriors* to see what it said. Are you wondering also? Well here it is for you to read. Praise God.

Remember to read the following poem three times and take the time to ponder the ideas between readings. Remember, a poem is condensed and needs to be aerated and seasoned with a mixture of your remembrances on the subject and the poem thoughts.

GOD'S FRONTLINE WARRIORS

By Frank E. Henrich April 18, 2011

There is a silence that surrounds me,
It forms an invisible cocoon of peace,
Life swirls around me ever changing
Seeking an input from my energies.

This cocoon is formed grace from God
Unearned yet found in a God lover
With gifts to complete ministries
That form the power for bold actions.

In this silence is a known direction,
A knowing of a way that is right,
Without nary a word spoken or written
The Christian mystic knows his place.

The degree that the world swirls about
The person living in Christ's presence,
Is of God's choosing for He has needs
For the cloistered and front line warriors.

I am not cloistered so I can not speak
But no doubt Satan and flesh haunt monks.
For I am a Jesus frontline-mystic warrior
Out in the joyful grinds of daily living.

A mystic without a building or order
To protect from outside sinful world,
Clinging tightly to an invisible Friend
As the world whirls in great disarray.
I must admit that I often have fears
That this wonderful invisible cocoon
Will be pulled from me by my God

And I will have to face the world naked.

You say how could this happen?
Easily, let spiritual pride puff me up or
When my meek submission to God
Goes astray claiming God's work is mine.

Humility and meekness yet with
The boldness when God so wills it,
These are the markers of a mystic
Along with doing God's work timely.

This road to become God's warrior
Is not obtained in a hour, a year
But painfully learned in the life's fire
Until sensitive to God's call to serve.

Oh my Master, my Old Friend, thank you
For my invisible cocoon of silence
And the spiritual gifts and insightful
Direction for this, Jesus' frontline warrior.

Jarvis here again! Frank said, "After writing this, I wondered why the poem came to me. For I know all that is said here and it is my pattern for life, so writing it down, must be for some other reason. Could it have been written for you? Did you gain from its insight?"

BECOME A PEARL FOR JESUS

By Frank E. Henrich May 11, 2014

We all want to pass thru the pearly gates
Into Heaven when we leave this world,
Which brings up the wonderment of the pearl
Formed in the body of an oyster.

The oyster does not want the grain of sand
That has embedded itself in its shell,
But being unable to dislodge the bit,
It coats the grain until it no longer hurts.

We are like the grain of sand that God
Keeps coating with grace and peace,
As we fall and seek forgiveness so often
He continues to coat us with healing balms.

As we receive His coatings of love we respond
And in time learn to live in His presence,
Becoming a shiny, rounded pearl of great price
That Jesus paid for with His death on the cross.

CHAPTER 7 - VARIOUS THOUGHTS

Jarvis, your navigator, here to visit with you again. In this last chapter of the book, volume one in the *Talking With Jesus Series*, Frank wanted a place to touch on various subjects that are not interrelated yet topics that are interesting and helpful to a Christian in his spiritual walk with God.

SHOULD I WORK OR SHOP ON SUNDAY?

By Frank Henrich October 17, 2013

I was a kid in a small town in South Dakota of 1200 persons in the time between 1931-1945. My father worked long hours six days a week, but on Sunday, he had a day of rest. It always started with church in the morning and often visits from relatives or a short trip here or there. It was not a day to mow the grass and Mom never hung wet wash on the clothesline. The only stores open on Sunday were the cafes and the movie theater. We lived in a Christian community that was not different from other cities across the United States.

But now seventy years later, we have swung to the other extreme where almost all stores are open for business on Sunday, and we now have a culture where children athletics games are scheduled during church times. Some people even take their work home to work on Sunday. They claim they do not have time during the week. A week where they work usually five not six days as my Dad did.

As we mature in our lives, we question the values that

our parents have fixed into our thinking. When it came to questioning my conduct on Sunday, I thought, what was the basis of the reason my parents and the citizens of America in the 1930s had limited money -making work on Sunday. This is not a hard question to answer. There is the teaching on it in the Bible. So I looked up the Scriptures on the subject.

The setting for the first Scripture is when the Jewish people had been freed from slavery in Egypt and then entered the desert where they needed food to eat so God provided Manna to eat.

In Exodus Chapter 16: 15-31 Moses said to them, "This is the bread which the LORD has given you to eat. 16 This is the thing which the LORD has commanded: 'Let every man gather it according to each one's need, one omer for each person, according to the number of persons; let every man take for those who are in his tent.'"

17 Then the children of Israel did so and gathered some more, some less. 18 So when they measured it by omers, he who gathered much had nothing left over, and he who gathered little had no lack. Every man had gathered according to each one's need.

19 And Moses said, "Let no one leave any of it till morning." 20 Notwithstanding they did not heed Moses. But some of them left part of it until morning, and it bred worms and stank. And Moses was angry with them. 21 So they gathered it every morning, every man according to his need. And when the sun became hot, it melted.

22 And so it was, on the sixth day, that they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for each one. And all the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses. 23 Then he said to them, "This is what the LORD has said: 'Tomorrow is a Sabbath rest, a holy Sabbath to the LORD. Bake what you will bake today, and boil what you will boil; and lay up for yourselves all that remains, to be kept until morning.'" 24 So they laid it up till morning, as Moses commanded; and it did not stink, nor were there any worms in it. 25 Then Moses said, "Eat that today, for today is a Sabbath to the LORD; today you will not find it in the field. 26 Six days you shall gather it, but on the seventh day, the Sabbath, there will be none."

27 Now it happened that some of the people went out on the seventh day to gather, but they found none. 28 And the LORD said to Moses, "How long do you refuse to keep My commandments and My laws? 29 See! For the LORD has given you the Sabbath; therefore He gives you on the sixth day bread for two days. Let every man remain in his place; let no man go out of his place on the seventh day." 30 So the people rested on the seventh day.

31 And the house of Israel called its name Manna. And it was like white coriander seed, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey.
NKJV

Ex 31:16-17

16 Therefore the children of Israel shall keep the Sab-

bath, to observe the Sabbath throughout their generations as a perpetual covenant. 17 It is a sign between Me and the children of Israel forever; for in six days the LORD made the heavens and the earth, and on the seventh day He rested and was refreshed."
NKJV

In the Bible, we have the Ten Commandments. Here I quote only the fourth commandment (Deut 5:12) :

Observe the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, as the LORD your God commanded you. 13 Six days you shall labor and do all your work, 14 but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD your God. In it you shall do no work: you, nor your son, nor your daughter, nor your male servant, nor your female servant, nor your ox, nor your donkey, nor any of your cattle, nor your stranger who is within your gates, that your male servant and your female servant may rest as well as you. NKJV

Most Christians observe the Sabbath Day on Sunday. I know there are many views on whether the Sabbath Day should be celebrated on Saturday or Sunday. This article will not discuss them.

Then I asked myself, have the Scriptures changed since the 1930s? Has God changed what He wants from us? If you say yes, then by whose authority did He change? I know of none. Who interprets the Scripture telling you it is okay to work for the almighty dollar on Sunday? Then I thought has God changed what he expects us to do on Sunday. I know of none. Could it be the merchant for selfish reasons?

Let's face it. America was a God-fearing nation of Christians and Jews in 1930's. America's culture today is not based on the Judo-Christian tradition any more. So understand that those who do not claim to be either Christians or Jews have set a new standard of anything or everything is okay to do on Sunday, and we Christians follow along.

Then I thought, I am a Christian; so how am I to handle my activity on the Sabbath? Have I let the secular society determine how I handle my Sabbath? For an example, if Sunday is my Sabbath, have I been shopping on Sundays and has that shopping been causing other Christians to have to work on this special day? If so, then I double sin?

The emergency comes up when Aunt Susie calls and is coming to see you and your cupboard is bare, or you burn yourself and need some ointment from the drugstore. Of course, you go. But do you go shopping because Sears is having a sale and you are bored? Do you say to your neighbor, I can't go to church. My six-year-old is playing in a softball league, and I want to see him play.

Having owned three small businesses, I prayed for God to bless my work with substance for my family needs. I saw the results of those prayers. I learned early, that if I wanted God to bless the work of my hands, I needed to be right with Him. If God desired that I not work do business work on Sunday so I abstained. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist of the 19th century was for a time a traveling shoe salesman venturing from one town to another to do business with

shoe stores. He stopped and rested wherever Saturday night found him and then waited until Monday morning to board a train for his next business city.

For what it is worth to you, I am of the opinion that not keeping the Sabbath holy (which for me is Sunday) is sinful because I interpret the Scripture in that it declares such an action displeases God. I trust you will give this subject some deep thought and consideration.

With this next poem, Frank said, "Jarvis, ask the reader to read and study the next poem and then I will address its meaning afterward." So let's do just that.

THE FOUNTAIN DANCE

Love is like a fountain
Its beauty draws us close,

The closer we approach
The joy of love wetness.

So we expose ourselves,
Our hidden feelings open,
Others find fault, it hurts,
We draw back, try later.

Life at the fountain square
Is a dance with the fountain,
We move closer until hurt,
Then back for protection.

We are always captured
By the allure of the needed love,
Some love is not rejected
And becoming wet is joyful.



By Frank E. Henrich 1/28/2011

When I asked Frank about this poem, he said, "Jarvis, the Fountain Dance poem came with many surprises to me as I read it to friends. When I wrote the poem, it never crossed my mind for one to leave the courtyard of the fountain, rejected and try to find another fountain and courtyard where his or her need for love could be fulfilled. My friends say that happens when a couple divorces or one moves to a new town or area. Does this poem speak to you?" Frank has given us some food for thought.

The next poem came to Frank while he was sitting one evening in his family room. For the warm lights

of the room and the darkening outside gave him a feeling of all is well. Then he looked at the wallpapered wall of his living room and pondered. Going then to his computer, the below poem was written. Praise God!

THE WALLS OF MY HOME

By Frank E. Henrich January 9, 2012

I stared at the living room walls
As the soft lights illuminated
Their rosy pink color,
Then as I continued to stare
I thought only 6" thick walls
Protect my comfort from outside.

From these thin but large walls
Made of wood, nails and plaster, A
shell of protection has extended
For 26 years, they have guarded
Me from the outside world of rain
Also from heat, cold and wind.

I do not think I have ever been
As appreciative before now
Of these sturdy but fragile walls
That allows me to have beauty
As I sit in my comfortable chair

In my living room this gentle night.

As this shell protects my body
As a physical shield from pain
What protects me in the spirit realm?
From the Devil and his wiles?
It is a wall of love-filled grace
That protects my precious soul.

Can I live without this wall of Grace?
Oh! No, God forbid! My soul
Is more needful of God's protection
For my body is flesh and bones
That will pass away into dust,
But my soul will live eternally.

Praise You, my God, for your walls
So little appreciated yet so needed.
Yes, the walls that guard my soul
And those that keep me warm,
All You want from me is to love you
And for all, to know me as a lover of God.

Hi Jarvis back again. When our kids or grand-kids leave home for work or college, there is an unwanted change for us all. We learn to cope with a new life-style. This next poem speaks of this condition.

UNWANTED CHANGE

A NEW FORK ON MY ROAD
FOR GRANDDAUGHTER SARAH
By Papa Henrich July 30, 2010

The news arrived of a college chosen,
Of a desired life change of hope,
'Twas like a fork in the road unseen
Over hills ahead on my highway.

Could it be that it will really happen?
Yet life seems the same,
This unseen fork in the world
Leading to a new venture lane.

Everyone around me is excited
For they shake my hand with glee,
"Soon your life will change completely,"
They say on and on, "Oh, lucky you!"

But as I look ahead, the road
Appears no different to me,
My duties remain the same,
Could this all be a very strange trick?

Yet friends keep giving me advice,
Were they preparing to let me go?
Oh, Lord Jesus, help me to get through,
The uncertainty this all presents.

I start to count the days
Yet all around me it seems
That nothing is changing
Except people keep saying, bye.

As my life moves forward, I wish
I could reach the distant hilltop,
If I could just stand looking down
Into the valley of change ahead.

Just to view the new life that lies ahead,
But would give me sudden relief,
Perhaps not? I'm really not sure,
I am so confused and thought tired.

The day of my departure is coming,
My feet are ready for the next step,
I am feeling a new separateness,
Apart from my friends and loved ones.

All plans are set and in place,
In my mind I am already there,
Today is the day of departure,
Is this a wise thing, that I wanted?

We will share hugs and kisses
And will trade hearty handshakes.
Dad's car stops, I get out, and wave bye
For I'm reached the new fork of the road.
A new world is open to me
But also to those I leave behind,
May all of our lives be rich in love,
May we be guided by Jesus every day.

While we handle unwanted changes, we have the wonderful opportunity so constant, of the receiving of Communion.

RECEIVING COMMUNION

By Frank E. Henrich September 20, 2008

Oh! Precious Lord's supper, enliven me
Oh! Gift from Jesus my Lord, fill me,
How am I to measure you? Enliven me,
A mystery too deep to fathom, fill me.

When the bread sets on my tongue, fill me,
I lift up the cup to my lips, enliven me,
When I surrender my love to you, enliven me,
Oh! Mystery of mysteries, fill my being.

Once I viewed an old last supper picture
Gaining a sense of its great magnitude
As the monk envisioned it in 1502 AD
Now 500 years later, it is still powerful.

But the earthly vision, true as it did happen
Is outshone by the Giver of the gift,
Who died a horrible death on the cross

So we could be forgiven of our sins.

Who left us a reminder of this great love,
When He asked us to share in communion,
Yes, if we live an intimate life with Jesus,
He lives within us all the time, praise God.

But still it honors Him to
His wish

And partake in this won-
derful communion



honor
derful

Joining us together, brother and sister
Sojourners on the earthly road to paradise.

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Frank said to me, "Jarvis, we have to be in the world and the Spirit. Some persons spend all their time in the world and little in prayer resting in the Spirit of God. Encourage the readers to seek a quiet time often with God."

MEDITATION TIME

By Frank E. Henrich August 5, 2008

Oh come sweet flower of meditation
Creep into my psyche with fragrance
Hold my attention to your awesomeness
Hold me free from distraction.

My mind rebels against you
No, no, I want no meditation
For I lose my mind control
To an uncontrollable source.

Yes, indeed you do go quiet
That is why meditation is scary,
So guard what you think
When you desire to meditate.

Start your meditation with a Scripture
Or a praise of God speaking out
And then trust God will guide
Your mediation time with Him.

Dedicate your deep prayer time
To Jesus and trust Him

And your times in spiritual bliss
Will be treasures held dear.

Ps 19:14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Your sight, O LORD, my strength and my Redeemer. NKJV

Let us now proceed to two funny poems.

CHRISTIAN ARE NOT SAD SACKS

By Frank Henrich August 19, 2010

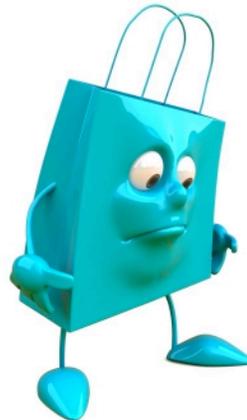
Oh! if I could fly a kite,
If I could spoon a goldfish
From a big school of fish,
Oh! if I could fly away
Into a land of airy dreams,
Would that make me happy?

Oh! happy foolish me!

Oh! if I could catch a fish,
Row a boat across a lake,
Roller skate a waltz at a rink
Kick a can into a yard
Dye my hair carrot orange
Would that make me happy?

Oh! happy foolish me!

Should I have a drawn long face?
Should my shoulders droop?



After all I'm a Christian
And I have an important
Mission to save the lost,
Did God say be a sad sack?

Be happy, you wise you!

WHERE HAS THAT YOUNG MAN FRANK GONE? GONE FOREVER

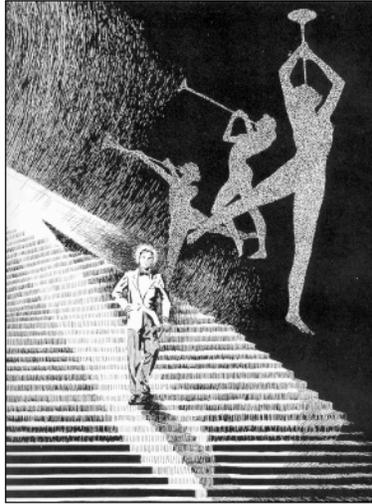
By Frank Henrich October 26, 2005

I look in the mirror
Of my bedroom door,
Acclaiming in awe
About a change I see.

I look in the mirror,
I see eye glasses and baldness
Where has that young man Frank gone?
Gone forever.

The mirror reflects a pot belly
And bent over shoulders,
Where has that young man Frank gone?
Gone forever.

I didn't see him go!
Did you see him leave?
Where has that young man Frank gone?
Gone forever.



From the Old Testament: Ecclesiastes Chapter 3 Verses 1 through 13. "There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under Heaven.

Bible: ment:

*A time to be born and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to uproot,
A time to kill and a time to heal,
A time to tear down and a time to build,
A time to weep and a time to laugh,
A time to mourn and a time to dance,
A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
A time to embrace and a time to refrain,
A time to search and a time to give up,
A time to keep and a time to throw away.*

In one of my last interviews with Frank he said, "We may gain much wisdom from our Lord, and we must not forget to praise Him." So the next

poem speaks to us about praising God.

HOLY SPIRIT, TEACH ME HOW TO PRAISE!

I praise You my God for who You are!
The Creator of my world and my life,
Though others deny you even exist
I shout my God loves me in every way.

Yes, in every way He guides me
As I stumble along life's ways,
But I walk with a smile and joyful stride
For fear is not present on my mind.

So how can I adequately praise You, my God?
My simple thank-you seems so inadequate,
But it is all I have to offer so great a Lord,
Holy Spirit, teach me to learn how to praise.

By Frank E. Henrich February 4, 2013

Jarvis back again. This book was edited and ready for the publisher, when an unexpected event happened which resulted in a new poem. Frank felt the poem should be added to the book. To understand the poem in its fullness, he has agreed to tell us how it came into existence.

GOD'S WEAVING POEM HISTORY

Background of poem:

The late evening of November 12, 2013 started off being normal. Barbara, my wife, had gone to bed and I sat reading. It was while reading that God blessed me with a new poem. You and I know how wonderful we feel, when God touches us in silent thought. The poem came as I was reading the new book by Wm Paul Young called *Cross Roads*.

During this reading, I came across a phase that moved me to prepare to write a new poem. The phase was "...that's all in God's weaving," dealt on the subject of God's hidden directions in our lives.

This new poem is very precious because it holds a message for you as a worker for Christ. I praise God for trusting me with its message in the form of a poem so you can read, and absorb its message into your ministry work. The poem is called *God's Weaving* and you will find it on the next page. God directs my work as a custodian of Christian Poems formed by silent thoughts. How does He direct your work?



GOD'S WEAVING POEM

By Frank Henrich November 12, 2013

I am a thread skillfully woven
Into God's colorful carpet
Of enormous size, beyond description
A single thread of color, I am.

And I think my life should be
Brightest color for all to see
Such ego, have I, when all I am
Is a single thread of what color?

I don't even know the shade I bear
Me being a single thread I am
In this huge cloth weaved by God
Whose colors blend in and out.

And I ask God to what purpose
Does He want me to serve life?
As this carpet is constantly weaved
As if I was the star of the action.

Forgive me Lord for my spiritual ego
Thinking myself more than I am I
shall wait and be weaved by You,
Wherever You place me is okay.

This is Jarvis back again. Frank sent the above poem and its background to the noted Christian author of many books, Dr. Jeffrey Russell, who responded with the following email, "That is a powerful poem, and a very very wise one. Amen to it. And thanks to the Holy Spirit who wove it into you.

Reader, are you ready to offer your thread to God to be woven in the carpet of life as a servant of God? It was great making this journey with you. Perhaps our paths will cross again when you read some more books written with the Frank Henrich mark. He gives God all the credit. This journey covered a lot of material so perhaps you might keep it on your favorite bookshelf for future pondering. For the sound of a voice dies almost as fast as it is spoken, but written words live on. Frank says, "My library has the words of two hundred friends I never met, long dead, yet who urge me forward on my Christian walk." Perhaps you have a friend who needs to read this book. If so, then pass it on.

Again, this is Jarvis wishing the God's blessing as you continue the joy of your journey, talking with Jesus.

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