

# **Pearls Out Of Pain**

- a quest for God -

**Rev Peter Hartley**



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## ***Dedication***

*I lovingly dedicate this book*

*To my dear wife*

***Hilary***

*The Companion of my Quest*

*and the*

*Partner of my Pilgrimage*

## ***A Word of Personal Testimony***

*“Young man, you have a tumour at the base of the skull.”*

The were the very words of that leading and kind Leading Consultant at Rochester Infirmary to me in 1972, after my appointment at their X-ray Department.

I was 32 years of age and the tumour in my head had been growing for a number of years. It had destroyed the pituitary gland and the fossa in which the pituitary lay had been eroded to paper thickness. A chromophobe adenoma they called it. My hormone imbalances and prolactin levels were sky-high and thyroid was nil.

The presence and growth of the tumour certainly explained the struggle of those years, desperately trying to keep up and to cope. The optic nerves began to waver under the strain and pressure of the tumour. The pain was bad, but the emotional and nervous trauma was far worse. After many years of looking forward, my hopes of overseas service for the Kingdom of God had to go.

Six months before the diagnosis, Hilary and I stood at the altar to say, *“In sickness and in health... till death us do part”*. Much prayer had been offered, for me, throughout this country. Indeed, from all over the world has come the promise and support of prayer.

Something of a casualty, I was ordered to rest. The Lord made provision for me to spend a week at a Home of Healing, in East Sussex. I drove there, hard, bleak and desperately in need. Here, Hilary could not come. I must go alone. Rarely has she left my side and never have I been separated from her care and love.

The Home's first effect upon me was to lead me to my room to weep. Here was love and healing in a practical way. I had not known this before. Thursday was a Service

of Holy Communion and the 'Laying on of hands'. That morning, about 9 a.m., I became wonderfully aware of the Lord's presence, in a measure unknown before. I feared His presence might go away, but it did not! I also felt a powerful heart-warming sense of faith. Thus it was that I made my way to the Chapel for the 10 a.m. Service. I spent several moments on my knees just gazing at the Cross and a memorial of the Lord.

I saw the Lord coming towards me! He was so real! His arms were stretched out to me! The Lord was present to heal others too, but it was as though He was there for me, just me!

Was this an end to what had seemed a silent heaven for so long? Oh my dear Lord Jesus; He was coming to me! He came and stood by my side. How often I have prayed for others, "That they might have the Lord's presence right by their side". Here He was, right by MY side! It was wonderful! How can I describe the heavenly reality of those moments? As I stood in His embrace, He said, "*I love You.*" There were no words which I needed to hear more than these. Now I heard Him for myself, not someone else telling me! He told me Himself! This was music sweeter than anything I have ever heard. I responded to Him and this was what I said, "Lord, I love You too! It was a conversation almost too precious to utter, but I tell it for His glory alone.

I then saw myself kneeling, and later I knelt at the same place as in my vision. I saw the Lord was just behind me. As I knelt I saw, as it were, a cloak or shawl rising from my back and shoulders. I knew in those moments, that shawl was the sum total of all that hindered my wholeness in Christ. It was my disease and all its consequences, and by all, I mean all. All in me that was contrary to the nature, grace and love of the Lord. As I looked, I saw the Lord stretch out His hand. He took the cloak and, with one omnipotent action of His arm, He cast it away. The pit was

dark and its billows curled in blackness. I saw that cloak or shawl no more. I was healed! The Lord who had been pleased to heal others through my hands, now healed me.

I remember and clearly saw what happened next. I asked the Lord, 'what about those drugs, tablets and pills that I take every day of my life?' They were in my room, all eight or so containers of them. I had them in a Boot's plastic bag. It was as though the Lord picked up this plastic bag, as one would pick up a smelly oil rag with the tips of one's fingers. This He also threw away with the same action of His omnipotent arm! He threw them to the same place as the cloak that had gone from my back and shoulders! By no means did I understand this to be an action of scorn. Those drugs etc. had kept me alive! This was an action of His loving power that would give new life to me.

But all was not over. I saw now a throne. It was before me - in front of me! It was where my Lord reigned! It was His throne. What a sight it was!

# **Quest of My Life**

## ***Quest of My life***

Somehow, when lost in the maze of my years,  
With no inner presence to comfort my fears;  
How often my eyes were a fountain of tears,  
Life seemed like a valley where the mist never  
clears.

My soul often asked in the black hours of night,  
If only I had but a glimpse of the light;  
But grope as I might for the dawn of delight,  
My call but re-echoed, reflected my plight.

How poignant the moments adrift and alone,  
How painful the music, how dreadful the drone;  
How passion was moment'ry and mocked me to  
moan,  
How futile and meaningless, a soul on its own.

I tasted, but hungry of heart I remained,  
I touched, then my soul was but sullied and stained;  
I tried, but my mind became moulded and maimed,  
I tumbled in poverty's pain, powerless and chained.

"Is there no one to help me?" I cried in despair,  
In sheer desperation, it must have been prayer;  
My soul in an agony, fists beating the air!  
Is there no one to hear me beyond the 'out there'?

It seemed e'er my lips had but uttered this cry,  
A consciousness gripped me that help was close by;  
My eyes drifted upward, yes, up to the sky,  
Where the light of a star caught the sight of my eye.

I felt in that moment my hopelessness die,  
The floods of my tears were beginning to dry,  
A massive compelling, a presence close by,  
Which urged me to follow that star in the sky.

The sky was still dark but ne'er hid from my view,  
Through a break in the clouds came that light  
shining through;  
I clung to a hope, a hope that was new,  
That the light far above me, had purpose, was true.

It suddenly dawned on me as day after day,  
When, but for my star I would sure lose my way;  
But a pilgrim I was and a pilgrim I'll stay,  
The quest of my life to pursue, come what may.

My mind then recaptured those days way back  
there,  
A beautiful mother, her soft silken hair;  
The touch of her hands was the touch of her care,  
But memory of mother was a memory of prayer.

My way long and dreary, how dreadful the thought,  
I feared it too late to see what I sought;  
A burden which clung to me was all I had brought,  
Was it to be in vain? Was all for nought?

But then, just to pause and to look up and see,  
The light that was sent seemed so special to me;  
My pace would be quickened for I longed to be free,  
I left where I came from, where I go it must be.

Far away, yet before me but piercing the night,  
I saw what I can but say was a wonderful sight;  
In shafts of great splendour both golden and light,

Oh, that beautiful hillside so gloriously bright!  
Towards it I sped, for now how could I tire?  
And then, in a moment, the clouds seemed on fire;  
Now rank upon rank of heaven's own great massed  
choir,  
The song which they sang rose but higher and  
higher.

But after a while having gone a fair pace,  
The beautiful light stayed a pathway to trace;  
In a moment it seemed I had come to the place,  
For a while, I could rest, oh blest breathing space.

In utter amazement I stood at the door,  
With words just above, "For the rich and the poor";  
Poor though I was, I felt I could be sure,  
Of a welcome, love's kindness, so holy so pure.

I stood by that door awhile just trying to know;  
Once and again my hand to the door latch would  
go:  
Though a strong hand restrained me and a dark  
voice said "No";  
I was caught in love's torrent - irresistible flow.

No longer persuaded by self-passion to try;  
No longer perplexed by doubt's ponderous why;  
No longer possessed by despair's passionate cry;  
No longer pervaded by Sin's perilous sigh.

To my humbled astonishment, how could it be?  
That the door once before me is now opening I see,  
Then I knew that the door had been opened for me,  
And all I need do was to enter and see.

The lintel was lowly, but the entrance was wide,  
My shoulders were bent but my feet were inside;  
Then casting a glance as to where I could hide,  
I buried my face in my hands, for a while, and I  
cried.

I felt for a moment my heart it must break,  
But my tears were not those of despair's tragic  
make;  
In so humble a place there began to awake,  
A calm understanding that it was for my sake.

Not a soul saw me enter the stable that night,  
The ground was so holy, my footsteps were light;  
But before my own eyes was the wonderful sight,  
Of a Baby! Oh, a Baby! Oh, dawn of delight.

It seemed for a moment the world's concourse met  
there,  
With a beautiful mother, how divine was her care;  
And then as though angels encircled the air,  
I was alone with the Babe and my prayer.

I knelt at the manger to gaze at His face,  
His eyes meeting mine with their shame and  
disgrace;  
Could it be that this Child Who was so full of grace,  
Would provide for my soul a safe hiding place?

As I rose from my knees and stepped from His side,  
No longer forsaken, I knew love would abide;  
No longer forlorn, I could always confide,  
For ever a refuge, a place, where, I could hide.

But what did I see not long before day?  
The Child's lovely mother the lamp took away;  
A mystery descended O'er the place where He lay,  
So meek and so mild, fast asleep on the hay.

The lamp was hung high in that stable so bare,  
A shadow cast O'er the Babe lying there;  
It seemed to my heart as I rose up to stare,  
The shadow was that of a Cross, oh infant, so fair.

I knew as I left as the first light of day,  
That a pilgrim I was and a pilgrim I'd stay;  
An inward voice told me as I went on my way,  
That the Cross I had seen before breaking of day -

Would be raised once again on a hill far away,  
And the sins I had carried would be nailed there to stay;  
But the manger I'd left, held the price that must pay,  
But a pilgrim I was and a pilgrim I'll stay.

### ***The Best of My Life***

Lord, not just the ashes of year after year,  
Or merely my hopes intermingled with fear;  
Not only the failures stained by many a tear,  
Yet withholding from You all the things I hold dear.

How often in childhood, those innocent days,  
Skillfully handled, the little life prays;  
While watching intensely its wide eyes will gaze,  
Then quaintly in song, sing a paean of praise.

# **Inspired of Scripture**



## ***The Love Slave***

*Exodus 21:2-6*

My servant, come here, for in this the sixth year,  
To one of your station, emancipation!  
My God has commanded and the law has demanded,  
Your liberty gained and your freedom proclaimed,  
There is nothing can hold you, and lo, I have told you,  
The door is now open and I give you your freedom,  
To go and not stay on this wonderful day.

But alone you must go, for the day of your woe,  
Found you poverty-stricken with no one to quicken,  
The throb of your heart and so you must part,  
With all you have gained while your service remained,  
To a master who sought the slave that he bought,  
My servant, go free, you no longer need be,  
A servant to me, you are free!

My master, I plead, in the hour of my need,  
I have dreaded the day you might send me away,  
May no way be found how I might be bound ,  
For service, for ever, separate never,  
From all I hold dear and those who are near,  
Must it be that I part? Entwined is the heart,  
By a love, that though oceans break, and dash my  
emotions.

Love's bond is the hand, thus humbly I stand,  
To beg of my master, pray let not disaster,  
Be the price of my freedom and the cost of a lonesome,  
Walk with but memories store and a life that is poor,

Existence bereft for nothing is left,  
To a servant now free who no longer need be,  
Of service to thee, must I be free?

My servant, a plan, is designed for the man,  
In whose life love's compelling, Redeemer indwelling,  
With his heart he must say "I cannot go away".  
In complete consecration, I have chosen my station,  
For the master who bought me all true values has  
taught me,  
With a more excellent way in His service I'll stay,  
But the love of a servant must give place to the fervent.

Love giving, love taking, of those who are making,  
A partnership, blending, that never has ending,  
And the fruit of our love are but signs of above,  
Where the love of a Father, in Whose service I'd rather-  
Though my freedom is mine, what love, so divine;  
Let the mark of your grace now be made on my face,  
"Free to go", You have told me, but compelled I shall  
serve Thee.

### ***About the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm***

Oh, Shepherd Friend; for ever may it be,  
Until the end, please, I would follow Thee:  
No other voice to take the place of Thine;  
No other choice than that which made Thee mine.

May I not want, what never Your sweet will,  
Allows for me - You do not choose that ill,  
Shall satisfy, or rest content until;  
My longing soul, Yourself, my vessel fill.

Ah, tempter's power, vain gild and glint increase!  
True love grows cold, heart rest in God does cease!  
Oh, blessed constraint, Good Shepherd, ne'er release;  
In Your dear hands, here only I find peace!

When all Your waves and billows, though no harm,  
Are gone O'er me, and Jordan crossed, this Psalm;  
He led me here, so strong my Shepherd's arm:  
Lord, lead me there, by waters still and calm.

Just as I am, I come, Oh make me whole;  
A pilgrim child - a world - help me to roll,  
On one so strong, all that the world takes toll  
Oh, Shepherd kind, I pray restore my soul.

Good Shepherd, where You lead, there I must go;  
Where e'er it be, how wonderful to know,  
That with each step, Your love shall surely show:  
Lord Jesus Christ, the name whose praise must flow.

Kind Shepherd, when the call shall come to me,  
And I come home, across death's narrow sea;  
No shadowed vale; no wave shall evil be,  
For I shall have Your own dear company.

Dear Lord, in death, no evil need I fear;  
You are with me, that which I hold most dear,  
Than unchastised, I would Your rod appear:  
Uncomforted, I would Your staff be near.

Good Lord, I stand on what Your promise says;  
For all my need; the story of my days:  
My table spread, the proof that all Your ways,  
Are pleasantness, thus may my life be praise.

Bewildered, Lord, some fail to comprehend;  
Because of You, some bitterly contend:  
Anointing One, on me Your Spirit send;  
My life O'erflow, until my journey's end.

My Shepherd Friend, my prayers would now ascend;  
For goodness, Lord, I ask that You will lend,  
To me, for life, while mercy's arms extend:  
Oh, gracious Lord, love's giving knows no end.

I come to You, and at Your altar stand,  
Lord, take my heart, Good Shepherd take my hand;  
No other way, than what Your will has planned:  
Your house, for life, I wait on Your command!

### ***About Psalm 33:1-6***

Dear Lord, I would be glad in Thee;  
Covered by Him, whose righteousness,  
Shines best, when all the world can see,  
The Lord I love, the name I bless.

Let instruments tell forth His praise;  
Ne'er can it be too great the choir:  
With harmony, love Him, Whose ways,  
Awake in you love's grand desire.

# **About Prayer**

## ***Lord Teach Us How To Pray***

Lord Jesus, as we see You pray,  
    Somehow we feel, this is the way;  
That we must take, for every day,  
    Your love constrains our hearts to say:  
“We want close by Your heart to stay,  
    And at Your feet our burdens lay;  
To rise, just like the sun’s first ray,  
    Which ends the night and clears away,  
The shadows, lest our feet should stray,  
    From that sweet place we saw You pray.”

### **“Our Father”**

Father, within this sacred place,  
    We lift our hearts and hands, and face;  
Father, by right of all the race,  
    But Father best of all by grace:  
It is to You the way we trace,  
    We need the throne of heavenly grace;  
Each hindrance, Lord, will You displace,  
    And all our unbelief erase:  
That our weak faith may grow apace,  
    Until we see You face to face.

### **“Who Art In Heaven”**

We pray for help to understand,  
    Where Jesus is, at God’s right hand;  
He sits on His established throne,  
    And prays for those who are His own:  
We wait His glory thus to share,  
    For answered is His every prayer,

Our Great High Priest for us has died,  
And none who trust will be denied;  
Our Advocate, once crucified  
And those He called, He justified.

**“Hallowed Be Thy Name”**

Lord, woe is me, with lips unclean,  
If I Your name should thus demean;  
To hear the world blaspheme - what shame,  
To saints, so sacred, that dear name!  
Lord of my tongue, for every word,  
Spoken on earth, in heaven is heard;  
May all my speech thus seasoned be,  
Words that bring glory, Lord, to Thee:  
Help me to use that name to win,  
Save me, dear Lord, from verbal sin.

**“Thy Kingdom Come”**

Did I forget, dear Lord, to pray,  
That I might bring one soul today?  
Words are just words if I don't take,  
The gospel forth, for Jesus' sake.  
When will Your Church, Lord, learn to ask?  
When will Your Church fulfil its task?  
Help us rise up and meet this hour,  
Filled by Your passion and Your power,  
To earth's remotest corner fling,  
The gospel, then bring back the King.

**“Thy will be done”**

That night in dark Gethsemane,  
We find Christ in an agony!

His sweat, are drops of blood, we see !  
And now we hear Him make this plea -  
"Father, remove this cup from Me!"  
On yonder hill I see a Tree,  
Ah, soul of mine, it was for thee:  
"Your will, not mine be done," cried He,  
Take my will too, and let it be,  
Surrendered here at Calvary.

**"On earth as it is in heaven"**

Dear Lord, we've broken all Your laws;  
Few will defend a godly cause:  
Then from Your word we walk away;  
Right is unpopular today.  
In trouble, Lord, 'tis You we blame,  
We honour not Your holy Name;  
Yet sure as waters fill the sea,  
The earth with glory full will be:  
Dear Lord, the battle will be won,  
And here on earth Your will be done.

**"Give us today our daily bread"**

Lord, You have bidden us to pray,  
For bread, on which to feed today;  
Help us to trust and simply say,  
"Thank You, dear Lord, just for the way,  
Our every need has been supplied,  
And no good thing has been denied."  
Remember those whose needs are great,  
For some, today will be too late:  
Better a frugal meal to share,

And demonstrate a Christ-like care.

**“Forgive Us Our Trespasses”**

“Father, forgive”, the Saviour said,  
Before He bowed His wounded head:  
“Forgive your brother, lest it be,  
Forgiving grace withheld from thee.”  
Lord, for my sin You bore the blame,  
Let me not use another name;  
For sins which deeply wounded Thee,  
That I from sin may be set free;  
Freely forgive, then let it be,  
Father in heaven, forgiving me.

**“Lead us not into Temptation”**

Oh, dearest Saviour, just to know,  
You were no stranger to the foe;  
Oh Son of Man, Oh world of woe:  
The tempter’s rage, why was it so?  
But You endured that we might know,  
There is a place where we may go,  
And let our Conqueror overthrow,  
And to the adversary show,  
That grace can like a river flow,  
In which a tempted saint may grow!

**“Deliver Us From Evil”**

The Serpent’s bruise, The Saviour’s heel;  
Oh, wounded head, so shall you feel,  
Christ, manifested to destroy,  
And take your universal toy:  
Let Him for ever cause your death,

No more to blast your evil breath:  
Oh roaring beast, dark angel light,  
Then shall your morning be your night,  
Then in those moments you shall know,  
When vanquished in your overthrow!

**“For Thine Is The Kingdom”**

No other King, no other throne!  
No other Glory - His alone!  
No other Prophet, Priest or King!  
No other Praise, but His to bring!  
No other Shepherd, Saviour, Friend!  
No other Love, where spirits blend!  
No other Advocate on high!  
No other Son of God to die!  
No other Cross to set me free!  
No other hope of heaven but He!

**“For Thine Is The Power”**

Lord, at Your throne we bow the knee,  
The throne of all authority!  
Yet in Your gracious sovereignty,  
Your grace has made a way for me!  
All power is given unto Thee,  
And you have promised faithfully,  
To all who love Your Calvary:  
Who, risen with Christ victoriously!  
Then they may all partakers be,  
Of Your indwelling powerfully!

### **“For Thine Is The Glory”**

The glory, Lord, will always be,  
Forever, Christ, bestowed on Thee:  
But, Oh the glory of the ‘Tree’;  
The glory of Your Calvary!  
Worthy the Lamb upon His throne!  
From where He reigns within His own!  
Your glory, Lord, I can’t define!  
Never, oh never, will it be mine:  
Your love - Your power will ever shine,  
The glory, Lord, forever Thine!

### **“Forever and ever”**

My years, dear Lord, are quickly done,  
Upon my days, Oh setting Sun:  
For life’s brief span, when once begun,  
Such is the race I lost or won.  
My days and hours I give to Thee!  
Be Lord of life’s dear destiny!  
What love is this, divinest Friend?  
What grace is this that will extend?  
What power, that will Your own defend?  
Oh Christ, Your Kingdom has no end!

### **“Amen”**

Amen, Oh Lord, so let it be,  
Then will You give sweet rest to me?  
To follow so obediently,  
To gaze at You so trustingly:  
To wait for You so patiently,  
To serve You, Oh so faithfully!

All my fresh springs are found in Thee,  
In You is all my certainty,  
My glory and eternity,  
Amen, dear Lord, so let it be.

### ***A Birthday Prayer***

There's nothing will give me  
More pleasure today,  
Than to send you best wishes,  
For a happy birthday;  
Then to tell you I paused  
For a while just to pray,  
That all would be well  
As you go on your way.  
I asked for God's love,  
On this wonderful day,  
I asked that His grace  
Would be with you always;  
I prayed that His presence,  
Forever would stay,  
Bringing joy and deep peace  
That will not pass away.  
"There's a place near My heart"  
Is what I heard Him say,  
May today be for you  
A happy birthday!

# Seasons

That I call 'God', but must I fall?  
Ah! human arm though e'er so strong:  
To you it never did belong;  
The fact of faith's security;  
Not me, but Oh my God, in Thee.  
Lord, let not e'en the thought be found,  
That I may stand - presumptuous ground!  
But that my heart at rest may be -  
Amazing grace has hold of me!

### ***Infant Wonderful***

Prophets spoke with great delight;  
Angels sang one starry night:  
Thus may I with all my might;  
Celebrate that sacred sight:  
Little Lamb, lo! let Your light;  
Shine, thus shall the world be bright:  
Son of God, all wrongs make right;  
Blessed be Him, Whose fearless flight:  
Penetrates His people's plight.

### ***Monarch of the Manger***

He's the Monarch of the Manger,  
He's the Babe of Bethlehem;  
He's the Christ of yonder Cradle:  
He's the Man among earth's Men.  
He's the Saviour in the Stable,

He's the Sovereign in the Stall;  
He's the Grace of Heaven and Glory:  
He's the Almighty Lord of All!

### ***Oh Bethlehem***

The Centuries Have Passed, Oh Bethlehem;  
Prophet's Inspired Forecast, "Peace For Men":  
His Name Is "Prince Of Peace", Oh Manger;  
But To This Grace Am I A Stranger?  
A Legacy Of Peace, Thou "Son Of Man";  
Oh Cross, Release The Peaceful Plan:  
Passed Understanding, Mary's Child;  
Angelic Singing, "A Heart By Peace Made Mild."

### ***The Day Star***

I see a star on distant far horizon,  
Its light all other stars does far outshine;  
My life drawn onward by its great attraction:  
To worship there at Bethlehem's lowly shrine.  
Shine on! Shine on! Oh guiding star that leads the way,  
Oh may my eyes look upward to the sky;  
Please may I come, in trust to where the Saviour lay:  
Once more to wonder, while my longing soul asks  
"why"?

A baby, oh a babe! Whose lovely form divine,  
His manger-cradle may I worship there?  
Yet, as I gaze, those eyes so pure are raised to mine:  
And then to touch Him with a humble prayer.  
How can it be, that God Himself became a man?  
To walk the human road, what mystery;  
To live my life and die my death, how great the plan:  
The plan of love which loves the world and yet loves  
me.

I hear sweet strains; a throng of angel voices,  
All heaven in harmony for joy does sing;  
What glad new sounds as 'glory' thrills with praises:  
For born today is Jesus Christ the King.  
Sing! Sing! Ye choirs, your song must fill eternity,  
Oh tell the world its Saviour has been born;  
Sing on! Sing on! Your glad news spread O'er land and  
sea:  
The song of love, and joy, and peace; and hope's  
grand dawn.

Oh Bethlehem, what mighty 'Love' is cradled there!  
Oh little Babe, what joys enshrined in Thee;  
"Peace, perfect peace", passed understanding, Virgin's  
child:  
A day of hope, "Amen, so let it be!"  
Ring out, Oh bells! Ring out with mighty pealing!  
While heavenly trumpets sound throughout the sky!  
Let all creation rise with jubilation:  
A babe is born, the King of Kings, and Lord Most  
High!

# **Ponderings & Musings**

## ***A More Excellent Way***

To those within the bond of love,  
Parting is pain, for love does bind;  
Yet it must be, for life is life:  
But hearts in love are intertwined!

The author of true love is God,  
Love's questing feet, with heaven are shod;  
Alternate origin but none:  
For God is love and love is God!

Inferior types, could there be such,  
Are substitutes, sad certainty;  
Oh inner infidelity:  
Sad consequence, true tragedy!

"Love never fails", Divinest heart!  
Oh love of God, eternal ray;  
Earth's oceans have their boundary:  
But love, how excellent a way!

Oh love, my love, true love must pray,  
"Maintain within this sacred flame;  
Construct a mirror, that love's life:  
Reflect the radiance of Your Name."

To love, no distance is too far,  
The longest length, true love can leap;  
It spans the barrier of miles!  
And cannot fail to care and keep.

Love prays, prepares, preserves and pays,  
Perceive its purpose, precious heart;  
It pauses, practices and plans:  
In partnership pursues its part.

Nothing destroys this holy state,  
For partnership, eternity;  
Where love of each, for each loves God:  
For God is love's blessed destiny!

But let love grow, its heart expand,  
Enlarging love's capacity;  
For love in loving must improve:  
Increasing giving quality.

Question love's grand priority,  
Does it defy all gravity?  
All lower than divinity:  
Infringes love's sweet purity.

Dare death's dread doom, destroy dear love,  
Love's interchange, would then be hate;  
Will love in life have unity:  
Then lie discarded at heaven's gate?

The bridal love, a hallowed type,  
Of Christ, Himself, the church His bride;  
Can Jordan separate this state?  
Would heaven be heaven, with love denied?

At one with Christ, forever one,  
For what can separate this state?  
At Calvary love's union, done:  
Or was the cross, for love, too late?

Thine altar, love would take its stand,  
Its glad bequest, supremacy;  
Love's author grips the yielding hand:  
Oh gracious love, this love for me!

Oh Love in Heaven, my Advocate,  
My Great High Priest, Oh Son of Man;  
My Shepherd guards His sheepfold gate:  
To snatch His sheep, no other can.

Love's abiding life is sharing,  
Just as the branch is to the vine;  
Then love's precious fruit is bearing:  
His life flowing out through mine.

Love in heaven, forever caring,  
His was the love that first loved me;  
Guard the one Your love is sharing:  
That both beneath love's wings might be.

Lord, Your love, the love that called me,  
Into love's fellowship with You;  
Be the grace that keeps me near Thee:  
With Jesus only, in full view!

### ***An Open Heart***

My heart is open to Thee, Lord,  
Like flowers the sun embrace;  
I long to feast upon Thy word,  
I long to see Thy face!

## ***For the Conversion of St Paul***

I met Him on the Damascus Road;  
My guilty past, a crushing load!  
I hated the 'Name'! It was like a flame!  
That fired my anger to fiercest heat!

To terrify them, who followed the feet!  
Of a Galilee Man, a Carpenter - Crucified!  
Who went about doing good, and died,  
Like a villain who dies for his deeds!

He pleaded as One, Who aware of my needs!  
Cast a light, thus scorching my sight!  
And in my disgrace, as I lay on my face,  
I did hear, what seemed to appear ...

A voice, which in gentle tone,  
Asked me, "Why did I ever condone,  
Such passion and hatred for Him, Who alone,  
Had died to atone, to make all His own?"

My heart was broken, and I found I had spoken;  
The Name I had hated!  
I asked of the Lord, Who He was? And then waited,  
He told me, "My name is Jesus."

## ***Grace Did Much More Abound***

Though a million tread the Calvary Road,  
Then a million, million more;  
The crimson flood will bear the load -

Oh, ocean, unfathomed floor!  
Can God forget? Yes, a million times,  
And a million O'er and O'er:  
Though a million souls with a million crimes,  
He'll remember them no more!

### ***The Lane of Life***

When love requited love's advance,  
Launching a life on circumstance;  
Not some celestial prominence:  
Producing pearls in eminence.  
But co-humanity has flung,  
Into the lane of life its young.

Shielded and safe by stage by stage,  
Progress is portrayed page by page;  
Care in creation, yet with pain:  
The body grows, the lung, the brain.  
The heart, then is the human whole,  
Nay! It must see the sacred soul.

What of the welcome which awaits,  
This child of time anticipates;  
With mind untaught, yet how will thought:  
Construct the babe who has been brought.  
Into the complex choice of calls,  
That echo from a thousand halls.

The kinder into kindness creeps,  
Although in its first moment weeps;  
Anxious await the early cry:  
The lusty lung, the soundless sigh.  
Yet she who smooths the downy hair,  
Has counted with creative care.

Sad state, the one who comes too late,  
Too late for love, thus closed the gate;  
No fanfare sounds when you arrive:  
Antipathy! It is alive!  
The broken cord, but not of love,  
Ah mercy! One beholds above.

Exposed! Thus winds the way, while wear,  
The one will tear! The other care;  
Omnipotence, take both and bring:  
Flay every foe! Your fury fling!  
Pray, pinions poise with pageantry!  
And ambient ambitiously!

### ***The Secret of the Shadows***

Almighty God, give me the grace,  
To dwell within "the secret place",  
Yet though I may not see Your face,  
Your shadow will my life embrace.  
Oh loving Lord, my pathway trace;  
Stay with me while I run the race:  
Though seeing not, my doubts displace:  
Glad day when shadows flee apace.