

## Poetry Series

# Joseph James Breunig 3rd

- poems -

**Publication Date:**

March 2012

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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### **Joseph James Breunig 3rd (June 26,1958)**

Having been an IT (Information Technology) professional of thirty years, Joe has launched a new career as a poet. Back in November 2005, He published his first book of Christian poetry. Presently a new book is under development; stayed tuned for details.

Works:

Reaching Towards His Unbounded Glory

ISBN: 1-4196-5051-3

<http://www.squidoo.com/book-isbn-1419650513/>

(See 'Poet Comments' for book reviews.)

**<b><font color=#000000>Computer Geek</font></b>**

After twenty years, as cursed as I may be  
for having learned computerese,  
I continue to examine bits, bytes and words  
and insure that I'm one of those computer nerds.

Program design, source code and compile  
followed by walk-throughs that place me on trial.  
There's lots of testing – a means to an end  
in hopes of avoiding future production abends.

There are micros, minis and mainframe hardware  
which are made to work with in-house and vendor software.  
Provided are many platforms for everyone to use  
and assure misinformation in data's abuse.

Learn more about me and my poetry at:

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#000000>Dust</font></b>**

Those disembodied remnants,  
Earthly remains of unknown souls,  
are now assembled at my doorstep.  
Having piqued my attention,  
who are these unwelcome houseguests?  
Loved ones or Nordic heroes  
who were consumed in funeral pyres?  
How old are these molecules  
that have been forever scattered  
during these past centuries?  
Unwanted leftovers of human containers,  
eaten by microscopic mites,  
nibble at my presence  
and wait for my spirit to dry up.  
The dust calls for my fated demise;  
However, my particles won't be intermingled.  
My segregated ashes have earned me my own space  
in the cemetery's manicured ground.  
Thus, no one has to clean up after me.

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**<b><font color=#000000>Evening at Bunganut Lake</font></b>**

A loon with its solitary cry,  
pierces the stillness of the night;  
its voice proclaims its domain of serenity  
over the pine-tree enclosure of Bunganut Lake.  
The lonely birds calls for contenders  
to dispute its watery authority,  
for those within earshot range.  
After each shout, tranquility's silence  
responds with an answer of "no reply",  
until the next challenge is issued.  
The eerie timbre of the loon cry  
may cause me to shiver, but...  
There's no place at night I'd rather remain.

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**<b><font color=#000000>Losing Myself</font></b>**

Cuddling with my beloved  
under the warmth of satin sheets,  
I gently sense the merging of souls  
as our bodies become one flesh.  
Fingertip sensations reflect the excitement  
that are already stirred within my spirit.  
During these sweet times of intimacy,  
I'm losing myself as a fading light  
in the ultimate desire of Love,  
as the moments are embedded  
softly into our memories.

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**<font color=#000000>The Wall Street Fiasco (Senryu) </font></b>**

Those greedy bastards,  
worship money and power,  
in name of Ayn Rand.

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**<b><font color=#000000>Today's Great Undead Poets</font></b>**

Today's great undead poets,  
awash in the Internet sea,  
seek to fill the void of sensible emptiness  
of our cyberspace world.  
Following the heroic tradition of Man,  
these daring individuals look to gain acceptance  
through the expression of concepts.  
Mirroring the virility and vitality of Life,  
in defiance of critical naysayers,  
the blankness of virtual paper  
is scribbled upon with hurt, hope and ideals.  
Writing styles and topics,  
whether expressed in romanticized language  
or the coarseness of profanity,  
are brilliantly reflected in individualized glory  
and authors bask in the personal satisfaction of achievement.  
In the ever continuing flow of poetic thought,  
today's great undead poets  
find treasures in the discovery of self.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>A Sinner Like Me</font></b>**

Pushing this flesh into alignment,  
guided by The Word most holy and pure,  
I'm striving to learn principles  
for a sanctified life to endure.

My Lord loves me without hesitation  
and allowed a part of Himself to die.  
He's calling me homeward without reservation;  
by His Spirit, to His side, I'll eventually fly.

Knowing I'm a child of His,  
during trying times I find true encouragement.  
I'm able to lean on His strength  
while in search of heavenly ascent.

Stumbling forward with pained progress,  
I've chosen to turn myself towards Thee.  
On Your path, lit by spiritual Light, I'm hoping...  
That You will still forgive... a sinner like me.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Chained to Myself</font></b>**

To Nature's old self I cling,  
although I should be a new creation  
and enjoy the blessings that it brings.

I'm bound as a passive prisoner  
wholly contained within my soul,  
while personal chains constrict even tighter.

Jacob Marley would have been proud,  
as I've forged my own binding links  
that strangle the life force, which is continually cast down.

The freedom that I crave  
won't be obtained by my own strength,  
for only the Cross' power does truly save.

The might of the Living Word  
with its reproducing, Dunamis power  
enlightens my spirit with Truth that's been heard.

As long as I continue to believe,  
I'll stand victorious (for the battle's already won) ,  
overcoming false doubts and having fears relieved.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Danger of Zealous Fervor</font></b>**

Yes, the goal is to reach souls;  
but at what further cost?  
Unacceptable is using fear as mind control  
for reaching those considered 'lost'.

When not as an example of victorious living,  
the principles of God appear to lose credibility.  
If not demonstrating a God that's loving,  
then appeal of the Kingdom lacks desirability.

To berate skeptical souls with Hell's threat  
will deliberately cause immediate offense.  
Salvation is not a game with souls to bet -  
Offer encouragement to get off the lukewarm fence.

Our responsibility is to share Salvation's plan,  
not forcing people to immediately decide.  
We are to be God's vessel to reach Man  
and not propagate the Eternal Divide.

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**<font color=#0000CC>Eternal Wellspring</font></b>**

Wellspring of spiritual water,  
It's bubbling inside me.  
Gently soothes my bruised soul -  
Covering Life's pain of mystery.

Unseen surging river,  
Courses through body mortal -  
Renewing my energy,  
Forced through this open portal.

Full to overflowing,  
Come stand next to me,  
Let the excess splash on you -  
To prime your own jubilee.

This internal source,  
Never shall run dry;  
For Hope springs eternal,  
Keeping this flood in full supply.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Eternity</font></b>**

In the quiet garden of Heaven,  
one day I'll walk beneath the trees  
with the coolness of God's Spirit  
flowing more gently than an Earthly breeze.

In the royal kingdom of priests,  
I'll run barefoot on streets of soft gold,  
overwhelmed by the perfection of peace,  
following where angels had previously strolled.

Before the awesome throne room,  
I'll exude continual heartfelt praise  
as part of God's familial host  
safe and secure in everlasting days.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Evening Sky</font></b>**

Gazing into a starry night,  
I see a deep indigo sky  
with perfect placement of twinkling light.  
Stars reveal the expanse of time  
from before the birth of humanity;  
their existence came from dynamic energy  
which was created by spoken word  
that no man has ever heard.  
Solitary spirit of awesome might  
painted this heavenly canvas  
with a flick of His hand and uttered thought.  
Divine creation shared with you and me -  
It's part of our heritage and His eternal legacy.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Heavenly Invitation</font></b>**

Written down is God's Word;  
we are encouraged to be heavenly, joint heirs.  
So examine His Word for Truth's proof,  
for His wish is that 'we join Him there'.

Jehovah first gave of Himself,  
breathing Life into Man's creation.  
Now He is waiting patiently...  
And anticipating a grand celebration.

Final merging of the family tree  
are earthly souls and angelic beings;  
hear the chorus of praise resound  
from all of us eternally singing.

Among a nationality of rainbow races,  
our palms are raised high -  
In thankfulness for having been...  
Invited to the Kingdom of the sky.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Human Behavior</font></b>**

It's hard to extol the merits of mankind  
and to lavish excessive praise is insane;  
recognize the gamut of vain emotion  
and treatment of our brothers that's inhumane.

The natural nature of man is hardly good –  
Proof is found in our vocabulary;  
despite incredible accomplishments of this world,  
poor relationships of man to extremes are still carried.

Our literature and news is littered  
with ugly views of crime and hate.  
For brief review of the damage perpetuated,  
let's take time to reiterate.

There's slavery, incest, murder, torture,  
greed, rape, hatred, genocide, racism,  
bigotry, fear, starvation, thievery,  
lasciviousness and terrorism.

Uncaring predators have always existed,  
unable to overcome the evil within.  
Such conditions show our need for a loving God,  
to triumph over the presence and affects of sin.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Human Matrix</font></b>**

Forcing an alignment of corporate resources  
for some theory of best fit correlation  
doesn't work on Kingdom People  
when using an unspoken method of tabulation.

If Life is about true spiritual growth,  
then why do ministries attempt to pigeon-hole  
not making any allowances for us  
to develop, expand and break our current mold?

Despite multitudes of outcome possibilities  
the Church seems to suffer bouts of paralysis  
from the continued mashing of talents and gifts  
resulting from unexplained Presbyterian analysis.

There are many ministry leaders who speak of vision -  
Their tone indicates that the laity is completely blind and numb;  
their message is clear - the Body is not interested  
to reach the Earth before Kingdom Come.

We are souls with great, untapped potential  
and not just elements of an array.  
Despite our abilities and life experiences,  
our dreams and desires we're not allowed to convey.

For a failure of Church motivational tricks  
comes from cramming God's People into a human matrix.

For more information, please visit this link: <a href="http://www.squidoo.com/book-isbn-1419650513/"><b>Reaching Towards His Unbounded Glory</b></a>

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>No Elaborate Pretense</font></b>**

Please forgive the simplicity of rhyme,  
for I wish to be clear and take my time.

It's never been "pc" to be Christian in any century,  
out of step with the World, in what ones does or sees.

Having ideals may make me seem pompous,  
even though I have no desire to impress.

I'm attempting to follow a Heavenly Plan,  
by being a godly steward and serving fellow Man.

What I write from the heart, for me is real;  
although as a guy, I'm not supposed to feel.

For some, the Principles of God make no sense –  
However, my Faith is... no elaborate pretense.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>On God's Mountain</font></b>**

To be on your mountain top  
with an elevated view,  
could my chances increase  
for getting a glimpse of you?

Standing barefoot in your presence  
before a burning bush consumed,  
would your glory envelop me  
as a spiritual womb?

Moses saw your backside,  
but show me instead your face and eyes.  
Having direct interaction with you  
should cause my faith to be revised.

Conquering obstacles of Life  
via a mountainous climb,  
while developing a personal relationship  
help makes the upward trek sublime.

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## **<font color=#0000cc>Original Sins</font></>**

Those multitudes of sin are  
variations on a theme -  
A reflection of the heart's wickedness  
and all the evil that Satan deems.

He himself, suffering from hatefulness and hurt,  
does exploit physicality's weakness in Man.  
For Satan's attacks continue from his being -  
Eternally condemned and forever damned.

In a false semblance of our God,  
the count of unique sins is three  
in a twisted parallel of...  
The sacred number of Trinity.

Opposing the Christ in wilderness' testing  
he perceived the Lord's flesh failing,  
but not the Spirit's strength in handling  
a confrontation with the Kingdom without ending.

These concepts -the Earthly Pride of Life  
coupled with the Lust of the Flesh and of the Eyes—  
maintain our separation from God  
as the Devil manipulates, through deceiving lies.

The boldness of the Savior's Truth  
and the Christ's everlasting victory  
(as demonstrated by Him at Calvary)  
provide True Life, when you just believe.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>Sunday Soldier</font></b>**

At the end of yet another week,  
weary soldiers are huddled behind church doors,  
reminiscing about the recent past with outlook bleak -  
Not knowing that Life can offer so much more.

Military plans for Earth's invasion  
are held by the Kingdom priests,  
trying to comprehend the message of scriptural persuasion  
for bringing captive lives to Godly release.

Between berating and war counsel cries,  
there are mixed signals being presented.  
Separating truth from unintentional lies  
is a real challenge to our minds and senses.

The battle is not ours to engage,  
but we must employ a strategy of Love -  
To reach souls without offending on Life's stage  
by using wisdom that flows from Heaven above.

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**<b><font color=#0000CC>The Bridegroom Cometh</font></b>**

Preparations by the Groom have been completed;  
He joyfully awaits the day  
that marks the remainder of eternity  
when the Church shall be swept away.

He has created a wondrous place  
where rows of mansions are perfectly aligned.  
Angels will sing beautiful songs  
announcing souls' arrival; including yours and mine.

Despite imperfections of His bride,  
the Lord daily intercedes with heartfelt prayer.  
The celestial wedding feast shall take place -  
Have you received your invitation, to be present there?

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**<font color=#0000CC>Visionless? </font></b>**

Visionless is no way to be:  
having sight, yet unable to see.  
Soul's blindness that's dark and deep  
indicates your spirit is fast asleep.

Use the Word to ignite your inner spark  
and awaken your slumber by the Lord's Light.  
To have Life's purpose and meaning for self  
promotes character and personal delight.

Having vision is intended for all,  
so get fitted with some new glasses.  
Accomplishments are attainable, provided you're  
willing to use God's Word, while getting off your....

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**<b><font color=#006600>Exerpt #1 from: Hook, Line & Haiku</font></b>**

Cool flowing waters  
cater me with plenty of...  
Aquatic playmates.

Smallmouth and largemouth –  
Either kind acceptable,  
if they are landed.

Get them in the boat!  
Fishing stories without proof  
are just plain-faced lies.

Imitating bugs?  
Fishing is an art form of...  
Posing as insects.

The splashing fishes  
are vying for attention  
during school's recess.

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**<b><font color=#006600>Exerpt #4 from: Hook, Line & Haiku</font></b>**

Breaching the surface  
largemouth jumps up to see if...  
It can hold its breath.

The pregnant fishes  
loungue upon the riverbed  
waiting to give birth.

Dancing smallmouth bass  
pirouettes around boat  
looking for handouts.

Learning never ends!  
For even the fish will stay...  
Forever in school.

Protective coating:  
Slimy perspective to us;  
Life saving to them.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>As a Joint Heir with Thee</font></b>**

What a blessing it would be  
as a joint heir with thee,  
sharing the Father's affection  
for the numerous days of eternity!

What a honor you've bestowed upon me  
as a joint heir with thee,  
being adopted by the universal King  
and connected to the divine, family tree.

What a grand responsibility  
as a joint heir with thee,  
proclaiming your name and love  
to the World's expanse of humanity.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Avoiding Hell? </font></b>**

Have you sealed your fate  
with the rejection of Him?  
Accept Christ now  
before your life wears thin.

For in permanent separation  
there's no God or peace –  
Only continual torment and anguish  
without any comfort or release.

Alone in the dark  
as fallen angels without light,  
you too will become a demon creature  
lacking hope of spiritual sight.

Forget about Purgatory,  
but make a decision today –  
avoiding Hell can be done,  
for Christ is the Life, Truth and Way.

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**<b><font color=#FF0000>Brought to Enlightenment</font></b>**

We must learn to do  
and not weakly try;  
for with Christ, all is possible -  
Just stop asking "Why? "

Bow before Him on bended knees,  
for His Ways are superior to ours.  
Spend quality time in prayer  
and not simply waste precious hours.

To be brought to enlightenment,  
one must learn on his own.  
Yet, the secret is simply this -  
Go before God and His Throne.

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**<b><font color=#FF0000>Chronic Indecision</font></b>**

Going my own selfish way,  
based on the ignorance  
of my false understanding,  
leads directly to my downfall.

For chronic indecision  
counteracts God's divine help,  
as I traverse the narrow path -  
Walking boldly and tall.

My Salvation is not achieved  
by what I do or go through -  
For I'm mindful of His Guidance  
to accomplish a role that is small.

I desire to live a life of Faith  
that is visible for any to see;  
as I'm strolling in this spiritual journey,  
I look to join others on this global ball.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Daily Bread</font></b>**

Beyond the lost days of manna,  
all nutrition I'll ever need  
was given to me at birth  
with the implantation of spiritual seed.

An enabling inner spark,  
combined with soul's hungering emptiness,  
allowed me to find divine connection  
and a path towards your Holiness.

Thank You Lord for your Daily Bread  
that feeds my spirit and sustains my soul;  
for feasting on your Word everyday  
is the best way to be kept whole.

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**<b><font color=#FF0000>Enjoy This Season</font></b>**

Withering grass of this season  
with your abundance of green,  
take advantage of Today -  
Contribute to this Earthly scene.

Enjoy your present strength;  
ignore worries of the past.  
Let the distant failures fade  
and let sweeter memories last.

Be true to yourself always,  
standing tall and strong.  
Focus on your own meadows and...  
Learn to hum to Life's song.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Enoch</font></b>**

Enoch was a dynamic soul  
who truly sought God's heart;  
as a result of revelation knowledge  
being imparted unto him,  
God plucked him from the earth  
so that he was "no more."  
Since Jehovah is no respecter of persons  
and there is "nothing new under the sun",  
then why do we know only of a single individual  
who was transported to heaven in the same manner  
without experiencing an earthly demise?  
How many "other" Enochs were there  
whose names are unknown?  
Did Enoch's life story inspire God  
to put His Word into print  
with the intention of history repeating itself?  
Why do ministers neglect Enoch's story?  
Perhaps by contrast it would reflect  
poorly on themselves,  
seeing they are still with us.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Exit Strategy</font></b>**

You've lived a life of uncounted days  
and your spirit is ready to leave;  
but are you ready for the hereafter,  
if in God, you don't believe?

For when your spirit and soul separate,  
opportunity is gone, as the body decays.  
Since our mortal time not guaranteed,  
begin a relationship with Him today.

Regarding your earthly departure,  
do you have an Exit Strategy?  
Will you be ready to find yourself -  
Before Jehovah on bended knee?

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>For Your Review</font></b>**

Once my earthly journey is complete,  
humbly I'll stand before Your judgment seat.  
So in advance I faithfully pray to have  
a positive ruling for you to mete.

Grace and mercy carried me;  
Your covering on my life you should see.  
Hopefully You'll remember that I  
promoted Your Kingdom for eternity.

Despite flaws and failures absurd,  
hidden in my heart is Your Holy Word.  
An attitude of lifelong praise I've spoken  
based on what I've learned and heard.

With an inkling of spiritual clues,  
I'm thankful for knowing You  
and looking forward to that fateful day  
when my life will be ready, for Your Review.

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**<b><font color=#FF0000>Giving Tithes to God</font></b>**

Revelations of the heart  
regarding how one's money is spent  
echoes volumes about character  
and our God-given talents.

For Jehovah is far from being poor;  
He owns the cattle on a thousand hills.  
He's not into ungodly extortion  
to keep you from paying your bills.

By serving two masters,  
one will be dearly loved - the other sorely hated;  
so one can never be truly happy  
until settling the God and Mammon debate.

The wealth of God lies in His Word.  
His principle of tithing is a mechanism  
to pour out financial blessings upon us.  
Therefore, purge your mindset of secularism.

Jehovah desires our faithfulness  
to fulfill our ministry to the Earth.  
We won't be judged on our daily income -  
Know that money can never define... Our true worth.

Note: Mammon denotes the god of money.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Grace and Love</font></b>**

Unmerited favor of God  
flows continually  
and without interruption,  
when you are a child of His.  
His Love for us is...  
Unquestionably unconditional;  
however, His Grace is not.  
Grace and Love are not equivalent –  
We must not endeavor  
to confuse these concepts.  
God's Word is always steadfast  
and is an unmovable truth.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Green Meadows</font></b>**

Beneath the shadow  
of the Great Shepherd's staff,  
in the green lushness of Life's plateau,  
my spirit continues to laugh.

Despite the dumbness of this sheep  
to His voice I've heeded.  
For God's Love is greater than deep  
and to His Principles, I've conceded.

My life is filled with abundance  
beyond mortal imagination.  
Enjoying protection from circumstance  
came from obeying rules of His Holy Nation.

From displaying a submissive behavior  
towards a God most divine,  
I'm covered with blessings from my Savior  
and reside in green meadows until Eternity's time.

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**<b><font color=#ff0000>Higher Ground</font></b>**

On God's holy mountain  
I traverse a spiral path  
of an upward climb  
towards His higher ground.

My progress varies between  
arduously slow and immoderately fast,  
while trying to avoid same mistakes  
that keep me in a circle going round.

Rockslides are temporary obstacles  
that can only impede, but...  
Never prevent me from reaching the peak  
where one day, I'll be found.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Immortality</font></b>**

Ahhh... Immortality.

After the death of my earthly flesh,  
my spirit will fully embrace it.  
For I'm truly made  
in my Creator's Image  
and filled with His Divine Presence.  
How can anyone doubt...  
The premise of my logic?

Ahhh... Immortality.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>Lot's Wife</font></b>**

Not wanting to be rescued  
from the twin, sin cities,  
she's unwillingly led away  
by a man she barely loves and pities.

Unable to follow God's direction  
and her husband's leadership,  
she succumbs to her heart's lust  
for a final look, as the horizon dips.

Governed by Jezebel's spirit,  
having forgotten that Jehovah honors His Word,  
she's transformed into a pillar of salt  
for a life no longer preserved.

Fighting tears from losing his wife  
Lot takes careful steps backwards,  
to gaze on her form one last time  
before with a new life going forward.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Moments of Clarity</font></b>**

Oh, how I desire more  
of Your Light's essence,  
to clearly penetrate  
the core of my being.

How much can I endure  
without Your Presence?  
Though I may be frustrated,  
it's You Lord, I'm believing.

It's been said before,  
in Your Word's eloquence -  
"nothing new" has been stated  
and it agrees with what I'm seeing.

Moments of clarity, at the door  
of Your Kingdom's brilliance,  
are revelations of my faith's fate,  
found under Your grace and loving... kindness.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>Morning Star</font></b>**

Lord, You are the only Morning Star.  
Nothing else compares to your brilliance,  
a penetrating light that pierces...

...the darkness of our hearts  
...the blackness of our sins  
...the abyss of our human emotion

Being the source of Dunamis power,  
You shine an eternal beam of radiance.  
For unlike other stars, You'll never burn out.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>No Earthly Good? </font></b>**

Being so heavenly minded  
and of no earthly good  
is a dichotomy of attitude to avoid,  
as one must and should.

Solutions to Life's problems  
become evident with clear thinking,  
when grounded on divine principles  
for the purpose of practical living.

The Standard has been defined  
for all Kingdom residents –  
Walk in abundance, be a blessing to others  
as shown by Christ's precedent.

By making a positive impact  
and demonstrating God's Love,  
we're enabled to reach all people  
for their inclusion into Heaven above.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>Silent Tears</font></b>**

To willingly lay down one's life  
for the redemption of all others  
is an immeasurable sacrifice.  
More painful than His Suffering  
were the silent tears  
that stained the Savior's cheeks  
in memoriam  
of those who rejected Him.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Silent Words Are Useless</font></b>**

I've got my opinions as any other;  
Hopefully, I'll be clear and you'll understand  
that our silent words are useless –  
For the trees will willingly clap their hands.

The one true God spoke into existence  
the birds, fishes, plants, mammals, Earth  
and all forms of life including...  
Humble beginnings of Mankind's birth.

The sound of our individual voices  
is something that God covets and enjoys;  
He wants our unadulterated praise verbalized  
with heartfelt, cheerful, and celebratory noise.

Our real outward expressions of faith  
for acknowledging His holy ways  
can only be accomplished via...  
Sincere, loving and audible praise.

So open your mouth during Church worship  
and praise Him without doubt!  
For your silent words are useless -  
Causing even the rocks... to cry out.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>Spiritual Irony</font></b>**

Foolishness of Jehovah  
exceeds the wisdom of Mankind;  
torture by crucifixion  
was to serve as a deterrent  
to stop all forms of crime.

Inhumane treatment  
demonstrates insatiable blood thirst  
in a vain attempt to bring out  
the best character of man  
by placing World's justice system first.

However, death of the Innocent Lamb,  
a perfect sacrifice God did decree  
to bridge the gap of sin  
using Man's worst punishment  
in a twist of spiritual irony.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Spoken Word</font></b>**

Being unable to participate  
during the worship service  
is a poor spiritual sign.

Unwillingness to offer praise,  
while standing in His Presence,  
shows a deficient of new wine.

For the obvious silence  
reveals an apparent lack of Faith  
and failure to know God's design.

A desire of heavenly passion  
cannot resonate from within,  
when not letting your love for Him to shine.

For the true strength of one's belief  
is confirmed only by the spoken Word –  
Provided it's not diluted with some earthly whine.

The tongue, always will unwittingly confess,  
the secrets of our hearts, to see if...  
One is actually striving for the Lord divine.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Standard of Cooperation</font></b>**

A simple army of ants  
in silent cooperation and unity,  
quickly work side-by-side –  
Setting an example for humanity.

From Scriptural advice  
we're instructed to observe  
the behavior of these insects  
and see value from learning to serve.

Achieving the colony's purpose  
and focusing on its common mission,  
labor is given for the greater good  
via its natural instinct of unison.

For much can be accomplished  
from sharing like mindedness  
whenever the unified Body reaches...  
Towards Jehovah's divine holiness.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>The Cross, Stark and Still</font></b>**

Into the depths of untold depravity,  
a perfect creation had fallen away;  
unimagined grace poured out from our God above -  
As His Hand of wrath was firmly stayed.

The Cross, stark and still, standing upon a naked hill...  
subtly calls for the World's attention.

Since the dawn of everlasting time,  
our Savior awaited His appointed day;  
despite humanity's race to certain doom -  
His Hand of wrath was intentionally stayed.

The Cross, stark and still, standing upon a naked hill...  
continues to demonstrate His gift of Salvation.

The twinkling stars danced across the midnight blue  
as songs arose from the angelic array;  
quietly the Messianic babe in a manger lay -  
As His Hand of wrath was lovingly stayed.

The Cross, stark and still, standing upon a naked hill...  
serves as a testament of Love's perfection.

A carpenter's son? He's just a man!  
His godly claim on earth displayed  
had believers searching for purest faith -  
His Hand of wrath was securely stayed.

The Cross, stark and still, standing upon a naked hill...  
reminds that our debt was paid for sin's violation.

In the face of false accusations,  
Christ held His tongue to Pilate's dismay,  
for God's plan played out for all to see -  
As His Hand of wrath was purposely stayed.

The Cross, stark and still, standing upon a naked hill...  
is a backdrop for a risen Lord calling us with adoration.

Learn more about me and my poetry at:  
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Author Notes:  
This is a collaboration piece with Mr. Jeffrey Jordan of Wichita Falls, Texas.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Unfinished</font></b>**

Unfinished is the fine tuning of me,  
as I perform in this human drama,  
which is covered by a spiritual mystery.

Participating without a script,  
I'm stumbling forward in a lifelong excursion,  
although I'm not fully equipped.

In this paradise, that's known as Earth,  
I'm a curious child of wonderment  
and working towards my supernatural rebirth.

Despite my growth of understanding,  
I will always be an adolescent boy of His –  
Forever dependent on God (while I'm here living) .

Unfinished is the beauty of my tapestry  
until I can achieve the final conclusion  
that is... Permanently me.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>White Flag</font></b>**

Years ago, while still a teenager,  
a white flag in my heart I waved;  
for I tendered a total surrender  
to the Lord on the day I was saved.

From Salvation's message properly explained,  
my spirit easily recognized absolute Truth;  
so my desire towards Christ was ignited  
with acceptance of Him in my childhood's youth.

Learning from others' mistakes  
and reading the Word with diligence,  
in supplication's prayers I requested  
Solomon's gift of godly intelligence.

Now with open hands raised high  
and outstretched arms above my head,  
my offering of praise and worship is...  
An acknowledgement of what God has said.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>White for Harvest</font></b>**

Fields are white for harvest  
with souls rotting on the vines;  
graft them into the Kingdom now,  
while there is still time.

Fullness of Life's abundance is available,  
when connected to the True Vine;  
but how to reach others when -  
Christians don't heed the warning signs?

Workers may not be plentiful,  
yet, faithful ones always find the fruit;  
productive lives are highly visible  
from employing Principles most astute.

Examples of Victorious Living serves  
as the spiritual scythe for Human reaping;  
for people won't be harvested when...  
One can't insure one's own safekeeping.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#FF0000>Why Would You Love Me? </font></b>**

Oh, my Lord...  
Why would You love me?

Your greatness exceeds human comprehension  
and Your wealth surpasses the Earth's riches.  
In Your mind's eye, my life has been viewed  
and my judgment awaits its sentencing.

Before my existence, Your Blood was cruelly shed –  
spilled for my sins, both conceived and committed.  
You made Yourself vulnerable to man's hatred  
for saving flawed souls, such as myself.

To leave the comfort of Your heavenly realm,  
for the sole purpose of being slaughtered as the sacrificial Lamb,  
prior to my knowledge and acceptance of You,  
supernaturally defines the concept of risk.

I have visualized the silent tears  
that stained Your cheeks during Your Crucifixion,  
but I am unable to fully appreciate the pain  
that You suffered on my humble behalf.

Oh, my Lord...  
Why would You continue to love me?

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=#ff0000>Work In Progress</font></b>**

This body is imperfect and flawed,  
originating from earthly dust;  
it houses a spirit searching to find  
the one, true God in which to trust.

To see myself as Yahweh does,  
requires mustard seed of Faith's leap  
and to take tangible action  
since people know that "talk is cheap".

Separated unto holiness  
to accomplish His Purpose and Plan  
while sharing the Salvation Message  
is the whole duty of man.

Expanding my personal growth  
by a divine, refining process,  
inspires a desire for betterment  
and to expedite this "Work in Progress".

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<b><font color=red>Lasting Hope</font></b>**

Satan is a defeated foe  
although he continues to fight –  
For we are more than conquerors,  
as soldiers in God's army of Light.

His earthly authority has been weakened  
since Christ now possesses the keys of Death and Hell;  
so we're to prayerfully "stand in the gap"  
as we in His Presence strive to dwell.

Our lasting Hope is embodied by Christ alone;  
He died to prove His Love as a friend.  
Willingly and sacrificially He laid down His Life  
and invited us to a Kingdom that never ends.

Our standing in Heaven for eternity  
will be forever reflective of... Final Victory.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<font color=#FF0000><b>Fragile, Flawed and Easily Broken</b></font>**

Despite imperfections of this body,  
my shell is an earthen clay jar  
that's fragile, flawed and easily broken,  
letting the Light of Christ shine.  
Though not pretty on the outside,  
I won't be mistaken  
for a white-washed tomb -  
God can use my weakness  
to display His greatness.  
I've chosen to be submitted  
to His Will and Plan for my life.  
In spite of exterior chips, dings and nicks,  
Christ looks inwardly at my heart.

To learn more about my poetry, please visit this link:  
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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<font color=#FF0000><b>His Blessings</b></font>**

His blessings upon my life flow -  
No matter where I am  
or wherever I happen to go.

Overcoming the curse of Mankind,  
is a consuming, infinite Love  
from the One declared divine.

As I continue inside His Will,  
sheltered by Sacrificial grace,  
His many promises are fulfilled.

Truly blessed, to be a blessing  
is simple for anyone to see -  
As I'm fully submerged... in God's covering.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**<font color=#FF0000><b>Prism to our Past</b></font>**

A humbling profession is  
Biblical archaeology,  
where people are found prostrate -  
Searching for glimpses of Man's history.

Forgotten souls and evidence have been  
covered by layers of earthly dust,  
as recent discoveries now include...  
The decoding of Israel's "Exodus".

An eclectic collection of artifacts  
of the "Hyksos Expulsion" have been laid bare  
by Simcha, the "Naked Archaeologist",  
on TV's "The History Channel" everywhere.

Proposed is a brilliant theory,  
that spans a labyrinth of time,  
while he employs computer graphics  
to capture believers' hearts and minds.

An unending excavation  
of God's Truth will forever last,  
while we focus our attention  
and gaze through... His prism to our past.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **And God Spoke!**

Frankly, it's still seems quite odd  
to debate the religion of Science  
with regard to the existence of God.

Within the vacuum of deep space,  
we know that there was an invisible force  
that caused the "Big Bang" to take place.

Calculating the Universe's starting point  
can't explain "why" we're here on this planet,  
despite pretty charts and graphs of datapoints.

Principles of Science can not contest  
the presence of Jehovah on Earth  
by using its logical series of empirical tests.

In the "Genesis Account" of creation,  
we're told that God is the catalyst of life  
and not some random result of chemical reactions.

Faith requires no scientific proof  
or many pages of computer analysis –  
Certainly it's no theoretical hoax or goof.

When Truth is no longer concealed,  
and God's secret knowledge is finally revealed –  
His Love will cover us, as a lasting shield.

So jump on your Facebook account and give some pokes  
to your friendly, neighborhood physicists  
while offering the Biblical phrase... and God spoke!

-----  
Loosely based on:

Gen 1: 1-5; 2 Peter 3: 8; John 8: 32; 2 Cor 13: 8; Eph 1: 17

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **And Yet His Hand.**

Despite the trials of this earthly world  
and the continued foolishness of men,  
God wants His Principles completely unfurled –  
For He loves His Children, while hating sin.

His anger is not turned away  
and yet His Hand is outstretched still.  
Our Salvation awaits its appointed day  
with the meshing of our spirits to His Will.

As long as we continue to breathe,  
there's Hope for us to loving cleave;  
He's promised that His Spirit will never leave –  
So open your heart now... and simply believe.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Behind the Poem: Enjoy This Season

Now that people are becoming more aware of my poetic efforts, interests are being expressed regarding the background of my poetry - in addition, to my spiritual muse. In this installment, I share a blurb regarding my poem 'Enjoy This Season'.

Lots of people like to surmise about the idea of living in a different period of recorded humanity, such as: Italy's Renaissance (circa 1400-1600 ad) , the building of the Greek or Roman Empires, the time of Christ and so forth. However, not me. Being an I.T. (Information Technology) professional in this 'Age of Information' with available technologies - specifically 'Personal Computers' and the Internet allowing me access to gobs of data - can be a real and surreal 'head trip'. For I've learned how to glean concepts from the experience of others; such an ability is helping me to learn to dream and redefine my personal journey. After all, we are instructed in the Bible that 'we're to be more than conquerors' and thus live a Christian lifestyle successfully. Hence the rub...

Like everyone else, I'm uniquely defined. So expect that your results will also vary. In the Scriptures, one of the many analogies to describe mankind is 'withering grass'. When compared to the centuries of mankind, one's existence is brief; however, it doesn't need to be invisible. With the tools and information presently at our fingertips, we can learn to develop vision and ultimately uncover the 'unseen things of God'. So in my desire to want more of Jehovah's presence in my life, I became more vulnerable - in a spiritual sense. As a result, I lost my joy; I lost it because I didn't recognize how important a commodity joy is. It took years to recognize what had transpired. And it took more years of internal fighting (with myself) and prayer to get it back. While attending Church for decades, I was familiar with the idiom 'The joy of the Lord is my strength.'; its importance was only revealed once it was gone. Feel free to learn from my mistake and avoid the associated pain.

It had never been my life's desire to publish a book, as with some people. Writing poetry became my personal therapy sessions for reclaiming my joy; an insight that was realized once I reviewed my accomplishment in retrospect. Although a portion of my joy has been restored, I still have more work ahead of me. And more serious challenges are now in view.

One of my dearest friends, Norman J. Richard Jr., died earlier this year (August 19th) . One of his favorite quotes was: 'Do something, even if it's wrong! '. As some of you may guess, he was unquestionably a man of action. In addition, he fiercely loved life, his family, and friends - and he did so with an overflowing river of joy. Not only was he a member of 'my inner circle', but he was one of the few who truly encouraged me to pursue the goal of getting my poetry published. By the way he lived, he also showed me that I would be able to ultimately recapture my joy completely. So back in August of 2008, after spending quality time with Norman, I wrote this simple poem of encouragement for myself. And it's my desire that others can also find encouragement for themselves, during their times of difficulty.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Behind the Poem: Enoch

Now that people are becoming more aware of my poetic efforts, interests are being expressed regarding the background of my poetry - in addition, to my spiritual muse. In this installment, I speak to a poem that ends in a direction, not initially considered...

I've attended Church services for more than 3.5 decades; as a youth, I was raised in a Baptist Church (in southern Maine) . For those unfamiliar with this division of Christianity, there's nothing more important than studying 'The Word of God'. And hear me - there is nothing inherently wrong with studying the Bible; it's one of those necessities as a Christian. And for me personally, it just wasn't enough. As much as I love The Word, having a real and personal relationship with Jehovah became more obvious and critical for my spiritual growth. Eventually, I found my way into the Pentecostal Church, got filled with the Holy Spirit and learned to speak in tongues. Accepting this gift (of tongues) raised my ability to build my relationship with Christ. In effect, it significantly improved the way I'm able to give praises to God and to talk with Him. I share this background information to give a flavor of my thought process (that influences my spiritual writings) - and not as a criticism for those who have not accepted this gift from God. (People who have read my poetry should readily agree that it's fairly evident that my writing is based on the Scriptures and does not contradict the basic tenets of the Christian faith.)

In order to remain within my profession of I.T. (Information Technology) , I've had to relocate to different U.S. states on the east coast. So I found myself living in southern Connecticut for about a decade. For more than three years, I attended this popular Church in Milford. Despite my own 'baggage', I was a productive Christian, giving my time, talent, tithe and offerings to the Church freely and whole-heartedly. As a result, I started to dream of how I could give more of myself to Him - to be able to give my entire life for God's purposes (as He intends for everyone) . My poetry manuscript was completed and blindly rejected by the Church - the clergy was not interested or curious about the 'Christian poetry' I had written. Undeterred, I had already started working on additional poetry manuscripts. Wanting more of Christ in my life, fascination with Enoch began to grow at this time; very little about him is shared in the Bible and I never thought to research him on the Internet. The pages of my Bible are written upon with notes, concepts and ideas as I studied The Word and listened to sermons throughout the years. And yet, I noticed how little commentary about Enoch was known to me in my notes. What did Enoch know that the rest of us fail to understand? At the beginning of the Wednesday evening service, parishoners are allowed to submit questions - to be addressed directly by the bishop, prior to the evening service. I had begun assembling my poem fragments and phrases, but had not started the construction of the poem itself. So one night I submitted a simple question: 'Why don't we know more about Enoch's life? '

I've come to learn that preachers are fickle creatures; they claim to be 'dead men' - people who are unoffendable when interacting with less knowledgeable individuals in spiritual matters. And yet, with my analytical brain and decades of Church experience, I naturally rub minsters against their grain. After all, 'iron sharpens iron' and my words catch on their spiritual burrs - which is something that ministers typically don't fully appreciate when dealing with me. My innocent submission uncovered an overly sensitive nerve, quickly made apparent by the bishop's unrighteous reaction to my inquiry. Instead of answering my question in a positive and forthright manner, he exploded into a contrite diatribe 'of how I suffered from an escapist's mentality'. Naturally I was unimpressed with his carnal response and came to the immediate conclusion that he didn't have a viable response. I'm fairly sure that this event wasn't

lost on the congregation either; for when someone avoids answering a direct question, people can easily draw their own conclusions. When the time came for me to compose this poem, the minister's words were still grinding on my spirit - thus setting the tone of this work. Although different from my other poems, I can't say that I'm disappointed with the ending of my poem, given the actions of Christ's dealings with the Pharisees and Saducees. If anything, I've followed His earthly example. This poem is my reaction to the bishop's inability to provide me with a solution that I had sought.

&#12288;  
&#12288;

P.S. Although there are other people who never experienced death, such as Elijah, who was taken to heavenly in a fiery chariot, Enoch was essentially snatched away by the 'Hand of God', so that 'he was no more'. No other documentation exists, that details those who prevented their physical death in this particular way.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Behind the Poem: Evening Sky

Now that people are becoming more aware of my poetic efforts, interests are being expressed regarding the background of my poetry - in addition, to my spiritual muse. One never knows exactly when the Spirit of God will move on your soul; fortunately I was paying a little bit of attention, one cold winter night...

I've been a member of the IT (Information Technology) community since June of 1981, a profession that constantly tries to turn you into a slave from an employee. Rarely did I ever bring home work; sometimes it was unavoidable, given arbitrary deadlines and poor managerial planning. After dinner on this particular night, I had spread out the pages of computer 'source code' across the entire kitchen table, while attempting to solve a logic problem. ('Source Code' is the logic written by a computer programmer, in a given computer language, that addresses a specific business function. The term is equivalent to a computer 'program'.)

Once I had spent roughly 90 minutes struggling to solve the issue at hand, I treated myself to a mental break. I noticed the gentle reflection of moonlight on the window and decided that I would step outside onto my breezeway for some fresh air. The evening sky that night was a magnificent sight, like many other times. Absent were the visible presence of clouds and the stars seemed noticeably brighter. Taking in this grand view, I let my mind wander, temporarily forgetting about the thousand lines of computer code awaiting me. Gazing upwards, I was quietly reminded of God's promise to Abraham - that his offspring would be as numerous as the stars. I also contemplated why God had designed the heavens to demonstrate His existence.

When the coldness of the winter night started to permeate my body, it was time to terminate my break. Stepping back into my warm home, my brain was re-energized and thankful for the brief, mental hiatus. Trying to re-focus on my work became difficult, as phrases of poem snippets bombarded my soul as 'shooting stars'. I had been writing haikus and senryus for several years, but not 'traditional' poetry. So to move on, I grabbed a blank piece of paper and started writing, capturing the poem's concept. At the time, I did not recognize or fully appreciate what had transpired. This was my first non-haiku poem written by me; it would be over a year later before I thought to publish my first book.

Having taken the time to compose this poem, I was blessed by God, for taking time to honor Him. Less than ten minutes later, I solved the problem and enjoyed immense relief; plus I got to spend quality time for the rest of the night with my wife. In addition, I completed my project deadline to my boss' delight and surprise.

From my book: Reaching Towards His Unbounded Glory  
The ISBN is: 1-4196-5051-3

Learn more about me and my poetry at:  
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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Behind the Poem: Game Theory

Now that people are becoming more aware of my poetic efforts, interests are being expressed regarding the background of my poetry - in addition, to my spiritual muse. Back in the Spring of 1980, I graduated from the University of Southern Maine with a B.A. in Mathematics. I chose this discipline because it was my favorite subject in school. This poem is the first and only piece (to date) , where I apply this learned knowledge.

Back in February of 2007, I found a poetry contest - its challenge was to compose a poem using mathematical terminology. And of course, it still had to make sense. After mulling over the idea for a short while, I recalled the topic of 'Game Theory'. Game Theory is a branch of applied math - its application is focused on the Social Sciences, most notably economics, as well as: Computer Science, Political Science, Biology, Engineering and International Relations. The primary purpose behind Game Theory is to capture behavior in strategic situations, whereby an individual's success is determined by choices that depend on the choices of others. Game Theory was initially developed to analyze competitions, in which one person does better at the expense of another. This concept is also known as a 'Zero Sum Game'. Most traditional applications attempt to find equilibria within this ideal. In an equilibrium, each player looks to adopt a stable strategy to gain positive results.

Growing up under the influence of the Church, I learned how Mankind lost his authority over the Earth. Satan, having been thrown out of heaven with a third of the angels, now pitted himself against God. He believes that he can defeat God by killing and dominating His creation of Man. So from a spiritual perspective, we must learn to make choices and live with the eventual outcome. God's desire is for all of us to live successful Christian lives - for we are 'blessed to be a blessing to others'; therefore, we must be able to recognize and overcome the pitfalls of our earthly journey - by applying Jehovah's spiritual principles to everyday living. One of our greatest gifts is the ability to choose - so chose wisely, for there will always be some consequence that's not always readily evident.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Behind the Poem: Spiritual Irony

Now that people are becoming more aware of my poetic efforts, interests are being expressed regarding the background of my poetry - in addition, to my spiritual muse. In this installment, I briefly look at the crucifixion of Christ - an event central to the core beliefs of Christianity. This poem was composed in February 2007, in anticipation of that year's celebration of Resurrection Sunday (Easter) .

If I were relegated to a single television channel, it would be the 'History Channel'. It's amazing to witness the variety of programming on this one station; I love the many shows presented, especially 'The Building of an Empire' series. Learning about the struggles of mankind, whether against people, weather or circumstance, is truly fascinating to me. Seeing ideas and concepts from the Egyptian and Roman empires really touch my spirit, having causally learned about them throughout 'The Word' in various Bible passages. To see the re-enactments of cultures, coupled with their accomplishments and reasonings, creates 'paradigm shifts' in my thinking and increases my ability to learn and retain new information.

At a young age, I taught myself to recognize lessons from others' experiences, which can be categorized as: good, bad or neutral. We all know that life can be hard; however, times during the Roman civilization was outright brutal. The Persians were the first group of people to practice crucifixion, a torture methodology improved upon by the Romans, after learning about it from the Carthaginians. Part of the Roman culture was the ideal of efficiency. Although they are notorious for their bloodsport, as witnessed by the cruelty displayed in the games of the Coliseum, the Romans were in the business of building an empire. However, in order to support their culture, they needed and wanted productive citizens. After all, productive citizens can be taxed and the money is then used for constructing the infrastructures required to support society (in general) . So the Roman government used the cruelest method of torture available for one simple reason - to stop and prevent crime against its citizenry.

In the Word, we are instructed that the ways of Jehovah 'are higher than our ways'. With God's ability to transcend time and His wisdom surpassing the knowledge of our own revelations, we will always be behind Him in our understanding of this World. Meanwhile the preaching of The Cross is considered to be foolishness by those who reject the gift of Salvation. However, given the current explosion of earthly knowledge, it's interesting to look back at history with understanding recently achieved. [Please note: I'm not going into the gory details of crucifixion; others have provided more qualified details on this subject. Nor will I focus on who killed Him. So, it's 'safe' to continue reading...]

One of the facts regarding the human body, is that we each (on average) contain eight pints of blood. The number eight has a spiritual significance, in that it represents the concept of 'new beginnings', as first seen in Noah's ark. [Eight people were present - Noah, three sons and their four wives.] Also modern studies about crucifixion have shown that part of the stress the body endures is that the heart literally 'breaks apart'. So from my spiritual perspective, the death of Christ on the Cross is truly representative of a holy sacrifice, whereby the shedding of His innocent blood fully implies that a 'new beginning' between God and Man has been initiated. In effect, Christ was the Earth's first blood donor when he was crucified - for He was wounded for the World's transgressions. His dying from a broken heart re-enforces the idea of God's continuing Love towards us, for Christ willingly and freely accepted His role to die on our behalf - in the worst possible way (known to mankind at that time) . Concentrating on these concepts allowed me to create this effective poem, while I envisioned the

irony of this one event (from heaven's perspective) .

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Beware the Antichrist**

Heed this warning: Beware the Antichrist!  
We know from Christ's revelation to Man,  
that the 'End Times' officially began in 1948  
with Israel reclaiming their ancestral land.

Be aware and be not deceived.  
For this evil soul shall rise up - from obscurity.  
Out from the descendants of Dan  
the World will take notice of Satan's emissary.

Although the Antichrist should be easy to spot,  
this individual will be viewed as 'Heaven sent';  
for his initial proclamations of false peace  
will be supported by a one-world government.

Napoleon and Hitler would have been impressed,  
for his lavish promises are lies - full of finesse.  
He will have no time or regard for women;  
power ultimately will be his true mistress.

Eventually he'll claim to be 'God'  
while appearing to survive a fatal injury.  
From only the Devil himself,  
the Antichrist received his earthly authority.

Yes, he will be voted into power  
and will place the 'Mark of the Beast' upon thee.  
So don't be surprised when he demands...  
worship from thee, upon your bended knee.

His reign of terror will be spectacular  
and will probably lead us into World War III -  
culminating in the 'Battle of Armageddon'  
and another ungodly event in Man's brief history.

Will we face our ultimate destruction  
from our earthly lust for power and authority?  
Will mankind's existence end from us forgetting  
'that absolute power corrupts absolutely'?

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Captivated By The Light**

My inner desire is to be...  
Free from the continuing burden  
of my soul's carnality.

For I wish to be liberated  
from the snares of sin's grip  
and be forever emancipated.

Truly, I'm captivated by The Light  
that shines eternally into my spirit  
and erases my heart's love of Earthly delights.

Fulfillment of my life's emptiness  
is only met by a spiritual purpose  
with God's call to His Holiness.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Celestial Lodestone**

Above us is the Celestial Lodestone,  
the universal point of spiritual reference.  
As a stalwart of magnetic attraction,  
He constantly draws men unto Himself.  
Dynamic in nature and unchanging in purpose,  
His principles are adaptable for all situations.  
The foundation of His Word is solid;  
His Truth is filled with plenty of promise.  
Raise your eyes! Look up!  
He is always ready to be found;  
allow His brightness to pierce the darkness  
and emptiness of our earthly souls.  
Jehovah desires to provide us with direction, so that...  
We may reach His ultimate standard of perfection.

-----

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Chaff Removal**

Oh my Lord, once again I'm before you,  
begging that You sift my heart.  
Insure the chaff of my life is blown away,  
while allowing the kernels of Your truth  
to be planted in me, for the purpose of bearing...  
spiritual fruit that delights You.  
The door of my heart has been unhinged;  
You may enter my threshing mill anytime –  
even if You need to wake me.  
Lift me up and shake me without ceasing,  
until the day I'm stored in Your granary.

Author Note:

Loosely based on:  
Job 21: 17-18; Zep 2: 1-3; Matt 3: 12

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

### **Christmas (An Acrostic)**

Christ is still this season's reason of Hope;  
Harps of angels tinkle with celebration -  
Risen is our Savior, who is still  
Interceding on everyone's behalf.  
Satan is defeated, now and forever more.  
Today is a gift, for it's always present;  
Make room in your heart to share Love  
And let the Joy of the Lord flow freely.  
Saints, sinners arise... and be glad in Him!

Wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays this 2009 season!

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Christmas II (An Acrostic)**

Christ is my Lord and Savior –  
Holy is His precious name;  
Redemption He brings to everyone, for He is...  
Immanuel – which means "God is with us".  
Salvation is Jehovah's greatest gift, for Christ overcame  
The tomb of Death's grave.  
Mankind needs to accept this present, for Christ  
Always desires to clothe us in His righteousness.  
Sinners and Saints, rejoice in Him, this holiday season!  
Joseph James Breunig 3rd

### **Christmas III (An Acrostic)**

Christmas, Christ's Mass

Heralds this Season,

Renewing our Hope

In Him alone.

Sinners and Saints -

Take time to give thanks.

Make time for Him, family

And friends always; give love.

Shalom! Go in Peace today!

-----  
Author Notes:

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Comes the Rain**

Water laden clouds burst!  
Here now, comes the rain,  
but I'm loving the 'liquid sunshine'  
and ignoring the weather's torrential bane.

Despite deluges of Life's storms,  
enjoy humanity and have some fun.  
Now comes the rain, washing over us anew,  
as the Spirit of the Father's Son.

Now comes the reign of Christ -  
Embrace Him and His Holiness!  
Be protected by the Rock's cleft  
and submerged under His Righteousness.

Be always filled with His eternal joy,  
taking up the Heavenly refrain -  
Tears of the just and unjust continue to flow.  
Move past sorrows and see; lo! Here comes the rain.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Draw Closer to God**

Draw closer to God  
and He will draw nigh unto thee,  
provided you're willing to...  
demonstrate actual honesty.

For He can always see  
intentions written upon one's heart.  
Stop playing games and come clean;  
otherwise, His Spirit may soon depart.

Jehovah transcends the boundaries of time;  
So to Him, there is nothing new under the sun.  
Start by freely accepting Salvation's gift,  
which was provided by the Divine One.

One can keep His presence nearby -  
For He always inhabits our praise.  
Open your mouth and sing of His joy,  
during the remainder of your days.

Draw closer to God  
and He will draw nigh too.  
Know that He dearly covets a...  
lasting relationship with you.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Drawn To You**

The softness of your quiet voice  
penetrates my spirit with utmost clarity –  
For being drawn to you  
comes more than naturally.

The constant woes of earthly cares  
lack all meaning and worth  
when I'm consumed by Your presence  
and experience my spiritual rebirth.

Despite the magnificent beauty  
of this planet's garden fields,  
I would willingly exchange it  
for the brilliance that Heaven yields.

Since I'm captivated by The Light,  
being drawn to You, is the sweetest of delights.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Enabling Success**

God's heavenly desires and ways  
are much higher than our own.  
Spiritual maturity is required  
to reach towards His holy throne.

Hidden within the Scriptures  
is a common, universal theme –  
Application of Biblical principles  
is needed to achieve our earthly dreams.

Under guidance of the Spirit,  
prophets captured God's intended plan;  
laid out to see was Yahweh's vision –  
for the true success of Man.

The written Word of God  
can be our scriptural soap;  
regular cleansing of the mind  
reveals the promise of our hope.

This collection of 'love letters'  
is connected by a 'scarlet thread';  
Christ's fulfillment of the Law was sealed  
by the redemptive blood that He shed.

-----  
Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Isaiah 55: 8-9; Isaiah 11: 2; Proverbs 3: 1-26; Romans 12: 12;  
Ephesians 4: 22-23; 1 Corinthians 1: 18-25

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **In Remembrance of Grandma - Poem & Background**

Now that people are becoming more aware of my poetic efforts, interests are being expressed regarding the background of my poetry - in addition, to my spiritual muse. In this installment, I share the background and poem 'In Remembrance of Grandma'.

I recognize that most of you reading this article will not know much about my maternal Grandmother, other than what you're able to glean from this page. However, there are universal lessons that need to be shared. This poem was originally written for her funeral.

For nearly forty years, I was blessed to have known my grandparents; blessed - because many people don't have the opportunity to know their family history personally from those who came before them. Within about one decade, mine were all gone - with my maternal grandmother being the last one to die. Of the four of them, I had spent the most time with her. My grandmother had moved to Portland, Maine; this came about as the result of two significant events in her life. First, her husband Al Massa died unexpectedly; second, her oldest daughter (and my mom) had gone through a divorce. So they decided to purchase a home jointly and move on with their lives. Also living with them was my aunt Tina, my mother's younger sister.

My grandmother was an intelligent woman; she was one of those people who completed the New York Times crossword puzzles - in ink and usually in under an hour. And she grew some of the most beautiful roses in her tiny backyard. It was wonderful to see the joy in her eyes when it came to her flowers. The problem was that she was heart-broken when Al passed away; for decades they would go dancing at night, just to hold one another more often. With him gone, she stopped living for herself. Less than a year from his retirement, her husband died on the picket line at work. Although I can only imagine her grief, it was difficult to see the affects of this tragedy slowly eat away at her soul. She rarely left her home, with the exception of going to Church, the grocery store or some of the neighbors' homes a few times during the month. She and Al were to go to Hawaii for a second honeymoon, but she could not bear to go there without him. In The Word, we are essentially reminded that 'people without vision perish' (and yes, I know that there are variations of interpretation of this concept) . Despite our ability to absorb pain, we must learn to move forward in life and not let the pain consume us.

For many years, she smoked cigarettes and was unwilling to give them up. She did so eventually; my mother moved out of their house, Tina got married; she and her husband lived with my grandma. Tina and husband Greg started their own family, raising three boys - thus giving her the incentive to quit. As most everyone knows, smoking increases one's risk of having cancer. My family were under the impression that she had managed to escape the misery of that disease. Less than two weeks from her death was when most of the family learned that she had contracted cancer and emphysema.

Although I understand and appreciate the need for privacy, it was selfish of my grandmother not to share the condition of her health. Her justification for not telling anyone, was that she had decided not to go through with the cancer treatment. By not telling us, she figured that no one would be given the opportunity to dissuade her from her decision. After all, it was her decision (and rightfully so) . Before she died, Tina started quickly gathering information about cancer - to better learn about what to expect regarding the few remaining days of her mother's life. One cancer brochure shocked her; as a result of reading the material, she was now having to deal with guilt.

This particular pamphlet laid out symptoms and patterns of human behavior of those suffering from this fatal disease - stuff that Tina had observed, but never realized the meaning of until it was too late. So in effect, my grandmother caused her family more pain by not sharing. In addition, not everyone who cared about her, had enough time to say good-bye (while she was alive) .

Although I had time to compose this brief poem in her honor, I did not have enough time to process my grandmother's death fully (prior to the service) . I was supposed to read the following poem and share a few words. To my surprise, I was choked up with immense grief, which kept me from delivering my eulogy; my wife kindly stepped in and presented the poem. One of my brothers was extremely upset for my inability to talk on behalf of my grandmother; so he spoke on my family's behalf. It's one of my few regrets in life; however, she was the only grandparent of mine that got to read my poetry manuscript. Less than two months before her death, she had taken time read my poetry and was pleasantly pleased with my efforts. During her appraisal of my work was the first time I learned that she wrote poetry - as of today, I've never gotten to read a line of poetry that she wrote. So it breaks my heart not to know what she composed, as well as not being able to share any more of my writing with her. And so here is my tribute for her...

&#12288;

#### In Remembrance of Grandma

A manicured garden  
of colored, cultured roses  
now goes untended.  
For Marguerite has been freed  
of all mortal constraint;  
left behind  
is a silver trowel  
and dancing shoes,  
as her spirit flies  
to the Hawaiian shore  
for pirouetting barefoot  
on the seashell sand.

Goodbye Grandma Massa; I miss you already.  
(18 June 2006)

&#12288;

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Lord, You Are**

Lord, You are my strength,  
whenever I'm completely weak.  
You are the spiritual delight  
in Whom I only seek.

Lord, You are my morning light  
that's shining above the mountain peaks.  
You are my hungering desire –  
For each day of every week.

Lord, You are my vigilant Father  
over earthly trials through which I eke.  
Please keep me mindful of Your Word,  
so my attitude remains... humble and meek.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Nothing Gold Can Stay**

Standing at the threshold  
of Death's ultimate door,  
my last gasp escapes me...  
As I've never experienced before.

Into the Heavenly realm  
I ascend in wonderment,  
now housed in an incorruptible body  
and thankful that from sin I did repent.

Standing in God's throne room  
freed of all Earthly flesh,  
my spiritual essence is energized  
and feeling fully refreshed.

Now gathered unto my Savior,  
unencumbered reality is more than it seems;  
for to be in His Presence  
is my accomplished dream.

Having been given my kingly reward,  
in these times of everlasting days,  
willfully I set my crown at His feet.  
For upon my head, nothing gold can stay.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

**November 30th: 6: 00pm - 8: 00pm EST: North Carolina: blogtalkradio.com / Poetic Works**

Hi everyone!

I've been invited to call into their show and talk about my poetry. This is a first for me - I've never been on the 'air'. Sooo it should be interesting, if nothing else. For those who may be looking to get in on the action, you should also check out the website.

Happy Thanksgiving! 'Gobble until you wobble! '

Pasted below is the website's post and URL:

[http: //poeticworks.com/PoeticWorksRadio](http://poeticworks.com/PoeticWorksRadio)

Yes, you saw the headline...POETS GONE WILD!

November 30,2008 @ 6pm we're going to wild out on blogtalkradio. You don't want to miss this segment, we plan to make this the best radio show we've hosted this year!

We are going to be featuring Mecca Dawn and Lyrical Storm plus a special guest.

Here is your chance to get your poetry and music played on a radio show dedicated to the underground artists. Join our fan list and we'll keep you updated on our shows and events!

If you want your mp3 played, send it to [poeticworksllc@gmail.com](mailto:poeticworksllc@gmail.com). Put in the subject line: Radio Show!

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Outside the Windy City**

Outside the Windy City  
lives the Lady Finnegan -  
Carol dearly loves the Lord Jehovah  
and is a part of His earthly plan.

Her heart has been pierced  
by God's Holy Spirit;  
for she placed her life before Him  
and has chosen to submit.

Her adoration for the King  
has burst forth with heart's joy,  
from reading her great nephew's literature  
within the borders of Illinois.

Now she's become God's messenger  
via her gifts of Joe's Christian poetry -  
For the fragrance of God's Love  
envelopes her with scriptural potpourri.

Blessed to be a blessing,  
her friendship has touched me -  
For we have found common ground  
between kinship and a love of poetry.

&#12288;

Dedicated to my Great Aunt Carol Finnegan,  
the sister of my maternal Grandmother Marguerite Massa.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Petitions to God**

God does answer prayer  
as many people have heard,  
but His only obligation is  
to honor His own Word.

He is always around  
for requests of Salvation's Call;  
His desire is to assist all lives  
that have spiritually stalled.

He willingly meets our needs  
and not necessarily our wants;  
for asking in ignorance  
doesn't sanction unmerited warrants.

Read and devour His Word;  
hide His Principles in your heart,  
so that your petitions to God are met  
from the knowledge He imparts.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem/Song: Just a Word, Lord

Just a word, Lord...  
is what I desire today.  
Often I devote quality time with Thee,  
hoping to learn more of your Holy ways.

Just a word, Lord...  
keeps me moving forward with You;  
embrace me with Your Presence,  
in everything that I say and do.

[CHORUS]

Just a word, Lord...  
provides me with Everlasting Life.  
Being focused on You,  
reduces the noise of earthly strife.

Just a word, Lord...  
completely captures my heart.  
My longing for You flows as water,  
that sates the thirsty hart.

[CHORUS]

Just a word, Lord...  
brings me out of the wilderness.  
Hear and answer my cries to be  
clothed with Your Righteousness.

Just a word, Lord...  
lifts and inspires my weary spirit.  
Cover me with grace continually,  
in anticipation of Your heavenly junket.

[CHORUS]

---

[CHORUS]  
Open the eyes of my understanding;  
remove the spiritual blinders on me!  
Always keep in my remembrance...  
Your sacrifice on that accursed tree.

-----  
Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Ezekiel 7: 1-8, 1 Kings 6: 11-13, Ezekiel 12: 1-2, 26-28, John 6: 47, Galatians 6: 8

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: A Psalm for the Prisoner**

O Lord, hear my simple cry;  
set this weary captive free!  
For I'm condemned by my past,  
imprisoned by the dungeon of me.

Break the restraints of attachment  
that are distressing my soul -  
Destroy the chains of my ignorance,  
which continue to undermine Your control.

Forcefully storm the stony gates  
that shelter the stronghold of my heart.  
Let the destructive plague be swept away!  
I thirst for Your Presence, as the woodland hart.

The shadow of Your magnificent wings,  
protect me from the terrors of the night.  
Shine Your Light into my spirit, thus allowing me...  
To firmly stand by faith and not by human sight.

Lord, I offer this pledge to You -  
Yours, are my love and humble devotion,  
in exchange for your unerring counsel  
and my acceptance of Your Salvation.

For now, a sentry of angels surround me,  
forming a holy prayer circle of peace.  
Embrace me with Your loving kindness,  
as I desire... Your permanent release.

----

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Psalm 91, Hebrews 11: 1, Luke 4: 18, Psalm 102: 20, John 8: 12,31-36, Psalm 42: 1-2

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: And God Spoke!**

Frankly, it's still seems quite odd  
to debate the religion of Science  
with regard to the existence of God.

Within the vacuum of deep space,  
we know that there was an invisible force  
that caused the "Big Bang" to take place.

Calculating the Universe's starting point  
can't explain "why" we're here on this planet,  
despite pretty charts and graphs of datapoints.

Principles of Science can not contest  
the presence of Jehovah on Earth  
by using its logical series of empirical tests.

In the "Genesis Account" of creation,  
we're told that God is the catalyst of life  
and not some random result of chemical reactions.

Faith requires no scientific proof  
or many pages of computer analysis –  
Certainly it's no theoretical hoax or goof.

When Truth is no longer concealed,  
and God's secret knowledge is finally revealed –  
His Love will cover us, as a lasting shield.

So jump on your Facebook account and give some pokes  
to your friendly, neighborhood physicists  
while offering the Biblical phrase... and God spoke!

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Gen 1: 1-5; 2 Peter 3: 8; John 8: 32; 2 Cor 13: 8; Eph 1: 17

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Between Two Thieves**

Under the duress of the sacrificial Cross  
and positioned between two thieves,  
the culmination of grace for the World  
was granted - via Jehovah's heavenly reprieve.

Surrounded by the stench of death,  
Christ uttered famous words of forgiveness;  
enduring human suffocation with each dying breath,  
His Light steadfastly opposed foreboding darkness.

His heart was forcefully punctured,  
by a soldier's upward, piercing blow.  
Ripping the spear from the broken body  
caused both blood and water to surprisingly flow.

Not immediately realized or understood  
was the significance of His Crucifixion.  
For this conciliatory offering to God  
covered our sin, serving as a holy propitiation.

In plain sight, upon Golgotha's skull hill,  
hung our Savior between two thieves.  
On that Good Friday He fulfilled God's will,  
before His Spirit was allowed its earthly leave.

-----  
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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: By His Grace**

By His grace, we are wonderfully saved;  
know that we shall live... beyond the grave.  
Through Salvation's gift, our sins are waived  
and upon His palms, our names are engraved.

Faith doesn't spring from human nature,  
nor is it something that we can nurture.  
In His efficacious grace, we can be sure -  
for Truth is borne out, within the Scriptures.

### Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Eph 2: 8-9; Isa 49: 16

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Called To Worship**

Remember the Lord, your God;  
He can turn your mourning into dancing.  
Refrain from being silent!  
Honor Him with continual praising.  
Renew your life, mind and conscience,  
by spiritually touching God's realm;  
conquer all of life's obstacles  
and prevent your soul from being overwhelmed.  
Stand firm – you are redeemed!  
Your obligation is to never forget,  
that you've inherited a sacred mission;  
go now forth as Jehovah's prophet.  
You possess the keys to Life's secrets;  
it's buried within the written Script.  
Overflow with joyous expectation, know...  
That you're called to worship!

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Learn more about me and my poetry at:  
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### Author notes

Loosely based on: Hebrews 9: 14; John 4: 23; Zephaniah 3: 9

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem: Colored People

Do you realize that races are overrated,  
since God is no respecter of persons?  
Colored perceptions of hatred and bigotry  
may ultimately destroy our existence.

Who needs people that:

- Lack brotherly love and respect for others
- Lust for power, wealth and domination
- Lack vision and purpose
- Lack maturity and wisdom
- Have attitudes of superiority
- Are poor in spirit
- Lack discipline and self-control

Colored attitudes, regarding skin tones and hues,  
pale in contrast to uncontrolled emotions.  
Without responsibility and accountability,  
people get themselves in trouble rather quickly.

Who really wants or needs:

- Red's lustful, passion for someone other than your spouse?
- or Green's destructional envy of others' wealth or possessions?
- or Yellow's fear, smelling of urine from peeing ourselves?
- or White's collection of powdered deaths?
- or Blue's inner sadness or coldness towards others?
- or Brown's poverty, shame and overall uncleanness?
- or Orange steadfastness for a Godless life?
- or Purple's smugness from a self-conceived ideal of royalty?
- or Black's foreboding sicknesses and death?

Our human collective needs to find real commonality,  
within this brotherhood of man, as planetary stewards.  
Under girded with a genuineness of concern and love,  
true understanding can lead to harmonious relationships.  
We all have the ability to commune with God's Spirit;  
however, we each must have a desire to do so.  
Utopia may be unattainable, unlike... unity of community.  
And yes, I forgive you, for thinking I might be racist.

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:

Acts 10: 34; Gal 2: 6; Deut 10: 17; 1 Pet 1: 17

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem: Daily Intercession

What an amazing sight, it must be!  
Seeing Christ seated on His throne,  
as He offers a continual covering on behalf  
of those that He considers His own.

Many have often wondered 'why',  
as observed in the following question:  
If Christ's mission on Earth was fulfilled,  
then 'Why does He make for us daily intercession? '

Beside Jehovah, robed in holy righteousness,  
Christ, our personal defender, pleads our case;  
for Jesus is uniquely qualified; He provides the grace  
that allows us to humbly come before God's face.

These selfless actions of The Advocate  
are simply part of His redemptive plan;  
against the backdrop of the glassy sea,  
He 'stands in the gap' as the lawyer of man.

Freely, we can go before Jehovah -  
with the burdens of our broken hearts;  
sacred utterances from the depths of our soul  
comes from revelation knowledge He's imparted.

Christ experienced the sting of Death  
and felt the pain of Godly separation.  
Can the impetus of His having been forsaken,  
truly serve as His underlying motivation?

--

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Hebrews 7: 25, I John 2: 1, Job 16; 19-21, Rev 4: 6, Mark 13: 34

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Embryonic Ideal**

How can I change the World that I see,  
unless I'm willing to begin with me?  
Sharing the Word via the use of Godly platitudes  
fails to work with the wrong heart's attitude.  
As human, we're all inherently flawed;  
we all need God's grace and to not be judged by His law.  
Although the world is in a hurting mess,  
there's help available for these times of distress.  
We have within us the ability to find  
solutions for the battles of our minds.  
It's certainly possible to make Change real –  
Embrace this seed of an embryonic ideal:  
See the embodiment of God in others,  
since we're the keepers... of our brother.

-----  
Author notes:

Loosely based on:  
Gen 4: 9; Eph 4: 23; Rom 8: 6

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Faith To Meet Each Trial**

Although I may be weak and weary at times,  
You gird my spirit with an inner strength.  
When reaching out to You in earnest prayer,  
I'll always be within Your arm's length.

Please continue to enlighten me with truth,  
so I may better appreciate these victories  
that increase around my life, day after day -  
which are the result of communing with Thee.

By my words, Godly deeds and humble prayers,  
I purpose to release my commitment unto You,  
knowing that I'm promised Your blessings  
and coming are these divine breakthroughs.

O my Lord, thank You for empowering me!  
By faith, I claim my spiritual inheritance.  
As a child of yours, nothing can stand against me  
and I will rise above all, earthly circumstances.

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
1 John 4: 4

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem: Field Mouse

An unsuspecting, little, field mouse  
committed a simple mistake one day;  
it unwittingly entered my rented house,  
not knowing my cats wanted to play.

My feline buddies, Hijinx and Mischief,  
decided to live up to their spirited names;  
sadly, the field mouse was offered no relief –  
for the boys had a live prize to claim.

By its tail, my cats had live entertainment;  
although they're allowed to have their fun,  
from this one deed, my cats will never repent;  
for they again had disobeyed - rule number one.

Since their English is not very good,  
their one restriction they tend to forget;  
so it's not surprising they misunderstood,  
my rule of: "Pets are not allowed to have pets! "

So now it was time for me to intervene;  
performing an unexpected "Animal Rescue",  
I now became a mouse catching machine  
and watched him scamper away from my view.

A new retrieval approach, I had to posit;  
with the boys closely monitoring my work,  
I quickly chased him into a nearby closet,  
hoping my cats wouldn't impatiently go berserk.

Removing items from the closet's floor,  
and contending with this fuzzy foreigner,  
I eyed the boys – to keep him from being gored.  
Eventually, I trapped him in the corner.

By the time I reached him, he had died –  
traumatized until his last heart's rush.  
Unlike my curious pets, I became teary eyed,  
as this escapade ended... with a toilet's flush.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: God Within**

Though Life can be extremely difficult  
and experiences can deeply traumatize us,  
we can learn to control how we respond -  
as demonstrated by our Lord, Christ Jesus.

For He alone is the hope of our glory;  
when we show genuine, jubilant enthusiasm,  
we naturally exhibit that "God is within";  
thus, we're able... to bridge sin's chasm.

This separation from God can be overcome  
with daily prayer and faith's resilience.  
Become intimate with your "Identity in Christ"  
and continue to reflect the Kingdom's brilliance.

Having energetic and vibrant attitudes,  
we see more opportunities brought to our door.  
Via God's Love and abundance principles,  
His blessings upon us... continue to pour.

Remember! We're blessed to be a blessing;  
prayerfully develop your mission's vision.  
Search for personal solutions within The Word,  
while reducing the likelihood of... bad decisions.

### **Author Notes:**

Loosely based on:  
Col 3: 18-25; Eph 6: 4-9

Enthusiasm is defined from a combination of Greek words: "Theos" means God, while the other two words are "En-Tae", which implies within. So enthusiasm actually means the "God Within." It is the shining source of goodness and respect for one's self and others.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Golden Rule**

I'm gently reminded of an old lesson,  
that takes me back to Sunday School;  
something, we've seem to have forgotten,  
is living by the Bible's "golden rule".

For walking in God's, true Love  
towards others is always fashionable.  
Remember! He has promised us strength  
to operate under His "Christian label".

When abiding by the principles of His Word,  
we are able to treat others properly.  
Desiring to be our brother's keeper,  
should assist us to more easily see...

faith's operation within our lives.  
Actions demonstrate what we believe;  
so do what is right, because of the...  
Love that we, have already received.

A real consequence of doing good,  
is that our souls naturally profit;  
know that you've lived a Godly life,  
by honoring the Law and His prophets.

### **Author Notes:**

Loosely based on:  
Matt 7: 12; 1 Chr 16: 11; Gen 4: 9;  
Psa 28: 6-8; 1 John 4: 15-19

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Green Card**

Like many other Christians,  
I'm living here on Earth temporarily;  
ask to see my "spiritual green card" -  
For my citizenship is with Christ's eternity.

Being a stranger in a foreign land  
makes me a heavenly ambassador,  
serving a lifelong assignment  
on a Godly pilgrimage as His sojourner.

Earth is not my final home -  
For I strive to overcome temptations of Earth;  
found in my identity with Christ  
is the true measure of my worth.

For those who are unsure,  
The Bible is my eternal passport  
that provides my credentials  
until I'm present in Heaven's court.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem: Intellectual Postulations

Sadly, there are many intellectual postulations  
that are well meaning, but fatally flawed.  
One can only end up with an unholy mixture from...  
combining Man's religious views with God's Law.

Beyond the constraints of the mental realm,  
the human template of thought cannot contain God.  
Yet after more than two thousand years of Church,  
lessons are still not learned; so it's not odd...

to see a skeptical world, groaning and grasping  
for rays of hope and light and salvation.  
God's truth can stand on its own, not needing  
to be couched within feeble human traditions.

The multitude of meaningless rhetoric  
will ultimately reveal the heart of a fool;  
this idea demonstrates that the Church really needs...  
Christ in its heart to reign and to rule.

It's shameful to see an inability to 'walk in love';  
unfortunately, it seems to appear everywhere today;  
stop ignoring the basic, Biblical truths, for...  
Christ declared Himself to be the Life, Truth and Way.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Inward and Outward Man**

Although I don't have a split personality,  
it's certainly interesting to see a new way  
of looking at myself... in terms of duality.

I seem to be in conflict with God's plan,  
dealing with struggles of an imbalanced stand  
that occurs between my inward and outward man.

Even though my outward man is perishing,  
the unseen inward man is under a daily renewing -  
provided The Word, I'm still consuming.

Therefore, with the knowledge I've heard  
and an attitude that's Holy Ghost stirred,  
I'll continue to move forward... undeterred.

So help me Lord remain in unity with thee;  
allow me to become the great man You see  
and accomplish Your purpose... that's laid out for me.

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
2 Cor 4: 16-18

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: It's Time (Happy New Year)**

Once again, it's time  
to celebrate a new year,  
when the vision of the human spirit is replete  
with renewed, opportunistic good cheer.

Once more, it's time  
for some real and personal change:  
reflect through your lens of experience  
and purpose to have priorities rearranged.

Yet again, it's time  
for the transformation of one's mind;  
forget about silly or foolish resolutions  
and instead apply a heavenly paradigm.

Nevertheless, it's time  
to stop weakly struggling in vain.  
Remember, the Lord's victory has been secured,  
for our Christ is forever the same!

In this new season, it's time  
to shed all worrisome and needless stress.  
Get grounded on The Word, knowing that...  
You have already been greatly blessed.

-----  
Author Notes:

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem: Oasis

O Lord, my spirit is weakened and parched,  
from trudging through this present wilderness.  
Send down on me Your abundant showers,  
which are scented with Christ's righteousness.

Transform the dry soil of my life;  
please renew my strength and sustain me;  
let my joy bloom once more with Your splendor;  
keep my eyesight focused solely on Thee.

Rescue me from the encroachment of ignorance;  
permit my weary, inner self to be consoled;  
bestow on me an everlasting crop of faith  
that springs forth, exceeding one hundred-fold.

Set my feet on Your "way of holiness";  
drench my being with Your latter rain;  
allow my life to have meaning, while I'm...  
singing Your praises via heavenly refrains.

In understanding my true identity,  
I've found the heart of my life's emphasis.  
Never to be thirsty again, I'm imbibing on...  
the rich, living waters of Your holy oasis.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Release the Songbird in Me**

O my Lord of mercy and grace -  
I desire to write more spiritual verse,  
while flying on your notes of blessings  
and overcoming Mankind's sin curse.

My heart's singing of your joy,  
as You feed me by Your hand  
the fullness of Thy melodic Word;  
thus enabling... my ability to understand.

O Lord, give flight to my words  
while I'm attuned to Your Spirit -  
May Your message reach weary souls  
and empower them with a Heavenly lift.

Allow me to rest in Your Presence,  
nestled amid the branches of Life's Tree,  
as I strive to perfect my voice.  
Please Lord; release the songbird in me.

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Author Note:

Special thanks go to Jay DuPaul, for his words of encouragement.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Poem: SATOR Squares

It's very surprising that "SATOR Squares"  
seem to appear everywhere  
the mighty Roman army had gone;  
can they together, really belong?  
Can anyone else see  
inside this puzzle's mystery?  
It's been learned that it's not a game  
and a truth, always remains the same.  
Known is the square's earliest evidence –  
Can it be a mere coincidence,  
that it was found in a retired soldier's home?  
From one who had faithfully served Italy's Rome.  
The Naked Archeologist cracked this riddle,  
by playing around with the letters of its middle.  
Fairly revealing were some of its words,  
whose interpretation were not fully obscured.  
From analyzing all 5-lettered Latin palindromes,  
it became clear; this particular grid stood alone.  
The hidden phrases are now, no longer lost;  
PATER NOSTER, "Our Father", forms a cross;  
The leftover letters include "a" for "The Alpha",  
while "o" represents "The Omega".  
The last secret, discovered inside this puzzle's framework,  
informs us: "The Alpha and Omega holds the wheels in work."  
For with Jehovah, nothing is impossible –  
when we see that "Jesus makes God's work possible".

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Supremacy of Christ**

Behold the first-born of creation,  
One to Whom was given all dominion.  
He is worthy of our heart-felt praise;  
therefore, honor Him, all of your days!

Guard yourself against ungodly deceptions;  
increase your spirit's awareness and perception.  
We possess the skills to repeatedly circumvent  
the problems of life... via our skills and talents.

Since we've been made in the Almighty's image,  
allow the joy of the Lord to reflect His visage,  
while understanding one's purpose and identity.  
Remember! By His spirit, we've been set free!

Know that the evidence has been compiled;  
accept that unto God, we've been reconciled.  
We've been given this wonderful gift of life.  
Recognize today... the supremacy of Christ!

### **Author Notes:**

Loosely based on:  
Col 1: 15-20; Gen 1: 27; 2 Cor 5: 17-21; Neh 8: 10

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## **Poem: Teach Me to Pray**

Lord, create in me a clean heart  
and teach me how to pray.  
Sow your righteousness into me;  
keep my soul from going astray.

Allow me to tap into Your spiritual strength.  
Open my ears – to the words, You now say!  
Quench this inner longing of human desire;  
help me to obey Your commands without delay.

Humbled by Your awesome Presence  
and reminded of my frail vulnerability,  
I bring myself before You for correction.  
Discipline this child with righteous dignity.

Open the eyes of my spirit  
and give my mouth the words to speak.  
Focus my attention on important matters –  
So I'm in alignment with the solutions You seek.

Allow me to be attuned to Christ's mind  
and pray in accordance with Your Will.  
Lord, let this conversation between us...  
be a lifelong exchange, that continues still.

-----  
Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Proverbs 29: 18, Psalm 119, Luke 11: 1, Psalm 25: 4, Exodus 33: 13

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## **Poem: The Dark Heretic**

In diligent search of God  
was the dark heretic,  
a master of the natural world  
and our father of modern physics.

In defiance of the Church  
stood Sir Isaac Newton alone,  
cloistered in his office, clinging...  
To personal beliefs, of his own.

Interest in "The End Times"  
was his lifelong, secret mission -  
His papers were intentionally hidden,  
from recognizing the gravity of his situation.

In the study of Divine Prophecy,  
Newton poured incessantly over The Word,  
convinced that his Doomsday calculations were...  
Godly insights - that he alone had learned.

Indeed, we are seeing natural disasters and earthquakes;  
however, God stated that "no man shall know the date".  
So in 2060, will Newton have the last laugh,  
regarding his expected demise of all human fate?

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: The Full Beauty of Thee**

Lately, life has been rough and coarse;  
how have I strayed off course?  
Be my light and show the way,  
for You alone are Love's real source.

O my Lord, please touch me  
with Your spiritual purity!  
Open my eyes, that I may see...  
the full beauty of Thee.

Cure me of my blindness,  
as I wander in this wilderness;  
meet me where I am,  
with Your loving kindness.

O my Lord, please touch me  
with Your spiritual purity!  
Open my eyes, that I may see...  
the full beauty of Thee.

I'm not wanting more excuses,  
to explain away how my sin oozes;  
lift me up that I may find  
the holy joy true faith produces.

O my Lord, please touch me  
with Your spiritual purity!  
Open my eyes, that I may see...  
the full beauty of Thee.

-Joe Breunig  
Reaching Towards His Unbounded Glory

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: These Earthly Things**

Lord, the possessions of Earth  
have no permanent grip on my soul;  
help me to focus solely on You,  
knowing that everything else will fade...  
into the background, from my view.

Lord, the knowledge of Your Kingdom  
has been slowly seeping into my spirit;  
my heart longs for new songs to sing.  
Help me to absorb more of Your ways,  
while I forget about... these earthly things.

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
Col 3: 2

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## **Poem: Toxic Doctrines**

Are your ears being tickled?  
Is your soul's carnality being fed?  
Are you running on the wrong path?  
Are you blindly being led?

What is your theology?  
What do you really believe?  
Where will you spend eternity?  
Does The Word match... what you perceive?

Continually, out of your mouth,  
the desires of your heart flow;  
understand your true motivation;  
move beyond the Church's status quo.

Be humbly filled with The Spirit  
and receive God's holy unction;  
ask for your vision, insuring...  
that your gifts properly function.

God is examining your heart,  
against Truth's only baseline!  
Are you devouring the Scriptures  
or feeding on some... toxic doctrines?

### **Author Notes:**

Loosely based on:  
1 John 2: 18-27; Matt 12: 34,15: 11; Ecc 11: 9;  
Psa 51: 17; Heb 4: 12; Luke 6: 45

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## **Poem: Transforming Power**

The foolishness of Jehovah is...  
wiser than the intellect of Mankind.  
The overwhelming evidence is available,  
by examining the thoughts of His mind.

Some may ask: "How is that possible? "  
By reading and studying His Holy Word.  
The Scriptures were divinely inspired  
and in the hearts of men were stirred.

Love conquers all, from the "inside out",  
by the piercing of the human heart.  
For Love requires deliberate action  
and not interpretations of a star chart.

The challenges of life are before us;  
Principles and truths can be our strong tower.  
Victories are promised when we chose...  
to unleash God's transforming power.

### **Author Notes:**

Loosely based on:  
1 Cor 1: 18-25,3: 19-21; Psa 61

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## Poem: Vastness Of The Kingdom

How can mortals completely envision heaven?  
Exploring the fullness of what we'll see,  
will surely take many human lifetimes,  
in order to take in... all things of eternity.

Whatever God has prepared for us -  
conceived from infinite possibilities,  
the sight of its beauty lies beyond our mental grasp,  
whose description, exceeds one's vocabulary.

What is the secret name reserved for me?  
Can one take a swim in the glassy sea?  
How large is the throne room of God?  
How many angels and cherubs will we see?

Can we exist beyond the third dimension?  
Will we be able fly through the universe?  
How long will it take me to memorize all Scripture  
and the subtle meanings... of each and every verse?

How many new colors, will we experience  
that shine within Jehovah's heavenly dome?  
How much gold will stick to my feet,  
from walking around my eternal, new home?

What are the capabilities of our immortal bodies?  
How much knowledge, from our lives, will we retain?  
What will my first feelings and thoughts be,  
when standing before... the Lamb who was slain?

Great are the rewards of Kingdom living.  
Among the redeemed, no one is viewed the fool;  
His great family will be overcome with joy,  
knowing that everyone submitted... to His Sovereign rule.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Poem: Way of The Cross**

Tis important to remember,  
the holy Standard that was set for us!  
Its purchase was selflessly made  
by our beloved Christ Jesus.

Upon Calvary, this single sacrifice  
of Jehovah's perfect, atoning Lamb  
completely demonstrates the truest form of Love  
from our God, the Great I Am.

Lord, we may not entirely comprehend,  
how Your ways are superior to our own,  
but we need to realize that we're called  
to reach towards Your Kingdom throne.

From the cruel spilling of Your Son's royal blood,  
the ransom for Humanity was fully paid;  
and the foundation of Heaven's eternity  
has been utterly sealed and forever laid.

-----  
Author Notes:

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## Remembering Pentecost

On that fateful day of Pentecost,  
power came down from on high.  
For it originated with God's presence  
and His Kingdom, that's far beyond our sky.

The ascension of Christ had been witnessed,  
with Him clearly rising above the clouds;  
He was no longer bound by planetary constraint  
and the opinionated amazement of the crowd.

Upon the Earth, a violent breeze blew;  
it brought forth 'winds of change' into the hearts of men.  
This first outpouring of the Holy Spirit reinforced  
God's abundant Love, for us all once again.

The power of Jehovah had appeared,  
as 'tongues of fire' above the people's heads -  
Thus fulfilling an Old Testament prophesy,  
as the prophet Joel had previously illustrated.

The spiritual battles are fought today  
inside the imagination of our minds;  
cleanse your thoughts with The Word  
and shift your ideals with His holy paradigm.

God has promised in The Scriptures  
that He will never leave us nor forsake us.  
His comforting Spirit remains along side  
as we now await - the final return of Christ Jesus.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **September 11,2001**

Failing to understand  
why our nation is great,  
an opportunity was sought  
by souls cowardly lying in wait.

Focused on pure evil  
as they have continually done,  
an unholy attack was unleashed  
on a day now known as 9-1-1.

Via the destruction  
of New York's "Twin Towers"  
the enemy crushed a symbol  
of U.S. monetary power.

Beyond the resources to rebuild,  
our country operates from a wealthy mindset;  
so we can easily overcome  
loss of life and some airliner jets.

We have forgiven peoples and nations;  
we have helped the World without regret.  
Justice will be eventually extracted  
for a date guaranteed that we'll never forget.

Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **True Contentment**

Know God and know peace,  
leaning not on your own understanding.  
Earthly troubles will never cease -  
Use faith to quell the inner longing.

Regardless of your circumstance,  
you are empowered to be an overcomer.  
Rejoice in the midst of difficulties;  
in His Presence, find holy favor.

He has promised to supply our needs!  
Things can not fill the hole of one's heart.  
Cleanse your mind with His Word;  
desire Truth that only Jehovah can impart.

Forget fancy words, clichés and obsession  
with the rhetoric of sentiment;  
wholeheartedly seek the face of the Lord.  
Find for yourself, true contentment.

-----

Author Notes:

Loosely based on:  
1 Timothy 6: 6; Philippians 4: 11; Hebrews 13: 5

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd

## **Walls Tumbled Down**

Man-made structures can't last  
against the blows of a spiritual blast.  
As demonstrated at Jericho, walls tumbled down;  
its destruction was truly inevitable!  
For it was illegally stationed on holy ground.

Inside out, God moves on our heart from within;  
subtly He motivates us to have Him purge our sin.  
Against the barriers of our personal defense,  
His Holy Spirit continually and lovingly flows,  
easily overtaking our five, natural senses.

Like the 'Good Samaritan', show others God's Love  
by allowing His Light to shine - from within and above.  
Is it possible that Jericho's defeat is a just metaphor?  
Whereby Jehovah's Love does conquer all,  
by breaching the stony gates... of our heart's door.

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Joseph James Breunig 3rd  
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## **Way of The Cross**

Tis important to remember,  
the holy Standard that was set for us!  
Its purchase was selflessly made  
by our beloved Christ Jesus.

Upon Calvary, this single sacrifice  
of Jehovah's perfect, atoning Lamb  
completely demonstrates the truest form of Love  
from our God, the Great I Am.

Lord, we may not entirely comprehend,  
how Your ways are superior to our own,  
but we need to realize that we're called  
to reach towards Your Kingdom throne.

From the cruel spilling of Your Son's royal blood,  
the ransom for Humanity was fully paid;  
and the foundation of Heaven's eternity  
has been utterly sealed and forever laid.

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## **When Will You Come?**

When will You come?  
Will I be found, before my earthly life is done?  
Will I experience Your Resurrection Power  
and observe how sin You have conquered & devoured?

It's a win-win scenario, for me, in any case -  
As I long to see Your radiance, revealed at Heaven's pace.  
To enter Your gates with humble willingness  
is real, knowing that I'm clothed by Your Righteousness.

When will You come?  
Will I be found, before Death has finally succumbed?  
According to Your timetable, which is not yet uncovered.  
Thankfully, Your Grace I've discovered.

Oh my Lord, I'm standing in line -  
To witness Your Return, within the span of Eternity's time.

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