

Poetry Series

**Ginny Alloway Baker**  
**- poems -**

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# Ginny Alloway Baker()

## Ambience Of The Past II

I love to create a lovely place  
adorned with essence of old,  
to feel the beauty of elegant grace  
and stories of lives untold.

Like capturing a moment of long ago  
in the ambience of the antique  
a feeling of what I used to know  
memories vague with mystique.

Hand tatted coverlets of dainty ladies  
in old fashioned bonnets and gowns,  
hang now as curtains for their display  
holding a place of renown.

Lamps that glow pink from cut glass globe  
shimmer as they light the way,  
of crystal and china and dolls that are old.  
An ancestors portraits parade.

Relics to some that don't matter at all  
but to me they are valued possessions,  
giving me strength as I see and recall  
the loving ones that first possessed them.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Before That Time

Time trudges by the deepest despair of life  
as equally as it glides by  
when joy bubbles over.

Or when the elusive peace we need  
twirls round the edges of our life.  
Refusing to stop when all within us wants  
to hold onto the moment.  
Seemingly slower... when pain, grief or loss  
crowd out the sanity we usually live in.

Time marches...crawls...flies...  
yet it is all an illusion.  
It is honored by some...  
and impatiently hurried by others.  
It captures our desires,  
and is longed for when it is running out.  
Time...sometimes a friend,  
Then a crushing enemy,  
Never to be turned back.  
Some make pretense to reverse it's hands,  
while others ignore it,  
as if it didn't matter.

It raises questions needing answers.  
Is it over when it's over?  
Does it go on in another dimension?  
Can it be ageless,  
Free of loss and grief?  
Full of the peace that we seek?  
Or empty and over?  
Death can captivate forever in Time,  
Unless eternity is bought before that Time!

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Behind Blue Eyes

What's the matter, I ask,  
and looking back at me  
pools of sadness in blue eyes  
exposing the heart's agony.  
Four years old, and life should be  
fun, full of love, and carefree.  
Things have changed,  
not for the best  
loved ones departed  
source of much unrest.  
Tattooing this soul, with insecurity  
dreams became nightmares  
in the stark reality.  
Hopes are dashed, tears gone dry  
As the gnawing question asked  
is always 'Why? '  
I see the grief  
and lonely despair  
written on the face  
I ache for it, I care.  
Nothing I can do  
'cause the choice isn't mine,  
I just take it up in prayer  
and hope in the Divine.  
This child's heart is broken  
yet the words are unspoken.  
Quieter, reserved, shy about life  
Opposite from what things used to be  
What a price for the sacrifice  
caused from immaturity.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Bruised Reed

I was a bruised reed,  
feeling of failing  
weary of waiting,  
yet He would not break me,  
but would redeem me.  
His strength was made perfect in my weakness  
I was the dimly burning wick,  
Lit so long ago in a dark place,  
fading as a light to see.  
Yet, He would not extinguish me,  
but rather His love would fan a flame  
so it could burn brightly with hope again.  
Hope deferred made my heart sick,  
but desire fulfilled became a tree of life.  
I was the afflicted, the needy,  
seeking water where there was none.  
My tongue had become parched with thirst,  
He answered me Himself  
and helped me dig deep wells.  
He will not forsake me,  
He opens rivers and pools,  
and makes the wilderness a spring,  
the dry land a fountain.  
He gives the peace that passes understanding  
so the table He prepares in the  
midst of my enemies is secure.  
I can trust in Him.  
He revives my soul from sickness,  
He restores my spirit to richness,  
He always will be my dwelling place  
I long for the day I can see His face.

January 8,2006

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Creation And Worship

Creation has been crying out  
from pollution that is severe,  
There is that which defiles the earth  
that permeates our atmosphere.

The horrific sins of human hands  
have piled up high on high,  
till God responds to nature's demands,  
it's fury roars through the sky.

It is God that stops creation  
from reacting and spewing out,  
inhabitants that thumb their nose at Him  
and jeer at Him in doubt.

The creation of God worship Him  
and come to His defense.  
it was never to be worshipped  
but only to enhance.

Mistaken are the ones who think  
creation is far greater,  
than the One who made it all at first,  
the Lord God, our Creator.

August 28,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Enemies Of The Cross

Will you know when the last trumpet sounds  
Or fail to hear the call?  
Will you rejoice when Jesus comes  
Because you know you gave your all?

Do thoughts of judgement frighten you  
So you crowd them out of your mind?  
Or is Jesus, Who paid the greatest price,  
Still your most precious find?

In my heart, I have some fear  
That there are those I love  
That lost the way Jesus has for them  
That fit like a hand in a glove.

Truth has been revealed to them,  
Repentance once ruled their day,  
But time has shown  
they have lost their sight,  
And many fall away.

Enemies of the Cross of Christ  
Just who could that be?  
Anyone who puts Jesus aside,  
Ignoring the Cross of Calvary.

Lawless and rebellious,  
The way grows very broad,  
Out of God's will,  
I wonder still,  
If they can find their way back to God.

Once the Word held powerful sway  
Over their heart and mind.  
Once they had a sweet spirit,  
That sinners were drawn to find.

Jesus was the Name  
They breathed forth throughout the day

Every avenue was scoured and sought  
To make sure it was His way.

Why have the righteous  
fallen short of His grace?  
What has caused the desire for other things.  
His will to replace?

God help those who are in danger  
return unto You,  
Let then not be left or lost  
Restore to them a heart that is true.

Let us meet them in Heaven  
And rejoice that we walked Your way.  
Don't let the tears wiped from our eyes,  
Be grief at the loss of them that strayed.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Enemy Death

"Long and hard the road has been  
that gave me revelation.  
The search for answers common to man  
no matter in life their station.

Questions of healing and brushes with death  
helped get my attention.  
Deeper knowledge, the height and the breadth,  
of greater spiritual dimension.

Death is an enemy that we all will face  
yet it seeks to steal us away  
the length of our life we should embrace  
or he'll take us a premature day.

It is God's will that we should  
fulfill the number of our days.  
Many do not, and it's not God's fault  
if we don't learn spiritual ways.

I get so weary of hearing God blamed  
for every tragedy  
the devil is the thief against our life  
he is the enemy.

Jesus wants us to learn how to pray  
to take authority in His Name,  
to stop death as an enemy  
and beat the devil at his game."

August 28,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Grand Daddy's Last Time

Granddaddy cared for his  
pocket watch  
A gift it was...  
a treasure.  
The long gold chain  
held it secure  
and the time he would  
lovingly measure.  
He often took it  
for cleaning...  
in the shop  
they knew his name.  
It was there that  
he fell and breathed his last  
no one was to blame.  
Now that watch has been passed down  
the story to be told  
of Granddaddy's love  
for his lovely watch  
and time after time...  
isn't old.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# I Was Warned

God spoke to me a warning  
"Go around that tree"  
I looked at the options  
and thought,  
'It must just be me.'  
He spoke again and said so plain  
"go another way"  
I stubbornly persisted  
and refused to obey.  
It was just the still small voice  
that God was teaching me,  
to learn how to hear Him  
and not go near that tree.  
Just as I stepped under  
that beautiful huge oak tree  
I was really then, in wonder  
how much the Lord does see!  
A little bird was resting  
somewhere up above  
Poop fell and hit my leg  
God warned me in His love.  
That was so amazing  
the knowledge that He has,  
He knew when I would get there  
what was waiting in my path!  
I marvel at how much He knows  
just like His word has said.  
He knows when every sparrow falls  
or if they'll hit you in the head!  
This is a true story  
I was learning how to hear  
and trust that the Lord can speak  
and make His wisdom clear.

October 30,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Poet To Poet

To you who read and review

“Iron sharpens iron  
so one sharpens another”  
Reading poems brings inspiration  
unlike most any other.  
Feeling..... through seeing,  
expressions of  
love, hate, agony,  
can kindle fresh and new,  
many a memory.  
Tapping into the vast reserve  
of spirit and of soul,  
To get thoughts on paper  
flowing free,  
is the poet’s goal.  
More than fun, more than great,  
is the satisfaction,  
It’s the writing of the poetry,  
and a reviewer’s good reaction.  
Guarded remarks are best to be made  
Lest the one baring be crushed at heart,  
Better to encourage the soul’s promenade  
instead of tearing them apart.  
A poet’s sensitivity is really their glory  
but, oh the pain it can be,  
it is the gift to tell the story,  
and write verses that others can “see”.  
‘SENSITIVE’ is a sticking point  
if a critique becomes too plain,  
harsh words do more than disappoint,  
but cause the poet to think, it’s in vain.  
Otherwise, you’ll realize,  
a review has touched a nerve,  
when bitter anger spews forth on you  
far more than you deserve.  
So, Poet to Poet  
I dedicate  
all of this poem to you,

It is my thought to predicate  
the wonderful works that you do.

September 18,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Power In Prayer

Prayer is the language of the spirit  
Paul tells in Ephesians 6  
It's more than just a petition  
or to get a holy fix.  
All manner of prayer and petition  
means there is more to do  
that just to ask for what is a need  
rather find out the rest that is true.  
The prayer of command in Jesus Name  
shatters the enemy gates,  
It is a position of demand,  
one the enemy hates.  
It is not at a whim that you do it  
but as you have learned His voice  
His power comes through it  
the enemy has no choice.  
Believers have authority  
like a cop who holds up his hand  
Power is behind the words  
when you speak forth His commands.  
Jesus Name is not like a charm  
that just anyone can use,  
The seven sons of Sceva came to harm  
when His Name they abused.  
They tried to cast a demon out  
He left them naked and beaten up.  
They found what His Name is NOT about  
something you can casually strut.  
Tread upon serpents and scorpions  
all the power of the enemy,  
Superior to all- Inferior to none  
His name gets victory.  
No weapon formed against us shall prosper  
That is the word of God to His own  
Yes, there are weapons formed  
that shall fail  
We never walk alone.  
Very secure is God's servant  
He is always near

He is always observant  
There is no need to fear.  
This is no light weight war  
Heavy weights are trying to win  
Defeat is what they will get  
When they continue with their sin.  
The sword of the Lord  
goes forth from our mouth  
When we speak the words He says,  
Observe the mountains crumble  
and barriers rip away.  
Jesus is the Name above all names  
He alone is to be worshipped  
God has an agenda in this day  
He'll take care of those with cross-purpose.

October 31,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Spiritual Paradox

It has always been  
a paradox to me  
that one could die of thirst  
adrift in the mighty sea  
oceans of water all around  
plenty to swim in  
plenty to drown  
not the right water  
the body to save.  
drinking wrong water  
invites the grave.

There's amazing similarity  
to the sea of spirituality  
vast realms of spiritual power  
all bidding in this hour.  
Many waves you can ride  
One is safe to abide.  
Swim in the ocean of mystery  
a high price to afford  
your souls rest throughout eternity  
is only in the Lord.  
Every other spirit  
may be easy to find  
just like salty water  
not the life giving kind.  
If you are thirsty  
for spiritual truth  
Jesus is the answer  
there is no substitute.

October 21,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Spiritual Terrorists

There are more kinds of terrorists  
than many people see  
The spiritual ones that hide,  
cloak themselves in mystery.  
Searching out their victims  
upon the astral plane  
Thinking no one notices,  
trying to drive some insane.  
Viewing remotely to have a look see  
trying to gain an advantage  
and let them not be free.  
What does the hidden agenda do  
in the one who thinks it's grand  
but help them to excel, it's true,  
but not on level land.  
Pretense and lying words they say  
and use such flattery  
most will fall for this display  
that is really mockery.  
Smug and impish is their mode  
Cheap in human care  
Something's wrong with this abode  
It's not fair and square.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# The Blame Game

How good are you at the blame game?  
That tool we so easily find,  
Our efforts to figure a problem name-  
To fault failures we have in our life?

Our heart can be so deceitful  
And make us believe a lie.  
But only what is truthful  
will help point our Spirit to the sky.

This is the reason  
His Word we so need,  
To measure ourselves and to know  
how to be one of the rarest breed,  
His power, on earth, to show.

Who can be blamed when we stand before Him  
And the account we give must be true,  
The time to answer the question is now  
While the door is still open to you.

Doing the deeds He has called us to  
Are possible for those who believe,  
They must be completed in His sight,  
So true reward we receive.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# The Chalice

There was a beautiful chalice,  
filled with liquid that looked like life.  
I thought it was that well of love,  
I'd searched for in my strife.

I touched the chalice to my lips,  
without a hesitation,  
I drank deeply...  
there were bitter dregs,  
I cried in desperation.

Oh, God why has this happened?  
I've tried so hard to find the truth.  
He showed me,  
for His way,  
there is no substitute!

The love that I'd been looking for,  
had been there all the time,  
His cup holds Living Water,  
the choice had still been mine.

Now my life belongs to Him,  
I don't have to question...  
because I know, His way for me,  
is tailored to perfection.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Today Is The Day

Today is the day I take stock  
to inventory my life,  
to rid myself of all that blocks  
and causes dissension and strife.

Going from room to room  
in the housing of heart and mind,  
emptying drawers and using a broom  
lost treasures hoping to find.

Some things bring a wonderful glow  
in my heart and on my face,  
as I rediscover the graces bestowed  
that somehow lost their place.

Hidden grief I thought was gone  
is suddenly now in sight,  
but, battles and victories already won,  
remind me of God's might.

Today is the day of reckoning  
discarding, replacing, and seeing  
the call of my heart has been beckoning  
to 'Take care, this affects your believing'.

Out of the abundance of the heart  
issues of life do flow.  
Today is the best day I could start  
it's true condition to know.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# Virtuous Mother

My mother is one I could never match  
She has depth so much more than me  
Ever steadfast in her life  
Self sacrificing as any could be.  
Patience, a virtue she wears like a crown  
Humility graces her brow  
Oft' times I've caused her to shadow a frown  
Thank God that was then...this is now.  
Quiet in spirit, sure to possess  
herself in great dignity  
Rare is the time she cannot caress  
the weight of eternity.  
Her laughter like music,  
Her song like a prayer,  
She is one of a kind.  
All of us grateful for the life she has led,  
No lovelier one you could find.  
Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain  
A virtuous woman fears God  
If ever a scripture could mirror a name  
She's it.....She is not a facade.

September 15, 2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# What If Today Was The Day

“What if today was the day  
you held in your grasp  
every dream, every hope,  
everything you could ask?

What would you feel after  
you got a good taste?  
That sense of well being,  
or disappointment of waste.

What would you think  
of all that was treasure  
that it had lasting meaning  
in ways you could measure?

Or is it transient  
without depth or cost  
Soon obsolete and empty  
with a soul that is lost?

Mansions and money  
all we can attain  
have only fleeting pleasure  
if that is all we gain.

The essence of our being  
will go on long after  
in Heaven with treasure  
or Hell our disaster.

August 27,2005

Ginny Alloway Baker

# When Is A Ring Not Just A Ring

When is a ring not just a ring  
though gorgeous it may be?  
When every time you see it  
you remember a whole history.

Rings that graced an Aunt I so love  
that were to her a special pleasure,  
given by her sweetheart to his wife  
tokens of their loves treasure.

For many years they had their place  
sparkling diamonds on her hands  
till came the day they were put away  
because of life's ill shifting sands.

Eventually those lovely rings  
that had been such a loving token  
came to be handed down to me  
with more love than could ever be spoken.

To some they would be a royal find  
because of their valued worth  
but they are far more in my mind  
from the beloved Aunt of my birth.

I see her hands back through the years  
on her organ as she would play,  
I recall the late night laughter and tears  
when I had the chance to go stay.

So when is a ring not just a ring?  
When loved ones are attached.  
They carry sweet memories on a wing  
because they take you back.

Dedicated to my Aunt Jeanne Alloway Parks  
August 26,2005



# You Ask Me Why

WHY?

You ask me why I love Jesus  
and speak of Him so much.  
It's all a long, long story  
of how my life was changed  
by His touch.

I had searched to find reality  
the answers were all a sham.  
I wound up in a state of brokenness  
and I didn't even give a damn.

Through the valley of the shadows  
I tried to go it on my own.  
I found I couldn't make it  
At least, not all alone.

Then I remembered from my childhood,  
the story of Jesus Christ,  
That He was the Son of the Living God  
and for me He gave His life.

I decided to follow His way to see just what would be  
And now I'll tell the whole wide world,  
that Jesus set me free!  
'Free from what? '  
I guess you think,  
so I'll tell you just a part.  
He forgave my sins,  
delivered me,  
and made me a brand new heart!

I gave Him all my broken dreams  
and the filthiness in my life,  
He gave me Joy for sorrow,  
and Peace instead of strife.  
So, now you know why I love Him,  
and cherish His precious Name.  
He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords,

and I'll never be the same.

Ginny Alloway Baker

# You Saw...You Knew

Oh Lord, before I was formed  
You knew me.  
Before I came forth  
You knew when I would sit...  
where I would stand.  
You set Your hand upon me...  
such knowledge is too hard to realize.  
You knew when I would fall..  
and to my surprise...  
when I would answer Your call.  
You already knew the sum of my days  
how I would fulfill and walk Your ways.  
You saw the successes  
and failures.  
You anticipated my enemies  
and gave me what I needed  
to defeat them.  
No darkness can overtake You...  
darkness and light are alike...  
the same to You.  
My days were written in Your book  
before there were any...  
You kept me hidden in Your nook  
from them who would harm  
though there were many.  
I do not want to leave  
Your presence  
I've no desire  
to be on my own...  
Your Spirit is  
my effervescence...  
flowing freely  
from Your throne.

Ginny Alloway Baker