

Poetry Series

Greg Oosterhouse
- poems -

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Greg Oosterhouse(02-20-1976)

I started writing after a wedding reception inspired me greatly. I started writing poetry in February of 2004, just before my 28th birthday. Poetry has become my voice, I tell it like it is when I write. I proclaim myself to be a soapbox preacher because of that. I write of the Lord, and of love. Those are my two main subjects.

'29' A Lament

My protector has gone, driven away by effort weak,
Replaced by another, but the former I do seek.

From all cares and woes it kept me free.
Laugh, I did at all attempts to harm me.

But now I feel naked and exposed.
The protecting veil no longer has me enclosed.

Attackers penetrate the new wall at will,
Making it hard to remember 'Peace be still'.

Soothing balm is spent in vain,
And sweetness brings excruciating pain.

Relief comes as easy as swimming in wet cement.
I always wonder: 'Who will hear my ongoing lament? '

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg Alan Oosterhouse, 1-21-2010

Greg Oosterhouse

A Love All Inclusive

I've been given a gift,
It is a gift so grand.
It is a gift so great,
It will not fit in my hand.
It's meant to be shared
For as long as I live.
It is from the Lord,
It's a love all inclusive.

It has a special name,
It is LTTL.
It's for him and her
And for you as well.
Hate has no chance,
It just cannot live
With this powerful force,
This love all inclusive.

Greg Oosterhouse

'A Love Pure And True'

Must love have sexual connotations?
Must it include lustful desires?
Must it include erotic reverberations?
Must it always ignite wild, passionate fires?

I dearly love my best friend.
To someone else, she is wed.
The Lord wanted my shyness to end,
So He sent her to make my aloofness dead.

She makes me happy, my heart leaps for joy.
She encourages me, for me she does care.
Her friendship has made me one bold boy!
Time together and warm hugs we share.

There are those that say we shouldn't be friends,
Because she is married, betrothed to another.
They do not understand, their criticism never ends.
I support her marriage like a good Christian brother.

Let others think what they will,
Though their accusations stink like an old shoe.
My cup of morality, may I never spill.
Despite their beliefs, my love is pure and true.

Friends are additions to one's kin,
Blessings sent from the Lord divine.
To love one's friends is not a sin.
So, appreciate your friends as a vintage wine!

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

'A Picture Of Friends'

What could be worth more?
What can inspire to Earth's ends?
What causes ecstasy galore
More than a picture of friends?

Go to all purveyors of art,
Consult the most knowledgeable curator.
All of the masterpieces in whole or in part
Do not come to the value that is greater.

Keep your DaVinci's, keep your Picasso's,
Degas', Monet's, even your Kinkade's.
Around all those I'd throw a lasso
Than give up this picture that love made.

Friends are treasures, sources of joy,
Sent from the Lord God above.
They are meant for every girl and boy.
They inspire thoughts of happiness and love!

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

Abounding Mercy

The Lord in His mercy blesses me
When none but trouble distresses me.
All I can say is 'Holy! Holy! Holy! ',
And I feel that nothing can again depress me.

The Lord, He provides me with all I need.
Though in my acts and thoughts are evil deeds.
I'm in awe, at the fact that I am worthy.
Then I am lead, His commandments to heed.

There are times That He lets bad things happen to us,
So we can learn that at times, we can trust
His plans for us. Though they seem a bust,
They are hidden blessings meant to uplift us.

Lord God, please tell me how I deserve
Countless blessings which cause my heart to swerve.
I'm so grateful, Your love has touched every nerve.
With such gifts, my soul has been perserved.

Greg Oosterhouse

'All I Can Say'

All I can say is 'Love! '
All I can feel is love!
All I can do
Is give thanks to You
For all I can say is 'Love! '

Thank You Lord, for this love!
For Your great joy giving love!
Thank You so much
For the lives You have touched!
You, Lord alone are love!

You, Lord are so good to me!
Great my praises will be!
How could I afford
All these gifts You have stored?
I love You eternally!

Love, so true, so divine!
It is so wonderfully mine!
You died on the cross
At satan's great loss!
Love is sweeter than wine!

Yours is the strength and the power!
Yours is the glory and praise!
You light my way
So I will not stray.
I am happy all my days!

All I can say is 'Wow!'
When I think of You above!
All I can do
Is reveal how true
Is Your great and glorious love!

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.7-19-2006

Alphabet For God

Almighty is He,
Beloved He be.
Contagious is His love.
Domine, Lord up above.
Everlasting is His power and might.
Forever, He will keep us in His sight.
Glorious are His mighty ways,
He, will I lift up high all my days.
Immortal, greater than man.
Juxtapositioning with Him, no evil can.
Knocking evil upside the head,
Living ever, keeping it from His holy stead.
May all bow down
'neath His holy crown.
Omnipotent, He sees all things.
Peace does He bring to paupers and kings.
Quake, will all people at His royal splendor.
Rest, will all people in His mercy tender.
Savior, He is our hero.
Trust in Him only, and not any zero.
Under His care we all are.
Victorious He is, He is our Bright Morning Star.
Withholding not His love for all.
Xanadu is Heaven, place of the great ball!
Yesterday, today and tomorrow,
Zion is a place without sorrow!

Greg Oosterhouse

'Another Year Older'

Here you are, another year older.
Another year past of pushing the boulder.
You have grown a little wiser,
And trouble spewed out like a geyser.

Some days were stormy, others were fair.
Some days were happy, others filled with care.
Through each day, you strived on with faith.
You based your actions on what the Almighty saith.

May this year be filled with blessings and bliss.
At year's end, may you happily say this:
'I feel like I'm in seventh heaven!
May 2008 be as glorious as was 2007! '

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

'As We March On To Glory'

As we face this goliath,
On this dark, clouded day,
As he does impose his will,
This is what we shall say:

We will not be afraid,
For the Lord is on our side.
Through the darkest nights,
He'll ever be our guide.
Our trust in Him we will never hide,
As we march on to Glory!

The enemy, he is near.
Our gates are busted through.
As he overwhelms us,
This is what we will do:

We will take up the cross
Right to the point of death.
We will praise His great name,
Yes, with our final breath.
We will bring the Word down to the lowest depth,
As we march on to Glory!

As the Lord, He does guide us
To the great victory,
We will shout 'Hallelujah! ',
Us all on bended knee.

We will shout to the hills,
So the stars they will hear.
We will sing paeans
To the One we love dear.
We will never stop 'til the whole Earth gives a cheer,
As we march on to Glory!

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

'At The House Of The Lord'

Let us come to the house of the Lord.
Let us come and kneel down before Him.
At the place where great riches are stored,
We will say that we love and adore Him.

We'll partake of His holy food.
We will drink of His living water.
Let this then be wholly understood:
We are all His sons and His daughters.

We will sleep in His loving care.
He fervently watches over us.
Everlasting peace we'll have our share.
His love and grace always covers us.

(4-5-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

Bible Thumpers

There is a certain crowd,
Who live for the Lord and show it.
To others, they proclaim it loud.
The Word to all people, they intend to bestow it.

They are on the prowl,
Watching others and how they live.
Some are as wise as an owl,
And some, their tolerance they need to give.

If they observe someone committing ill,
They thump their Bible and quote scripture.
They want all people to obey God's will.
They are a pain in the neck to most, that's for sure.

It is good that they stand up for the Word,
God needs all the people He can get.
It is good to make the Good News heard,
For more and more people can be saved yet.

But the thumpers better take care
That they are not blind to their own faults.
Of judging others they better beware,
For their shortcomings are not locked in bank vaults.

Before correcting others, first examine yourself.
Is your rap sheet filled to capacity?
If so, ask the Lord to put your sins on a shelf.
Then and only then can you rightly lead others to a blissful eternity!

Greg Oosterhouse

Bring Out Your Bible

Bring out your Bible,
Read it to everyone.
Bring out your Bible,
You will have sin on the run.
Preach it to the nations,
'til all shall hear it and cheer!
Now's the time to read your Bible,
For the gang's all here!

Stay true to His Word,
His commandments fully obey.
Live them out daily,
Tell of His glorious ways.
Then you will be blessed,
On you, Jesus will smile!
Continue to study your Bible,
And share it all the while!

Greg Oosterhouse

Celebrate!

Celebrate love! Celebrate life!
Celebrate the force that drives away strife!

Celebrate you! Celebrate me!
Celebrate that which sets us free!

Celebrate love! Celebrate the Lord!
Celebrate the love that all can afford!
Celebrate that we can trust His Word!
Celebrate that which makes hate absurd!

Celebrate the Lord and King!
The One who sets us free!
He is the Lord of everything,
So great let our praises be!

Celebrate the power of love,
The force that moves all hearts.
It was sent from up above,
So now let the loving start!

Celebrate! Celebrate! Join the jubilee!
The Lord has set a place for all.
Don't fret, for the cost is free,
So never hesitate to answer His call!

Greg Oosterhouse

Clean Your Plate!

Most everyone in this world has a plate of food to eat.
Each plate has an equal portion of food.
Some people have added their own treat.
To each person, their serving tastes really good.

There are some people who eat only part of their share.
For to them, the rest is distasteful and rotten.
They pick and choose certain parts, without care
For the feelings of the Master Chef, the One who is begotten.

The Chef has served this food to be eaten in full,
The side dishes to be considered along with the main course.
For they provide essential nutrients, so do not annul
Them, even though to you they seem unappealing as the hind end of a horse.

There are also others who bring their own dish,
Adding to the serving they feel is not enough.
The Master Chef said not to do this,
For it will spoil the main course, to chew it will be tough.

So clean your plate before your life's work be through.
Eat every bite, and be satisfied.
Then, the Chef will smile upon you.
You will forever be dining with Him and be sanctified!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

9-11-2006

Greg Oosterhouse

'Do You Think Of Me? '

I think of you,
Do you think of me?
You forever dwell in my mind,
And in my heart you'll stay eternally.

How about you?
Am I in your mind and heart?
Do I put a smile on your face?
With thoughts of me, do good memories start?

When you are away,
You're ever in my sight,
My heart never goes dim
While all else is dark as night.

When I am away,
Do you see me?
Am I a glimmer to your heart?
Or am I too dim for it to see?

I remember your special occasions
Because they are important to me.
I send you my thoughts and love,
As you are someone who gives me glee.

I get my hopes up,
That you will return the favor.
When my special days come around,
I long to see tokens of your love to savor.

The corners of my mouth do fall
As I see nothing from nary a dear one.
I walk as a man discontented,
And a crying jag, I feel I may be near one.

I try not to think that you don't care,
And put away other ill thoughts.
But it is really hard at times,
Not in that web of despair to be caught.

Just you be on the look-out
When your next special day is nigh.
You will see a memento of my love,
Because you are always one to lift my spirits high!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

'Even Though You'Re Not Here, You'Re Here'

Even though you're not here, you're here.
You are the smile on my face.
Even though you're far away, you are oh, so near.
I'm surrounded by reflections of your grace.

You fill every space of my heart,
It keeps beat to your melodious tune.
Your picture in my mind is a great piece of art.
Each time I view it all I can do is swoon.

Your touch makes me shiver and shake
Even though on its mem'ry I depend.
The breeze on my bod makes me do a double take,
For it reminds me of the touch of my friend.

My eyes jumped for joy when you appeared.
My jaw ached from my enormous smile.
With bolts of love my heart was speared,
Its contents more voluminous than the Nile.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

Find Release

Take it up
The pen that does write
Your heart's words.

Give your shyness a great scare.
Unload all of your worry and care,
And write the words that do linger
Inside your very self with grace and flair.

There will be
Release, you shall see,
Always free!

Greg Oosterhouse

Follow God's Commandments

Follow God's commandments, everyday do what He wills.
Take them to heart, never commit any ills.
Reflect on them daily, and do what is best.
Follow them joyfully, and the Lord will give you rest.
They are the rules for living, so never give them a boot.
They are God's instructions, because for His people, He gives a hoot.
They are for us today, just as they were for us then.
So never from them stray, but give each a loud 'Amen! '
They are for our own good, they are established in love.
So please obey all of them, for the sake of your future above!

7-5-2006

Greg Oosterhouse

'Follow The Leader'

Christianity is a game of follow the leader,
All players are to follow in Jesus' steps.
At times it is difficult as trailing a speeder,
So it is commonplace to look to our fellow reps.

If a player should wander off of the Leader's path,
Do not follow them because their path looks easy.
For it only leads to trouble, 't is simple math.
Stay on Jesus' path, though on it you may get queasy.

If you see others breaking the rules,
Don't give up and quit the game.
Keep your eyes on Jesus, unlike those other fools,
For it is Him, not they that leads to the Spiritual Hall of Fame.

Yes, this path is full of hardship and sorrows,
Not just joyous bliss and quiet peace.
So blessed is he who looks to new tomorrows
And depends on the Lord their burdens to cease.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

Friend

Forever in my heart.

Radiantly shining in my eyes.

I love you beyond measure.

Every time I think of you, I smile.

Nicer than others you have been to me.

Digging deep, I shall find no treasure worth more than you.

Greg Oosterhouse

Friend Of The Friendless

He is friend of the friendless

Yes He is! Yes He is!

He is friend of the friendless

Healing hearts is His biz.

He will always be there, none to Him will ever compare!

He is friend of the friendless

Yes He is! Yes He is!

Greg Oosterhouse

Game Shows And Dog Chews

Watching television together is what we would choose,
viewing game shows and tasting dog chews.

Grandpa and I were very close, though we never played together,
our time together was grandiose.

Things for him I always brang, such as a cold glass of water,
or Park, NOT Tang!

Yes, there were times when he was a grump, but to me,
he never acted a chump.

Off he would go in 'John's Cadillac', his electric cart,
to get a thing or two from the local mart.

Very excited I would be when going to visit grandma and he,
despite the fact of me getting things for him, oh, he kept me as busy as a bee!

When I heard news of his death, I took a relieved breath. Better off he is with the
Lord,
than to suffer in great discord.

It is because of grandpa that I love game shows. Watching 'The Price is Right'
causes memories
of him to overflow.

I will always smile when I think of the time we tasted my dog's treats, I can't
wait 'til in the
great beyond we finally meet.

Greg Oosterhouse

God Is Chomping At The Bit

God is chomping at the bit,
To take His precious angel home.
He wants her to make a spiritual exit,
To His wide open loving arms come.

She comes this close to leaving,
Then she makes a U-turn.
While God's mighty chest is heaving,
The anticipation causes His arms to burn.

'Sorry, Lord, not yet.' says she.
'My loved ones still need my love
To lean on, and to learn that love is the key.
Then and only then, will I let you take me above.'

God agrees, with a slight frown.
He will have her soon enough.
So for now, grandma remains in Ellsworth town,
Because she is one old lady that is tough!

Greg Oosterhouse

God's Dirty Laundry

Everyday, laundry piles up in God's hamper.

This laundry is the dirtiest, filthiest, most

Putrid laundry that ever can be found.

So called 'pros' in the laundry profession

Would say it's useless, this stuff will

Never come clean. But does God listen

To them? Of course not! For He

Has a master laundry man for a

Son. His name is Jesus. And He

Has a special detergent to get those

Stubborn stains out. This detergent contains forgiveness

To give a wallop to the stain,

Grace and mercy to loosen it up

From the garment, and finally, love to

Make the stain history, completely forgotten. The

Detergent also has a bleaching action, to

Make the garment whiter than snow. 'What

Is this detergent called? ' you my wonder?

Its name: 'The Blood of the Lamb'.

Toss yourself into God's hamper today, and

Get yourself renewed and smelling fresh as

A daisy, you will not regret it!

Greg Oosterhouse

Happy Birthday, Friend

Happy birthday, friend,
Now is the time to celebrate.
This, the anniversary of your birth,
To me, is a very important date.

This is my gift for you,
This poem I now present.
You deserve much more,
Because to me, you are Heaven-sent.

I feel as if it is my birthday,
Because to me you are a wonderful gift.
The very thought of you makes me smile,
You give my heart and soul a lift.

Time spent with you is a party,
Even when it's just us two.
It is great fun being in your presence.
I'd feel lonely to be without you.

So friend, consider this poem to be a hug,
A warm embrace to squeeze you tight.
May it also assure you of my love,
Which is with you always day and night.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Happy Birthday, Jesus

1st verse:

Jesus Christ was born
For this world forlorned.
Sent to save our souls,
Come to make us whole.

2nd verse:

His birthday is near.
Time for love and cheer.
For what could He long?
For our hearts to be strong.

Chorus:

Happy birthday Jesus,
Have a blessed day!
Your love and grace frees us,
You lead us all the way.
Thank you Lord for this gift
You gave to us that day.
Our hearts and souls you lift,
We praise you everyday.

3rd verse:

I love you so, I do,
To you I'll be true.
Devoted I will be
For all eternity.

2nd chorus:

Yes indeed, Lord Jesus,
You live in my heart.
My prayer never ceases:
May you never depart!
This gift I give, my heart,
I hope you enjoy it.
As each new day does start,
Your love, may I employ it!

Greg Oosterhouse

'He Had The Moses Spirit'

I tell you of a man,
This poem, you will want to hear it,
About whom that many Jews are a fan,
Because he had the Moses spirit.

Oskar Schindler was his name,
A German war profiteer was he.
Being a nazi war criminal was his game,
Yet he had a heart, which seemed highly unlikely.

His factory became a haven
For those who otherwise would be shot.
While there, their years would not be shaven.
And their names, may they be never forgot.

To save their lives, he offered many a bribe,
His cash and material goods bought their eventual freedom.
With his fellow officers he did imbibe,
And finally to his factory they could come.

It was several pieces of paper that did the trick.
A list of many a son, daughter, husband and wife.
't was his accountant that typed the names, in his head they did stick.
The accountant's words are very true: 'The list is life.'

A tree planted by Schindler still stands today,
At the Avenue of the Righteous so fair.
He will be remembered by many Jews always.
Of his great deeds, their story they shall always share.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

He Is The One

He is the one who died for me,
Also the one with whom there is victory!

He is the one who gave me this gift,
This gift of writing, so with Him, I have no rift.

He is the one who sent my friends to me,
I love them so much, ever truthfully.

He is the one, the sacrificial Lamb,
Yes, He is indeed the great I AM!

Greg Oosterhouse

'Here's To The Loner Life'

Here's to the loner life,
My time is my own,
No grumbles, no groans.

Here's to the loner life,
Listening to no nags
Or lugging heavy shopping bags.
I am blessed indeed!

Here's to the loner life,
No kids to drive me crazy,
Make my mind all hazy.

Here's to the loner life,
No one to fight with,
Spend a sleepless night with.
I am blessed indeed!

Here's to the loner life,
Do whatever I want,
Visit all the old haunts.

Ho hum, the loner life,
No one to make love with,
Watch the stars above with.
Sometimes I wonder if.

Ho hum, the loner life,
No one to do stuff with,
Have fun enough with.

Ho hum, the loner life,
No one to romance with,
Do a jiggy dance with.

Here's to the loner life,
With it I'm content,
No worry is spent.
God is always near!

Lord, there is none before, nor beside You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

How To Make Love

A dab of devotion
A pinch of compassion
A cup of respect
A heaping spoonful of admiration
One listening ear
A shoulder to cry on
A helping hand
A bright smile
A warm embrace

Greg Oosterhouse

Hurry, My Love

Hurry, my love, this is my impassioned plea. Hurry my love, hurry unto me.

Wherever you are, wherever you roam, hurry, my love, hurry on home.

Whether you exist or not, I do not know. Hurry, my love, to me your presence show.

Oh, to feel your loving touch. Hurry, my love, I need you so much.

How it would feel to be wed, Hurry, my love, this great curiosity needs to be fed.

To finally make love. Hurry, my love, I am waiting for you to be sent from the Lord above.

If you should never to me appear, that's okay, my love, the Lord will ever be with me, with an ever listening ear.

Greg Oosterhouse

I Am A Soapbox Preacher

I am a soapbox preacher,
That's what I love to do.
I am no Bible teacher,
But this, I know is true:
The Lord He does will me to write
Against all evil things,
To stand up just for what is right
And proclaim Him King of kings!

We all are called to spread the
Great news about His love.
And how He died upon the
Cross and ascended above.
I use this gift He gave to me
To spread His holy Word.
May I ne'er lose this desire to be
Ever faithful to the Lord.

Greg Oosterhouse

I Bask In The Love Of Jesus

I bask in the love of Jesus,
In it I find my rest.
With it all trouble ceases,
Through it I know I'm blessed.
I know He's my Friend, my Savior,
My guiding Star at night.
He is the one I savor,
With Him, I have no fright.

I know that He loves me truly,
In that I am assured.
Even though I get unruly,
I'll always trust His Word.
He stays by my side forever,
I have no need to fear.
He will forsake me never,
He loves me oh so dear.

If there is one thing that I know,
It's that He loves you too.
Blessings to you He will show
To guide you safely through.
Just ask that He enter your heart
And stay eternally!
Grace and mercy He'll impart
Always for you and me!

Greg Oosterhouse

I Bless You, Lord

In the face of trouble, I bless You, Lord.
Never will I curse Your holy name.
May I never degrade You with evil words,
But praise You and give You high acclaim.

While others in their defiance curse and swear,
Making themselves seem an uneducated bunch,
I will keep singing Your praises, from here to there.
Their words like insects I will crunch.

I will bless You, Lord, with this gift You gave me.
I shout to the hills with my paper and pen.
From great shyness and fear You have saved me.
So, I bless You and praise You. Amen and amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

'I Cop A Feel'

I love hugging with you
Because with them I cop a feel.
With each hug, I cannot be blue.
My emotions reach a high so unreal.
Wonderful it is to be enfolded in your arms,
My heart is aroused by such magic charms.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

I Don'T Like You

I have known you for a while,
And I have decided that this is true:
As I picture you and your radiant smile,
I tell myself that I don't like you.

The way you call me on my birthday,
And the way you write nice things in greeting cards,
Just leaves me with no other option than to say
The prospect of liking you is hard.

Your gentle kindness towards me
At times leaves me not knowing what to do.
Listen as I say this, I plea,
No, I don't like you, I love you!

Greg Oosterhouse

'I Give You A Rose'

My love is you,
You are my love.
You make my heart shine
Brighter than the stars above.

So I give you a rose,
It represents my love.
You truly deserve it,
You are one I always think of.

My heart gives life to this rose,
So it may bloom in love forever.
Leaving it in the dark to die,
To that I say 'Never! '

Please, watch out for the thorns,
They can give a painful poke.
They can also bring true respect
For how my love is being spoke.

Do not throw this rose away
Because by the thorns you get stuck.
They are there to teach you a lesson,
And to lift you out of the mire and muck.

Like the petals, thorns are part of a rose,
Most people know this to be true.
Therefore, correction comes alongside admiration,
Showing nothing but true love for you.

So please do not look at my thorns,
And say that I am showing disdain.
For love is not always pleasant and nice,
It is also a parade poured on by rain.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

I Know How God Feels

As people go about their daily lives,
Going from here to there,
They work their '9 to 5's',
Giving themselves a lot to bear.

As they take on the daily grind,
Other people and things are forgotten.
Work and family are only on their mind,
While friends so true get to feeling rotten.

E-mails are sent, and phone messages placed,
Those which do not get a reply.
Therefore, one's feelings are so very fazed,
All they can do is sit and wonder why.

I have to wonder if God feels that way
As He sees His people fill their time with other things.
As He speaks to them day after day,
And yet from them receives no answerings.

After all He's done for us, then to be ignored,
I wonder if He just might start to cry.
Just the thought of this maybe makes Him to be floored.
Of bothering to speak to us, He probably asks Himself why.

I feel that I am trying to communicate with a brick wall
When loved ones do not respond to my correspondences.
I am surprised that as of yet, my tears haven't started to fall,
When loved ones seem to build high their picket fences.

May I never be too busy to spend time with a loved one.
May the Lord forbid the day that I snub them.
To the back of the crowd, I shall never shove one,
But give them precedence over all, and say that I love them.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

'I Look To The Cross'

When I feel that life is against me,
I feel that my load is too heavy to bear,
I look to the cross of Jesus, my Lord is He,
He gives me nothing but love and tender care.
The cross is a pillar of love and power.
It reminds me of Jesus' love every hour!

(7-20-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

I Love Jesus

I love Jesus, and He loves me.
I'm as happy as I can be.
Sometimes I mess up but then,
How I love to get back to Him again!
Jesus loves me as no one can,
For forgiveness, He's the man!
He loves you too, can't you see?
Yes, I love Jesus, oh I love Jesus and Jesus loves me!

Greg Oosterhouse

I Love The Lord

I love the Lord, He is my God,
My Savior tried and true.
To me He gave the redemption nod.
My sinful life is through!

He gives to me His mercy and grace
And heaps of love also.
I long for the day that I see His face
As I go to and fro'.

He is none but good to me
He provides for all my needs.
He listens to my every plea
And works none but good deeds.

Will you accept Him as your Lord
And stop your sinful ways?
The greatest riches you will afford,
And be happy all your days!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

I Rise

When others inhibit my speech, I rise.
When verbal words are out of reach, I rise.
When the world brings me down, I rise.
When all I can do is wear a frown, I rise.
When I am taking my last breath, and I am laid down
in the grave in death, the Lord calls to me, and then...

I RISE! I RISE! I RISE!
I float up to the skies!

The Lord takes my hand
and looks me in the eyes.

I RISE! I RISE! I RISE!

Rise up, oh brethren,
Rise and let's praise Him!
He will favor you
Forever and ever!
Let nothing stop you,
March on forever!
Persist in His glory,
Blessings will rain on you.

When the world forsook Jesus' ministry,
When even His best friends fled the scene,
When He was scourged to near death,
When He hung on the cross 'til His last breath,
And He was laid in the tomb, sentenced to spend
eternity in the earth's womb, His Father spoke, and then...

HE AROSE! HE AROSE! HE AROSE!

Rise up, oh Jesus,
Conquer all evil.
Save all the lost souls,
Shield them in your love.
Thank you, oh Jesus,
For giving your life

To show that you love us.
We praise you forever!
Amen!

Greg Oosterhouse

'I Saw Light'

I saw light
In a place as dark as night.
I saw light.

Somehow it doesn't seem right,
To see darkness, where once there was light.
Somehow it doesn't seem right.

You saw hope
At the thought of ridding yourself of this burden.
You saw hope.

They saw hope
At the thought of having one like me.
They saw hope.

They saw
A nursery with a crib, bottles and toys,
Clothes, diapers, all of the joys.
A messy face, messy bib, spat out peas,
First steps, first words, scraped knees.
Happy, worrisome, and hectic days,
New friends, bullies, and school plays.
First love, dates, and heartbreak,
Smiles, dents in the car, headaches.
Parties, prom, graduation,
Fights, groundings, frustration.
College, career, marriage and family,
Visits, holidays, grandkid glee.

The doctor saw tears
As he told them that they cannot have one of their own.
The doctor saw tears.

They saw their hopes and dreams shatter
As a glass dropped to the floor.
They saw their hopes and dreams shatter.

They saw other couples

With their babies in their arms.
They saw other couples.

I see light
As the Heavenly Father holds me in His arms.
I see light.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

I See You

When no one else is in your company,
You are home sweet home,
I want you to know that I can see
What you do when you think you are alone.

When you converse with other folks,
You give compliments and encouraging words,
I hear your thoughts, the insults and jokes,
How you really think of them 'nerds'.

You desecrate your temple in vile ways,
Your tongue is used as a deadly weapon.
Praising the Lord with others fill your days,
While at night you are a disgrace to look upon.

I know your plans, you promise to change.
I am there when you pray to the Lord.
You go ahead and sin, then ask Him to rearrange
Your way of living, you give Him your word.

It doesn't work that way, you can't do wrong,
Then ask for forgiveness afterward everyday.
Ask the Lord to change you, then it won't be long
Until you stop swaying back and forth, then 'Amen! ' I'd say!

I am you, the one that is with you always,
The one that sees you do right and wrong.
So remember that when you plan deceitful ways,
I am there watching you, so remain fervently strong!

Greg Oosterhouse

'I Thank You, Oh My God'

I thank You, oh my God,
With heart and hand and pen strokes.
This gift You gave to me,
I use it not to tell jokes.
I write of You above,
How You have blessed me so.
I pray that this gift lasts,
As onward now I go.

This love I feel, oh Lord,
I thank You so much for it.
It lifts my soul up high,
No other comes before it.
That day that I received
This drive to make it known,
I can't help but believe,
I'm meant to let it be shown!

(7-20-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

'I Want To Live For Jesus'

I want to live for Jesus,
Let it be my only goal.
To live in love with others
And feed the hungry soul.

Oh, yes! To live for Jesus,
And put aside selfish ways.
To do the will of the Father
And glory in all my days!

Dwell in my heart, oh Jesus,
Stay there eternally.
Tell me the secret of living
A life that's free of 'Me! '

Oh, to not fold to man's will
Or follow their ideals,
But to live by the grace and mercy
Their dogma tries to steal.

Oh, to have the patience
To endure the trials of life.
Not to fail in a weak moment,
But to pray away the strife.

It helps to read the Bible
And pray everyday.
Focus on the Gospels
And you'll be on your way!

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse, 10-5-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

I Wasn'T Talking To You!

There you are, amongst others, when you hear your name called.
You respond, and the one who said your name rudely says:
'I wasn't talking to you! ' Isn't that frustrating? The corners of your mouth fall
As you think 'Well, excuse me! ' It just so happens that on this day
Someone that shares your name is in the area. There is someone else whose
Name is called on multiple occasions every day. When one has been shocked, or
Disgusted, this name is called out, with no intention of talking to the one who
Comes to attention at the shout. We must not do this, for
No one will be held guiltless that does this. If I were you,
One who says 'Oh, my God' without care, I'd get down
On my knees, and repent of such a grievous sin.
For while you are under its' spell, you are under God's frown.
So, quit saying His name unless you are using it in
Loving tones, telling others about Him, or praising Him.
Just imagine how you'd feel if people used your name as a curse,
Wouldn't that make you angry? It would make your once bright light grow dim.
So just think of that. Next time you are shocked, instead of using ill verse,
Just say 'Yikes! ' or something similar. Why drag God's holy name
Down in the dirt? His name ought to be used with reverence and praise,
Not curses and damnation. Every day He remains the same,
So say 'Oh, my God' when talking to Him, it will bring blessings to your days!

Greg Oosterhouse

I'M Leaving You

Hello, thank you for coming.
I asked you here on a ruse.
What I have to say is mind-numbing,
But these words in my heart I can't refuse.

Our times together have been fun.
The plans were fantastic, too.
But now I tell you that we are done.
Yes, I am saying that I'm leaving you.

We just cannot meet like this,
For my spouse knows of our rendezvous'.
Our times together have been full of bliss,
Which makes this a difficult thing to do.

You and I together, it is just no good.
Especially when I have a true Love at home.
Let this be fully understood,
That never again from Him will I roam.

Yes, there will be times that to you I will stray,
And hurt the One that loves me most.
If and when I do, it will be a dreadful day.
The thought that I hurt my Beloved, what a cost!

So, Satan, go and find another,
One that will remain faithful to you.
I'm going back to my Beloved Father,
The one that is always faithful and true!

Greg Oosterhouse

I'M Only Human

I'm only human,
I make mistakes.
So don't base your faith on me,
For goodness sake!

You see me break God's Laws,
So you give up on Christianity.
You say that you want nothing to do
With such hypocrisy.

Look in the Bible,
Then you will see
That even great people of the faith
Have committed many an atrocity.

We are all to follow Jesus' example,
A lot of the time, a very difficult thing to do.
So don't judge the entire religion on the faults of others,
For doing wrong is something that you do, too!

So, when in doubt,
Look to God's holy Word.
Prayer will help you figure it out.
That is how to truly follow the Lord!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

'Jessica's Eyes'

There is a pair of eyes
That see through my rough exterior.
Eyes that see the true me,
Eyes that make my self testimony inferior.

Other eyes see only my gruff outside,
So they neglect to dig deeper.
Thereby saddening me to no end,
Making my self worth feel cheaper.

However, I know someone who takes the time
To look at my true inner self.
She sees the love that lives inside,
Along with my niceness, which is on a shelf.

I thank God for Jessica's eyes,
They are of a special kind.
Very pretty they are to look at,
Also a very pleasant thought to my mind.

So I ask the Lord to heal the blind
And allow them to see through my disguise.
Let them know that I can be a devoted friend.
Let their hearts be like Jessica's eyes!

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

Jesus Vs. Santa

Christmas time is near,
A time to celebrate Jesus' birth.
A time that most hold dear,
A gift for all people of this earth.

It also has become a time to give.
Presents are given to loved ones to show we care.
In these times that we live,
Materialism now seems to be the focus, don't anyone dare

Sing carols about His birth,
But those like 'Jingle Bells' are fine.
Kids think Santa Claus traveling the earth,
Pulled by flying reindeer hooked to a line

Is the main thing at this time of year.
Poor Jesus is almost forgotten.
While some folks drink up the wine and beer,
It sure has become rotten.

So when Christmas comes,
You will not see decorations for me,
Like you see in many homes.
Those decorations seem to be

More about gifts than Jesus.
So, instead of 'Grandma got run over by a Reindeer',
Songs like that can cause many sneezes,
Sometimes annoying to the ear,

I want all to sing 'Happy Birthday Dear Jesus',
That is a more fitting song.
Then He'll smile when He sees us,
Thinking of Him, doing so is not wrong.

Greg Oosterhouse

Keep Hold Of My Hand

Lord, keep a good strong hold of my hand.
Don't let me in my disobedience take it away.
For there are many obstacles on this land.
Keep me from falling as I go from day to day.
I'm an obstinate toddler, at times unwilling to be held,
In danger of sinning if Your hand be withheld.

Greg Oosterhouse

Killing Two Stones With One Bird

There is no way that you can be separated from my love.

You might think that the things you've done can cause me to hate you.

Please! I love you so much that you can lift me high above,

Then let me come crashing down like Wile E. Coyote. Do

Not think of such things! Me hate you? Absurd!

I will spring right back up, and be there for you always.

It is as impossible as killing two stones with one bird,

For me not to care. I will forever be true, for the rest of my days!

Greg Oosterhouse

Let It Be Love

If I were to speak in an other language instead of English, let it be love.

If my thoughts turned solely to one subject, let it be love.

If my pen could only write of one thing, let it be love.

Let my actions convey what I speak, think, and write of
This is what I ask for, this is my plea to the Lord above.

For to love is to fulfill the Law, to live for Him.
Like a cat stalking its prey, may I stalk love, and brighten the dim

Hearts of those around me. May I never hide this giver of light under a bush.
Like Penelope's suitors, let hate be destined for destruction. I want love to shush

Talk of hating those that are not the same as those who preach it, to quiet
The violence that hatred brings. I urge those who hate, to try it,

To give love a chance, and see what comes from it. I have to admit, I also harbor
hate.

If there is anything I hate, it's hate. There is nothing that rates

As low as the anti-love. I counter it not with Christianity,
Nor with Judaism, Islam, Buddhism or Hinduism. You see,

The greatest of all religions is none but love!

Greg Oosterhouse

Like A Freight Train Coming

I am a poet, writer and psalmist,
Thanks to the events of a wedding reception.
Those three titles have been added to my list,
And now I write like my life is almost done.

I receive inspiration from just about anything,
From memories of old and new.
Thoughts of friends and family to me do spring
To mind, and my hand has a lot of work to do.

However, there are times when I am empty,
I can't think of anything to write.
I try so hard, it almost frustrates me
When my poem mill is void, therefore adding to my plight.

But then, there I'll be, not even trying to write,
When all of a sudden, like a freight train coming,
Like a bolt of lightning, inspiration strikes. So, right
Then and there, I grab my book, and words from me start humming.

A mile a minute, word after word appears,
My pen can barely keep up
With my heart as it bears
The words like wine filling my cup.

Greg Oosterhouse

'Like Gilgamesh And Enkidu'

Like Gilgamesh and Enkidu,
We are friends, tried and true.

Only death can break our bond,
It is of you that I am fond.

We as a team will take on all comers,
They are Yugos, while we are Hummers.

My heart, like Gilgamesh, will be broken,
If you were to depart, with few words spoken.

You, Enkidu, and I, Gilgamesh,
Are a brotherhood in spirit and flesh.

(7-20-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

Lttl

Love, so wondrous, so fine, as sweet as wine.
Fragrant as a rose, as sure as the wind blows.

Oh, the love I feel, it just seems to me so unreal.
My family and friends I hold dear, such a pleasure to be near.

Very much so, I have been blessed, to know the ones that I love best.
To be a part of this family, it means such a great big deal to me.

Every time I think of my loved ones, my heart warms up just like freshly baked
buns.
My heart leaps for joy, like a child when receiving a brand new toy.

Truly, love is good, love is great, just like lasagna on my plate!
Nothing like it, nothing compares, surely it can get rid of all cares.

Refreshing as a walk in the park, it provides ample light in the blackest dark.
Guiding the way through tumultuous storms, it takes on all forms.

Under dire circumstances, love is ever strong, it comforts the soul like a favorite
song.
It takes on all trouble, always there on the double.

Looking back on my life, I do not remember too much strife.
It has been love aplenty that has been with me eight years plus twenty.

Yes, love is mighty dandy, proving itself really handy.
Reliable as a loyal friend, it makes me want to give it to the very end.

There are times indeed, when love makes me nutty at the utmost speed.
That's love for you, it can make a person act like a clown, to.

Ready at a moment's notice, love is ready to pounce.
At any time it is needed, it will give every ounce.

Usually, love is ever-present, overwhelming a heart with its' special flood.
But sometimes, it empties a heart to fill someone else's, leaving their face red as

blood.

Lucky I am to know such love, most of the time, I feel to soar as a dove.
Gliding through the air as a bird, love is the most beautiful word I have ever
heard.

Yet at times, there is more hate than love in a heart,
so there are times when a person's heart needs a jumpstart.

Love has the power to transform, making giddy people to be the norm.
That's the way I am when surrounded by my loved ones. Giddy, happy, ecstatic,
and undone.

Overwhelmingly warm, true love cannot possibly harm.
It refuses to wish ill will. It makes one content as a cat on a windowsill.

Vivacious in its own way, it can make anyone's day.
Beautiful as a sunset, and very hard to forget.

Everyone should know love, the greatest give from the Lord above.
'LTTL, what does it stand for? ' you ask? Love truly, truly love, my dearly beloved
task.

Greg Oosterhouse

'Mandolin On A Couch'

A mandolin on a couch,
Sitting there collecting dust
Does not make the music it was made for.
It's like a dry eye, gathering a crust.

Do not let your faith be like that mandolin.
Play it loud so all can hear.
Play it daily and listen
For the Lord's rousing cheer!

What good is it to have faith
If you do not let others in the know?
It is just like having a car,
Yet walking everywhere you go.

So take up your faith and dust it off,
Play it for all people to hear.
Let its music reverberate throughout all hearts.
Then to all, your testimony will be clear.

Lord, there is none before, nor beside You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

© Greg A. Oosterhouse, 5-8-2007

Greg Oosterhouse

Moving Day

I am all set, I am ready to move into my Father's house.
My affairs are in order, and I have made my reservation.
A place has been prepared for me, so I need not grieve.
It will be so glorious there, every day will feel as if I were on vacation.

A sad affair it may be for my loved ones on the day I depart,
Tears may fall, and all hope just might be lost.
But rest assured, they shall always have permanent residence with me in my
heart.

The price for this big move? Absolutely nothing! For the cost

Has already been paid. The Landlord has waived all fees through
A great sacrifice on His part. All that is required of all future tenants is
To love one another, and to love Him above all else, and to
Believe in Him, that He gave us so much. Do all this,

And everyone will earn a free stay there for all eternity.
So, come my moving day, I know that I will see His glorious face.
And all my loved ones who have moved on before me
Will be there to welcome me to that home of glory and grace!

Greg Oosterhouse

'My Favorite Composer'

You are my favorite composer,
The music you create in my heart makes me swoon.
Your music intensifies as you get closer.
Its crescendos make me jump over the moon.

Yes, Beethoven, Bach, Wagner and others' music is great,
Their music sends one on an inspirational journey.
Yet the greatest of their works fails to rate
As high on my chart as yours, as far as I see.

Your intricate melodies match the beating of my heart.
My pulse races along with your allegro tempo.
Your sweet bird-like sounds greet me as the day gets its start,
And gently sings me to sleep as to bed I go.

(7-20-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

My Heart Carries A Heavy Load

My heart carries a heavy load,
How can it withstand
The awesome weight it has abode
All these years, a weight so grand?

No, it is not a weight of depression,
Nor is it a weight of loneliness.
This is my glad confession,
That this weight gives me true happiness.

This weight is known as love,
Love for my friends and family.
Those that have been sent from above,
Each and every one means a great deal to me.

So much love that I have in my heart,
It's surprising that it doesn't sink down to my feet
And inhibit me as I get a walking start.
So much love, I get to feeling nice and neat.

Love, more precious than silver and gold,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Much too amazing too behold,
As for describing it, I haven't even begun.

I thank the Lord God for adoption,
I was chosen by a very special family.
I am so glad that my birth mother chose that option,
So I could be with those who love me.

Bless the Lord, oh my soul,
Bless the Lord indeed.
Bless the Lord, oh my soul,
He provides me with all that I need.
Although there are times that I am careless with money,
And thoughtless in my sin,
To my heart He brings love sweeter than honey,
And blessings abound therein.

Love truly, truly Love

Greg Oosterhouse

No Rush, My Love

No rush, my love, take your time in coming to me.
No rush, my love, I've changed my mind about wanting to be
United in holy matrimony. Things change when one marries.
People no longer have as much time on their hands, it varies
As to when you can have a nice conversation over the phone.
Cousins have families and jobs that they cannot leave alone.
After trying for over a month to talk to a loved one, I have given up.
There seems to be no specific time for me to call, to liven up
Our relationship with those three words that I want to say so badly.
Another has never responded to my Christmas gift, I thought that would make
me madly
Disappointed, but I'm over that. All of this has made married life look so
unappealing.
If marriage and family gets in the way of spending time with loved ones, I'm
feeling,
That maybe I'd prefer to remain a loner for the rest of my life.
To me, that is better than being so busy, therefore causing a loved one so much
strife.

Greg Oosterhouse

None Beside, And None Before

There shall be nothing placed beside the Lord,
For His alone is all the glory and praise.
All the things on this earth we do afford
Shall be placed nowhere near Him for all days.

Build not your wealth with material gain,
Gathering up things that do not last.
Build your riches on the Lord, then, again and again,
He will give you blessings to fill your life vast.

Do not let your possessions take precedence over the Lord,
Getting angry when something gets broken.
For filling your life up with things you can't afford
Will eventually cause ill things of you to be spoken.

You may hide your expenses, but not for long.
Eventually you will be found naked and exposed.
You will be ashamed of all you did that was wrong.
All the lies you told will all be disclosed.

So therefore, put the Lord first place in your heart,
And put to rest your dependence on things.
On receiving new blessings, you'll get a start,
And spend an eternity praising the King of kings!

Greg Oosterhouse

Our All, Our Everything

Let us sing! Let us shout!
We will tell the world what it's all about.
He's the Lord, our only King,
Let's lift Him high and His praises sing!
He is indeed our true friend,
He's at our side up to life's end.
He loves us so, this we know,
His grace, mercy and kindness always show.
We are His sheep, and He will keep
Us safe in His care while we sleep.
He is our Rock, our base is sure,
With His strength, all ill winds we'll endure.
He is our spouse, devoted and true,
Through all trouble, He will see us through.
Let us shout! Let us sing!
For the Lord of lords is our everything!

Greg Oosterhouse

Oven Cleaner Will Not Do

When one takes the name of the Lord in vain,
They will not be held guiltless.
Those who do so again and again
Are damned unless they ask forgiveness.
Oven cleaner is not enough to remove the sinful stain.
Jesus' blood, however, will make one right with Him again.

Greg Oosterhouse

Please Pass The Oven Cleaner

My mind is laced with filth and dirt,
After hearing multiple usage of a certain word.
The word is now making itself known
By repeating itself, making my mind over-blown.

When will it stop? When will it cease?
Until it goes away, there will be no peace.
The word lingers as a continuously picked at sore,
Driving me crazy, and making me want to shout all the more.

Not a bar of soap,
But oven cleaner will give me hope
For cleaning out not only my mind,
But also the mouths of those who put the word to the wind.

Why must they also emphasise it?
Must they spread their filth across the planet?
They only make themselves out to be fools,
For using such language alleged to be cool.

Jesus said let your yes be yes and your no, no.
He, I'm sure is appalled and distraught at such blatant show.
While others litter the air with their filthy haze,
May I cleanse it with words of blessings and praise!

Greg Oosterhouse

Quatrain # 32

I open my book, then the Lord reveals
Words that tell me what my heart feels.
Secrets then are hurriedly released.
I hope that these words will never cease.

Greg Oosterhouse

Quatrain # 36

I love you so, indeed I do.
For the rest of my life, I proclaim it to be true.
It is my love you will never be lacking.
May you always know that it is you I am backing.

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

Quatrain # 43

LTA is what you will hear me say,
When I think of you and your beauty galore.
'What does it stand for? ' you ask me this day?
It means love, treasure, adore!

Greg Oosterhouse

Quatrain # 49

Are you sick? Call the Doctor who makes house calls.
He'll meet you anywhere, within any walls.
All you have to do to call Him is to get on your knees,
And He'll heal your ailments as you please.

Greg Oosterhouse

'Read Me'

Please do not just look at my cover
And assume that's the way I am inside.
Open me up, and over my words let your eyes hover,
And see parts of me that do hide.

I know that my cover is as stone,
It is cold and rough to the touch.
But my pages inside, they tell of one
That desires to be warm, kind and such.

Each chapter tells of my warm, loving heart,
How it yearns to spread love all around.
It sings also how all should get a good start
At praising the Lord, and how true peace can be found.

So do not let me gather dust upon a shelf
Just because my cover is unappealing.
Take time to read me, to know my true self,
And about me, get a good, positive feeling.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

© Greg Alan Oosterhouse, 11-14-2006

Greg Oosterhouse

Read My Poetry

If you truly want to know me,
Then your time please do bestow me.
Let me show you how I love,
And my praises to the Lord above!

Please do not depend on others
Who say they know me through my mother.
They will only tell you this:
That their feelings I dismiss.

It is true I am indifferent,
You could say emotion'ly distant.
I don't mean to be that way,
Shyness keeps my niceness at bay.

My best friend, I do so love her,
O'er my words her eyes do hover.
She does know that I am nice,
And willing to help at any price.

She also says that I am super,
And she knows I'll never dupe her.
Through my words, she sees my heart,
Where my true self gets its start.

So this is what I do ask of you,
Read my poetry, it will move you.
It reveals my inner self,
And puts my crudeness on a shelf.

Never judge a book by its cover,
For inside may be a great lover.
Writing gives my self a great shove,
To show that I am blessed from above!

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai

I am in awe as I hear that name,
The one that has world-wide acclaim.
At the sound of 'I AM that I AM',
I get tears, and am amazed all the same.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai

If I could only speak one word,
None but your name from me would be heard.
For with your name, all things are said.
It makes my soul to take flight as a bird.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai

Thank You Lord, for making me content,
Despite the trouble that came without my consent.
You will me not to worry.
To always give You praise is my intent.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai

Sin, like a tumor sticks out,
Being such a pain, you want to shout.
The great Pathologist will detect it,
Then the cancer will be destroyed without.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai

Here's to the pen, which is guided by the heart.
It shapes words into wondrous works of art.
Let us tip our glasses in tribute
To the one thing that gives our poems their start!

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai - 105

The darkness has given way to light.
Those demons I no longer have to fight.
Their cover was blown by the Son.
Now that evil is no longer in my sight.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai - 106

Do not be afraid to tell of your troubles,
Otherwise, they may trap you in a bubble.
Bring them to the Lord, and He'll vanquish them.
Then you will receive great blessings on the double!

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai 109

Hiding your sin is no good.
Let this be fully understood:
The Lord will bring it to light,
And it will spoil as days old food.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai 110

The Lord only is holy,
Let this be understood wholly.
Do not put that stamp on people or things.
Only calling God holy, let this your goal be.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai - 112

Lord, You take the wheel,
As this traffic is too much for me, I feel.
You make Rand McNally seem like Mr. Magoo.
Having You drive me on Your Way is a good deal.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai - 113

No matter what you do,
Nothing will stop me from loving you.
True love is an indestructable force,
It remains forever fresh and new.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 10

Do not neglect your rose garden, make
Sure it has plenty of sunlight, and take
Time to till the soil. Do not let weeds
Choke your precious flowers, for Heaven's sake!

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 100

Great and powerful barriers are busted.
My heart becomes un-encrusted,
With simple strokes of my pen.
With it, my words can be trusted.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 101

Our hug sent me into joyous bliss.
There are not much better moments than this.
I just want to squeeze you tight.
When you are away, your arms I miss.

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

© Greg A. Oosterhouse,8-19-2006

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 102

To the Lord, put nothing beside and nothing before.
For only He is worthy to receive your praise galore.
Do not depend on people and things to fill your need,
Thereby inhibiting His blessings for you all the more.

Lord, there is nothing beside You, and nothing before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 103

Lord, thank You for exposing me,
And the sin that was enclosing me.
I stand before You grateful and humble.
I confess this sin ever so willingly.

Lord, there is none before You, nor beside You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 104

Let the Lord expose your sin,
And be released from the evil within.
A great load will be lifted off of you,
And you will be in good graces with the Lord again!

Lord, there is none beside You, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 107

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If I didn't love, I couldn't write.
It's my heart that puts words in my sight.
I thank the Lord for LTTL,
The driving force that brings my words into light.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 114

On you, let the Lord put His mark,
Then a flame will grow from your spark.
Your soul will be renewed.
You will be a light within the dark.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 119

Lord, make my heart an open book.
Allow all who meet me to have a look.
No one can read it when I open it,
So please make their illiteracy forsook.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

©Greg A. Oosterhouse,11-16-2006

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 121

Think of my love as a fort,
A place to go to for support.
As the storms of life rage on,
Make my arms your protecting port.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

© Greg A. Oosterhouse,12-11-2006

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 122

What good is it to love, and not show it?
You have to plant the seed in order to grow it.
Do not let your lot become vacant.
Let your love bloom, and all will know it!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

© Greg A. Oosterhouse, 1-8-2007

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 124

In my thoughts, you forever dwell.
The times I think of you are too numerous to tell.
My thoughts far out-number the stars in the sky.
How indeed, with you does my mind swell.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

© Greg A. Oosterhouse,1-29-2007

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 126

All for the glory of God,
I tell His story here and abroad.
My pen writes of the wonders of His Word.
I hope that throughout the world, my words trod.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

copy&Greg A. Oosterhouse,4-16-2007

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 127

As we glory in His presence,
Let's partake of His wondrous essence.
Let us raise our hands in worship,
Giving to Him the deepest reverence.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 132

This is so nice,
My heart is in paradise.
The feeling of loving you
Puts all worries on ice.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse,8-23-2007

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 133

When from this Earth I do depart,
And my life in Heaven gets its start,
Always remember that for all time,
I hold you dear in my heart.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 134

Oh, what a feeling of bliss.
There are not much better feelings than this.
Our hug sent chills down my spine.
Hugs are expressions of love not to dis.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 135

You are more than a friend, you're also a blessing.
Over and over again, that fact I'm stressing.
What did I do to deserve such a gift?
That query to the Lord, I am pressing.

Lord in all I do, may the Glory go to You. Amen.
© Greg Alan Oosterhouse,3-3-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 136

You took my love, I had no choice.
No matter what objections I may voice.
There's no getting it back, I shall relent.
I will accept the fact with utmost poise.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
© Greg Alan Oosterhouse,3-3-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 137

The victory has been won.
Death's reign is over and done.
The cross has sealed the deal,
So all may live in the light of the Son.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.

© Greg Alan Oosterhouse,3-3-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 138

You are not my dream come true.
I can't fathom anything like you.
My greatest desire could never produce
Glorious pictures of love as you do.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
© Greg Alan Oosterhouse,3-3-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 139

The Word is ever on my mind,
For in my heart, the Lord you will find.
Come to Him in prayer today
And ask Him your heart to bind.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 14

Rose of mine, you are slowly dying.
Getting used to the fact is what I am trying
To do. You have been in my vase for years.
To say I will cope, I would be lying.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 140

Lost and 'lone I'll never be,
For the Lord is always near me.
Friends on Earth, they may dismay,
But not the Friend of friends, no, not He.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse,5-20-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 141

Jesus is the only Way.
With Him, you cannot stray.
So get out your spiritual positioning system
And get on track today.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse,5-20-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 142

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord of hosts,
And of His presence gladly boast.
His love and mercy endure forever.
To His name, let's raise a toast.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse,5-20-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 143

Who will make it three?
Who will join the Lord and me?
I'm waiting for that special gal,
Whom I'll live life with eternally.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse,5-20-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 15

Whenever I think of my roses, all I can do is smile.
If you were to measure my grin, it would be a mile.
I have only the Gardener to thank
For growing these precious flowers in His own unique style.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 18

This vase, so full of roses, how can it fit any more?
How is room made for each one, I implore?
Then I remember, the Potter can do all things,
He makes my vase to have space galore.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 23

Jesus loves me, this I know,
But do you love me? Please tell me so.
I have told you I love you,
So why not let your true feelings show?

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 25

This book you gave me, it is my voice.
My shyness, it has no other choice
Than to cower and hide in a corner
When I write in this book, my booming voice.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 26

I haven't time to feel alone,
Though no one calls me on the phone.
My writing keeps me good company.
I write, then for a while, my loneliness is gone.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 28, 'The Wagner Spirit'

Lord, grant me the Wagner spirit.
I will ignore all critics' harsh words, let them hear it,
That I will press on with my work,
'til the day comes that all will cheer it.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 29, 'The Calaf Spirit'

When pursuing the one I want to love,
Someone who has truly been sent from above,
May I have the Calaf spirit, let me not give up
Until that cold heart with my love I move.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 30, The Pontius Pilate Spirit'

When I have a tough case to decide,
When on my verdict, a person's life does ride,
May I not have the Pontius Pilate spirit.
Instead, may my judgement show that God is on my side

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 31

My eyes are blessed to see such a sight,
Your beauty shining oh so bright.
Of them the rest of my body is jealous
For their ability to gaze upon you day and night.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 33

With romantic words I want my pen to move
In strokes that will spell out true love.
Therefore, there is only one thing for me to do:
And that is to have part of a toenail removed!

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 34

What calms my nerves and soothes my soul?
What makes me feel completely whole?
None but music, ever glorious and sound.
It relaxes me after everyday life takes its toll.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 35

It is haunting, it is a stress suppressant.
It is beautiful, and an anger vent.
I speak here of Gregorian chant.
Money to buy a CD of it is well spent.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 37

In you I have found hidden treasure.
Your very presence gives me pleasure.
I am the richest man on this Earth,
Because I have you, whom I love beyond measure.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 38

When I think of you, hate does not exist.
Love is the only thing on my list.
Nothing else will ever do
To make my list of things I cannot resist.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 39

In my heart, I am holding you tight.
Yet my arms ache for you day and night.
You're here in spirit, yet absent in person.
I will not be wholly happy, until you're in sight.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 42

To me you are so dear,
You're such a pleasure to be near.
The fact that I love you
Is what I want all the world to hear.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 44

I love your love, my love,
It causes me to soar above
All mountains and clouds,
And brings me peace as a dove.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 45

Why must you appear to me?
When you know that whenever I see
Your loveliness approaching,
I lose all sense of sanity.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 46

I look into those precious eyes,
And my soul floats up to the skies.
As I hold this tiny treasure,
It is like receiving a pleasant surprise.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 47

Heal me, Lord, wash me with Your cleansing blood.
Burst the dam, and release its flood.
I am sick with the disease of sin.
Only You can heal me, this is wholly understood.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 48

I do not want to fall, Lord, hold my hand.
I am prone to stumbling as I walk this land.
There are obstacles aplenty on this path.
So be with me always, until at your throne I stand.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 50

Dearest friend of mine, you are my muse.
I think of you, then I know it is time to use
The gift given to me that magical night.
Your very presence in my mind, I shall never refuse.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 51

Come all people, and sing
Of the love and mercy of the King.
Lift your praises up high,
And receive the gifts that doing so will bring!

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 52

Like a pill for my hypertension does the trick,
A prayer for forgiveness will unwaveringly stick.
And ease the pressure of everyday life.
On the go one will be, like after receiving a kick.

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 53

Here's to the heart, the poet's brain, the spirit's ear.
It tells our pens to write words true and dear.
Let us tip our glasses in tribute
And rise with a thunderous cheer!

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 56

Lord, bless me as I reach my thirtieth year.
Please let it be filled with immense love and cheer.
Make it even better than my twenty-seventh,
And always let me know that You are ever near!

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 57

My heart needed a release
In order to have true inner peace.
So with my pen and writing book,
It can express itself, and be at ease.

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 65

Love, it is for you that I write.
Words from my pen flow day and night.
I am surprised that my paper does not catch fire,
For flames of passion from me burn bright.

(7-20-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai # 69

When will it stop? When will it cease?
The dam has burst, and blessings were released.
It is a tsunami of Your love
That continually drowns me in perfect peace.

(7-20-2006)

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai #130

Friend, word that warms my heart.
It inspires as a work of art.
Attaching that label to you
Gives my endorphins a racing start.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

(6-13-2007)

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai #131

In all I do, may the glory go to the Lord,
For it is He that inspires every word.
He is the Hand, I am the pen.
Through my poems, let 'Praise Him! ' be heard.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

(6-13-2007)

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai 108

I write like my pen is annointed.
With each pen stroke, evil becomes disjointed.
The Lord tells it what words to write.
To fight the good fight, it is appointed.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai -111

My pen moves in strokes of praise.
It writes of God's love most days.
I have no control as it writes,
For it is the Lord that moves it in His mysterious ways.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai 40

I stare at your picture, and I see
Your lovely eyes looking back at me,
And your smile shining oh so bright.
I am almost paralyzed at seeing such beauty.

Greg Oosterhouse

Rubai 41

I became so excited,
Flames of passion were ignited.
Just because I saw you,
My lonesome heart was delighted.

Greg Oosterhouse

Show Your Faith

If you have faith, do more than talk it,
Put it to action, your belief, do walk it.
What good is a bike if you do not ride it?
What good is your light if all you do is hide it?
Let your faith shine through, let others observe it.
Then, a blissful eternity with the Lord, you'll deserve it!

Greg Oosterhouse

Silence Is

Silence is sitting back in the recliner after a day at work when the radio was too loud.

Silence is hearing the birds singing after hearing neighbors bickering.

Silence is listening to beloved hymns after hearing yourself complaining about things that cannot be changed.

Silence is reading the words of Rumi after reading news of rape, murder and molestation.

When one is silent about another's wrongdoings, silence is the sound of the devil shouting. So speak up, and he will not be heard!

When one is silent in prayer and rest, silence is the sound of God talking. So speak up, so He may be heard!

Yes, when God talks to you, let Him talk through you!
Be silent no longer!

Greg Oosterhouse

'Spurred On'

I am spurred on by the Lord
To write of His love and Word.
He compels me to take up my pen.
I write in strokes of Him again and again.

This exercise of my soul has made it fit,
A model of spiritual health prepared for the earthly exit.
May I never become lax
With sharing His holy facts.

My soul at times is afflicted with spurs of a bad kind.
Thereby inhibiting my walk and poisoning my mind.
They cause my soul to lie dormant and docile,
Losing precious time, and traveling less miles.

It is then that the Lord fits me with supports,
Spiritual orthotics of the most helpful sort.
They make my soul get back up and fight,
Defending all that it knows what is right.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen and amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse,8-4-2007

Greg Oosterhouse

Stephon And Jorge

This is a story of a couple of friends,
As close as five minutes to eleven.
Their love for each other had no end.
In each other's company, they were in seventh heaven.

No one could ever separate these two,
These fellows named Stephon and Jorge.
As they went here and there they were stuck like glue.
Yes, these two pals indeed were gay.

They met in high school,
And became instant pals.
To them their friendship was cool,
They talked about everything except for sexy gals.

As their relationship grew deeper,
They began to feel for each other great love.
Weighing on their minds, their thoughts getting steeper,
Was how God was seeing them from above.

These are two men, struggling with their sexuality,
They know that God frowns on the gay lifestyle.
They always strived to live for Him and His ministry,
Yet they wanted to express their love all the while.

To them, sexual relations and marriage was not a consideration.
For they knew that such would put them under God's frown.
Yet the desires to do so caused them great tribulation.
They so wanted these desires to be disowned.

Could they ever think of living together?
Would the temptation to sin be too much?
Will they always be able to keep their desires in a tether?
Or would they lose their inhibitions at the slightest touch?

They felt that they could not resist
Getting intimate if they shared a place.
So, ideas of doing so did cease and desist.
They'd rather put a smile on God's face.

Stephon lived here, and Jorge lived there,
Close enough to see one another everyday.
With the lusting for each other acting as a snare,
Grieving the two of them as they went their way.

Greg Oosterhouse

Take His Hand

When troubles like storm clouds appear, take His hand.
When worries cause your heart to fear, take His hand.
When taking on a new task, take His hand.
When blessings come, far more than you ask, take His hand.
When love comes your way, take His hand.
When you feel like your heart is going to stray, take His hand.
When your mouth is filled with praises, take His hand.
When your mind like an Indy 500 car races, take His hand.
When a friend doesn't understand, take His hand.
When your enemies together band, take His hand.
When you are about to see His face, take His hand.
When you arrive at that glorious place, open wide your arms!

Greg Oosterhouse

Take Your Seat, Rosa

The bus to Heaven is boarding,
Waiting for souls to give a ride to,
The driver looks upon the passengers, He is sorting
Out the seating arrangements, an easy task for Him to do.

Wait! Don't close the door yet!
There is one more soul needing a ride.
One of the bravest souls anyone has ever met,
Surely, she had God on her side.

'Get in, my child', says the Driver. 'There
Is plenty of room. Take your seat Rosa, relax.
This is a very short trip.' No one will care
To ask one to move, for all are equal, there are no 'tracks'.

Thank you, Rosa, for not getting up,
Thank you for standing up for everyone's rights.
Certainly, the Lord has filled your cup,
And now, you live with Him in Heavenly heights.

Greg Oosterhouse

Thank You Lord

Thank you, Lord, for sending my mom and dad, to adopt my brother, then me, it was so rad.

Thank you, Lord, for sending me to such a loving family. I am surrounded by so much love, it means so much to me.

Thank you, Lord, for providing a good living. All of my family's needs were met, there was no need for misgiving.

Thank you, Lord, for every passing day. Both good and bad are appropriate occasions to praise you, I'd say.

Thank you, Lord, for friends I hold dear, they mean a great deal to me, I hope they will always be near.

Thank you, Lord, for my PDD-NOS, it gives me an advantage in writing, the work that I turn out sure does impress.

Thank you, Lord, for music that sends my soul soaring. With strings flowing and trumpets resounding, it sure is not boring.

Thank you, Lord, for...

Greg Oosterhouse

The Adam And Eve Spirit

When we toil the land,
And gaze upon the beauty of God's work,
On this spot we do stand,
Unashamedly naked, and a stork

Flies over, and a leopard walks by,
May we maintain the Adam and Eve spirit.
As we watch the birds fly,
And the song of the mourning dove, can you hear it?

As we are tempted to sin,
May we not have the Adam and Eve spirit.
As the devil in the guise of a friend lies therein,
The word of our Father God, may we remain near it.

Though our nudity be exposed,
Let us not from God hide.
The door to our secret is now not closed,
And God is not full of joy and pride.

Let us own up to our sin,
And admit our guilt.
Let all in this world herein,
Let their own beans be spilt.

And who knows? Maybe in time,
We can get back the Adam and Eve spirit.
Then we can the sinless way mime,
And the harmonious voice of God, we'll hear it.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Birth Of Christ- Part One

One day, so long ago,
An angel to Mary did show.
Bringing news of great joy:
She was to have a baby boy.

'You shall call Him Jesus', the angel said.
'He will heal the sick and raise the dead.
He will be your Lord and Savior,
He'll put all people under God's favor.'

At this news, Mary was excited,
To be trusted with this task, she was delighted.
'A faithful mother I will be
To this child of God for all eternity.'

Her betrothed, Joseph, didn't know what to do.
Shall he stay, or tell her that they're through?
At the news of someone else's seed
In her womb, he thought 'What a grievous deed! '

An angel came to Him, and said everything's alright.
'For what is in Mary's womb is the seed of the God of Might.
From which will be born a redeemer glorious,
He will be put to death, then on the third day rise victorious.'

At this news Joseph was excited.
To be trusted with this task, he was delighted.
'A faithful father I will be
To this child of God for all eternity.'

Then came the time for the child to be born,
And start His ministry for this world forlorn.
Of finding a place they were not able,
So they had to go to a place much like a stable.

For three wise men, a star shown the way
To the place where the child was to be born that day.
With them they brought gifts so fair
To present to the child when they got there.

Strum the harp! Sound the horn!
For the King of kings and Lord of lords is born!
Sing! Every man, woman and child!
Born is the one who tames the hearts wild!

We celebrate His birth century after century.
We sing carols and put up a nativity.
May we never forget this holy birth,
One that was meant to save the Earth.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Birth Of Christ Part Two

To save the world Christ went down to Earth.
People marveled and cheered at His birth.
He came to save all the lost souls.
He came to make all peoples' hearts whole!

We celebrate the occasion with gifts and song.
We put up decorations all Christmas season long.
It is a time to be happy and sincere.
It is a time to be full of love and cheer.

It has also become a time to sing and tell stories
Of Santa Clause and his reindeer, besides the glories
Of Christ's birth and the pageantry it brought.
Instead of Him, the focus is on the presents to be bought.

Songs like 'Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer'
And 'Frosty the Snowman' are held as dear
As legitimate songs for the season.
What do those songs have to do with the REAL reason?

Gift giving has become way out of control,
People trampling each other, letting satan rule their souls.
They push and shove just for the big savings.
Causing oh so great rantings and ravings.

Materialism seems to have taken the floor
When it comes to Christmas, showing Jesus the door.
Nowhere in the Word does it say to celebrate the day.
Now look at what happens, satan is having his laughs, I'd say.

Lord God, please change Your children's hearts,
Thereby giving the celebration of Jesus a new start.
Have mercy, Lord, on the materialistic souls,
And place in their hearts none but Godly goals.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Daily Shower

Here I am, Lord, filthy, dirty with the sin of the world.
I am caked with the mud of sin and disgrace.

So, I strip off my grubby exterior, therefore standing naked
before you, my grievous sin shamefully exposed.

I step into the shower of prayer, and turn on the stream of your
cleansing blood. So overwhelming is your forgiveness, I am
invigorated by its warmth.

I then take the bar of grace and mercy, and vigorously cleanse myself
with your love. I watch the filth of sin run off of me, and down the drain.

Next comes the shampoo of your pardon. I feel so unworthy of such loving
tenderness. You condition my newly cleansed soul, preparing it to face
the world's harsh wickedness.

After the shower, I towel myself off with your salvation, feeling refreshed
and restored. I then clothe myself with your righteousness, ready
to face the world anew.

Thank you, Lord. Amen and amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

The David Spirit

When tending to my daily tasks,
And told that I will be promoted,
May I faithfully do what my boss asks.
To be trusted with this new work, my heart feels bloated.

When trouble in giant proportions comes,
May I tackle it with confidence.
As others just hide in their homes,
May I maintain a David spirit until the trouble ends.

As I lead the team in times of battle,
And even a loved one wants to take my place,
May I continue to guide my people as cattle,
And keep this look of determination on my face.

As I am tempted by an attractive prospect,
One that belongs to someone else,
May I my sinful desires deflect,
And reject anything that the tempter sells.

As I write of my employer's gentle ways,
I reflect on how he has blessed me.
I'll sing his praises for all my days,
And maybe act the dancing fool continually!

As I grow older, may I instruct my son
To have the David spirit, to lead fearlessly.
When my time on this earth is done,
Let it be known that the CEO reigns eternally!

Greg Oosterhouse

'The Day Of Deliverance'

Praise the Lord! For our salvation has come!
Our lot has been vanquished, and then some.
The deliverer came and set us free,
So great our prayers and praises will be!

He has eased our burden, and made lighter our yoke.
He heard us when our grievances were spoke.
Yes, He heard our sorrowful shouts,
In His presence, nul and void are worries and doubts.

Our impatience, the Lord has put to rest.
Our resolve and faithfulness have faced the test.
We will never again cry out in vain,
But trust in the Lord again and again!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

'The 'F' Word'

To my ear, it is sweet delight,
Better than any symphony to be heard.
More peaceful than cricket chirps at night.
Oh, the glorious sound of the 'F' word!

Hearing it brings to my mind
A picture more beautiful than an autumn scene.
I love sending it on the wind
And hope that from it, others may glean.

I love attributing it to a certain precious soul,
One who gives me ecstatic glee.
Her companionship makes me feel oh, so whole.
Yes, she is a very dear 'F' to me.

Yes, this particular 'F' word is 'Friend',
A word that lots of people use and love.
It makes some happy to no end.
A gift from the Greatest Friend from above.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
Greg A. Oosterhouse, 9-6-2009

Greg Oosterhouse

The Jesus Spirit

Though friends forsake me,
They betray and abandon,
Though my enemies take me,
They beat me and deny that I am one

That is here to save,
May I maintain a Jesus spirit.
I want those that have,
And those that have not to hear it,

That the key to life is love.
The answer to good living
Is to look to God above,
And to keep on giving

Love to their sisters and brothers.
Also to believe in the ultimate sacrifice,
Through which, they and others
are saved from the vise

Grip of sin, which stands for death.
To repent of that sin is life.
So with my very breath,
I ask the Lord to remove strife

From all people, and give them the Jesus spirit.
Then all would live their whole lives in love.
May the most distant stars in the universe hear it,
That uproarious shout from all peoples to God above.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Jonathan Spirit

Lord, please instill the Jonathan spirit in me
When a close, dear friend needs me to be
A bulwark in times of trouble.
May I be to them wholly devoted, this is my plea.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Joseph Spirit

On hearing that my wife is pregnant,
As I get over the shock at such alarming news,
When I think of divorcing her and finding that tyrant,
And as I'm about to tell her to put on her walking shoes,

Give me the Joseph spirit,
As I'm convinced to call the child my own.
I want all people to hear it,
That I will raise him until he's grown.

As I teach him my daily trade,
May I be filled with pride.
As I see him come to other's aid,
And yet he remains at my side.

I am proud to call him son,
As he calls me dad.
May I have the Joseph spirit until my life's work is done,
And may I always remember, he is the greatest friend I ever had!

Greg Oosterhouse

'The Lord Will Grant You Grace'

The Lord will grant you grace
And shine upon your face
If you will let Him in
And rid yourself of sin.
The Lord will grant you grace.

Your needs He will supply
If on Him you rely.
Just ask and He will give,
And in His presence live.
The Lord will grant you grace.

The Lord will give you peace
And help you find release
And send down blessings sweet
And light for your feet.
The Lord will grant you grace.

Just praise and lift Him high
And shout a praiseful cry!
He then will fill your cup
And with you He will sup.
The Lord will grant you grace.

Lord, in all I do, may the glory go to You. Amen.
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Greg Oosterhouse

The Lord's Ladder

Your faith in the Lord, keep it strong.

Hold fast to Him all your days,
Give Him all of your blessings and praise.

Let His light always shine from you,
So that all people can see that He is true.
Never let it go out all your life through.

Spread His love from place to place,
Let people see it on your face.
Spread it like an infectious disease.
Until of hate, there be no trace.

Sing to the Lord a song of thanks,
For putting on His children no ranks.
All are equal to His eyes,
So look to the skies and lift your hands!
With your heart, make music as if from marching bands!

In times of happiness, give Him praise.
In times of trouble, bring Him your plea.
He will be watching over you always.
Never from your side will He flee.
For He is like a loyal friend,
His grace, mercy and love have no end.

Watch out for the enemy's attack,
He comes in the guise of a friend.
See just how their 'good' attributes stack,
Then away from you, them do send.
Be wary of tricks and works similar to the Lord's.
Believe not their teachings against what you know,
For such as they will be cast down by the true and everlasting Word!

Greg Oosterhouse

The Mary Spirit

When I am told that I am pregnant,
And did not expect such news,
When I tell the baby's future aunt,
Looking for the right words to use,

May I maintain a Mary spirit,
May I accept my future duties as a mother.
I want those who will listen to hear it,
That this baby will be like no other.

When it comes time to deliver,
May the Lord stay by my side.
This great pain makes me quiver,
And I wait until it will subside.

When I hold him in my arms,
I know that he was sent from above.
His eyes shine like the rarest of charms,
And I feel an overwhelming sense of love.

Though people scoff at his words,
And accuse him of heresy,
Their souls he lifts higher than birds,
And he makes a proud mother out of me.

When they take him to jail,
And beat him nearly to death,
It is him I will not fail,
Up to my very last breath.

When I witness him on trial,
And the judge is harsh,
I see all of his enemies smile,
I think how can it get any worse.

As I see him lying there,
On the table of injected death,
There is a stench of crudeness in the air,
As I see the others wait with baited breath,

May I keep the Mary spirit,
And know that this is all for good.
My prayer to the Lord, I want all to hear it,
That all should live as my son, I want it understood.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Moses Spirit

When called into action,
Sent to speak for the multitude,
Oh, feet, make traction!
I feel so very nude.

As I face a powerful foe,
and flinch not at his threats,
Though mocked and humbled low,
And feeling that he has soldiers while I have cadets,

May I maintain a Moses spirit,
May I stand firm during the task ahead.
I want all people to hear it,
That I will strive forth until I am dead.

Though my followers complain,
though our journey is long,
Though we may see no rain,
I hope my followers see in me no wrong.

May I be a diligent leader,
May I solve all of their disputes.
Of the Law, may I be a great reader,
Though in their eyes, I have ill repute.

Though the supervisor wants them fired,
And though I myself lose patience,
Of my task, may I never grow tired,
All the way to the journey's end.

I will fight for their future,
They shall always thrive.
Of this they can be sure,
Their Lord and Keeper will always be alive!

Greg Oosterhouse

The Most Loyal Friend

There is a friend we all have,
one who loves us all very much.

He is always there for us,
always ready to give a tender, loving touch.

Though there are times that we are unfaithful to Him,
He will never leave us.

Though we be untrue, and practice trickery,
He will never deceive us.

And sometimes we doubt that He even cares.

Why, He even knows the number of our hairs.

Who else would care to know that?
The one that sends

Our sins to their grave.
It is Jesus, the most loyal friend!

Greg Oosterhouse

The Nightly Glass

I love you, my wife, you are my nightly glass of wine.
You are sparkling, your appearance makes me happy you are mine.
Just the scent of you relaxes my soul.
You fill my senses with anticipation, and make me feel whole.
I take you up, and your taste is so refreshing.
I slowly take you in, as your texture is so effervescing.
Just one dose of you makes me drunk on love.
The morning after hangover makes me not want to move.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Pigs Rise Early

The pigs rise early
To gather at the gate.
To take part in the yearly
Mass feeding day, they just can't wait.
The crowd gets bigger and bigger,
Waiting ever so hungrily,
For the gate keeper to trigger
Open the door, they drool endlessly.
The door opens, the mass rushes in,
Knocking down and stepping on others to get to the prize.
What gluttony! Such a grievous sin!
They seem to care not how they appear in others' eyes.
Such a sad state, that I refer to people here.
Those that are willing to trample on others
Just to get the big bargains, oh my, oh dear!
We all should treat all as our sisters and brothers.
There is a tear falling from Heaven,
As Jesus watches His children act so childish.
These people's families are ashamed, it's a given,
That their loved ones could be so reckless

Greg Oosterhouse

The Scapegoat

There once was a man who lived an upright life.
He loved His fellow man, He was slow to anger.
He put Himself last, and never was one to cause strife.
His life was lived humbly, He even was born in a manger.

Several crimes were being committed, grievous evils.
People were being wronged, holy laws were broken.
People were being taken over by devils.
The man was put to blame, with few words from Him spoken.

As others were accusing Him, He gave no words in His defense.
He took all the blame placed on Him with no objection.
All peoples' futures were spared at His great expense.
He took their punishment not with curses, but with words of affection.

Yes, to all the peoples, this man was a scapegoat.
One to take the punishment in their place, one who was damned.
To the eternity of other souls did He His life devote.
No, He was not a scapegoat, He was the sacrificial Lamb!

His name is Jesus, the only one.
His name is Emmanuel, God's own Son!
The one who lived a life of love.
The one that we will one day see up above!

Greg Oosterhouse

The Soapbox Preacher Attacketh!

With pen in hand, and book in arm,
I am ever at the ready.
To do evil and grievous sin great harm.
I pray the Lord to make my hand steady.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Soapbox Preacher's Creed

I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of paper and pen.
And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son,
Who gives me words for my poems every now and then.
I believe in spreading His Word
Through mouth and through pen strokes.
And in overcoming feelings of great shyness.
I shall never use my gift to tell jokes.
I believe in telling others of His love,
And in telling of the Good News for all.
At times, this love has to be tough,
But for His Word, all must be willing to fall.
I believe it is not mine to judge, but the Lord's.
All correction is to be given out with love.
For I am no better than my fellow man,
I too, need correction that is sent from above.
I believe that the words I write are His,
And that He will tell me those words again and again.
He is indeed the true author of my life.
And His is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever, Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Soapbox Preacher's Pledge

I pledge allegiance to the cross
Of the Lord Jesus Christ.
In it I count all gains but loss,
On it was made the ultimate sacrifice.
I pledge to love all others.
I pledge to love Him most of all.
To get along with my sisters and brothers,
And to always be there when they call.
I pledge to defend His ministry
Against all evil things.
To tell others of how He loves you and me,
And to proclaim Him King of kings.
I pledge to worship and honor His holy name,
To spread the Good News again and again.
May I not stop until He has world-wide acclaim.
For His is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

The Thank You Card

My eyes began to tear, my heart began to warm,
When I read that thank you card you gave me.
And that cute picture sure did no harm.
Your baby in her clutches does have me!
You are one I value more than all things.
Truly, you were sent to me by the King of kings!

Greg Oosterhouse

The True Valentine

Lord, You are my Valentine.
You are forever in this heart of mine.
It was You, not Cupid who shot the arrow.
After all, You truly are love defined!

Greg Oosterhouse

The Vase

A vase, made of crystal or molded clay,
In and of itself, beautiful in its own way.
By itself it is a lovely piece of decor.
A delight to the eyes, that is what it is there for.

But what good is a vase, with nothing in it?
Its main purpose is to hold flowers within it.
An empty, giant void it has with nothing inside it,
That its owner just might as well hide it.

My heart is a vase, decorating my chest.
In and of itself, a part of me that I love best.
Without anything in it, however, it is dull and boring,
A cold, dank place in need of love for storing.

If my heart is a vase, then you are a rose.
You beautify me with your presence, and love grows.
When people see me, they see the beauty inside.
You in my heart brightens the day, and darkness hides.

Greg Oosterhouse

This Love Of Mine

This love of mine possesses awe-inspiring beauty,
So much area to gaze at, so many wonders to see.
This love of mine is steaming hot at times,
At other times, she is bone-chilling cold.
In me this love inspires plentiful rhymes.
No other could take her place, truth be told.
Others may offer cozy comfy warmth all the year 'round,
And never give me the 'cold shoulder', but I don't care.
I love this love best when she's at her coldest, when actual ice can be found.
The dissenters may grouch all they want, their complaints air.
There are others they may love, those that can suit their palate.
Me, I'm not going anywhere, you won't hear me rant.
The only thing about my love that I hate,
Is that sometimes, she is too hot. But I can't,
I won't complain, I refuse to be a dissenter.
Nobody's perfect, we all have our flaws, things about ourselves we don't like.
I try not to place my love's imperfections at the center
Of my attention. Any vocal complaints I have made, I would like to strike
Off of the record. After all, it is over her rivers and through her woods
To my families' homes I go. So relaxing it is to travel
Her countryside roads and see her lush, green valleys, it is so good
To be a lover of hers. So, let the verdict be as the judge bangs his gavel:
Michigan is tops! I'll say it again and again,
Michigan! Michigan! Michigan!

Greg Oosterhouse

This Poetic Torch

Lord, thank You for this poetic torch,
Which keeps aflame my love for You.
I pray, all peoples' hearts to scorch
With its light, and keep it lit all my lifetime through.

Greg Oosterhouse

Those Three Words

Those three words, a lot of the time, are very hard to say. Those three words, I said to you one day.

I meant every word, I meant every letter. Now that I have said them, I feel so much better.

I use to be so shy, I used to be so quiet. But then I got up the nerve, so I thought I would try it.

I called you on the phone, and got the answering machine. I said 'I love you', and I got to feeling very keen.

But then I took it a step further, I picked up the phone again. I said 'I love you' directly to you, making me very happy right then.

So ecstatic I was, that soon after I called a good friend of mine. I told her I love her, too. Yes, love is very divine.

In most cases, I have received instant reciprocation. With those three words, the shy part of me was a victim of great devastation.

I then gave myself a challenge so daunting, that it gave my already beaten down shyness a haunting.

I was to tell someone 'I love you' to their face. A challenge I met with relative ease, my heart keeping its usual pace.

So proud I was that I let the truth be known, to put my love out in the open, to make it known.

Throwing my love around, what great joy, causing in me prayers and praises to God employ.

Love, priceless as an antique.

Love, so common, yet so unique.
This is my love for you,
Everlasting and true.

I would not have said those words three, If I did not mean them. I love you,
can't you see?

Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.
© Greg A. Oosterhouse

Greg Oosterhouse

To My Friends

To my friends, a great pleasure to know, here are a few words, my love to show.

Your marriage, dear friends, I prayerfully support, I hope it is of the lasting sort.

At your wedding reception, I sure was not slacking. In fact, it was my autism I sent packing.

When I observe the two of you, arms around each other in love, I think of how much I love you two, and ask for somebody of my own from the Lord above.

For you I want only the best, all cares, worries and woes put to rest.

So proud I was when you got your new home, I was wondering when that day would come.

In the Rightful Place you'll always be, once you're in there, there is no getting out, you see.

That's the way true love should remain, itself from anyone it should not refrain.

This poem is for you, my friends, may my love for you never come to an end.

Greg Oosterhouse

To My Love

My darling, every time you're near, it is like standing near a burning flame.
And you whisper in my ear, my heart burns at the sound of your beautiful name.

When I gaze into your eyes, I'm lost in a world of passion.
I long for the prize, as you approach me in the sultriest fashion.

Oh, to kiss your moist, luscious lips, they fill my heart with burning desire.
Just a touch with my fingertips, and they set my insides afire.

I run my fingers through your hair, so silky soft as a baby's skin.
I long to touch you 'there', and relive the moment again and again.

The lights are turned down low, and we are clothed only in each others' arms.
If there is only one thing I know, it is that I love you and your many charms.

Greg Oosterhouse

Too Much In Love With Love

What wondrous news! You tell me that you are in love!
You must be feeling on top of the world, like you could soar above

The highest mountains and clouds. Indeed, to be in love is the most
wonderful feeling ever. It makes you smile just to think of the ones you host

in your heart. I too, am in love, with my family and friends,
they all mean so much to me. Throughout the day, my heart spends

its time beating in honor of its residents. Each one is a priceless treasure.
Every time I think of them, I smile. I love them all beyond measure.

I give, give, and give my love whenever I can, but I feel I receive little back.
Oh yes, my loved ones have made me feel their love, but still, I lack

the feeling of great happiness I hope I give them. So I tell you
this, do not be too much in love with love, as I have become. Do

not give the roses in your vase too much water, thereby overwhelming them,
so that they could not possibly give you back the beauty you desire. 'Ahem',

they say to you, 'how do you expect us to keep blooming if you
keep choking us with so much TLC? ' It is like asking a choking man to

administer CPR, it is just not done. You must allow them to catch
up, to let them absorb the love you give. Then you can snatch

their love up that you will feel so ecstatic, so full of love,
that the only thing you can do is thank the Lord above.

Greg Oosterhouse

Unbekownst To Me

Unbekownst to me are the feelings deep inside.
Unbekownst to me is the love that does hide.

Yes, these things and more to me are unknown.
Some intending to hide forever, some longing to be shown.

Including love for the Lord, it is mainly hidden.
The idea then, of expressing it seems forbidden.

My feelings are trapped inside like a convicted felon.
It is like a cat trying to give birth to a watermelon.

Unbekownst to me at one time was the power of the pen.
It frees my feelings, and I give a shout of 'AMEN! '

I write of love for family and friends.
I write and write until the day comes to an end.

Also, my feelings for God are let loose.
My pen shouts prayers and praises, making use

Of all the time that was lost.
Thank You, Lord, for giving me this gift of writing at no cost!

Greg Oosterhouse

Un-Prayed Answers

I don't remember asking for a friend, someone to love and treasure.
Nor asking for some way to stop being shy and start expressing myself.
I must have been behaving myself, in order to be rewarded beyond measure,
Because one night, my shyness was put upon a shelf.

After that, I gained a brand new, dear friend
And started to express myself through the written word.
I feel that this great happiness of mine will never end,
The idea of being too shy to express myself now seems absurd.

I thank God for these un-prayed answers,
I shall be eternally grateful.
Now my soul floats like ballet dancers
For receiving these gifts by the plateful!

Greg Oosterhouse

Wait And See

I'll take the attitude of wait and see
To find out about finding that special someone.
One that is truly meant for only me,
Or else find myself remaining blissfully alone.
I'll wait on the Lord to send me that sign,
Instead of worrying this dear heart of mine.

Greg Oosterhouse

'Warning! : This Site Contains Nudity! '

There should be a warning,
There should be a sign.
Alerting people to the nudity
On this site, especially that of mine!

On this site, souls are willingly bared,
For all to see, cover the innocent's eyes!
Some show only partial nakedness,
While others go all out, and the morally right sighs.

Such daring! Such atrociousness!
Queen Victoria rolls in her grave,
At such display, this abhorrant show!
Is there any common decency left to save?

So, is this a nudist site,
Or could it be porno?
Both, I'd imagine would be a proper tag,
How explicit we'll be, who knows?

Greg Oosterhouse

Welcome To My Vase

Welcome to my vase,
Please do come on in.
Miracles like you
Still happen now and then.

You are in my heart,
Go and join your kin.
Welcome to my vase,
There is love and joy therein.

You were in God's tender garden,
Then, you opened in time.
You will surely be given
Water enough to bloom and thrive.

I will love you so,
It shows on my face,
That I promise you.
Welcome to my vase!

Greg Oosterhouse

'What Can I Give You? '

Here it is, Christmas time is nigh.
The temps are cold, and snow is falling from the sky.
People are crowding up the stores,
Looking for gizmos and gadgets galore.

Shopping for material gifts is not for me,
For such can turn into unbridled insanity.
To me you are a friend so very true.
So I wonder: 'What can I give you? '

I want to give you something with meaning,
Something from my heart is where I'm leaning.
Where can I find it? Where can it be?
Where is that special something to you from me?

Then I realise, that special something is in me,
I have already given it to you many times, you see.
It is a gift that was given to me from the Lord above.
The perfect gift for a friend like you is none other than my love!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

What Good Does It Do?

What good does it do to grumble?
What good does it do to complain?
What good does it do to mumble?
What good does it do to cry about the rain?

There is nothing you can do,
There is nothing you can say.
Why make a big well to do?
That will not make past problems go away.

You only make yourself more stressed,
You only make yourself more frayed.
So get out of bed, and get dressed,
And face the day unafraid.

Think about this minute,
Think about this day,
How much happiness you can put in it,
And eventually your grumbles will go away.

Greg Oosterhouse

When I Say I Love You

When I say I love you, I am saying that I respect you.
May you always know I will never reject you.
You are a special blessing to my life.
My love for you is too thick to be cut with a knife.

When I say I love you, I am saying I admire you.
As my life long friend, I wish to hire you.
Truly, you were sent to me by the Lord.
I am amazed in the fact that it is you I can afford!

When I say I love you I am saying that I want the best for you.
I want there to be quiet peace and rest for you.
I rejoice in your happy hours,
Like walking through a garden of flowers.

When I say I love you, I am not saying that I want you.
With no pursuits will I pester or haunt you.
Put away all thoughts that I am one to avoid.
May I never make you by my presence annoyed.

All I want with you is your friendship so true.
To be there when you are sad and blue.
Let there be nothing to break our bond.
Always remember that it is of you that I am fond.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Where Are You, My Love?

The time is here when you are usually around,
And the sight of you gets me all excited.
You cause in me a gleeful sound,
And flames of passion are ignited.

Yet you are nowhere in sight,
Where can you be?
The fact that you're not here gives me fright.
I am no good without you, can't you see?

It's sickening to hear others rejoice
When you're not here, so I cover my ears.
Where are you, my love? This query I voice.
Your absense causes my eyes to fill with tears.

I can't wait for the day you arrive with a fury,
Making your enemies smiles turn into frowns,
And their boasting to be stifled in a big hurry.
And me there, acting just like a clown.

Please come soon, my love, fill me with joy.
Cover my being with your presence.
Bring on your onslaught of love, make me a happy boy,
And fill my very being with your essence!

Greg Oosterhouse

'Who Will Hear Their Screams? '

Who will hear their screams?
Who will answer their cries?
It's been so long, it seems
Since they have sighed their sorrowful sighs.

They are waiting for their Moses
To deliver them from their plight.
As their Achilles' heel closes
The door on their pain free flight.

'How long? ', they ask
As they endure the strife,
As each day they face the task
Of carrying their heavy lot throughout life.

It seems like relief will never come,
As each day goes by without a sign
Of that long-awaited deliverer to enter their home
And ease their burden, and make them feel oh, so fine.

When willl the deliverer arrive?
'Never', to them it seems.
Each day is a burden to be alive,
As they wonder: 'Who will hear our screams? '

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse

Why Are The Vulgar Respected?

Why are the vulgar respected?

Why are they greeted with cheers when introduced to the crowd?

Those that peddle pornography which degrades women,

And those that use coarse joking and describe sexual encounters to a national audience.

They are treated like royalty compared to the righteous, God-fearing folk.

Fear not, you righteous!

Fear not, you who listen to the Lord!

The vulgar will face judgement.

They will have to answer to the Lord.

Where will their pornography get them then?

Where will their coarse joking get them then?

Nowhere.

Nowhere except where there is gnashing of teeth and great weeping for all eternity.

And the righteous will be greeted warmly by their Father in Heaven.

Greg Oosterhouse

Why Bring Up The Past?

Why must you look to the past,
When to the Lord, it does not exist?
It's been wiped out by prayer and fast.
So with bringing it up, please cease and desist.

I am sorry for what I've done.
I regret I have ever done those acts.
So in prayer, I went to the Son.
He has erased those sinful facts.

Why bring up the past?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Into the pit my sins have been cast.
So to the past, please say goodbye.

The Lord has cleansed me of my crimson stain,
It is no longer on His mind.
It has been drowned by His holy rain.
Just like the chaff, it's gone with the wind.

If you have a burden that's weighing upon you,
Ask the Lord to lift it off your soul.
Making it forgotten, He will gladly do.
You will feel so clean and whole!

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

Greg Oosterhouse

Write In Me, Lord

Write in me, Lord, I will be your open book.
Write your words of amazing grace,
Write your words of limitless mercy,
Write your words of never ending love.
Let me be an open book to the world,
So that they can read in me of your wonders,
So that they can know that they, too, can attain salvation.
So that they can know that you have also suffered as they do.
And through your suffering and imminent death,
You won the victory for all humankind here on Earth,
So that we can someday reign with you throughout eternity.
And may they be inspired to let you write your wondrous words in them.

Greg Oosterhouse

You Are Music

You are music, and I am the ears, your songs lift my soul, and calm my fears.

Your voice a beautiful melody, an operatic aria that soars through the very heart of me.

Your name symphony, each letter its four movements of flowing beauty.

Your kiss is a violin concerto, your lips on mine starts my adrenaline to flow.

Your curves an exciting overture, with twists and turns aplenty, that's for sure.

Your hair a baroque madrigal, golden, flowing, encompassing all.

The whole of you a sonata, to think of you gives me chills, you are my innamorata.

Greg Oosterhouse

You Love Me!

I froze in utter delight,
I nearly cried tears of joy.
I must have been a wacky sight!
I sure was one ecstatic boy.

You revealed your love for me,
You hold me as a dear friend.
For our friendship, you look to God thankfully.
It is my prayer that our friendship never ends.

We are like Beauty and the Beast,
For you see me for who I truly am.
My happiness is dough, and you are yeast.
All doubt was given a powerful slam.

To love and be loved, what an awesome feeling,
The best in the universe, no doubt.
Makes one nearly jump to the ceiling.
'YOU LOVE ME! ' is all I want to shout!

Greg Oosterhouse

'Your Presence Is Gift Enough'

The time has come when my birthday is near,
And I look forward to greetings from ones I hold dear.
Will their cards make me laugh, or shed a tear?
It is because of that, that I look forward to every year.

You wonder what you can give me,
What will make me joyous and happy.
To the stores you go in search of a gift
That will give my heart and soul a lift.

I tell you this, I tell you true:
There is no better gift than knowing you.
The Lord smiled on me the day we met.
Truly, you are my very best friend yet!

You bring me warm thoughts and smiles.
My life's journey is blessed as I walk each mile.
Your voice is music to my ears.
Yes, your friendship adds life to my years.

No book to read or to write in, nor any Bach CD
Can match the gift that you are to me.
Store bought items and any other stuff,
Will not do, as your presence is gift enough.

Lord, there is none beside, nor before You.
Domine Deus, tu solus sanctus. Amen.

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Greg Oosterhouse