

Only the fearful gain courage.

Worth is a flower that is gleaned.

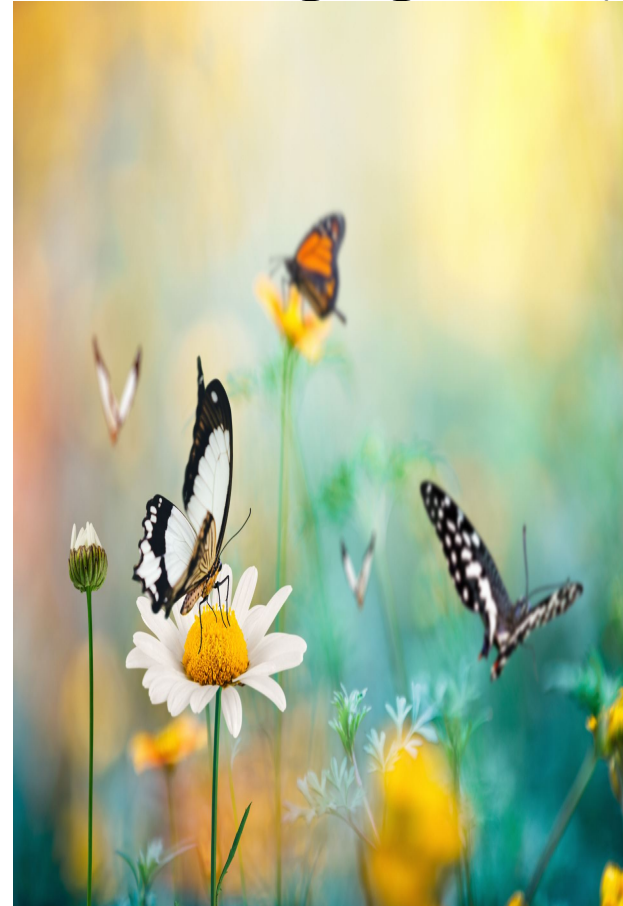
Worth is more than just a feeling.

Worth in Christ is how the painful cope.

Worthy are the freed to be encouraged.

[Rom 5:10](#) For if *when* we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.

[Rom 5:11](#) And not only *so*, but we also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the reconciliation.



Worthy



Fallen in the mud puddle again.
Covered with the dirt and grime.
Hope escapes through the many tears.
The “Let Down” is overwhelming.

Self-worth seems to form into pain.
Despair evaporates with the passing time.
Shivering in the mud puddle with all the fears.
Peace is left in the distance wandering.

They trade their concern for a heavy stone.

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Is there truly only one way out?

Does anyone know what it is about?

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There is no direction and no one to call friend.

People turn you away because they don't understand your plight.

They don't care about your life and how it is a constant fight.

There is no way out and there is no resolution.

Life is short and full of its own pollution.

Where do you turn and where do you find release?

Is it found in the wind? Is it found in love's increase?

Who has the key to freedom? Where can you turn?

Silence becomes a deafening sound never to

Alone



Trapped in nothingness and surround by despair.

Overwhelmed by life and how it is never fair.

Hope seems like a dream that fades away.

Peace is desired and asked to stay.

Depression becomes a close relative who never leaves.



His Eyes Upon Us.

What does God see when he is looking down on me?

What does He hear when I lift up a word of prayer?

Does He see a man bound to his own deception?
Or does He see a son delivered from the world of destruction?

Does He look upon me with love and grace?
Or Does He find sin written on my face?

Does He desire to come and hold me tight?
Does He desire to share His loving might?

What does He hear when my words are lifted up to Him?

Oh that I may see as He sees.
Oh that I may hear as He hears.
Oh that I may align my heart with His.
Oh that I may fall before His mercy.
He sees me in the midst of my struggles and in
the midst of my victories.
He hears me crying in the night for those I love
and for those I have never met.
His love is more than I could ever know and
comprehend.
His grace is more than I deserve and apprehend.
Oh God come and look upon me with your eyes
of truth and love.
Oh God come and hear my words as they rise
like a dove.
Embellish me with your covering of grace.
And let me look upon your lovely face.

1 Peter 3:12 The Lord's eyes are on those who
do what he approves. His ears hear their prayer.
The Lord confronts those who do evil."



PLEADING

Sing over me your song of holiness.
Declare your hope and majesty with loud noise.
Make known your presence through
righteousness.
Angels announce your glory through many
voices.
Pierce my heart with your bloody nails.
Shine your light where no shadows can escape.
Rip out of me every tainted pail.
Let your fire burn deeply to cause a reshape.
Break the chains that choke out life.
Heal the hurt and cleanse the wound.
Cut open freedom with your knife.
Disperse your love through clouds abound

hope.

Maybe you feel like the God of the universe is not near you. Maybe you feel like no one hears your cries in the night. Maybe you feel distant and in despair. The Great Dancer, rejoicer, is right there with you now. His hand is reaching out to you. He desires to lift you up from the dance floor and spin you around into His place of peace. Just take His hand and never let go. He loves you deeply and desires to rejoice over you.

Metamorphosis



Can you hear me Lord? The Silence seems deafening.

Can you see me Lord? My vision seems to be blurry.

Can you touch me Lord? The numbness seems to be all over.

I see you in the distance just above the hill.

I see you standing there covered in the shadow
The wind is whistling through the flowers and the leaves.

Where did you go?

Why have you disappeared?

Where did you go?
Why have you disappeared?
When can I be with you again?

I embrace the dirty road.
My lips are filled with the dust.
My knees are embedded into the gravel.

I bury my face into my muddy palms.
My tears drip down my cheeks like little rivers.
I breathe but my heart has stopped beating.

Can you hear me Lord? The Silence seems
deafening.
Can you see me Lord? My vision seems to be
blurry.
Can you touch me Lord? The numbness seems
to be all over.

My garments are torn and ragged.
My feet are bare and bleeding.
My face is dirty and gritty.

I feel the warmth of your hand on my shoulder.
You reach for me and lift me up.
You dust of my filthy garments.

The Bible tells us that the living God sings over
us. He dances over us with great joy and love.
In most cultures, dancing is a sign of happiness and
strong affection.

I picture a father dancing with his little daughter
on his feet standing on his feet. He makes all the
movements and all the strides. The father twirls
his daughter around with copious grins and
laughters. All time seems to slow down and on
the father and his daughter seem to dance in the
vastness of space.

The Lord is the Great Dancer for His people.
There are times in your life when you are dancing
with Him. There are times when you are standing
on his feet while He dances. There are times
when He is dancing over you and rejoicing over
you. Those are the times when despair has taken
hold and hope has escaped like a vapor. He
takes your hand and lifts you up from the dance.

Disfigured and collapsed on the floor of diabolus.
Swaying back and forth without thought or
consolation.

Sight fades to the darkness and blood becomes
embolus.

Rocking with vibration and undetermined
occasion.

Light begins to pierce through the oculus of
darkness.

Despair is chased away with allegro movements.

The Great Dancer leaps to take away your
direness.

His assemble transforms into heavenly moments.

He rejoices over your soul with exuberance and
elation

He sings and speaks to your heart with hope and
peace.

He dances with feet which bring deliverance and
exultation.

Your embrace makes my soul alive!
My world seems to disappear into your arms.

The silence is replaced with the noise of
freedom.

The blurry vision becomes clearer now.

The numbness is replaced by the warmth of your
touch.

2Corinthians 5:17 Whoever is a believer in
Christ is a new creation. The old way of living
disappeared. A new way of living has come into
existence.

FINDING COMFORT

by Johnny Mengarelli

Sometimes the Pain seems so hard to bare.
Evil seems to exists in us all
The words become hurtful and unfair.
They make us feel 10 inches small.

The truth is that hurting people hurt others.
People in pain waddle in their own vomit.
They are bound to the curses which smothers.
The hostile pain shoots out like a comet.

Ridiculous notions seems to run ahead
Tears fill the redden eyes of sorrow again.
Words of hurt bring the soul to the dead.
The spirit fights within to halt and refrain.

God appears to be in the distance.
His love has escaped my mind.
Slowly becoming a shadow of our existence.
Loneliness within sorrow does find.

Reason overcomes the pain within.
Mind giving way to the remembrance.
Stopping to think about the internal sin.
Falling to the knees in total repentance.



***Zephaniah 3:17 " The Lord your God is with
you. He is a hero who saves you. He happily
rejoices over you, renews you with his love
and celebrates over you with shouts of joy.***

Despair, like a ballerina, prances around your
soul.

She leaps and twirls with effortless melancholy

The Glory of Lord rises higher into the air.

Running into His arms we will run
Forgetting the pain which the hurtful words
brought.
Knowing that it is finished and done.
Forever comforted by the Holy one we have
sought.

**Psalm 9:9 - The Lord is a refuge for the
oppressed a stronghold in times of trouble**

**Psalm 18:2 - The Lord is my rock, my
fortress and my deliverer; my God is my
rock, in whom I take refuge. He is my
shield and the horn of my salvation, my
stronghold.**

**Psalm 22:24 - For he has not despised or
disdained the suffering of the afflicted one
he has not hidden his face from him, but
he has listened to his cry for help**

**Psalm 27:14 - Wait for the Lord; be strong
and take heart and wait for the Lord.**

Nobody's Nobody



2 Samuel 6:14-15 Wearing a linen ephod, David danced in the LORD'S presence with all his might. (15) He and the entire nation of Israel brought the ark of the LORD with shouts of joy and the sounding of rams' horns.

No human connection.

No strong affection.

Forgotten about and left alone.

Tossed aside and thrown.

Like a pebble in a secret pond.

Never thought about to fond.

Things done for them in the past.

Become memories that never last.

They moved on and left the man in the dust.

Death is the graduation to something more

Eternal life is beyond magical

Life in Christ is whimsical

Hope is the marrow to the bones

Peace is the companion to the faint

Love is the answer from the Divine

Where there is uncertainty

Where there is discord

Where achievement has traded places with defeat

There is someone greater than it all

There is someone stronger than the collapsing
ceiling

There is someone who has conquered the summit
of life

His name is beyond earthly articulation

Only the divinely touched can whisper his name

Hear the voice of a thousand thunders softly call
out to His love

Only the loved can answer the Lover

Only the altered can become transparent

Regardless of the burden

They make him the enemy for their own wrong

Leaving the man wondering where he belongs

He wanders the desert through a heart of
condemnation.

No reason to live no reason left to imagination

Why do they forget the love once given to them

They mistakenly throw it away like a precious
gem.

The pain is over bearing at times and never
seems to heal.

It scraps away the flesh and leaves no hope to
feel.

He will never be remembered and never given
any recognition.

He has been made into a forgotten memory and
an apparition.

The knives go deep and the blood pours out.

It spills on the floor with heavy doubt.

He will continue to wonder what he did wrong.
In His heart , there becomes a dying song.

He is Nobody's Nobody.

Ephesians 4:32

Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving
one another, as God in Christ forgave you.



Not ready to leave

Not ready to go

The journey is not over

The journey has just begun

Time is but a vapor

Essence is but a particle of time

Fear is the entrainment of the mind