

WORTHY: A CHAPBOOK
OF CHRISTIAN POEMS



BY KIM BOND

This poetry collection is dedicated to our Lord.

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These poems are not intended to teach theology or doctrine.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Satan's Banquet.....	2
Kiss the Son.....	3
Dancing With Jesus.....	4
Ruth's Reward.....	5
I'll Wait.....	6
Rahab's Faith.....	7
Whispers of Light.....	8
God's Plan.....	9
Heaven.....	10
Learning to Hope.....	11
Jonah's Reason.....	12
Salt.....	13
Saul Called Paul.....	14
Adored.....	15
Illusions.....	17
The Faithful.....	18
Satan's Ways.....	19
God Knows Best.....	20
Waiting on the Lord.....	21
Lord, How You Love Me!. 22	
I AM.....	23

Satan's Banquet

(Based on a sermon of the same name by C.H. Spurgeon)

The man sat at a fine table,
Satan said, "Let's sup,"
He set before him recklessness,
The man drank from the cup.

When he had finished,
He gave him goblet number two,
He drank of satiety,
Drowsiness began to ensue.

Satan set down a black goblet,
The man said, "No thank you, sir,"
But he insisted,
"He who drinks of the second must drink the third."

The final cup,
To the man he gave,
Robbed him of his life,
And sent him to his grave.

Satan hides a secret chamber,
Blazing hell is behind the door,
The horrible pit is filled with shrieks of pain,
And every kind of horror.

Won't you come and plead,
The blood of Jesus with me,
Refuse the devil's banquet,
And you will be set free.

Kiss the Son

Let me kiss your face,
Oh beautiful child,
Before the crack of the whip,
Before a sponge touches your lip,
Before the betrayal you will sip,
Before your blood must drip,
Lord, can you feel this?
It's my kiss.

Dancing With Jesus

Mortar binds cobblestone under our feet,
The scent of oversized orchids fill the air,
See my golden hair strands braided back,
His strong hands join mine in perfect precision,
We glide effortlessly in a Scandinavian waltz,
Suns and moons set yet we never take notice.

Ruth's Reward

Ruth came from a distant land,
She was no daughter of Abraham,
Her mom-in-law could not deter,
The faith and loyalty in her.

Naomi wanted what was best,
To give Ruth peace and rest,
Naomi told her not to stay,
But Ruth refused to obey.

She pledged to follow where she went,
Adopt her God and be content,
She stayed when things looked bleak,
When there seemed nothing to eat.

She went in search of grain,
And it was not in vain,
For food she did find,
But also a man so kind.

Boaz took Ruth as his wife,
To a boy they gave life,
He was blessed by the Divine,
To be in Jesus' family line.

When no one looks and you do what's right,
When you hold to your faith very tight,
Be patient and wait on the Almighty Lord,
For He always remembers to reward.

I'll Wait

This is for you, young man,
Yes, you with the fast hands.

I notice your wandering eyes,
And overhear your creative lies.

I wish you could know my soul,
Really comprehend it as a whole.

Then, you would agree carnal intimacy,
Barely skims the surface of my true beauty.

Rahab's Faith

Joshua sent two spies,
To view the terrain,
With their own eyes,
And see what insight they might gain.

Rahab hid them under stalks of flax,
The king of Jericho asked,
"The spies went which way?"
She said, "Oh they decided not to stay."

For His people she had cared,
And trusted her life would be spared,
Rahab put faith in the Lord,
Then she hung a scarlet cord.

Oh how could she know,
Her faith in the scarlet string,
Was merely a shadow,
Of the saving power Christ's blood would bring.

Whispers of Light

I felt nothing spectacular,
As I entered the cathedral,
I saw nothing supernatural,
Nothing good and nothing evil.

Then, as if my eyes were opened,
I noticed angels—six in all,
Standing still as if frozen,
Each measuring twenty feet tall.

Their appearance was like glass,
Their backs arched against beams,
They watched over our mass,
It felt like a waking dream.

Then, a thought leaped in my mind,
If His messengers inspire such awe in me,
How will I feel when my life is resigned,
And I stand in the presence of God the Almighty?

God's Plan

There was a schoolboy,
He would always say,
"Why do bad things happen,
Why must we suffer in this way?"

A wise man answered him,
"It's because of sin,
Adam ate the fruit,
in the Garden of Eden."

"It's so not fair,"
He would say,
"Because he ate,
Why should we pay?"

The wise man asked,
"But why should we go free,
Because one Man,
Died on a tree?"

He pointed to the cross,
Where our Savior died,
The boy scratched his head,
His ears open wide.

We were cursed by just one man,
Then saved by another,
It's all part of God's plan,
Which is fair he discovered.

Heaven

Heaven is a real place,
With streets of gold,
And pearly gates.

A river flows from God's throne,
Near it, is the tree of life,
There, the sun has never shone,
For God's glory fills it with light.

I refuse to speak more,
Of heaven's great splendor,
For its riches most assuredly,
Over time will tend to bore me.

See my Father is a gardener,
Who prunes off fruitless branches,
He's also a pardoner,
Who gave me many chances.

Maybe that will help explain,
I'll tell you without shame,
Heaven holds only one treasure,
For which my heart does pine,
That's the gem called Immanuel,
The one and only true vine.

Learning to Hope

I thought hope was too emotive,
I noticed how much time it wasted,
Worse yet—when it fails, it's corrosive,
But hope is something God created,
To be risked and to be tasted,
I put my faith in You, oh Lord,
To show my heart the unexplored.

Jonah's Reason

For Jonah, it began with a word,
To travel awhile,
To preach against the vile,
But he pretended he hadn't heard.

We know the story,
Swallowed by the whale,
It's quite a tale,
That ends in God's glory.

But do you know why he ran?
He thought the vile did not deserve,
The mercy in God's reserve,
Like he did...a righteous man.

Today I choose never to deny,
The mercy of the Son,
From any wicked one,
For there might be a whale nearby.

Salt

Salt

Seasons,

Stings in wounds,

Leaps from our pores,

Pours down in warm tears,

Dissolves ice on sidewalks,

Crystallizes to form flats,

Cures meat for later consumption,

Slaps the face with a colossal wave,

Have we lost our saltiness, Father God?

Saul Called Paul

Saul was a religious Jew,
Who approved of killing,
Any Christian he saw,
And he saw quite a few!

One day there appeared a great light,
The Lord spoke to him,
He fell to the dirt and,
Three days had no sight.

The man named Saul,
Was later called Paul,
He gave many a speech,
Man, could he preach!

With the Spirit inside,
You too are made new,
Christ has power to change,
Deliver, and renew.

Adored

You will be born and adored,
You will scorn your parents,
For making rules you break,
Just prior to idolizing friends,
And yourself,
Without knowing God.

One day you meet God,
And you feel adored,
Even when you are by yourself,
He lifts your distaste for your parents,
He gives you new friends,
There's just one habit you cannot break.

If this one habit you could break,
You could find peace in God,
Like your friends,
This habit you once adored,
This sin hidden from your parents,
It fosters a hatred for yourself.

You are stuck with yourself,
Or else you'd make a clean break,
You'd confess to your parents,
You'd show your face to God,
And be once more adored.

You fall back in with old friends,
The demons bore holes inside yourself,
In the mirror a face that can't be adored,
Your habit no longer takes a break,
You have sworn off God,
You've been kicked out by your parents.

Like an orphan with no parents,
Like a loner with no friends,
You call up in desperation to God,
And surrender yourself,
You are full of heart break,
And you are once more adored.

Then your parents take you back in and you are adored,
Your friends make amends but you've found a friendship no one can break,
It's between God and yourself.

Illusions

Life in this body,
Careful how you handle it,
Seems to be long and sturdy,
Appears as concrete,
Strong, durable, tough, rugged,
But is actually glass.

A relationship,
To the Lord seems virtuous,
Unbeknownst to onlookers,
It's a buoy at sea,
Realized only by those,
Who swim in deeper waters.

The Faithful

We swim in the fountain spring,
Hear the harmonious choir sing,
His radiant face ne'er grows dim,
In the fountain spring, we swim.

We ascend to a mountain peak,
With His rod and His sheep,
Gravity seems to suspend,
To a mountain peak, we ascend.

We leap into a haystack,
Freefall and don't look back,
Sit among tares and wheat,
Into a haystack, we leap.

Satan's Ways

The devil's fiction,
Some people have said,
Made up for fun,
Little horns in red.

The Bible says he exists,
From heaven he fell,
And tempted Jesus,
He reigns over hell.

Don't trust your ears,
Don't trust your sight,
For he masquerades,
As an angel of light.

He distracts with despair and exclusion,
Wards off good with sickness and confusion,
Brings to mind what depresses,
Points out a lack of joy and successes.

He and his sin,
Go in the lake of fire,
A really fitting end,
For such an arrogant liar.

God Knows Best

There was a man named Job,
He wore an expensive robe,
For he was wealthy,
And he was also quite healthy.

Then one day Satan came along,
And ripped his life in two,
Killed his sons and daughters,
And all his animals too.

He loved God before,
Satan took his joy away,
He loved God after,
No curses he would say.

He had two friends,
Who were of little use,
No soothing words of comfort,
Did their mouths produce.

God appeared on the scene,
And took him aside,
To ask him many a thing,
Like where does the night hide,
Who fathers the dew,
Who made the wild donkeys free,
And how the eagles flew.

On his words Job did stumble,
For God had made him very humble,
He had to confess,
In everything God knows best.

Waiting on the Lord

Rain, tap on the ground,
For I know it's the sound,
Of impatience for our Savior's return.

Sun, turn to black,
Moon, change to red,
You're the sign for which we yearn.

Roar, you ocean waves,
For the Lord saves,
All who call on His Name.

Beast, rise out of the sea,
Show your authority,
Soon after comes your shame.

Lampstands, light the path,
For the One who wears a golden sash,
Out of His mouth comes a sword,
Make way for my King and Lord!

Lord, How You Love Me!

Adoring me in my waking hours,
Befriending me when I had no friends,
Chasing me when I chased after idols,
Doting on me even as I sleep,
Exhausting my mind with glorious thoughts,
Flowing in the air I breathe,
Giving me amazing opportunities,
Helping me be a better person,
Instantly hearing my prayers,
Joking with me when I need a laugh,
Kindly nudging me in the right direction,
Loving me with a sacrificial love,
Moving me to focus on what is pure,
Nursing my emotional health,
Openly acknowledging me as Your child,
Pouring Your Spirit into me,
Quieting my anxiousness,
Rallying behind me when I need courage,
Stopping me from making big mistakes,
Throwing adventure into my path,
Understanding me better than myself,
Valiantly protecting me,
Walking before me and lighting my path,
X-linking my chromosomes,
Yearlong songs sung over me,
Zapping me with warm fuzzies.

I AM
(Quotes of Jesus)

I AM the
living bread.

I AM from
above.

I AM the resurrection and the life.

I AM the way, the truth, & the life.

I AM the gate. I AM the Son of God.

I AM the good
shepherd. I

AM the light
of the world

I AM the
true vine.

I AM Jesus.

John 6:51

John 8:23

John 11:25

John 14:6

John 10:9

John 10:36

John 10:11

John 8:12

John 15:1

Acts 9:5

