

I Crossed the Jordan

Daily, though I drink a secret stream
That satisfies my soul, I once did dream
Of conquests over gloating enemies
That live where countless rows of spreading trees
Along a riverbank provide the shade
Of freedom to themselves, when God has made
It really to be mine; so, as he planned
It long ago, He'll take from them their land
And give to me gently flowing streams
That years of longing carry in their dreams.

But dreams are funny things to manifest.
They always do escape until we rest
Secure already, that though we still groan
And feel travail, and anger makes us own
That there's a devil stalking hard in rage,
Our suffering need not be a self-made cage
In which we live a lie that we are slaves
That go down bitter to our angry graves.

Moses, great as he was, struck the rock,
And though he led for years the holy flock,
When God commanded him to gently take
The rod and set it down, for God would break
The rock again by just a word this time,
Our Moses flared, and high did anger climb
Within his breast, until he struck the stone,
And by that rod his future did disown.

The wiser Caleb stood with horror's eye,
And dared not also God's decree defy,
But set his heart to wait and pass the test
That every man must pass to gain his rest.

Sometimes I find it dangerous to be right,
For anger summons me to go and fight
Against opponents who stand clearly wrong,
But will not see until my angry, strong

Symphonic blast of reasoned argument,
Drives them by these blows to soon relent.

Ha! I'm the angry one if this be true,
And heaven is a hell, and I am through
With hopes of living in a land where peace
In discord finds miraculous release.

Thankfully, the man of wrath lies dead,
Not from a fight, but crucified instead,
So that the fight of praise may take its place,
And usher in the reign of healing grace.

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