

SUCH PEACE

By Steve Wessels

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dedicated to Joyce Kilmer

Such Peace is what we all do seek, the core of most desire
for love fulfilled, such peace so meek of passions' smoldering fire
that flare when fanned by time and chance and choices oh, so pure
for selfless love of giving hearts, and souls demure.

But as I survey my lonely life and look at what I've done
I've come to see the sinful strife, destructive sin-webs spun
Became so clear, so crystal clear I thought I'd write this poem
To see if I could show the way to others so forlorn.

I too sought peace through marital bliss but found so many thorns
I didn't hear that cruel hiss of Satan's minions' scorn
Til at the end of my life's rope, when dreams had turned to dust
I sought God's way, my only hope, to salvage all that rust.

"Don't fear" was Gabriel's first concern for Mary's beating heart
"Don't fear" was what the angels said to shepherds' sudden start
"Don't fear" was all a shepherd boy said to leaders great
this giant you fear is but a gnat, so try to concentrate
on what you'll do when he falls flat and fears so melt away.
Don't fear for life, for greater things He's planned for our fate.

Don't fear so much what others think but reverence God instead
For when your life comes to the brink past choices you should dread
Lest perfect love, which casts out fear, was what you used, a guide,
For peace-full choices that you've made when faced with death's rip-tide.

"My Peace" He said, "I'll give to you" is what my minds replayed
That peace He gave to me one day those many years ago
When at the end of selfishness I learned to so let go
Of my own will, my path, my sin, that path of cobblestones
The garbage stench of sin-full choices where I had roamed.

I've also learned along the way when I have butterflies
About a choice that I must make I should to self so die
For butterflies within my soul are not His signs so sure
"My Peace" He said He'd send to us, His peace that is so pure

His Spirit that He'd send along to be my own life-source
Became my Guide, my Peace, my Song, my choice of first resort
So when I thought upon His grace, His Peace, so Spirit led
And this poem wrote in mountain vale at sunrise, near Estes Park
That Peace at sunrise was so still, the birds, they sang at fading dark
For sing they must, for life to live is what they see today
So free from sinful choice they work and flit and dance away