## Poetry Corner

By Jane Penn

## "The Journey"

As I tread the aisles of my heart,
Bleeding for righteousness, my path lies
traight
Though my journey through the hallowed Chambers is darkened with pitfalls of $\sin$ There are times in my toil when. Lie in wait for me, like mines evils field, but the word and prayer on a battle 1 know the daylight of my heavely mome So I must stay fast to the word, for it is
My beginning and my end. Amen

Bro. Charles Reid
"All N All"
You are not my all, after all
On you, I thought the sun rose and set. Without you no way my needs could be met.
hen you walk out of the door, $\dot{W}$ ith a roar

Now I was sure the end would come
For all along I had been so dumb
But no greater ending could ever be was finally introduced to me.

Betty S. Maxwell

## 'Fear'

'm by myself;
's a creature in my house.
No one's with me.
C'mseared as I can be
Casaundria Perifimoor.n.....
"The Greatest Disappointment"
As I approached the gate
saw the masses patiently waitin
ente snow, esting on his throne, in that city made of gold There he sat, ready to judge us all.

I waited anxiously, for my name he would call He said "Take a seat here, my precious child. He spoke of all the good deeds I'd done, He congratulated and thanked me for the race I'd run. I thought that was all, and in Heaven I'd stay, When suddenly I stood, preparing to walk away He said, "Wait, my child, with you I'm not finished. What about that grudge you omitted to diminish? What about that time you knew things weren't being done right,
Yet you sat, refusing to stand up for me, sad and uptight? That, my child, was a sin of omission.
You cannot enter, although you worked well, It did you no good to live your life doing good And not visiting those sick elders as you knew you should.'
cried in a loud voice, "Oh, Lord, who me?" could not believe with my Christ I would not be You mean I paid tithes, money I could have spent, And worried my friends, begging them to repent; I endured embarrassment, pain and scorn, By telling strangers again they must be born, 1 worked in my church with dedication and excitement, st to get here and be told, in vain my time on earth was spent?

Suddenly, I woke, despairingly in tears,
had dreamed I'd worked for many years.
Thank God, one day he stamped on me His reassuring Seal.
I will live with You in peace and rejoice forever
Veronica L. Bitting

A thought: If Satan can't win you as a roaring lion, he'll then try sweethess.

Send your poems to Poetry Corner, P.O. Box 3154, WinstonSalem, N.C. We are not responsible for returning submis sions, and because of the volume of mail recelved, there may be some delay in your poems appearing
 HEY, AUNT EMMA,
CLOSE YOUR EYES!


## STARSCOPE*********)

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