

# **Bible Story Poems**



Written By Rev.  
**John Marinelli**

## Introduction

It is the author's hope that these biblical story poems will be used in Sunday Schools and other children's ministries. They were written from the imagination of the author but based upon the biblical stories found in the Bible. Be blessed as you read them.

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### About The Author

## John Marinelli

Rev. John Marinelli is married and the father of two grown children. He is the co-founder, with his wife Marilyn, of the Fellowship of Christian Poets, a worldwide non-profit Christian ministry that currently hosts the largest Christian poetry library in the world. He and Marilyn are also co-authors of "Together Forever" a marital enrichment home seminar. John has also authored "Rhyme Time", children's poetry book, "The Art of Writing Christian Poetry," "Pulpit Poems," and "Forever Thoughts From The Heart of God". He and his wife, are co-authors of, "The Story of Jesus", a CD set in musical poetry.

Rev. Marinelli is a bible teacher, poet, songwriter and playwright. Over a dozen of his poems are displayed on three foot by four-foot signs in the 250-acre nature sanctuary of Holy Land USA in Bedford, Virginia. He is also an ordained minister, being associated with Faith Christian Fellowship International, a full gospel worldwide ministry. He has formed and been pastor of one church in Wisconsin and was the pastor of another in Alabama. He has also been a youth minister and evangelism director over the years.

John is now retired now living in Ocala, FL. He helps his wife with her animal rescue ministry, [www.haveaheart.us](http://www.haveaheart.us) and promotes fundraising events. He is the producer of The Johnny Mello Show,

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# The Blind Man

John 9:1-38

I was blind from my birth,  
empty and alone on this earth,  
forced to walk by tap of staff,  
subject to people's love or wrath.

Day after endless day,  
I sit in harms way,  
waiting for the jingle sound,  
from beggar's cry to all around.

With people passing everywhere,  
I only listened with empty stare,  
hoping for a generous soul,  
to bless my life with silver or gold.

As I begged from street to street,  
by chance a man I happened to meet,  
Jesus, the Christ, entered my day.  
He brought hope, love and peace my way.

He touched my eyes with moistened clay,  
then told me to wash it all away.  
Suddenly, I saw people, a flower and a tree.  
It was a miracle, I could see.

But, when people heard what Jesus had done,  
they asked, where is this holy one?  
I could not show them the way,  
so they took me to the rulers of my day.

They asked me how I could see.  
They wanted to know all about me.  
But, when I told them of Jesus,  
they became angry and caused a fuss.



They called my parents to speak for me,  
asking them, "How is it your son can see?"  
They said, "We do not know how or when.  
Our son is of age, ask him."

The rulers asked again of me,  
tell us now how you can see.  
I told them of Jesus once again,  
but they were full of pride and sin.

Finally, I spoke up loud,  
before the entire crowd  
saying, "Please, listen to me.  
I once was blind but now I see."

They told me to leave and never return  
but, this one thing I truly learned.  
While everyone else wants to fight,  
Jesus' love made me right.



John Marinelli



# God's Fallen Champion

(The Story of Samson)

I was just a boy,  
when God spoke to me.  
He opened my heart,  
and helped me to see.

So I made a vow,  
to champion what was right.  
My long hair was a sign,  
of God's power and might.

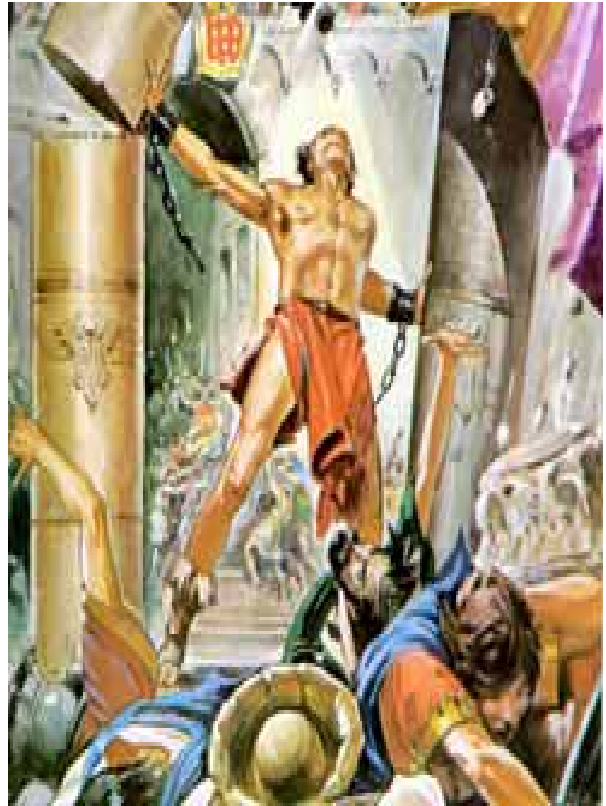
I was a champion,  
because God was with me.  
I could do great things,  
and was known in every city.

But I tell you this story,  
so you will not fall.  
That you will learn from me,  
and answer God's divine call.

The power of God  
was what made me great.  
Yet it also drove me,  
to make that fatal mistake.

I knew deep inside,  
what God desired of me.  
His voice was clear,  
But it wasn't my reality.

I was a wild man,  
seeking my own way.  
I had a hard time,  
listening to obey.



My parents sought after me,  
to marry within our own,  
but the women outside our camp,  
were more alluring than those at home.

So I went my own way,  
Using God's power for gain.  
I boasted about my strength,  
and traded my soul for fame.

I once fought a thousand men,  
with the jawbone of an ass.  
People were afraid of me,  
and turned away as I passed.

My fame spread quickly,  
all through the land.  
The elders of my city  
said I was God's man.

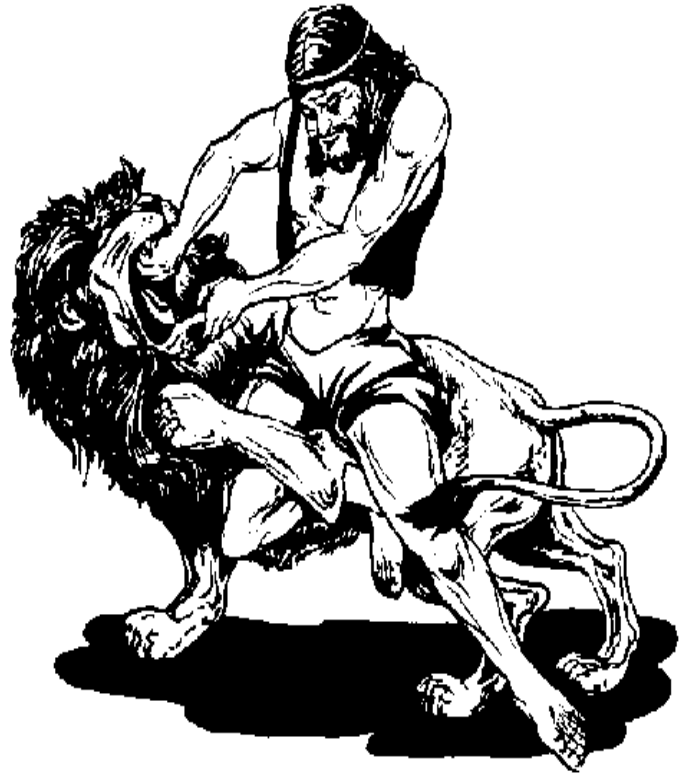
But my destiny  
went out of control.  
When I saw Delilah,  
I lost my very soul.

They used her beauty,  
to strip me of God's power.  
She deceived me,  
in the passion of the hour.

I told her my secret,  
how God's power came.  
I thought she loved me  
and would share in my fame.

But her trust,  
proved to be a mistake.  
By the time I came to myself,  
It was just too late.

God has a plan,  
for all of us.  
I let it slip away,  
because of inner lust.



So my enemies  
stripped me of all fame.  
They put my eyes out,  
and desecrated my name.

I became a laughing stock,  
to all who came my way.  
They made fun of me, saying,  
"and How's God's champion today?"

I was their servant of sin,  
lost from God's love.  
Forgotten in this life  
by man and God above.

But God looked again,  
to remember His promise to me.  
I repented before the Lord,  
and prayed for another chance to be.

Blind and without strength,  
I cried out to God.  
He saw my tears,  
and lifted His mighty rod.

The time finally came,  
for God to act.  
He heard my prayer,  
and the power came back.

There in the midst of them,  
I pulled down the pillars of their court.  
I caused great destruction.  
This I am proud to report.

My destiny was also sealed,  
that glorious day.  
But hundreds fell with me,  
as I passed away.

I was God's champion,  
in that final hour.  
A vessel of the Lord,  
to show His mighty power.

John Marinelli





# The Cain And Abel Incident

It all started, way back then,  
when God required a sacrifice.  
You see, our grandfather, Adam,  
listened to the wrong advice.

His disobedience to God  
caused the human race to fall.  
Adam and Eve lost God's glory  
that was supposed to cover us all.

Like a terrible sickness,  
death passed upon everyone.  
We became sin's addict,  
without hope and undone.

So God required a sacrifice  
that would cover our sin.  
He first killed an animal,  
and made clothes for them.

Then He told them both,  
that the blood would stand,  
as an atonement for sin,  
now required of every man.

But Cain followed a path  
that led him astray.  
He reasoned within himself,  
and here's what he had to say.

"I will not kill the innocent,  
to atone for my sin.  
I'll offer the fruits of my labor,  
as a sacrifice to God's whim."

But Abel, his brother of birth,  
believed in God's only way.  
He took the spotless lamb,  
and offered it that day.

God accepted Abel's sacrifice,  
on His altar of love.



He was pleased with Abel,  
showering blessing from above.

Then Cain rose up in anger,  
because God rejected him.  
His sacrifice wasn't good enough,  
to atone for his personal sin.

So Cain came to Abel,  
with words of anger and shame.  
He knew God's only way,  
but rose up loudly to proclaim.

"Why can't I follow God,  
in the way I see it?  
Why must I shed blood,  
in order to fit?"

Abel told him why it must be,  
as if his brother didn't know.  
Because God's blood sacrifice,  
would cleanse him white, like snow.

The ground was cursed,  
under God's judgment rod.  
Adam's sin made its fruits,  
unacceptable unto God.

But Cain didn't care;  
about the price he had to pay.  
He rejected the blood,  
knowing it was God's only way.

Abel tried to tell him,  
why God required the blood.  
The innocent for the guilty,  
so man could continue in His love.

But Cain's anger grew worse,  
with Abel's every word.  
He was so full of pride,  
that Abel's warning wasn't heard.

Abel continued to talk,  
as Cain's anger increased.  
He rejected God's plan,



finding no acceptance or peace.

Then Cain rose up,  
and took his brother's life.  
The innocent for the guilty.  
The first death from strife.

But God saw from a distance  
all that had taken place.  
He spoke out against Cain,  
rebuking him, face to face.

So God sent Cain away,  
into the land of Nod,  
to bear the sorrow,  
of his judgment rod.

As we watched him go,  
it became clear to me.  
The blood of the lamb  
is what keeps us free.

John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God,  
who takes away the sin of the world."

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life.  
No man comes to the father except by me."

John Marinelli



# Daniel

## And The Lion's Den

It was the middle of the night,  
when they came for me.  
With swords and spears in hand,  
they took away my liberty.

Our city was burned to the ground,  
and our people dragged away.  
I was captured with my friends,  
by men dressed in battle array.

Our captors carried us off,  
to a far away land.  
Our spirits were broken,  
down to the very last man.

I couldn't help but wonder,  
what had gone wrong.  
Especially when they forced us,  
to sing our victory song.

We became slaves to them,  
and were forced to learn their ways.  
But, oh how I longed,  
for the feast and the good old days.

We hung our harps  
on the willow trees.  
And wept bitterly,  
as we fell to our knees.

They forced us to adhere,  
to the customs of their day.  
All were to bow down,  
to the king's image and pray.

My spirit was broken,  
As I cried out to God.  
Then I chose to resist,  
refusing to bow or even nod.



The king was furious,  
when he heard of me.  
In fact, he sat right down  
and wrote this decree.

"My image stands  
before all men.  
Bow down before it,  
or face the lion's den."

So there I was,  
all alone and full of fear.  
Water filled my eyes,  
but I shed no tear.

Instead, I called upon God,  
to have mercy on me.  
Then I prepared to face,  
my soon to come destiny.

Down I went  
into the lion's den.  
They laughed and cheered,  
as I fell from them.

But I was determined,  
that I would not cry.  
For God is my judge.  
He determines if I live or die.

I heard the sounds,  
of the lion's roar.  
I closed my eye to the  
fate that was in store.

But God delivered me,  
from the lion's den.  
Then He raised me up,  
before all of them.

So I told the king,  
about the true and living God.  
He saw first hand,  
the power of His mighty rod.



I stood all alone,  
my life in His hand.  
Not at the mercy of the king,  
but by faith in "The Great I AM."

He is truly greater.

John Marinelli



# David And Bathsheba

Here's a story,  
once told to me,  
of David and Bathsheba,  
in biblical history.

David was king,  
ruler of all the land.  
He stood head and shoulders,  
above most every man.

He battled God's enemies,  
who attacked by sea.  
He led God's army,  
to rejoice in great victory.

But like every man,  
sold under sin.  
David had problems,  
fighting the war with-in.

Pride and jealousy,  
could not lead him astray.  
It was the lust for a woman,  
to which he fell prey.

Hear now,  
David from long ago.  
Listen and learn,  
so you will know.

"I returned from battle,  
to attend to matters of state.  
It was in the afternoon,  
and I was running late.

I stopped to gaze,  
from my chamber door.  
There I beheld a sight  
that beckoned to look more.



It was Bathsheba,  
bathing across the way.  
Her beauty shined,  
like the sun's glorious array."

David was king,  
of all the land.  
He had great wealth,  
more than any man.

Yet he stared at the woman,  
bathing across the way.  
Another man's wife,  
what more can I say?

So David sought after,  
that which was not his own,  
losing sight of God,  
and the reality of his home.

They met to dine,  
night after night,  
while her husband was away,  
fighting for what was right.

Then the evil of their way  
slowly began to show.  
The lady was with child,  
and had nowhere to go.

In haste, David plotted,  
to hide their sin.  
He had lost,  
the lustful battle with-in.

All the king's power,  
and all the king's gold,  
couldn't set David free,  
from Satan's lustful hold.

Soon everyone would know,  
what David had done.  
He and Bathsheba  
were about to have a son.





Listen now to David,  
as he tries to explain.  
In his own words,  
he will loudly proclaim.

"I was wrong  
to take another man's wife.  
I knew deep with-in,  
that I was causing strife.

But lust gripped,  
my weary soul.  
I fell under its spell,  
and It was very bold.

I sent for her husband,  
to return from the battle's array.  
I told Bathsheba to lay with him,  
in hopes it would hide our way.

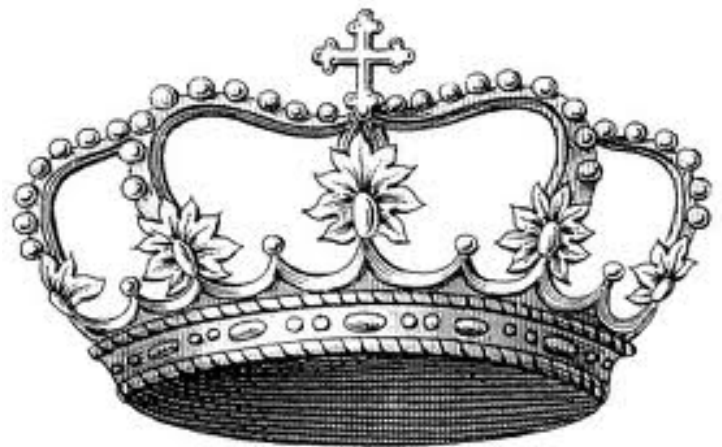
But he refused his wife,  
until the battle was done.  
He kept himself apart,  
waiting until we had won."

So David sent her husband back,  
to battle another day.  
He gave strict instructions  
that this man must pass away.

Word came soon enough,  
that Bathsheba's husband was dead.  
He fell in the heat of battle,  
from a blow to the head.

David rejoiced over the death.  
of one of God's brave men.  
A man dedicated to God,  
and more loyal than a friend.

His inner lust clouded,  
what he knew to be true.  
His morals and righteousness  
were all but through.



David and Bathsheba  
went on in their sin.  
But God had yet,  
to deal with them.

Nathan, the prophet,  
came to the king.  
He told David a story  
that had a familiar ring.

David was confronted  
by the prophet of God.  
The story he told the king  
was God's judgment rod.

But David had a heart,  
to follow the Lord.  
He repented of all his sin,  
and asked to be restored.

So God forgave David,  
of all his terrible sin.  
But the child conceived,  
God took away from them.

David found forgiveness,  
in the eyes of the Lord.  
His life and kingly duties  
were all restored.

This thing I know is true,  
that God really loves you.  
What he gave to David,  
He'll also give to you.

(See Psalm 51 for  
David's prayer of repentance.)

John Marinelli



# The Disobedient Prophet

The angel of the Lord  
stood ever so nigh.  
In his hand was a sword  
that reached into the sky.

Little did this prophet know,  
what was soon to come.  
One swing of his sword,  
and my life would be done.

But this old prophet  
just could not see.  
My eyes were closed,  
to God's love and glory.

I am the prophet of God.  
I walk with staff by day.  
No one tells me what to do,  
for I know how I should pray.

Then I heard a voice,  
before I left my home.  
It spoke loud and clear,  
with a very familiar tone.

"Now listen to your wife dear,  
to all that I am about to say.  
God made you a Prophet,  
but not for you to disobey."

"Be of good courage,  
and do what God now ask.  
For the Lord is good,  
and His mercy will last."

But this prophet passed on,  
unwilling to reason why.  
I was unaware of God's angel,  
sent in judgment against my lie.

So I saddled my ass,  
and climbed on him to ride.



Onward and away from God,  
full of silly selfish pride.

"Move on little donkey,  
get going down the road.  
I've got things to do,  
and you must carry the load."

But to my utter amazement,  
The donkey spoke like a man.  
He stopped dead in the way,  
turning from the angel's hand.

"Woe is this little donkey,  
for what is this I see.  
It's the death angel,  
and he's looking right at me."

There in the light of day,  
stood the angel of death.  
With his sword drawn high  
ready to take my last breath.

Closer came this prophet,  
to the edge of the angel's blade.  
God was now prepared,  
to right the wrong I had made.

"Woe is this little donkey,  
for the prophet does not see.  
There stands the death angel,  
right there in front of me."

"Get up there donkey.  
Stop turning aside.  
We have got to go now.  
The road is plenty wide."

"I'll whip you again,  
if you do not obey.  
I've wasted enough time,  
and it's late in the day."

"Oh mister prophet,"  
said the donkey true  
"what. pray tell.



is the matter with you."?

I have been faithful,  
all these many years.  
Why do you beat me,  
and cause all these tears?

When this prophet heard,  
what the donkey said,  
I just sat there,  
and shook my head.

But then came the swing,  
of the angel's mighty blade.  
The time had come,  
for justice to be paid.

Suddenly I looked up,  
to see the angel swing.  
I fell off the donkey.  
It was a terrible thing.

"Hear me, I cried to God,  
For I have sinned.  
I will now obey you.  
Please be my friend."

"Forgive me Lord,  
and I'll make it right.  
I'll depart from evil,  
and walk in the light."

God gave this prophet,  
another chance to stand.  
I returned to my house,  
to walk as God's man.

But this lesson I learned,  
that long forgotten day.  
It's better to follow God,  
than to willfully disobey.

John Marinelli



# Jericho And Me

I'll never forget that day,  
outside the walls below.  
We traveled all night,  
to face the King of Jericho.

God was with us,  
as Joshua led the men.  
"We shall take this city",  
was our Battle Cry within.

As our armies gathered,  
in full battle array.  
I couldn't help but wonder,  
how we would win that day.

I knew that God was great,  
far greater than evil men.  
That He would destroy them all,  
because of their wickedness and sin.

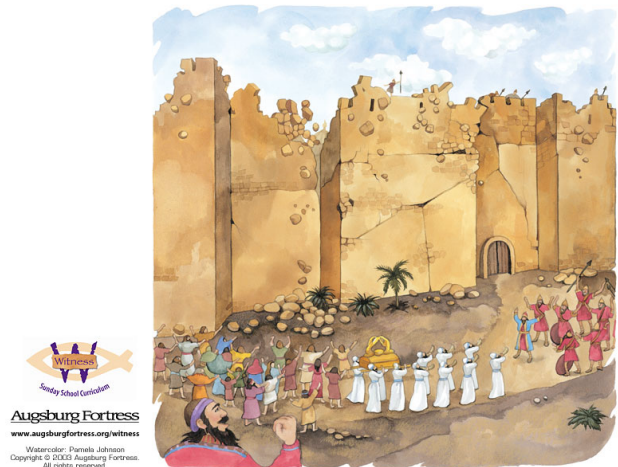
But that city was a fortress,  
with walls that reached into the sky.  
It seemed invincible to me,  
because its walls were so very high.

"The walls! The walls!",  
kept ringing in my ears.  
They were so thick,  
thick as 20 men with spears.

But even though I wondered,  
I did not faint inside.  
For my God is greater,  
greater than all their pride.

As I pondered these things,  
in the quietness of my heart.  
The trumpets began to blow,  
telling us the battle's about to start.

I could see the people,  
lookina over the city's wall.



They were laughing and cursing,  
shouting, "we'll never fall".

Suddenly, I saw the singers,  
dancing and singing unto the Lord.  
I knew then that Jericho  
was held by God, as our reward.

No attacks to take the walls,  
or sacrifice of many lives to win.  
God would overthrow Jericho,  
by our praises echoing in the wind.

What a way to fight a war.  
Not with bow or lance,  
rather singing praises to God,  
and shouting our victory chants.

As the singers marched on,  
the Ark became clear to me.  
It represented God's presence,  
and the power of His majesty.

Without the Ark of God,  
there was no way we could win.  
There would be no power,  
over the weapons of evil men.

So we all marched together  
in a great and beautiful glory train.  
The singers, the Ark, and fighting men,  
praising God with one voice the same.

Seven times we circled that city,  
marching as unto war.  
Chanting and dancing and praising God,  
for the power to open Jericho's door.

Then suddenly we stopped,  
to face Jericho's beckoning call.  
Then with a mighty victory shout,  
we commanded the walls to fall.

We stood silent after that,  
waiting just to see.  
Why did we circle the city.



and how can this bring victory?

Suddenly, right before our eyes,  
the walls came tumbling down.  
They fell outward towards us,  
crashing onto the ground.

The inhabitants of Jericho  
fled before our face.  
Our armies destroyed them  
as they left in haste.

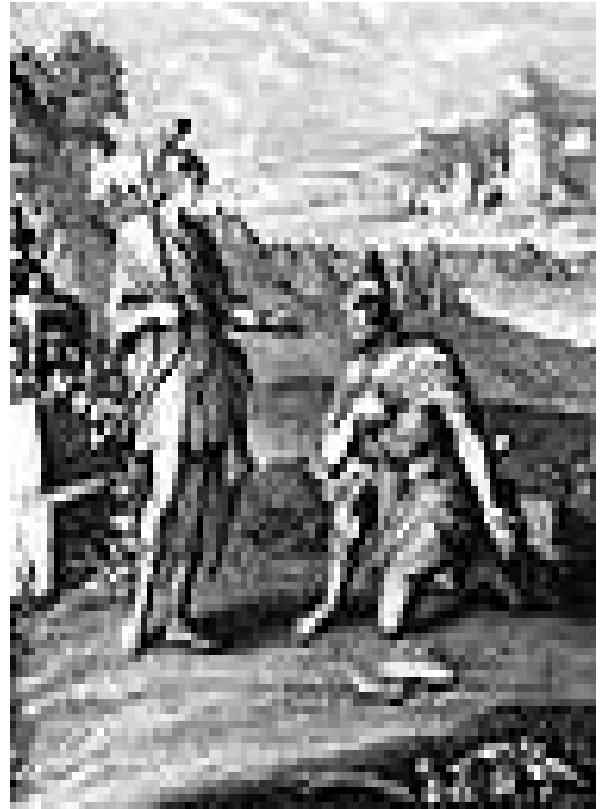
So is the awesome story  
of God's great power.  
How He delivered us  
in the midst of that hour.

But, I learned more about God,  
than just His mighty power.  
He watched over us all that day,  
as if we were a budding flower.

I also discovered something else  
about being loved and blessed.  
God will go before you in battle,  
so you can have the very best.

I was only one of many soldiers,  
standing before Jericho that day.  
Yet I couldn't help but realize,  
That God's love was here to stay.

John Marinelli





# Jonah And The Whale

(A story of obedience, Repentance & Victory)

"Go to Nineveh,"  
God said to me.  
This was while I slept,  
in the shade of an oak tree.

Suddenly I awoke  
in a terrible sweat.  
Chills went down my spine,  
and I began to fret.

Nineveh?, I questioned God.  
The capitol of sorrow,  
where slaves die the death,  
never seeing tomorrow?

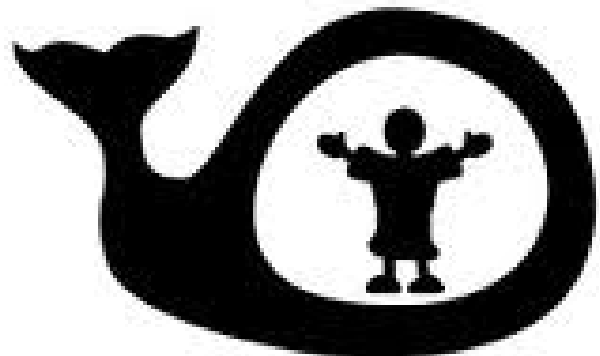
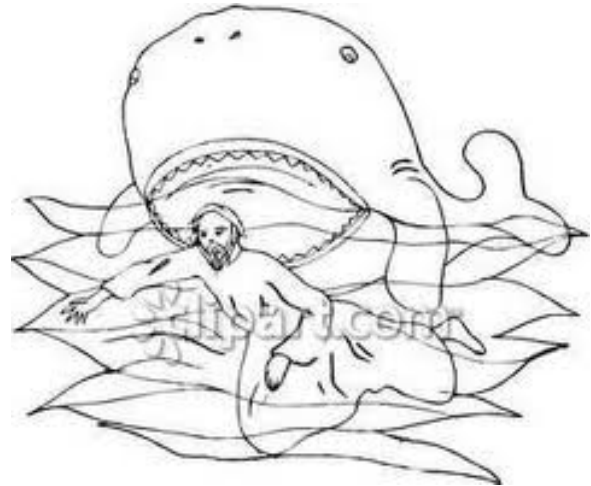
Why me?, oh Lord,  
I reasoned inside.  
I have no desire  
to visit that tribe.

But God's Spirit  
continued to speak.  
"Go to Nineveh,  
it's not what you think."

I said "Ok, I'll go",  
but was afraid inside.  
By the time I arranged passage,  
I broke down and cried.

I was too afraid  
to obey my God.  
So I ran away,  
without even a nod.

I booked passage on a ship  
that sailed at dawn.  
Who cares where it went.



I knew I was wrong.

But fear kept my heart,  
from doing what was right.  
Every time I thought of it,  
I turned pale white.

Shortly after we set sail,  
a storm arose that scared us all.  
The crew was so afraid,  
and their hopes began to fall.

I knew it was God,  
chasing after me.  
So I told the crew  
to cast me into the sea.

We decided to draw lots  
and I picked the shorter one.  
So they blamed the storm on me,  
and settled on what must be done.

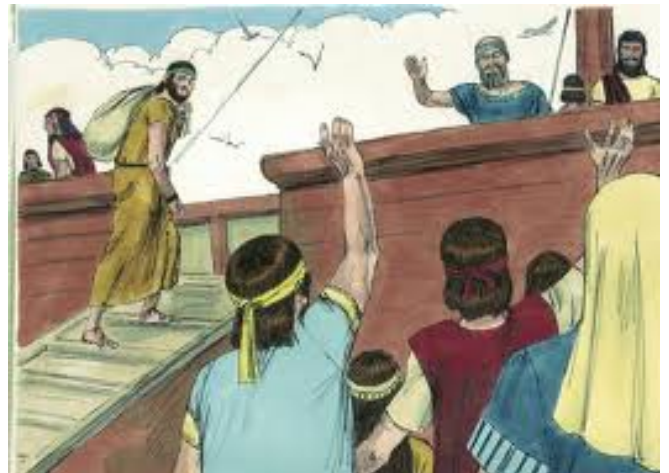
So they tossed me into the deep,  
that it would calm the storm.  
I sunk in the raging sea,  
as the ship sailed on.

Sorrow filled my heart,  
as I watched the ship sail.  
Then, believe it or not,  
I was swallowed by a whale.

I tumbled and tossed,  
inside the great fish.  
But through my tears,  
and began to pray this:

Ok God, I cried.  
Help me in my time of need.  
I'll go to "That great city,"  
with haste and great speed.

Please deliver me,  
from the belly of this whale.  
I am so very sorry,  
that my faith in you failed.



But I'll go and preach  
that they will surely die.  
I'll carry your judgment,  
and tell all of them why.

As I called out to God,  
from inside the fish.  
I knew He had heard me,  
and would honor my wish.

I didn't wait long,  
before God began to act.  
He spoke to the whale,  
saying, "Take him back".

With a mighty rush  
of water and slime,  
I left the whale,  
to proclaim the time.

Dry land felt good,  
but I must now obey.  
God called me to Nineveh,  
to proclaim His judgment day.

I raced with the wind,  
to do God's will.  
Now I was no longer afraid.  
Instead, I couldn't be still.

There in the city square,  
I shouted, "3 days and no more  
Your city will surely fall,  
and all shall enter death's door."

"God is not pleased,  
with your violence and hate.  
You didn't obey God,  
and now it's too late."

Then I departed to watch,  
for God to seal their fate.  
But the people began to repent,  
even though it was too late.



No way, I laughed,  
feeling assured inside.  
That city will fall,  
because of its great pride.

But God spoke again to me,  
as a friend by my side.  
He said, "You repented,  
and I turned the tide."

"Should I not do for them,  
what I have done for you?  
Is my mercy limited,  
to only those who are true?"

I sat under a Juniper tree,  
pouting at God's word.  
After all I went through,  
I couldn't believe what I heard.

God forgives the wicked;  
whose evil heart causes death?  
His mercy is for all men,  
until their very last breath?

"Ok God," I softly said,  
as the Lord drew near.  
I'll forgive them too  
to dry every single tear.

So I went on my way,  
known to all around,  
as the man swallowed by a fish,  
only to be returned to solid ground.

John Marinelli



# JONAH

# Looking For The Giant

They said that I could be king.  
But won't let me join the battle.  
I am persuaded to tend sheep.  
and fight off snakes that rattle.

Day after day I wait,  
for news of the pending war.  
My prayer is that we will prevail,  
protecting our homes and more.

But now, to the battle I must go.  
Not as a warrior king.  
But as a shepherd boy,  
bearing vittles and things.

Suddenly as I entered the camp.  
I heard a great and mighty cry.  
It was the voice of "Goliath",  
The giant that put fear in every eye.

He called as if to beckon,  
cursing at the armies of our king.  
He spit and laughed out loud,  
defying the songs of praise we sing.

A giant of a man,  
about nine feet tall,  
calling for a champion,  
to answer his call.

Fear shook our camp,  
at Goliath's angry battle cry,  
yet I wondered deep within,  
at their fearful sigh.

Is this giant of a man  
greater than our God?  
Has he the power of life  
to walk where angels trod?



I don't think so,  
said I to the king.  
Our God is great,  
greater than anything.

Let me be your champion,  
I heard myself suddenly say.  
My God is more than able,  
and He'll show me the way.

The armies of the king laughed,  
because I was just a lad.  
Yet I wore the king's armor,  
and the fit wasn't that bad.

But God told me clear,  
to go without the sword.  
He said, "I'll be with you,  
to show that I am Lord".

With only my sling in hand,  
I approached the battle's array.  
Looking for the giant,  
I began to earnestly pray.

"You've been with me Lord,  
when the lion roared,  
and when I was sick,  
my health, you restored.

So now I go with faith,  
to meet life's greatest match.  
The giant of our enemies,  
whose mouth is filled with wrath,.

Thank you; Lord,  
for delivering him into my hands.  
This day I will slay the giant,  
as if he was just another man."

With a vengeance, I faced Goliath,  
never fearing his angry cry.  
I proclaimed loudly to all.  
"This day, giant, you shall die."



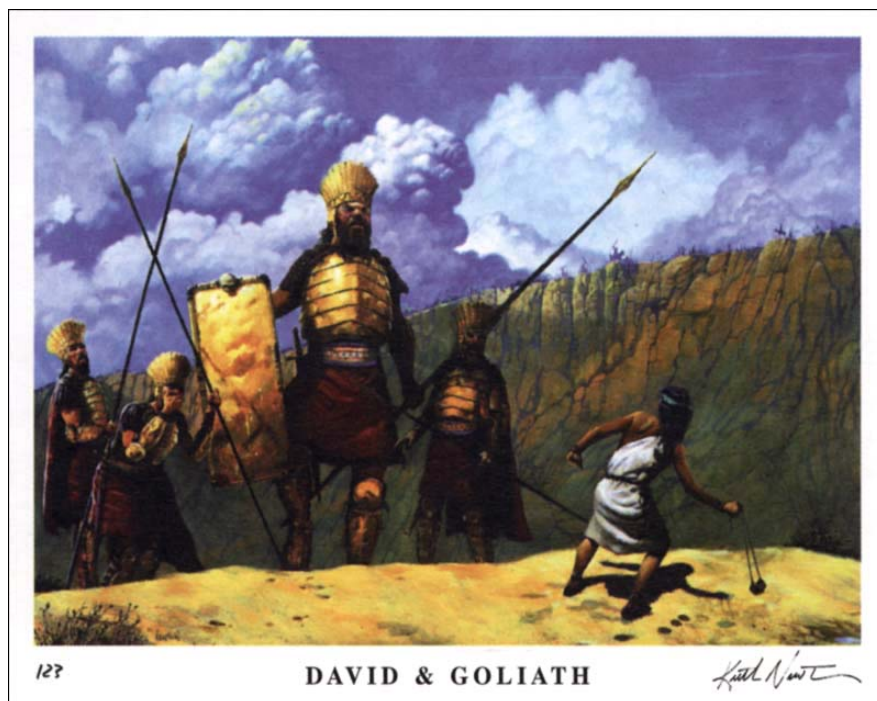
Faster and faster, I rotated my sling,  
as I aimed between the eyes of hate.  
God led my every move,  
as my stone soared to seal his fate.

The giant fell that day,  
and all the people of God went free.  
But in the quietness of my heart,  
This is what God said to me.

"Courage is to stand up to fear,  
so I can crush its grip.  
Faith is to believe in my rule,  
That I won't let your hand slip."

So I praised the Lord,  
for all He had done.  
Then went on my way,  
rejoicing because we won.

John Marinelli



DAVID & GOLIATH

# Moses And The Pharaoh

It's a long story.  
One you'll want to hear.  
So sit down and listen closely.  
I'll speak loud and clear.

I was but a lad,  
being raised at Pharaoh's knee.  
I was trained in battle,  
and was treated as royalty.

I was to lead my world,  
into a new and vibrant destiny.  
But God took me along a path  
that changed the face of history.

It all began when I learned,  
my true heritage and identity  
that I was not of Pharaoh's house,  
but rather a Hebrew of Jewish legacy.

Born to lead, that I was,  
but not the house of my youth,  
Instead, I was chosen by God,  
to deliver His people from abuse.

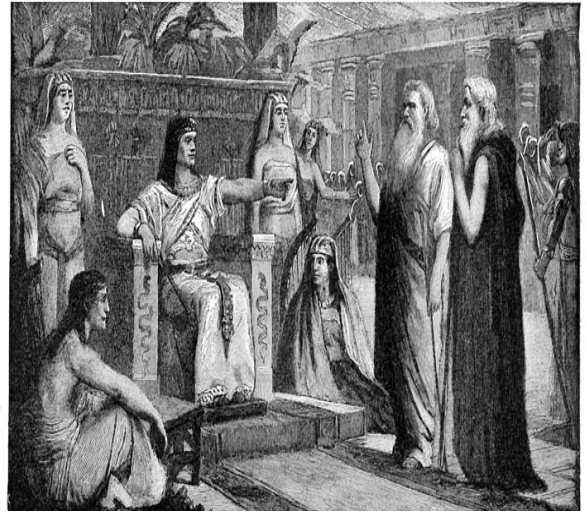
And so it was in my day,  
that I should daily lead.  
First myself alone in desert heat.  
Then cattle and sheep to feed.

Year after endless year,  
I led the sheep along the way.  
I cared for their every need,  
keeping predators at bay.

There in the star-studded nights,  
I learned to depend upon the Lord.  
To hear His gentle voice,  
and follow Him until I was restored.

I saw His face,  
in the fire of a bush.  
I marveled at His power  
that leads but will not push.

He actually rained down food.





from the clouds up above.  
Miracles in the deserts of life,  
a gesture of His boundless love.

So I went to Pharaoh,  
insisting that God's people go free.  
But those of my youth  
turned away and just laughed at me.

Here I was on a great mission  
from the true and living God.  
Sent with His divine authority,  
and bearing the power of His rod.

But no one listened to me  
when I stood before Pharaoh's court.  
They rejected my word and me,  
laughing and sneering and making sport.

Well God had the last laugh  
as I began to pray.  
He showed them all,  
that He was Lord over the day.

I left that place with God's people,  
and all their silver and gold.  
We set out to worship Jehovah  
free from Pharaoh's mighty hold.

What seemed to be a hopeless task  
became child's play for me.  
I just listened to God as He spoke,  
and spoke it out to change history.

This one important lesson,  
I'll share and I know it's true.  
God is greater than your troubles,  
and will, in due season deliver you.

So declare His word out loud,  
believing that it'll set you free.  
Then stand your ground,  
and watch Him shape your destiny.



# Rebuilding The Walls

We were captives,  
taken away by evil men.  
They took us by force,  
because of our awful sin.

God's protection and grace,  
no longer ruled our day.  
He turned us over to Babylon,  
because we went astray.

But in the fullness of time,  
the Lord looked upon us again.  
With loving kindness and care,  
He drew us back to Him.

God called us to be separate,  
from those of the land.  
In fact, many of us gave up  
wives and family to stand.

All who returned,  
from the captivity,  
Had to cleanse themselves,  
from the Babylonian reality.

We returned to a city  
that had no walls.  
Its days of glory  
went through many falls.

There were a few old men,  
some women and children too.  
Most of the inhabitants,  
had given up on being a Jew.

But we came with faith and hope,  
in the God of Abraham.  
We believed that His great love  
would help us to restore our land.



Oh the joy we felt,  
to be home again.  
To plan for our future,  
guided by "The Great I AM"

So we started to rebuild,  
wall after broken wall.  
While everyone laughed,  
we labored over them all.

When our age old enemies,  
saw we were back,  
they came against us,  
and that's an historical fact.

First with threats,  
then with bows and spear.  
They came at us,  
with weapons of fear.

But we bore the heat,  
of God's captivity.  
We repented before the Lord,  
and He had set us free.

There was no way  
we would fall to fear.  
God was calling us back,  
and His voice was loud and clear.

So we fought all the harder,  
to rebuild, wall after wall.  
Some of us rebuilding.  
Others attending to the battle call.

They came from every side,  
trying to drive us out.  
They even used the old Jews,  
to spread fear, confusion and doubt.

We battled their insults,  
and fought back to back.  
We sounded a trumpet,  
every time there was an attack.



Fear came at us,  
from with-in and without.  
The enemy was determined,  
to destroy us or drive us out.

But we found favor,  
in the sight of the Lord.  
He had called us to Himself,  
and promised that we'd be restored.

So we rebuilt and battled,  
from down even unto dusk.  
We spoke often of past glory,  
and how God was restoring it to us.

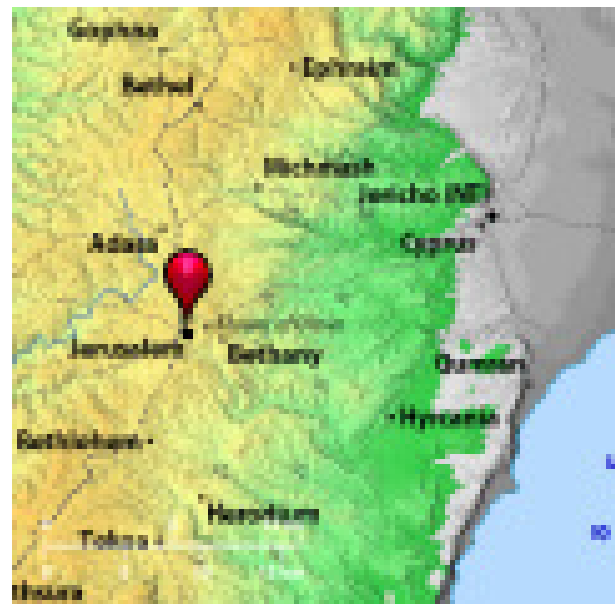
We knew that freedom  
would not come without a price.  
It was very clear to all of us  
that God required us to sacrifice.

As the walls went up,  
and the city became secure,  
we saw our lives take form,  
and prosperity come to the poor.

God's blessings were upon us,  
as a reward for loving Him.  
He restored us and our city  
from the heartaches of sin.

God will return unto you,  
when you return unto Him.  
That's what we learned,  
as God delivered us from sin.

John Marinelli



# Staying Alive

(The Story of Noah's Ark)

I heard a voice one day  
that changed the face of time.  
I saw the Lord of host,  
a very special friend of mine.

He said, "Go and tell your world,  
speak clearly and without compromise.  
Let them know of my love,  
and how I make men wise."

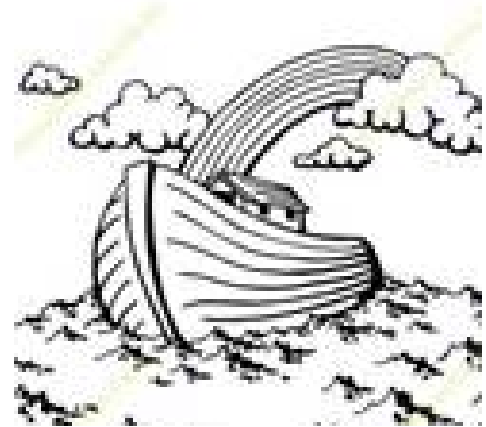
So I went with God's grace,  
to a lost and dying land.  
I told them to repent!  
God's judgment was at hand.

But nobody listened,  
to what I had to say.  
They just laughed at me,  
and told me to go away.

All my life, I loudly proclaimed,  
that judgment would surely come.  
But no one joined my cause,  
nor did I save not even one.

My sons and I built the Ark,  
as God gave us His plan.  
In the face of criticism,  
we labored just to stand.

My message of judgment  
wasn't politically correct,  
nor did it indulge sin,  
which my world accepts.



Yet I was commissioned  
by a Holy God,  
to tell my world,  
"Repent! or face judgment's rod."

So I built the Ark,  
filling it with wildlife and food.  
God brought them to me,  
two by two and by brood.

The people saw the animals,  
and the Ark on dry land.  
They laughed and ridiculed me  
saying, "Look at that crazy man!"

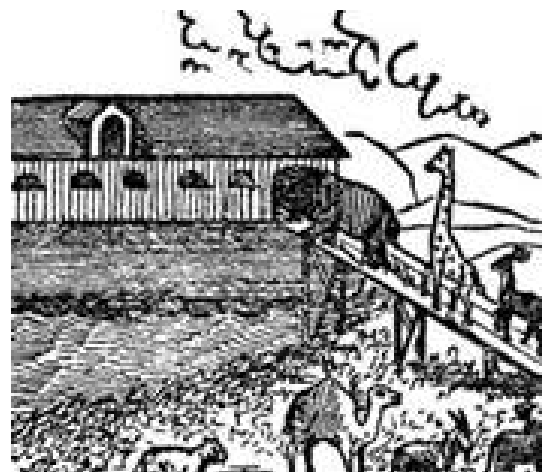
120 years we labored for God,  
until the job was done.  
Not one soul in all those years,  
believed God's judgment would come.

Suddenly, the Lord of Host  
spoke to this humble man.  
He said, "Get Ready! Get Ready! Get Ready!  
the destruction of earth is at hand."

We entered the ark,  
eight brave and weary souls.  
Waiting in silence,  
as God's judgment unfolds.

Suddenly, the door closed  
and rain began to fall.  
It was as though the heavens emptied,  
and the earth rose up to God's call.

Thunder and lightning prevailed,  
both day and by night.  
Our world and its people,



passed on out of sight.

The earth gave up her boundaries,  
so that land became sea.  
We tossed and turned in darkness,  
with nowhere to see.

Forty days and forty nights  
we drifted anxiously,  
waiting for the land  
to separate from the sea.

Finally, we stepped out  
onto dry land.  
This was a new world,  
fashioned by God's own hand.

We were all saved  
from God's wrath.  
Eight brave Souls,  
to follow a new path.

"As the days of Noah were,  
so shall the coming of the  
Son of Man be." (Matthew 24:37-39)



John Marinelli

## Closing Comments

The Bible stories are true. The story poems are not. They are based upon the biblical account. Each story has its own central truth. Look for it and let it speak to your heart. It's high time for us to focus on things that will bring us peace and life abundant.

Be of good corsage because God is still in charge and has a plan for you. Trust Him and rest in His sovereignty. He is greater than any problem of difficulty. Seek after His love and Grace and you will find it.

May the Lord bless you and keep you and cause His face to shine on you and give you peace.

Thank you for reading my poetic expressions.

