

Forever Thoughts

From The Heart of God



Featuring The Award Winning Poem
“Quiet Hours”

Written By
John & Marilyn Marinelli

A Word From The Authors John & Marilyn Marinelli

We offer these poems as a testimony to our faith in Jesus, the Christ, who came from God to deliver mankind from sin, was crucified on a Roman cross for the sins of the whole world, was buried and rose from the dead on the third day. The poems follow a Biblical theme and present thought provoking ideas and concepts.

All of the poetry is Christian in nature. They were born out of a deep appreciation for God and an abiding fellowship with His Holy Spirit over the last 30 years.

Many of the poems have been published or otherwise used in Church bulletins, eNewsletters, websites, Sunday School Classes, Homeless Shelters, Christian Conference Centers and Para-church Organizations such as Jail Ministries, Christian Theme Parks and Home Bible Studies.

Some have even been published on 4' X 5' Signs, special CD musical presentations and paperback books. All of the poems in this collection plus many more can be found on the world-wide web at the Fellowship of Christian Poets, our website, www.christianpoets.com.

Agreeing With God

As I Was On The Cross

I saw you as I was on the cross.
Your sadness and your pain.
I knew you needed hope,
That your life was filled with shame.

I knew you would be weary.
And would lose all hope to fear.
But, my child, I tell you
My salvation will adhere.

For every sorrow, pain and fear,
And for every doubtful thought,
I died for you that day.
Your salvation, I have bought.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

I'll speak of things that are not,
believing in them as though they were,
because my Heavenly Father spoke them first,
in glorious promises that never blur.

I'll take Him at His word,
and listen to all He has to say.
I'll wrap each promise around my soul,
until what was spoken becomes my day.

I will agree with my Lord,
trusting that He knows best,
for only His awesome power,
can provide my soul with rest.

Written By
John Marinelli



The Angels Cry Holy

The Angels cry "Holy,"
while sorrow fills the land.
For God's Judgment Day
is to come upon every man.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
while mankind goes astray,
rejecting the love of God,
to follow his own precarious way.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
knowing the terror of the Lord,
when all who dwell in sin
will suddenly be destroyed.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
waiting for all things new,
born of the Holy Spirit,
when God's Judgment is through.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
"Holy is the Lamb,"
waiting for the children of God
to join "The Great I AM"

Written By
John Marinelli

Are Animals In Heaven?

In Genesis, we read how God
created the sky and the seas,
And then He created
the fish, the birds and the bees.

All the animals were created one by one,
And when He was through, and when He was done,
He created Adam to name them all,
Giving them names great and small.

So why would the animals that did no wrong
Not be with God when their days are gone?
If the lion will lie down with the lamb,
And Jesus, on a white horse, will come for man,
Then how can one say without any doubt,
That the animals would be left out?

Think About It

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

Fragile Flower Red

As a flower in earthen sod,
I bloom for thee, oh God.
To blossom with the turn of spring,
to be to you, a beautiful thing.

I lift my Fragile Flower Red
upward from my earthen bed,
to draw light from God above,
strength and peace and joy and love.

As a flower, I bloom for Thee,
that passersby may stop and see.
Your fragrance and beauty I am,
flowered in grace as a man.

As a flower in earthen sod,
I bloom for Thee, oh God.
Upward, I lift my head,
as a Fragile Flower Red.

Written By
John Marinelli

Quiet Hours

In the silence of the quiet hours,
in the presence of a new dawn,
I bow down upon my knees,
for bringing me life reborn.

Taking off all the shackles,
letting my spirit free.
I give all the thanks to Jesus,
for giving His love to me.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

Published as an entry sign to the Christian Conference
Center (walk of prayer)
off Hwy. 40 Ocala, Florida

From Tears To Smiles

They attack from every side.
Zing!! goes their arrows of pride.
Like demons up from the pit of hell,
They come to laugh at those who fell.

They care not how hard you've tried.
They're here to kill God's love inside.
But though insults come our way,
we'll still find peace most every day.

God is greater than all their dares.
The Holy Spirit proves He cares.
When we're faced with many trials,
God will replace our tears with smiles.



Written By
John Marinelli



A Little Word

Sitting by the side of the brook
I took a chance to look
At the paper in my hand
Which wasn't so grand.

But as I sat by the water's edge,
I read the print and this is what it said.
"My dear friend, Jesus wants you to know,
that you are loved. He wants you to grow.

Don't be discouraged and do not fear,
For your time of deliverance is very near."

It seemed so apropos
that I read these lines today,
For I wanted to give up my life
But the words of the poet gave me hope to stay.

All that I needed, a word from God
A little hope of reflection that my life wasn't marred;
That I could go on and know I'd be set free,
So I bent on my knee for anyone to see.

I reflected and prayed that very day
And got up brand new and went on my way.
But before I left, I raised my head and with a sigh
Said, "Thank you Lord for this poem from on high."

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

It Came To Pass

Things often come to pass,
but seldom do they ever last.
They come into our busy day
for a while, and then pass away.

We hear their voices, loud and clear,
when they arrive and while they are here.
They speak both joy and misery,
some to you and some to me.

We say, "It came to pass,"
Or say, "It happened so fast."
Down life's beaten path
comes both love and wrath.

So say goodbye to sad and blue,
to all that is now troubling you.
For things will come, only to pass,
but God's love will always last.

Written By
John Marinelli

To Share In Your Love

I got up this morning to praise you
Oh, most high,
Look, I got up to praise you
my God most high.

I was ordered by your spirit
from your throne above
to worship and praise you
and give you my love.

The showers of mercy
that flow from your throne,
encircles my heart
and leads me, never to roam.

For in the silence
of your enduring love,
I wake up this morning
to share in your love.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

When You Don't See The Hand of God

When you don't see the hand of God,
He is still there.
Just praise and pray through the clouds
Of loneliness and despair.

When you don't see God,
Have you walked on the road
Leading nowhere?

When you see that God isn't there,
Is it because you've left your 1st love, Jesus?
When you don't see God there, isn't He?
Is His arm too short that He cannot reach you?

And when you cry in the night,
Is not His hand a cup to hold your tears
And soothe your weary mind?

Where is God when you do not see His hand?
Why, right beside you, with outstretched hands.
His Spirit woos you back to Him,
Calling your name tonight
As your tear stained pillow lays by your head.
God is there to heal your dread.

Psalm 56 and "I will never leave you
or forsake you", saith the Lord.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

Our Time Of Prayer

Oh child of God,
Why do you despair?
My angels' camp
is around you everywhere.

You may not see
my guiding hand.
Yet I am with you,
and I understand.

You are troubled
about so many things.
Your eyes see nothing
of what my will brings.

Be of good courage,
and walk in the light.
Stand up for the truth,
in the power of my might.

For I love you dearly,
and will always be there.
Go now, my child
until our next time of prayer.

Written By
John Marinelli

Rest My Child

Rest my child, says the Lord.
Take thy peace and be restored.
I have provided, thy mouth to feed.
From the beginning, I knew your need.

Do not worry, fret or even fear,
For, my child, I am always near
To bless thy soul with love and grace,
To be with thee, face to face.

Come, my child, near to my throne.
Do not allow your faith to roam.
For those who will not believe
Can never find rest in times of need.

My Word shall see you through.
My grace I freely give to you
That you should rest, thy soul to keep,
Forever delivered from unbelief.

Written By
John Marinelli



Expectations

The expectations of the creatures wait,
For the sons of God, relying on their faith.
For the creature was made subject to man's vanity,
Not willingly but still waiting for what is to be.
The creature itself shall also be,
Delivered from bondage into God's liberty.

Romans 8:19-21

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

The Lighthouse

A lighthouse is a blessing,
To the ships that toss in the sea,
For it shows them the way,
Until they can clearly see.

The rage of an angry storm
Cannot hide its brilliant light.
Nor can its awesome fury,
Rule as an endless night.

Jesus is the lighthouse,
For those who have gone astray.
The light of His love,
Offers a new and living way.

Jesus is the lighthouse,
When fear and sickness rage.
The light of His love,
Gives hope in difficult days.

So trust in the Lord,
And look for His light.
He alone is "The Lighthouse",
That guides you through the night.

Written by John Marinelli

I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go;
I will counsel you with my loving eye on you." Psalm 32:7-8

Who Truly Is Your Neighbor?

Who truly is your neighbor?",
Jesus asked me one day.
"Is it the people living next to you?",
Is what he had to say.

It's the person who stops to lend a hand,
When you truly have needs.
Like the person in Luke chapter ten,
Who fell among the thieves.

Some people passed him,
Refusing to heed his cry.
But, one stopped to help,
Without questioning why.

Who is your neighbor?"
Jesus asked me again that day.
"The one who will stop, And help me",
Was what I had to say.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli





Water Me Lord

My Prayer to God

Water me Lord with your love.
Shower me with your Words from above.
Fill me Lord with you mercy and grace,
That I may behold your face.
Help me to grow and help me to see,
The wonder you have worked in me.

God's Answer

In the mist of your confusion, I am there
To wash away your every care.
When trouble seems to surround you,
Know my friend, that "I AM" is around you.

For trouble may come from every side
Yet, in my love you shall abide.
And every care that seems too hard to do,
My grace and love will see you through.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

Don't Give Up

Don't give up your calling; don't give up God's grace,
Don't give up your smile; put on a happy face.
Don't give up your dreams and don't respond in doubt.
Just pick up all the pieces and give yourself a shout.

For when the enemy tries to defeat you
And you're feeling all alone.
Remember this my friend,
There is one that calls you His own.

He will not leave you in fear and doubt,
And will never let you fail.
He alone can take your fears.
With Him your dreams will sail.

Press on, oh man of grace and delight
And women in a dreadful fright.
For God will supply your every need,
If on Him, you do believe.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli



A Dog Without A Soul?

How could it be what some men say,
That the dog has no soul? No way!
How can God create them great and small,
And leave out the greatest gift of all?

When you look into their eyes
What is it that you see?
Isn't it caring and love,
And the essence of personality?

The soul is our Mind, Will and Emotions.
How could it be they have no devotion?
Have you ever noticed? Can it possibly be
That God gave them a soul like you and me?

So how can one say the dog has no soul,
When God created them to love and hold,
To show you love and lick your face,
As a loyal friend to the human race?

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli



With Eagles' Wings

I mounted up with Eagles' Wings
to soar above the clouds.
I viewed life above its trials,
separate from the crowds.

Just me and God, together in the day,
His love to behold.
With Eagles' Wings, He led the way,
my future to unfold.

Forgiveness and peace in a distance,
suddenly I could see.
Joy and happiness trailed behind,
then overshadowed me.

With Eagles' Wings,
I soar above life's every trial.
Now I walk by word of faith,
rejoicing with every mile.

Written By
John Marinelli



With Earthen Vessels

Earthen vessels have never shown
such glory that once was known.
Through time and all of eternity,
came the glory of His majesty.

Full of love and full of grace,
He dwelt among the human race
to heal the sick, the blind and the lame,
to free mankind from sin and shame.

With earthen vessel He conquered all
by perfect obedience to His destined call.
For this we praise His holy Name,
full of grace and full of fame.

The glory of His majesty
still shines through from eternity.
Again and again to meet life's call,
in earthen vessels to conquer all.

Written By
John Marinelli

You Can Be Born Again

Have you ever seen a stranger,
and wondered where they'd been?
What times they had,
what caused them to sin?

What are they hiding and carrying around?
Some act so silly or wear a frown.
How is it they don't let the Savior in,
To heal up their pain and remove all their sin?

What keeps them from calling to the one that can help?
What keeps them holding on to fear within themselves?
Won't they let the Savior in?
Don't they know He died for their sin?

The next time you see a stranger who hides
all of there sadness under much pride,
Tell them of Christ who can save them from sin.
Let them know they can be born again.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

TEARDROPS FROM HEAVEN

The raindrops on your window
Are the teardrops from my angels
Crying for you
To let you know--
You are not alone.

My tears fill your broken heart
And comfort you in this time of need.
They are tears from heaven
That flow from my throne
To let you know--
You are not alone.

For when you are saddened
My heart cries for you
To send comfort to you.
Teardrops from heaven
For you this day
Streaks your window pane.

Tears from heaven
To help wash away the sorrow.
Teardrops from heaven--
Teardrops as I cry for you
To let you know ...
I am close to healing your pain--

Teardrops from heaven,
Teardrops from heaven--
From God.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

As I Hung Upon The Cross, Your Life Fell Before My Eyes

Gentle drops of blood
fell from My feet,
shed for you My child
so that you would
never know defeat.

The storm clouds gathered
to proclaim this victory over sin
so you would be strengthened
from all your hurts within.

The thorns upon My head
were placed there with great agony
to bring you peace of mind
to set your emotions free,

Free to serve and worship Me,
to set your spirit free
from all the turmoil that was
placed on Me on the cross of Calvary.

I saw you bending upon your knees
with tears streaming from your eyes.
I wanted to cuddle you
as My Father from on high.

But, I had to die to set men free
from Satan and his lie.
As you gently turned with saddened eyes,
to walk away from Me,
My Holy Spirit met you
as I hung upon that tree

To give you hope and peace of mind,
to set your spirit free,
to let you know I did all for you
on the cross of Calvary.

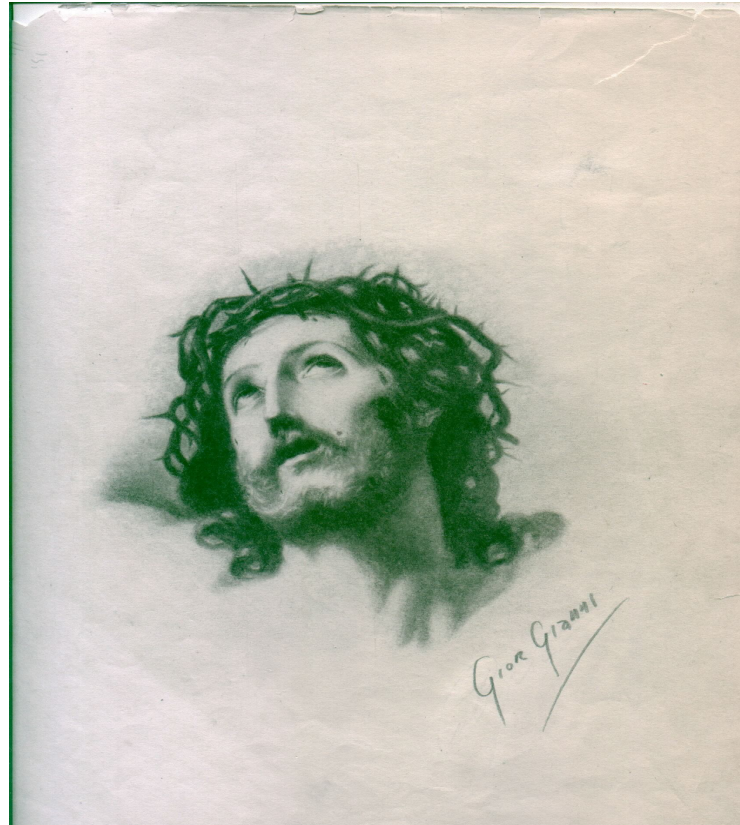
Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

For The Joy Set Before Me

Written by: John Marinelli

I could have lived forever,
As a simple mortal man.
I could have called 10,000 angels,
To help me to stand.
But I laid down my life
Despising the shame.
For the joy set before me,
Was your life to gain.

I could have stayed in heaven,
As the supreme ruler of all things.
I could have played among the stars,
And listened for the flutter of angel's
wings.
But I laid down my life,
Despising the shame.
For the joy set before me,
Was to know you by name.



**For God so loved the world
that he gave His only begotten Son,
that whosoever believes in Him,
should not perish but have everlasting life.**

I could have sent my armies,
To rid the world of sin.
I could have destroyed the Earth,
As I did way back then.
But I bore the suffering of the cross,
Despising the shame.
For the joy set before me,
Was to take away your pain.

I could have done a lot of things,
To make this world right.
Or I could have done nothing,
And ignored you plight.
But God so loved the world,
That I endured the shame.
For the joy set before me,
Was your love to gain.



The Passion of Christ

Was for
You