

FROM MY
HEART



BY
BEVERLY KENNSY JUDGE

PREFACE—"FROM MY HEART"	03
I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED	04
WASH ME AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW	05
THE GIFT OF LOVE	06
HIS WAY IS ALWAYS BEST	07
GRANNY'S BIRTHDAY WISH	08
T . G . I . F .	09
THE CHRIST OF CHRISTMAS	10

FROM MY HEART

This collection has been written over the past twenty years or so. Some were for special occasions, others for an adult education creative writing course, but most just for myself and my Lord, deeply private, personal thoughts and feelings perhaps not felt or even understood by others, but for my Saviour.

Most have never been read by anyone else and while it is difficult to bare your innermost feelings to others, I felt these were given to me by God, and not meant to be put away forever in a box.

My desire in sharing this collection is that one will touch some individual and be a blessing. May God speak to your heart in by something included here.

Beverly Hennesy Judge
1994

I Know Whom I Have Believed

*Had I been there so long ago
When Jesus walked the earth,
Would I have bowed and worshipped Him
At lowly manger's birth?*

*Had I been there in Galilee
When miracles He did,
Would I have known Him as God's Son,
His majesty not hid?*

*Had I been present in the crowd
Who shouted "Crucify",
Would I have been among the ones
Who wanted Him to die?*

*Had I stood watching with the horde
As He hung on the cross,
Would I believe that He was God.
Or thought His life a loss?*

*Had I been there among the few
Who heard the angels say,
"He is not here, He's risen, and
Come see the place He lay."*

*Had I been there, would I believe
Or "Doubting Thomas" be
Until His wounded hands and feet
With my own eyes I see?*

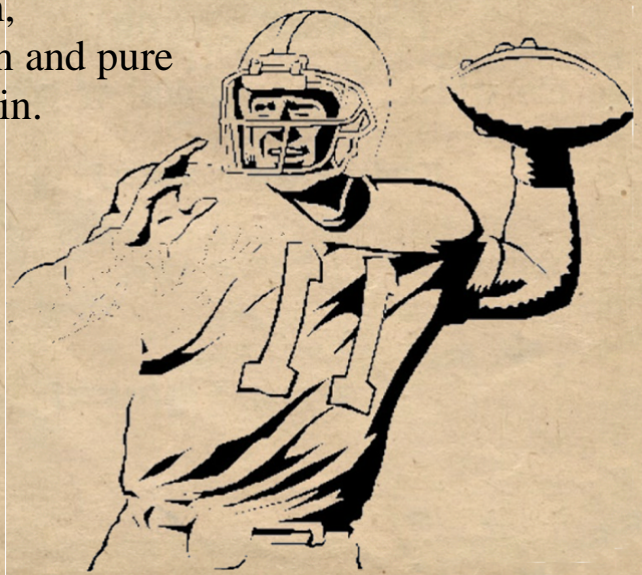
*I wasn't there when Jesus was
So I will never know,
But never seeing, I believe.
Praise God! I know! I know!*

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." John 20:29
Beverly Hennesy Judge - March 2005

WASH ME AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW

Last night when I was washing
My son's football practice clothes,
So dirty, stained and smelly,
Quite offensive to my nose;
White and clean and spotless when
They're sent to school to wear;
Hardly recognizable
When coming home from there!
I scrub them and I wash them
And I get them white again;
They're back all stained and fetid
And I feel I just can't win!
And then I started thinking,
It was plain as it could be,
Those stinking, putrid football clothes
Were an awfully lot like me!
My Saviour cleansed my heart from sin,
He washed it white as snow;
But as I play the game of life
On this earth down here below
I wallow in the dirt and mire
That's better known as sin,
My heart's no longer clean and pure
As when Jesus first came in.

I'm forced to take it back to Him
At the closing of the day
And have Him clean it up again;
We both know it won't stay!
Even when I come to Him
Again, again, again,
He washes me as white as snow
By forgiving all my sin.
I think my soiled, sinful heart
Must as abhorrent to Him be,
As *my* son's pungent practice clothes
Are repulsive unto me!
Oh, Lord, I ask You once again
Forgive my errors, I pray,
And keep me from the sinful path
Where I would go astray;
Just keep me walking in Your steps
Upon the narrow way,
So I don't have a filthy heart
For You to clean each day!





The Gift of Love



*I shopped with care for family
For days and days on end.
I made a list and figured out
How much that I could spend.*

*The time and effort I've put forth
With love, nobody knows
But they'll be pleased with all these things
I thought while tying bows.*

*And there we were on Christmas Day
All sitting 'round the tree,
And as they opened up the gifts,
They disappointed me.*

*"This sweater's nice and it's my size
But I'd prefer it red,
And then a different collar on
This blouse," my daughter said.*

*"I really need some jeans, you know,"
Son tossed them on his pile,
"But can't you take them back for me
And get another style?"*

*The baby tore the wrappings off,
Went through gifts like an ox.
He flung the contents far and wide---
He's playing with the box.*

*My husband's gifts were in a piles
There laying on the floor,
"I'll open them when I have time,"
As he went out the door.*

*"Oh, Lord," I prayed, "What happened here?
I chose these gifts with love,"
And in my heart I seemed to hear
A voice from up above.*

*"Dear child, I also sent a gift,
The very best I had.
The cost, incomprehensible;
It should have made folks glad.*

*When they could have eternal life
By trusting what Christ's done,
His death, the payment for their sins,
The Saviour, my Own Son.*

*They don't accept this gift of love,
The price He had to pay.
Instead they throw the gift away
But celebrate the day!*

Beverly Hennesy Judge 1998

*Romans 6:23 For the wages of sin is death; but the
gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our
Lord.*

His Way Is Always Best

*It's very hard to say "good bye"
To someone that you love,
And even when you know someday
You'll see them up above.*

*It's difficult to look beyond
At such a time as this,
As we feel sorry for ourselves
And all the things we'll miss,*

*The ones who leave may want to stay
But often God says, "No,
I have another place for you
And it is time to go."*

*We cannot know down here below
The path the journey takes,
But this we know without a doubt,
Our God makes no mistakes.*

*For God loves you more than we do,
Your life is in His hand.
He leads and you must follow Him
To do what He has planned.*

*We'll miss you folks, we'll shed some tears,
And look to God for healing;
And thank Him that we don't have hearts
Devoid of any feeling.*

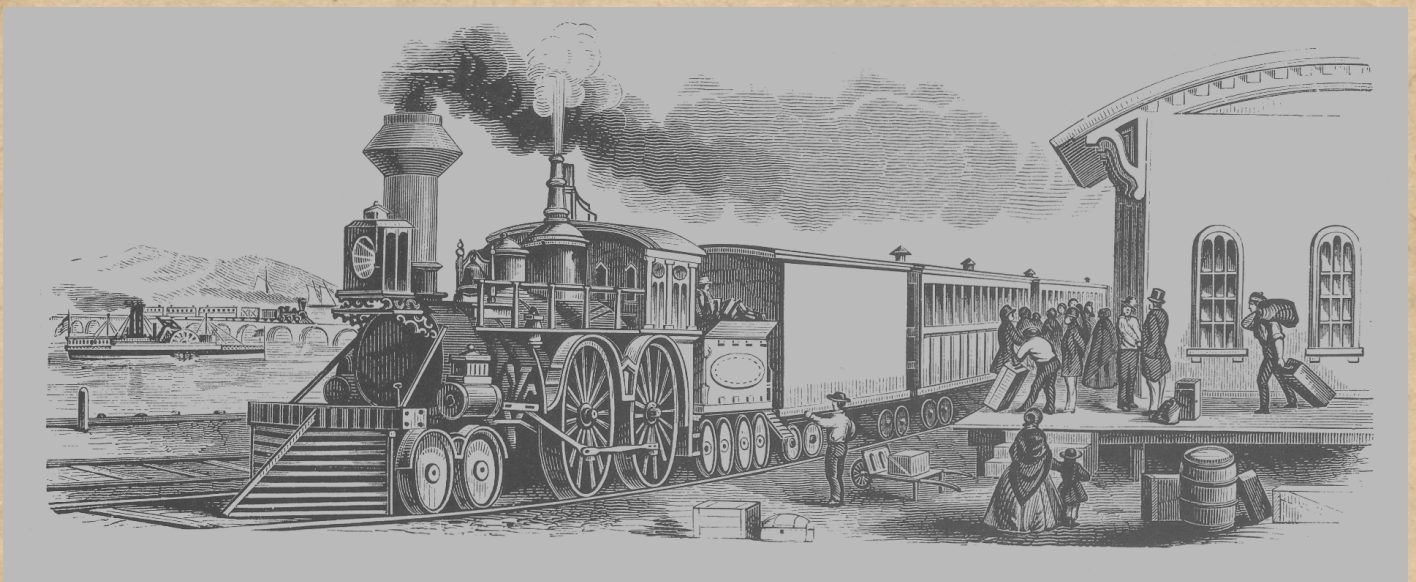
*For love and joy and pain and loss
Are felt deep in the heart;
The more we love, the more we grieve
When for a time we part.*

*Though now we have some pain and grief
To deal with in our life,
We're not alone for we have God
To comfort in our strife.*

*It's been a joy and blessing to
Have known you for awhile.
The cherished memories we have
Will someday make us smile.*

*We'll trust in God as life moves on
And in Him we will rest.
We wish you all His blessings for
His way is always best.*

*Rev. Judge
July 1997*



Granny's Birthday Wish



Well, it's ray birthday, goodness sake.
Here they come with a birthday cake.
Just see the candles all aflame.
Now if I die, they'll be to blame.

When folks are young with lots of air,
There's hardly any candles there.
But when we're old arid scarce can breath,
Why don't .they grant us a reprieve?

Wow, see the candles, row on row;
They're all a-light; oh, what a glow!
They say they really mean no harm,
But please shut off the smoke alarm!

Sing "Happy Birthday", then they place
That fiery object in my face.
They gather 'round and then they shout,
"Now try to blow the candles out!"

It sounds to me more like a dare
That's coming from these folks who care.
I see them smile; is it a jeer
That crooked grin from ear to ear?

The oxygen is growing thin.
I guess I might as well begin.
I might pass out for lack of air,
Or lose my teeth as they all stare!

Folks seem to like this annual ruse
The birthday cake "elder abuse".
Next year I'll put you on alert.
Please don't set fire to my dessert!

Sing if you must the birthday song,
But my life now is three days long.
It's YESTERDAY -- the years gone by,
And it's surprising how they fly!

TODAY -- my friends and family dear,
And all the things P11 do this year.
TOMORROW -- quickly drawing nigh
When Jesus takes me home on high.

Consider me with my next cake.
Omit the candles when you bake.
When counting years at next year's bash,
Forget the candles -- give me CASH!

Bev. Judge—1997

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

John 3:16

T . G . I . F .

Thank God I'm forgiven,
Thank God I am free;
Christ's blood paid my sin debt
When He died for me.

No longer I'm guilty,
My sins washed away;
I live by His power
And strength day by day.

I'm filled with His Spirit
And walk in His light;
His Word is my road map
For doing what's right.

Though Satan attack me
With sins from my past,
They're under the blood and
I'm guilt-free at last.

Now T G I F has
New meaning for me—
Thank God I'm forgiven,
"Whosoever" is me!

*Beverly Hennesy Judge
August 2003*

The Christ of Christmas



*What puts you in the Christmas mood
As the season rolls around?
The cold and crisp December days
And snow upon the ground?*

*Or is it songs that you love best
And sending greeting cards,
The decorations and the lights
On the trees and in the yards?*

*Or shopping lists and buying gifts
To pile beneath the tree,
The sparkling eyes and happy smiles
And children filled with glee;*

*Some homemade cookies, candy, too,
And all you like to eat;
Are these the things that seem to make
Your holiday complete?*

*For me it is the story true
Of God come down to earth
To save us with His precious blood
By giving us new birth.*

*He died and rose and lives on high,
He conquered death and sin
For all who take Him as their Lord
Ad ask Christ Jesus in.*

*He came as just a baby in
A manger bed of hay,
But He's the CHRIST in Christmas,
He's The reason for the days*

*Don't put an "X" in Christmas Day
And leave the Saviour out
But celebrate His coming since
That's what it's all about.*

*Matt. 1:21 - And she shall bring forth a Son,
and thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He
shall save His people from their sins.*

*Beverly Hennesy Judge
Christmas 2000*