

Victory©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

The shadow of your enemy covers me.
I bathed in the lies and pain of society.
I never thought after all I have done.
You would reach out to your son.

Soon I was to be under his total rule.
You ripped me out of the drowning pool.
You gave me back the breath of life.
Emptiness and torment replaced with Christ.

Dark water reseeds' from under my feet.
My eyes have become clear to his deceit.
My mind is clear to hear your call.
As I face the giants I can now stand tall.

Priests stood on dry ground in the middle of the Jordan.
And now I stand on dry ground this morning.
You have cut off the enemy from me.
As you did at Calvary you secured a victory.

"Victory" was written 3 November 2008

Broken©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

The cold rain drips down the back of my neck.
In the middle of this field I am but a speck.
Haunting thoughts cloud my faith.
The shell of man I begin to hate.

This world seems to devour the innocent.
Lord how can we lead them to repent?
Media etches deceitful ideals of life in their minds.
Glorifying wealth and lust are just some of their crimes.

Families letting go turning their backs on each other.
A defenseless baby left aside by his mother.
I cry out to you Lord on bending knees.
Allow me to help make this world see.

You are the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last.
This world needs You, like a broken arm needs a cast.
I ask Lord; spare the innocent from fading away.
Lord please heal your broken servant this day.

"Broken" was written 20 October 2008

It's Not Us...©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

We suffer within our flesh and fight our will.
We try to correct all that is wrong with a pill.
We struggle with decisions of right and wrong.
We seek salvation in a drink or places we don't belong.

We gather round and make excuses for each other's mistakes.
We shun all those who try to help and call them fake.
The doors of our souls are sealed up tight.
We patch up our lives to the point we can see no light.

As we gather around the grave we tell each other it's alright.
We notice a child with no Dad to comfort him as he cries.
Is this the child he left behind all those nights?
If we only knew we wouldn't have helped him lie.

We gave him a bottle instead of a helping hand.
Is there a way we could make our wrongs right?
In his sons tears we see we are damned.
If only one of us would take His hand and see His light.

We could change and give his son Hope.
We could be a pillar instead of a net of sin.
Stand tall and bare the Cross that will replace the dope.
Take his son's hand and raise him as our kin.

He gives us a new life from His stripes.
We shall save this little soul we tortured.
His gracious hand reaches down our sinful tears He wipes.
This little soul will bare fruit greater than any orchard.

It's not us...that we hurt!!!

"It's Not Us..." was written 16 March 2008

The inspiration for this poem came to Keith one evening while thinking about the path he had been on, refusing to accept God's salvation, and refusing to live by His word. Keith found his way back and prays that with this and his other poems he can help to bring faith, hope and belief to those people who have lost their way.

Think©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

We suffer through our trials and tribulations.
And even still we choose to refuse His salvation.
We chase after what we are told we need.
We let society fill our lust and greed.

Never taking the time to remember what we are taught.
We forget the hatred He faced and battles He fought.
If we stumble and fall it's He we blame.
Yet in times of Joy we don't praise His name.

It's easy to forget what He has done.
It's easy to forget and refuse His only Son.
To stand tall and defend Him...is that too hard?
Do we stand to be beaten and left scarred?

He doesn't ask for us to suffer like He.
He wouldn't let us bare His stripes to be free.
And yet all He asks is for us to live by His Word.
To give to those in need and not let His vision be blurred.

It's time to **STOP** and **THINK!**

"Think" was written 11 February 2008

Keith Yezdanian wrote the following poem the evening he came home from visiting the sick and aged. Keith was especially moved when he visited an elderly gentleman who had terminal cancer. Keith first spoke with the family and was surprised to find that they were full of joy with God even knowing that their father would soon be moving on. As Keith said, "I never saw that in my line of work or even in my own life." While holding the gentleman's hand and praying Keith felt, "The power of God". Keith walked away from the gentleman's home not with a feeling of trepidation, sadness, or depression but rather, as Keith said, "I can't put into words how Blessed I feel at this very moment!" The gentleman he visited found peace three days later and is now with our Lord and Savior.

Open Eyes©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

I have seen the power of God's work and will.
I have seen how His kindness and love reaches out still.
I have seen His mercy He gave to the weak.
He has made my ears listen to a man who couldn't speak.

I have seen how the power of His Word wakes the sleeping.
I have seen the Joy in loved ones that should have been weeping.
I have felt what it is to be Blessed with His acceptance.
I have seen how He brings a person that never believed to repentance.

I have seen His glory in the eyes of the impaired.
I have seen His words bring a smile to one who never cared.
He has Blessed me today so I can see life as I never knew.
My worries He washed away and on my branch a fruit grew.

This life He has granted me is much more.
I finally know what I am here for.
This He will give to all that seek.
And all He asks is for His word you keep.

"Open Eyes" was written 5 February 2008

Blessed©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

I was Blessed by His tears.
I was Blessed by the angry crowds' cheers.
I was Blessed by His suffering.
I was Blessed by His teaching.

I was Blessed when His clothes were torn.
I was Blessed by His crown of thorns.
I was Blessed when whips tore His flesh while bound.
I was Blessed as His blood stained the ground.

I was Blessed as He carried His cross.
I was Blessed by Mary's loss.
I was Blessed as the nails pierced His skin.
I was Blessed as He forgave a thief's sin.

I was Blessed as He rose on the third day.
I was Blessed as He told the eleven what to say.
I am Blessed for He did this all along knowing the strife.
I am Blessed for He is the Truth, the Way and Life.

"Blessed" was written 1 February 2008

Ashamed©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

We walk tall and serve only one in this life.
Some carry swords and some hold a knife.
And we stand to protect what was written.
We fight the battle with the Faith He has given.

Many of them fell protecting His word.
And still today we pick up the Sword.
Our shield His book, our life His blood.
Our faces and hearts they try to drive into the mud.

They watch waiting for a mistake.
Our will they have tried to break.
They want us to cower and be ashamed.
Our mouths they want to silence from speaking His name.

They try to take His word from our children.
He is strong for when they hurt they come by the millions.
They call us hypocrites yet they open presents on Christmas day.
And still we will kneel and for them we will pray.

So stand tall and smile let your light shine.
And remember His kingdom will be yours and mine.
For we will not be ashamed our presents come every day.
Our greatest gift has yet been given and in my heart he will stay.

"Ashamed" was written 20 January 2008

The Longest Road©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

There has been long nights and darker days.
In forever lasting misery they choose to stay.
They have been told not to worship any other.
And still they choose not to listen to their brother.

Wondering through their own desert their souls are dry.
Their bodies wither and their souls begin to die.
This road is long and yet so short to measure.
If they just listen they could find Gods gift...our treasure.

This road many have found.
But yet it doesn't exist on the ground.
The longest road to our treasure is only 18 inches away.
From your mind to your heart is how to get there today.

If one would choose to walk this road first.
They would find their bodies wouldn't thirst.
The deserts searing heat would be cooled.
Unlike those that chase idols they wouldn't be fooled.

You can choose which road you will travel.
But you will find only one at the end you could marvel.
So choose the longest road to walk.
Listen with both ears and to you he will talk.

"The Longest Road" was written 20 January 2008

Thank Him©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

The smell of fresh cut grass.
The breeze from a bird's wing as it passes.
The sway of a tall pine tree.
Children collecting shells by the sea.

A snow covered mountain top.
Watching a John Deere taking up the crop.
A leaf as it drifts by on a fresh water stream.
Watching Grandma turning ice into ice cream.

The aroma of Mom's apple pie.
The first star seen in the midnight sky.
A fish breaking on top of the water.
The sound of a child's laughter.

Without His teachings we are bare.
We rush through life without a care.
We hear but are deaf, we see but are blind.
And there is so much more to find.

Thank Him for all He gave us to enjoy.
Thank Him for sending us His baby boy.
Thank Him for each day he gives to us.
Thank Him and Praise Him we must.

"Thank Him" was written 12 January 2008

Fever & Chills©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

This battle is fought through fever and chills.
Their medicine is not going to heal me still.
My body aches and soul cries out.
Please except your son and wash his doubt.

You came to me to aid in this battle.
You opened my eyes and made my bed your chapel.
The war raged on and you overcame.
Your sheep can now be branded with your name.

You asked of me to read and speak of only you.
You told me there are more lives to renew.
And we must walk upon this world with reason.
If we let your voice go silent we commit treason.

I knelt before you and ate your bread.
I drank from your cup and you anointed my head.
You came to me like never before.
For you cleansed me to start my life once more.

You warned of the evil that is all around.
And of evil ones that walk along the ground.
The next battle I may have to do on my own.
And with your blood my spirit has grown.

"Fever & Chills" was written 8 January 2008

You Are©

By: Keith Z. Yezdanian

Lord I know who you are.
I thank you for pulling me closer.
Now there is no distance between us.
There is no doubt left but only trust.

You are the only light that shines.
I will only grow on your vine.
My branch will bare fruit and never wither.
And I look forward to our walk together.

You are who I turn to so I can see.
You took all that was wrong away from me.
You gave me a new life to live.
And to you my service I shall give.

You are the one by whose stripes I am healed.
And through the blade to me you revealed.
You said faith without works is dead.
And we can not live just on the bread.

I will remind all who may forget.
That it is through you our needs are met.
I will serve everyone in your name.
I will wake and take up my cross for the days that remain.
I pray that all shall know who YOU ARE!!!

"You Are" was written 2 January 2008
