

No one can tell who our Lord picks or chooses.
He only knows the person that He uses.
Now take the woman at the well.
Told her to go and tell. That kept her soul from hell.
Gave living water so she would never thirst.
Knew she had to speak or burst.
Mary Magdalene who was Christ friend,
after her wicked ways He did mend.
Washed His feet with her tears.
With her hair wiped away her fears.
Rahab, they say she was an harlot.
God cleansed those sins and made them scarlet.
Let the spies down on a rope
Gave Gods nation much needed hope.
There was a woman and her son. For meals they had only one.
And told the prophet Elisha they were done.
But still he ask for some.
Through faith they learned to believe.
Their struggles the Lord did relieve.
Provided oil that did not dry up
That proved that God was enough.
Never question our Father's choice.
You could be in line to hear His voice.
by Nathan Jones

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WRITE GOOD STUFF
SPIRITUAL POEMS**