



Songs of Praise

MY THOUGHTS

As I child I envisaged my life as a well manicured lawn as that of a golf course. That image stuck in my mind from reading the Gleaner cartoons which had one such lawn in one of those funnies. Strange enough that ideal has been a mirage and as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel of 'guillotine' France.

As the Pimpernel eluded the guillotine even so I have purposed in my heart to escape the damnation of God's judgement, I rather mercy given to all who accept God's truth. In this vain I do confess and poor contempt on my shame and pride that: I am a sinner saved by grace through faith.

And I bow my head and upon my knees in prayer I borrow the line of the swindler or trickster: I am not worthy of all the mercies and the least of the truth that Thou as shown unto me. O, Lord, my God, accept my service to your honour and glory and bless thou me for I will not let Thee go until Thou has blessed me. This shall always be my prayer every moment of the day I will not cease to give Thee praise.

The rest of my life shall be in worship and service to bring honour, glory and praise to Thee O my God, accept my praise and turn Thy fierce wrath from my habitation. I will make my house a habitation for Thy Spirit.

As Thou as shown me I will firstly, seek the opportunity to pray, and then when Thou respond, I will, lift my head and hands in praise and worship. My house shall be as your House of Hosanna! I will seek Thee early when I rise and I will settle with Thee when I go to sleep. And during the course of darkness I will consider thoughts of Thee my God.

When shall Thou come unto me? When will Thou make me Thy glory see? When will my praise be perfect as the dew drops and as refreshing as the mist? When will my belly burst with waters gushing forth? When will I make sinners to know Thy way and the humble to glory in your cause? I purpose to be with Thee to eternity beyond the time of ages. Thou are altogether lovely and far better than rubies or pearls and even my necessary food.

Let those who read my thoughts of Thee be led to glorify Thee, my Love and my greatest Joy! Have mercy upon me for I am but a frail being; let me be a man to sing your song. Let me rejoice in Thee my God!

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When I first began, in search of the fear of the Lord....., I knew not what I took unto myself, when I began to search through the Psalms, I knew not what to glory in Thee meant.

When for a year or more when I did not work, yet every day Thou kept me from dust till dawn and taught me your way in every line and in every verse when my pen ceased not to write and thoughts flowed as a fountain without an end.

What glory eclipsed my brain, I was alone without family or friend yet Thou were with me never end. Listen, I know Thou have put Thy trust in me but I am a frail being I have greater need of Thee than what water is to the thirsty soul.

Let me be as the praise of the Psalms to honour thy glory and be as the aura for Thy House. Harken unto me and I will teach you the Fear of the Lord. None can praise Him but they who obey Him. He is good like that! He is far together more lovely than all of His creation.

Come with me on the 21km trek through the Hills of Norbrook, Kingston Jamaica, overlooking the Hermitage, in the valley below on the left, with the plains of Kingston, Saint Andrew and St. Catherine on the right where the Mona dam appears to be in a bowl. As we journey to cool Woodforth into the heights of the Holy place were the Clouds kiss the earth with its blessings that causes all things to bring forth life. Here the grass stretches their hands across the street to join hands with their buddies on the other side. We will pass Cambridge with its springs of waters as we descend to hear the hope river rushing on. We might just stop a while and take a bath, woo, chilly but as refreshing as the sights you will see as we descend to Maryland, passing the hills of Strawberry fields on the left, down through Red Light district and on to the Gordon Town Road and then to Papine.

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The trek is 3 ½ to 4 hours long dubbed ***IF YOU MUST WALK THEN WALK AMONG THE CLOUDS: IF YOU MUST LIVE THEN LIVE AS A WITNESS***. Seeing then we have such a great Cloud of Witnesses let us lay aside the sins that so easily beset us and let us run the race with patience, looking unto Jesus, who is the author and finisher of our faith, **Hebrew 12: 1**. It is a survival trek, no food, nor water is taken, and all that is needed is provided by either the land or those who we meet and greet along the way.

We cannot provide for our salvation but God grant us everything we need according to His riches in glory. We need to access the Holies by prayer and claim that which the Lord has provided for our needs. **The Book of the Psalms** is a treasured work of inspiration scarcely understood. And in the House of Hosanna: Prayer and Praise, these two are valuable. We scarcely have grasped either and we must come up to the Mountain of Prayer and Praise for our lives to be a sweet fragrance and pure offering to our Lord, our God and our King.

The Psalms including their music is set against the backdrop of the scenery of the Hills of Norbrook, Woodforth, to Maryland, to the Gordon Town Road and Papine. We do not entertain we **p(ayer)raise**, a word, a melody, a song, offered in worship of the Most High, our Father, and the LAMB, our Brother, by His Spirit.

This is dedicated to the Saints who are filled with the Spirit of the Most High God, who wonder at times: will I be saved? Who in deep contrition and a broken spirit confess their faults and sins, and never cease to praise Him, rejoicing in His Presence and being thankful unto Him blessing His glorious and holy Name.

Sending their sins unto judgement they join in the salvation of theirs and the souls of others, professing and confess the Name of Jesus, and teaching the wayward His truths, proclaiming the gospel to every nation, kingdom, language and people. These are the Witness of Y'hovah, whatever they bind upon earth is bound in Heaven and whatever they lose upon the earth is loosed in Heaven.

Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He who comes in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest! Glory! Hallelujah to our God! Click below to continue:

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