

POEMS OF JESUS
VOLUME I



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN
BY: HENRICH HOFMANN

By: JOHN A. MCKEE

Poems of Jesus
Volume I

by: John A. McKee

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Foreword

I have enjoyed writing these Poems of Jesus very much. I was led to write them out of a deep, abiding love for my Lord and Savior and sincerely hope and pray that you will be comforted and find peaceful enjoyment through the reading of them.

I dedicate this book to my loving wife, Debbie, who has been such a wonderful partner and helpmate to me through the years. She is my best friend, my confidant... and my trusted sounding board for many of the poems I have written, and I will be forever indebted and grateful for her love, honesty and encouragement to me in my poetic endeavors.

Poems of Jesus



“Suffer the little children to come unto Me...”

Volume I

Poems of Jesus...Volume I

Written to give all Honor and Glory to Our Lord
Jesus Christ who died for our sins.

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The Betrayal

Jesus knew before the Passover
That His hour was near
And wanted to share this Last Supper
With friends He held dear.

When the Lord poured water into a basin
To wash His Disciples' feet,
He elicited a strong protest from Peter,
Who said he did not think it meet.

Jesus explained His reasons to them
In words quite clear and fervent...
He was setting an example for all to follow,
As Master serving servant.

***"Truly, Truly, I say to you,"
"One of you will betray me."***

Judas ate of the crust proffered by Christ
And to the Pharisees he immediately did flee.

Jesus broke bread with Disciples
To serve them communion
In a solemn rite still practiced
To symbolize Christ's and mortal mans union.

***"Take. Eat. This is my body.
"Do this in remembrance of me."***

He then served them the wine
Symbolizing His blood shed upon Calvary.

Disciples partook of the bread and drank of the wine
It was a somber and solemn rite.
They were all unaware as they dined with the Lord
Of events to transpire that night.

When they went to the garden for Jesus to pray,
His disciples soon fell asleep.
Our Lord was in sorrow and anguish held sway,
Utter sadness had caused Him to weep.

***"If it be possible let this cup pass.
"Nevertheless, Thy will be done"***

Our Father in Heaven must have been weeping as well
At this sorrowful plea from His Son.

When Judas arrived with Roman soldiers
Jesus asked them, ***"Whom do ye seek?"***
Then Judas betrayed Him, as he and Pharisees planned,
With a light kiss he placed on His cheek.

The Lord was then taken and given a trial
That by Jewish laws was illegal.
Though He was cursed, mocked and beaten,
His bearing remained dignified and regal.

He was sentenced to die by Roman crucifixion...
Nailed to a rude wooden cross.
His friends, His family and some He had taught,
Were all mourning that day at His loss.

When Angels rolled back the stone covering His tomb
After He had been buried three days...
Jesus was resurrected with an incorruptible body
That was brighter than the sun's brilliant rays.

It is recorded in scripture in several places
That Jesus shall soon return
To rule over the earth, judge the quick and the dead
And cast out all evil to burn.

by: John McKee
August 9, 1977
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The Last Supper



"In My Father's House..."

After dismissing Judas;
Jesus spoke to the Disciples
To describe what it was like in Heaven

As they dined with Him
In the 'Upper Room'
He had the rapt attention of the eleven.

***"In my Fathers house
"Are many mansions."***

To His Disciples Jesus long ago said.

In the still of the night
I imagine all of those places
While lying awake in my bed.

An eternal life of joy
Within those mansions
With loved ones who have passed on before

Shall be the reward
For those who acknowledge Jesus as Lord
To worship...to honor and adore.

We'll meet with Him some day
On that River Jordan shore
When at last He calls us to come home.

And with the Good Shepherd
To serve as our guide,
Through all of those mansions we'll roam.

by: John McKee
August 16, 2000
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Volume I

About the author:



I have found poetry to be a wonderfully spiritual way for me to commune with God, and it matters not whether I am writing the poems, or simply reading them; a quiet serenity comes over me during those times that is a great comfort to my soul.

I began my writings more than thirty years ago, during a time in my life when I was unable to sleep well at night because of a painful back. As a consequence, throughout the night, I would have to get up to apply a heat pad, and it was during these

times that I began reading the Bible. This subsequently led me to the writing of poetry, for I have found the Holy Bible to be most effective in inspiring ideas.

I have also been moved to write by the sight of a beautiful sunrise or sunset, or a mountain view...Perhaps just a word, phrase or scene will pop into my head at times while I'm exercising. Many ideas have come to me in my sleep and at those times I am compelled to get up go to my computer or to get a pencil and paper to jot the idea down before it is forgotten.

It is my sincere hope that you will enjoy the reading of these poems and I pray that you will be blessed.

In His Service,

John A. McKee