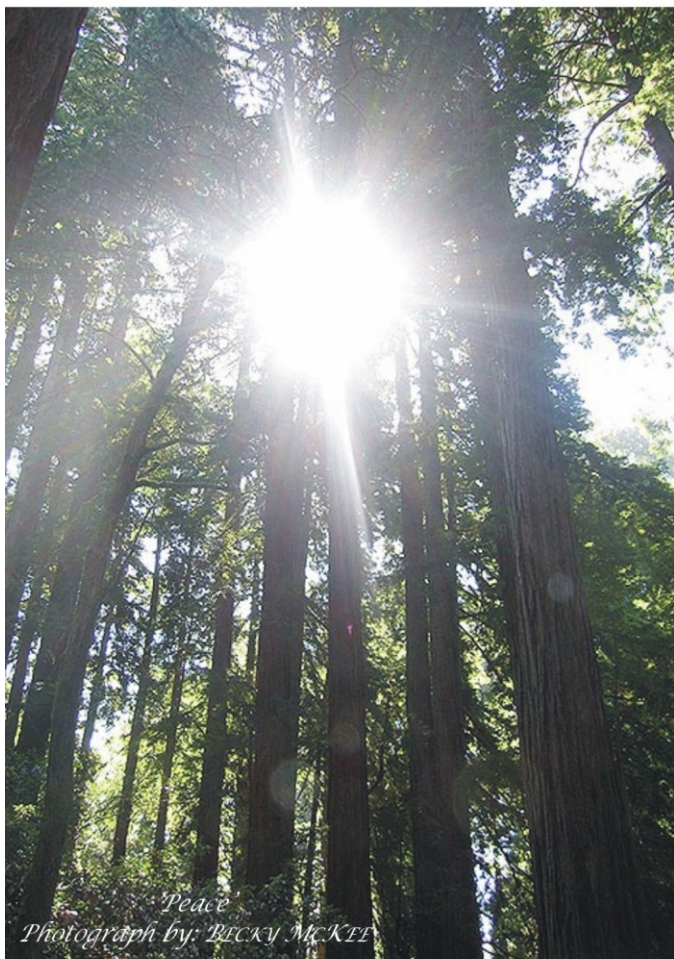


POEMS OF PRAISE
VOLUME I



Peace
Photograph by: BECKY MCKEE

by: JOHN A. MCKEE

Poems of Praise

Volume I

by: John A. McKee

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Foreword

I have enjoyed writing the poems herein for a little more than thirty years. Written out of a deep, abiding love for my GOD as I was led to write them, my sincerest hope and prayer is that you will find enjoyment in the reading of them.

I dedicate this book of poems to my three wonderful brothers, Richard, David and Stephen McKee, and to my three dear sisters, Jane DuBovey, Marilyn Wilson and Sue Komp. I thank them for their love and support and love them all very dearly for it. I will forever cherish the many sweet memories of our lives together as children and adults. May GOD bless and keep you.

Poems of Praise



Volume I

Poems of Praise... Volume I

May GOD be with you and grant you His Peace
and comfort...now and forever.

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Rush of Angel's Wings

We all have Guardian Angels
Who protect us each day...
Who keep us safe and help see us through.

Some Angels have to work harder
At the tasks that they're assigned...
I speak of those GOD assigned me and you.

One day soon we'll behold them
And when we meet face to face,
We'll thank them for all they have done.

They followed their orders given
Without voicing complaint...
Orders issued by GOD's Only Son.

I have heard it said very often
But I know not if it's true...
When we hear a church bell as it rings...

The choir sings GOD's praise softly
As He calls an Angel forward
To present to them their set of wings.

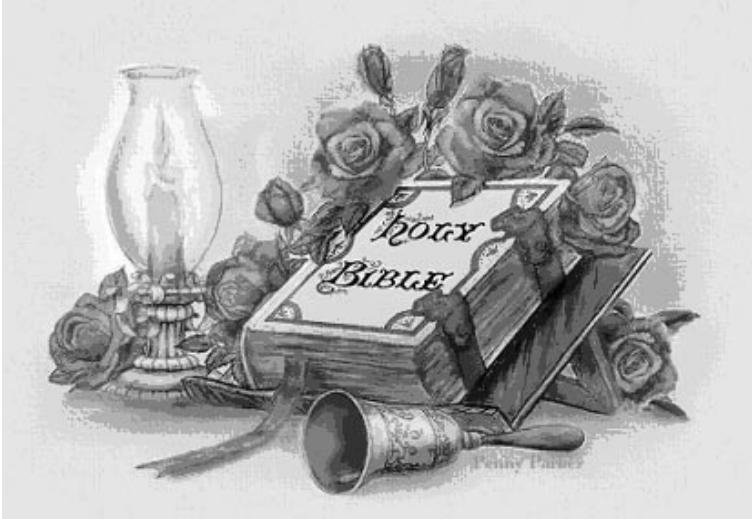
One day we'll hear the rush
Of Angelic wings in the sky
Flying en masse on resurrection day...

When Jesus calls His Bride to Him
They will be standing by
As the Saints kneel before Him and say...

*"Glory be to Lord Jesus
"We praise your Holy Name.
"We give you Honor and glory evermore.*

*"For your love is everlasting
"You have saved us from sin
"And brought us safely across Jordan's shore."*

by: John McKee
May 11, 2004



Those golden Bells

When they ring those golden bells
To call us home to our reward...
What a joyful sound from Heaven that will be.

We'll be greeted there by loved ones
Who crossed over long before...
And from tears and pain forever we'll be free.

For the promise Jesus made to us
In John's Gospel - 3:16...
Life eternal to whosoever will believe...

*Jesus is the only Son of GOD
Sent here to save the world...
Shall not perish, but GOD's mercy will receive.*

It's a very generous promise
In that there's no cost to us
For Jesus paid the price on Calvary...

He has paved the way for sinners
To bask forever in His Light
And from Satan's power He has set us free.

He'll return some day in glory
To call His Church Bride up to Him
With His clouds of Angels gathered all about.

Every eye shall behold Jesus
On that long awaited day
As we all hear his loud, victorious *shout*.

That's when we shall fly to meet Him
To join with the Heavenly throng
Singing praises to Him as they all bow down.

What a sight we shall behold then,
As each Saint in joyous praise
Cast down to the Savior's feet their golden crown.

Singing, *'Worthy is the Lamb of GOD
Who gave His life for us.
'Praise His Mighty Name all ye Saints on high...'*

*'For He has triumphed over Satan
'And His rule shall never end,
'We shall live with Him and never, ever die...'*

by: John McKee
May 14, 2004

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Poems of Praise

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 heating 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