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Angels





*The angel of the Lord
encamps around those who
fear him, and delivers them.*

Psalms 64:7

Angels

I've wondered about angels,
do they ever take a nap?
When they're sent on an errand,
do they take along a map?

With all the billions on this earth
that travel to and fro,
How do they get directions straight
so they know where to go?

We've read of angels in God's Book,
it really doesn't tell
Too much about the lives they live
and things they do so well.

But then I guess we need not know
too much about them here;
We understand they work for God
and that is their career.

We're certain angels do exist
and comforting to know
That when we're in big trouble, folks,
they know just where to go.

Angels-- God's Messengers

I'm glad that God made angels, friends,
I think they're really neat.
In pictures that I've seen of them
they have both hands and feet
But then they have a pair of wings
to get to places fast,
And if they're watching folks down here
they shouldn't come in last.
God sends these special messengers
with news of vital worth
For singing angels came to tell
of Jesus' lowly birth.
And did you notice at that time
the shepherds heard their song?
They didn't sing to Pharisees
whose hearts were proud and wrong.

I wonder if, when angels come
and visit earth today
They might appear to humble folks
who they know would obey.
Yes, I believe in angels, friend,
I'm sure they hover 'round
And though I've never seen one,
as they may not make a sound,
I'm sure that they surround us
and protect us here below;
How many times they've intervened
I'm sure I'll never know,
But in this hectic world of ours
with wars, and sin, and greed,
Those angel wings surrounding us
are all we really need.

Hovering Angels

I like to think of angels—
how they hover 'round us here
Comforting God's children
and bringing hope and cheer.

I've really never seen one
but they're never far away
And if you dial 9-1-1
they come to save the day.

There're thousands upon thousands
awaiting God's command
And He can quickly send them out
I hope you understand.

Now if you're sick and suffering
and are about to die
God sends a special angel
to escort you to the sky

Where you'll receive a welcome
like you've never had before
And your loved ones there will greet you
inside Heaven's open door.

Don't let your heart be troubled
with the problems of today,
Things will be better up ahead
when you've gone Home to stay.

When Angels Call

We folk who travel planet earth
complain an awful lot;
We feel that we are taxed too much,
and criminals are not caught.

The price of gas is much too high,
and food is out of sight,
The neighbor's kids make too much noise,
and we don't think its right.

When nap time comes the doorbell rings,
how can one get his rest?
The price of stamps keeps going up,
and this we could have guessed.

We can't get sick—it costs too much,
so what's a guy to do?
The old-time Doc's are now passe,
so now who'll treat our flu?

Our knees and hips and aching back
remind us of our age,
If we wrote down how bad we feel
'twould fill at least a page.

The politicians are corrupt,
our rent is much too high,
We know the debt our nation has
could make us weep and sigh.

It seems that almost every week
there's something breaking down;
We wonder if we oughta' move
and find a better town.

We just don't know how we can cope
another day or week—
It kinda' puts us in the dumps
when of these things we speak.

I guess what really baffles me
is why we want to stay
And hassle all the problems that we have
from day to day.

Yet when we hear the angel wings
a'swooping mighty low
We pray to God to leave us here.
We still don't want to go.

Daniel, Saved By An Angel

I know you've heard of Daniel,
how he prayed three times each day
Before his open window,
for he had a lot to say.
Back then, as now, there were some folks
who seemed afraid of prayer,
And they reported to the king
what he was doing there.
This Daniel was an honest man
and trusted by a king
Who made an idol for himself
and that spoiled everything.

I know you know how Daniel
was thrown in the lions den,
His enemies seemed oh, so glad,
he'd ne'er be seen again.
The king went home, but could not sleep;
all night he tossed in bed,
He feared the edict that he made
caused Daniel to be dead.
But just in case there was a chance
he still might be alive,
He went to check the lions den,
and early did arrive.

He took the cover off the den
and called with shaking voice,
"Oh, Daniel, did that God of yours,
the One you serve by choice,
Deliver from the lion's paw
and keep you safe last night?"
And Daniel answered from below,
"Oh, king, I'm quite all right,
For God has sent His angel
so these beasts could not attack."
The king rejoiced his friend was safe,
and Daniel soon was back.

Some folks today feel they're alone
when problems come along,
And troubles have filled up the heart
where once there was a song.
Too many things have crowded in,
and then it's hard to see
The angel that God sends along
to help to set us free.
Yes, I believe in angels, friends,
I'm sure they're round about.
And often they protect us here,
I've not the slightest doubt.

*The angel of the Lord encamps
around those that fear him;
and he delivers them.
Psalm 34:7*

Jet Lag

If you have traveled very far
And gone somewhere by plane
You may find out when you arrived
Jet lag has caused you pain.
I wonder if you've thought about
When angels give their nod
And swoop you up to Heaven above
to be at home with God
Will jet lag try to plague you
Because you've traveled far
For its really quite a distance
To pass God's brightest star.
But angels must be speedy
And must travel really fast
And jet lag will not bother you
'cause you'll be Home at last.

Angel Escort

Don't get stressed out because you're old—
Each day you're nearer streets of gold.

If Jesus Christ lives in your heart
He'll send angels down when you depart.

That's quite a gift, I'd like to say
To be escorted in that way

And be borne up on angel's wings
Just 'fore you meet the King of kings!

A thing like this should make you smile
And ease your load mile after mile.

Things I'll Leave

When Jesus calls my name some day
I'll take my flight and will not stay.

But there are things I'll leave behind
And let me tell you, I don't mind.

Things I've collected here below
Is stuff that I won't take, ya' know,

But really it's okay with me
Because some other things, you see,

I'll be so glad to leave down here
Like things that cause a falling tear.

I'll leave behind all stress and strain
And all the things that cause me pain.

And so till angels give their nod
I'll live by faith and trust in God.

I Wonder

I wonder if you've thought about
 when Jesus came to earth
And angels sang to shepherds
 to tell of Jesus' birth--
What happened up in Heaven
 when He left that holy Place
And took on Him the form of flesh
 to save the human race?

Did angels weep or get depressed
 when they gazed down on Him
And saw that He was born that day
 inside a stable dim?
Was there silence up in Heaven
 or did angels lose their song
When they saw Jesus come to earth--
 had something bad gone wrong?

I wonder what was in God's heart
 the day Christ went away,
He knew He had a special plan
 so would return some day.
I 'spose we'll never comprehend
 the depths of God's great plan
When He showed His great love for us
 to save the soul of man.

Dreading to Leave

When we get to heaven I bet we will say,
“Why did we put off this most wonderful day?”

We dreaded so long to leave old planet earth
And tried to enjoy it for all we were worth.

We did all the things the Doc said we must do
To keep trim and fit, and took medicine, too.

We cherished our friends, and we sought their advice,
And tried to think thoughts that were healthy and nice.

And when we had pain and felt full of despair
We probably wondered if life was quite fair

But still we held out for an extra long life,
No matter the pain, or the problems, or strife.

But once we're in Heaven and see Jesus' face
And feel the excitement and joy of that Place,

We'll wonder why death filled our hearts with dismay
Before angels came and stole us away.

Peter

I've thought of Peter stuck in jail
with guards within his cell,
And even though his chains were on,
he slept there very well.
The guards were also fast asleep,
the angel saw to that,
But wakened Peter with his touch,
or just a gentle pat,

Now that woke Peter really fast,
he sat up with a start;
The angel whispered, "Grab your coat.
You're going to depart."
His chains fell off. The door swung wide.
The gate creaked open, too.
The angel left, and Peter ran.
He knew just what to do.

He went directly to a house where
prayers were being said,
And told them he was out of jail
and that he wasn't dead.
I've often thought of Peter--
how he slept within that jail,
He must have known within
his heart
his God would never fail.

Another thing is clear to me:
the awesome power of prayer.
So, folks, just when we need Him most,
our God is always there.

Heaven's ...
Windowsill

I wonder if you've ever thought
 you'd like to take a look
And see what's inside Heaven
 as recorded in God's Book.
I like to think there's lots of stuff
 recorded in His Word
That tells what's in that special Place
 of which we all have heard.

It's kinda' like a windowsill
 where we can gaze awhile
And when we read the things it says
 it gives our heart a smile.
For when we stand on our tiptoes
 to see the things inside
We'll see a lot of happy folks
 all scattered far and wide.

We'll see no beggars on the streets
we understand are gold;
We won't see folks with cane or crutch
and no one will be old.
No one will have a bunch of keys
to lock their place up tight
For there will be no crime nor sin
in that land of delight.

We're told that many angels
will be hovering about
And once a person reaches There
they never will want out.
So spend a little time each day
by Heaven's windowsill
Not only will it cheer your heart,
but God your cup will fill.

*He (God) will wipe every tear
from our eyes. There will be no
more death or mourning or crying
or pain for the old order of things
have passed away. Revelation 21:4*

Millions of Angels

The last Book of the Bible
is a favorite of mine,
Though I don't understand it all
I read it line by line.
The Book of Revelation, friends,
was written by St. John
When he was exiled for his faith
and had no friends along.

While on the Isle of Patmos
on the Lord's day we are told
He had a vision sent by God
of things that would unfold.
If you will turn to Chapter nine
and look at verse elev'n
You'll thrill to read what you'll find there
and get a glimpse of Heav'n.

Some folks may think of angels
in a meager sort of way
And only on occasion think
they're busy now today.
But if they'd read a little bit
of what St. John wrote there
They'd find that there are millions
and that they are everywhere.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand"
but then he added more
And tells that there are thousands more
who worship and adore
The King of Kings and Lord of Lords
surrounding His great throne
Where all is peace and joy and love
and no one feels alone.

It's fun for me to think on this
while settled in my chair
And try to visualize a bit
on what we'll find up There.

Lazarus

A story in the Bible
that I really like a lot
Tells of a man with lots of dough,
but generous he was not.

He had a feast most every day
and ate and ate and ate
But Lazarus was a beggar
who lay outside his gate.

Poor Lazarus had lots of sores
a friendly dog would lick
It seemed to be his only friend
when he was awful sick.

By eating crumbs that fell down from
the rich man's loaded table
He managed to survive a while—
as long as he was able.

And then one day the beggar died,
the rich man did so, too,
And there is a big difference
what happened to the two.

The angels CARRIED Lazarus
to Paradise that day
The rich man was just buried
is what the Scriptures say.

It really makes a difference
what you do with all your stuff,
You oughta' help some hurting folks
whose lives are mean and tough.

God knows the things you say and do
so be His hands and feet--
Do something beautiful for God
for needy folks you meet.

Your Cup

When your cup is runnin' over
You can smile and you can sing
And thank the Lord for all you've got
With thanks for everything.
God really likes those thank You prayers
Ascending to the sky
And when I think on it a bit
I know the reason why.

God gets a lot of messages
When folks call 911
These frantic calls from folks down here
Keep angels on the run.
So when God hears a loving heart
Not asking for some things
My guess is that He listens hard
And maybe even sings.

God made us in His Image
So He has feelings, too,
So talk to Him as your best Friend.
He'll love it if you do.

Leaving Time

When angels say, "It's time to go,"
Your hand will open wide, you know.

The things you now so tightly hold
Will stay down here, so I am told.

So while you're on this planet earth
Give to the poor some things of worth.

You'll find a joy that you've not known
When you will give some things you own.

And when you reach that Heavenly Shore
You'll even wish you'd given more.

Your Room Is All Prepared

When you hear the sound of angel's wings
You really need not fear
For if you've made your peace with God
They'll give you words of cheer.
"Someone is waiting up for you,
Your room is all prepared
You'll even find the light is on
So you need not be scared.
You are expected any day
Your welcome home is planned
And when God throws a party
It is beautiful and grand."
So do not fear when angels come
And Jesus calls your name
When you see what's in store for you
You'll be so glad you came.