

“She Dances when No One is Looking”

By: D.A. Collinsworth

Inside she is crying...
 when you can only see her smile.
Her pain seems unbearable...
 but she'll hold on for a while.

She wants to talk...
 when she tells you she has nothing to say.
She wants to shout...
 when she sees you walk away.

Her heart is bleeding...
 while she heals those around her.
She'll whisper words of wisdom...
 in a crowd that thinks her words do not matter.

She is broken inside...
 while staying strong for others.
She is tired inside...
 but she carries on a little farther.

She needs you...
 when she tells you to leave her alone.
Sometime she finds hope...
 in the middle of her favorite love song.

She dances...
 only when no one is watching...
Hiding from those eyes...
 that are always mocking.

She is quiet...
 but screaming inside.
Sometimes her tears...
 are impossible to hide.

She wants to be free...
to make her own choices.
But she is held back by...
all those critical voices.

She has been hurt so many times...
she has forgotten how to trust.
Being treated like an object...
Leaving feelings of disgust.

She locks herself in her room...
hoping someone will help her escape from her prison cell.
Her worries everyday...
create for her life a new hell.

She sells out her pride and moral standards...
in hopes to one day find true love.
She forgets that true love is free...
sent from the Creator above.

She is weak...
but she is strong

She is complicated...
but she is simplistic.

She is quiet...
but her actions speak loud.

She sets goals...
but often becomes lost on her way.

She belongs only to God...
and not to this world.

She is His creation...
made to shine like a pearl.

She is a flower...
in the middle of a desert.

She is an island...
in the middle of the sea.

She is a light...
in the middle of the darkness
that shows images of God's true love to you and me

So, when you see her standing there,
Standing in this world all alone...
Just remember that God has given HER heart a song
But... she really doesn't want to dance alone.

The Crying Tree

By D. A. Collinsworth

I watched from the shadow of the Crying Tree,
from the place where it all had begun.

I watched from the shadow of the Crying Tree,
to see the innocent man we had hung...

For it was I, who had cut down the branch,
and yes it was I, who had carved out the beams.

And it was I, who had not given the man the chance
to explain what unconditional salvation means...

No one else could have built the cross as well as I.
No one else could have done it in such a short time.

No one else had listened to him; not even I.
Besides, the decision to execute him was never mine.

Yet it was I who had got the job done,
the Roman cross in one night I had made,

The frame I nailed together was strong,
and when it was finished, yes, I was well paid...

Now I stood in the shadows waiting there,
the place where it all had begun...

Doubting my profession as a carpenter
for building that cross on which that man now hung.

Could I be as guilty as all the rest?
Would I be blamed for this ungodly crime?

For I swear by my heart that beats in my chest,
I had not known this man at the time.

For he is the Son of God, I now believe,
this truth my heart does compel.

He hangs out there on that broken Crying Tree,
his lifeless body stationed between Heaven and Hell.

For he had said that for me he would die.
He had said that his blood he would give.

And on the third day he would arise,
and his lifeless body would once again live.

So now I wait patiently underneath the Crying Tree,
for soon my salvation draws near!

I wait patiently underneath the Crying Tree.
Will you... also wait with me here?

Winter's Poem

By: D. A. Collinsworth

Winters come and Winters go... The Trees reach up to Heaven, while the rivers
flow down deep below...

God's green earth is what gives us our life... Even in the middle of our toil and
strife...

Holding our beating Hearts ...in his life-giving hands... God works everyday to keep
us in his perfect plan...

He loves us so much ...and gives us what we need... from the fruits of our labor, to
the littlest mustard seed.

So, when I feel sad...and my heart feels down low... I remember what God has
taught me...

...that all Winters will come ...and all Winters will go."

One Lost Soul

By: David Allen Collinsworth

He looks for the Light...
but he cannot find it.

He wants to live ...
because he has so much in life to give.

He fights for the air...
that he cannot breathe.

He feels like a bubble...
trapped at the bottom of the deep sea.

He shouts for help...
but no one can hear his words.

He is being destroyed...
by the selfish need to purge.

He feels his Body being ripped apart...
A pain radiates from deep within his Heart.

The Blood begins to flow over his little face...
He struggles for survival. He prays for just a moment of Grace.

Can God not hear his silent cries?
Does God not care whether he lives or dies?

Does anyone care about this One Lost Soul?
Does anyone consider the value of his life's very short toll?

The little boy reels in pain, but no one really cares.
No one comes to his rescue... It's his burden alone to bear.

And then the time comes, when there is no more time to give.
The little baby dies... before he even has a chance to live.

Pieces of his Dead body now lie silently at the bottom of his tomb
The tomb that lies within his own mother's womb.

For this story of 1.2 million unborn babies are aborted every year.
The truth is now,

...the truth is loud,
...and this truth ...is what we must hear now.

The Old Testament of America

By David Allen Collinsworth

I watched as America turned away from God...

While the people cursed, misused and abused His Holy Name.

I watched as America turned away from God...

As people, who longed for happiness, found only sadness and pain.

I watched as America turned away from God...

The pages of the Bible were dismissed, forgotten or mocked.

I watched as America turned away from God...

Its scientists searching for the meaning of life... found mysteries they could not unlock.

I watched as America turned away from God...

The moral fabric of her society twisted, stretched and then torn.

I watched as America turned away from God...

The believers who stood for what was right... were laughed at... and then scorned.

I watched as America turned away from God...

How it's unborn children... never had a chance to breathe the life outside.

I watched as America turned away from God...

When the young are expendable... for those who never want to die.

I watched as America turned away from God...

As the women changed themselves into their plastic Barbie Dolls.

I watched as America turned away from God...

While true beauty became a thing of the past, lost in the millions of surgical recalls.

I watched as America turned away from God...

How the school children were restricted from learning about the truth.

I watched as America turned away from God...

How people worked so hard throughout their lives... just to regain the happiness of their youth.

I watched as America turned away from God...

How men lusted after their own selfish... and unnatural desires.

I watched as America turned away from God...

Families broken, smashed apart... as an unseen child lies in bed and cries.

I watched as America turned away from God...

How their money became their redeemer and their wealth became their heaven here on earth.

I watched as America turned away from God...

As a new Sodom and Gomorrah... of the twentieth century... was slowly given birth.

I watched as America turned away from God...

As a once great country filled with Hope, Peace and Love.

I watched as America turned away from God...

Now it sits here... in its own waste... just waiting for God's judgment from above.

O America the Beautiful... You still have time...

Find the one who healed the sick and brought sight back to the blind.

O America the Beautiful... You still have time...

The one who died on the Cross for our sins... is the one you must find.

O America the Beautiful... You still have time...

Let go of the material things and look for the One up above.

O America the Beautiful... You still have time...

Turn back to God... turn back to His Forgiveness... turn back to the Creator's Love.