

A Psalm

By Elizabeth Gentry

In you I find peace my LORD
In you I find strength my God
I find contentment resting in Yahweh's arms

Desires of the flesh consume me
They block out the light from Yahweh's face
Until I find myself lost in an all too familiar place
I've heard this Siren song before, calling me,
Calling me further into the darkness
Where the face of my Savior is shrouded

The darkness envelops my heart
The Siren's song pierces me with its dart
And I fall,
Fall in love with that which kills.

Then the Siren chills my bones.
Its tone is a chain around my soul
And I scream,
Scream for Yahweh to break my chains

Suddenly the blood red light of my Savior breaks through
The siren shivers at the voice of my God
The darkness trembles at the cry of my LORD
Sin is no match for the power of Yahweh
My chains melt away in the hands of my God

He pulls me out of the deathly abyss
Into his arms he pulls me near
He whispers a love song into my ear
Singing of his delight in me

*Praise the LORD O my soul
All my inmost being, praise his holy name
May I never forget what Yahweh has done
Never ignore that still small voice saying,
No, don't go,
Don't follow the sound of the Siren.*

In you I find peace my LORD
In you I find strength my God
I find contentment resting in Yahweh's arms.



ELIZABETH GENTRY is a 2014 graduate of Milligan College with a BA in Bible. She currently lives in Chicago where she is on staff at Community Christian Church Edgewater as a year long resident. Although she doesn't consider herself a poet, she writes frequently on her blog about life and ministry. She can be reached at ekgentry14.blogspot.com.



Burning Bush

By Shannon Schaefer

Rooted
in my kitchen chair,
your eyes blue flashing
fire,
leaping from soul, flare
where burn flames hottest.

You tell your wild stories
exclaiming joy,
throwing spring branches wide
to show me how big—
and then you throw farther.

I turn aside.

Here we sit,
Parched edges of my wilderness,
Horeb
And hot cereal
All mingled together.
Mystery morning,
glory ground,
invitation:
my God in a boy.

“Moses, Moses...”

Here I am.



SHANNON BRITTON SCHAEFER is a MDiv student at Duke Divinity School and holds a BA in Humanities from Milligan College. Her interests lie at the intersections of embodied Christian spirituality, theology and literature, and the worship life of the church. She contributes regularly to BLogos, the blog of the Ekklesia Project and spends her days hanging out with her ten year old son. She can be reached at srschae@gmail.com.