

**General Topics :: Awake, My Bride! Awake!****Awake, My Bride! Awake! - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2010/10/25 22:25**

Awake, My Bride! Awake!

My precious bride, beloved, my return is at the door.
IÂ'm sending you a warning that I hope you wonÂ't ignore.
The whisper of my gentle voice has beckoned you draw near,
But the noise of sin has deafened you; my voice you cannot hear.

Long ago I came to earth to do my FatherÂ's will.
Redemption was the master plan He sent me to fulfill.
A mission full of righteousness to seek and save the lost,
To betroth you to myself for which my life would be the cost.

On the cross my blood was shed to give eternal life.
I took you to myself as a husband would his wife.
My love for you so great that I bore your sin and shame;
Once received, this gift ensures your life wonÂ't be the same.

A gift so high in grace, yes a gift so full and free!
It offers true forgiveness once your heart is turned to me.
A peace that overflows your being; joy that is complete;
A confidence in me alone that never knows defeat!

All of this, my love, my bride, I want you to possess,
That you may go about in faith rewarded with success!
But youÂ've allowed this evil world to turn your heart away.
YouÂ've rebelled from what IÂ've taught you and persist to disobey.

Presently the life youÂ're living echoes not my own.
So falsehoods and confusion are the seeds that you have sown.
The fruit produced from all this seed is bitter to the taste.
IÂ'm warning you this bitter fruit shall surely go to waste.

For, those that do not know me, in despair have come to you.
Their empty lives search desperately to find the tried and true.
Because you have forsaken me, believing SatanÂ's lies,
None of these can see me when they look into your eyes.

Yet you press on blindly, seeking not the things above.
IÂ'm grieved that you have left me; IÂ'm no longer your first love.
But idols have replaced me; yes, your heart is hard as stone.
Where once bloomed fragrant flowers; thorns have overgrown.

Your iniquities are many, your abominations great!
The haughtiness that lives within you, all of these I hate!
But return to me with all your heart, a holy life to live.
My arms are always open wide to mercifully forgive.

But if you give no heed to this warning I have sent;
To die to all unrighteousness and humbly to repent;
IÂ'll spew you from my mouth with your wickedness and pride.
I cannot dwell within a life where all these sins abide.

IÂ'm imploring you, beloved; you must listen to my voice!
You canÂ't serve both the world and me; youÂ've got to make a choice!
Awake, my bride! Awake! My commands and laws to keep!
But, beware lest when I come I should find that youÂ're asleep!

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Re: Awake, My Bride! Awake! - posted by Nellie, on: 2010/10/25 22:40

Thank-you Greg for posting this.
May I apply this to my heart and life, and be ready when our Bridegroom calls His bride , "The Church," Home.
May He find us all ready.
Nellie

Re: Awake, My Bride! Awake!, on: 2010/10/25 22:42

A disturbing poem, and true.

God help us to wake up!

If I may, I believe we have the power to wake up if we really want to.

Some years ago, I took that verse Ephesians 5:14 Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. And started to pray with those words, it was my intention to wake up.

Waking up is shaking off all the stuff that we have ever come to know as truth and taking on the resurrection life.

Many don't want to wake up because it means that we have to become undone, naked before him. It's in the flesh's interest to hold onto something that can say, "I have knowledge". But knowledge only puffs up, it's the true waking up of Charity that edifies.

Waking up means being told by the Lord something we don't want to hear, or do. It means going against the grain of how we view things. It's scary to be there. I was able to wake up but it scared me. I saw myself as naked, having nothing on, all that I ever came to know as truth was rubbish. Men's teachings furnished their half truths was not enough to cover me. The daily word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God would, and I realized that it was important to hear Him. I realized it would have been better that I learned nothing and started from scratch then to have the rug be taken out from under me and fall on your face before Him and cry, "why was I so blind?". When Jesus said, "Be careful how you hear", He meant it.