

Life Inspires



# Life Inspires

*Poems for Encouragement*

Johan Weststeijn



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A decorative graphic consisting of several overlapping, light gray, swirling lines that form a circular, almost infinity-like shape. The word "Dedications" is centered within this graphic.

# Dedications

This book is dedicated to my high school friends Jan Pieter Roubos and Frans Jansen. Jan Pieter has been a friend for as long as I can remember, or even earlier, and Frans completed our trio in high school.

Both of them are great friends and supportive of what I am doing and so they are very deserving of this dedication.

Of course my family stands behind me, too (peeking over my shoulder), but my love for them does not need to be written in this book; they each receive their own book with poetry.





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# Preface

These poems were written for my own enjoyment. While I started long ago, the poems became more frequent as I wrote to my girlfriend, turned wife, Milla. Later I started writing poems to my children as well.

Some poems I wrote to specific people and organizations for specific occasions and of those, I have included a few in this book.

“Pastor Appreciation” was written for Pastor Randy Lemke of the Evangelical Free Church in Abbotsford, BC, “Right to Life,” which ends with the option of adoption, for the organization with that name, and “Give to Honour Jesus’ Name” is an actual song written for First Baptist Church in Lethbridge, AB. The alternate ending was composed by Kathy Heidebrecht, who is the musical director there. However, I did not include the melody.

The next section consists of poems about people in the life of Christ, and the remaining poems are somewhat organized from our need to tell the good news, through repentance, salvation, the benefits of being “in Christ,” and recognizing that God is in control, to looking forward to our ultimate goal: heaven.

Rather than waiting for someone to publish these at or after the end of my life, it seemed to be a good idea to do it now.

Praise be to our Lord and Saviour.

—Johan





# Pastor Appreciation

Thanks to you all  
for coming today  
and it's sure not just all for the munchies.  
We could wonder if pastor had hunchies,  
who'd speak in this hall  
and what he would say.

All of us here  
have come to this place,  
as together we share celebration,  
while in fact we show appreciation  
for pastor to hear  
in words full of grace.

This paragraph  
—a stanza in rhyme—  
is too short to say why we adore him;  
grabbing on to the task set before him,  
this year and a half  
has shown us his prime.

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Guided by God  
—there can't be a doubt—  
he is working for this congregation  
and through preaching with determination  
he's trying to prod  
our lives to reroute.

Loving God's Word  
is first on his list  
in desire to convey it to others;  
if we knew just how deeply he bothers,  
it should have occurred  
our faces to twist.

Pastor's desire,  
as we all should know,  
is that we would walk close to our Saviour,  
being evidenced by our behaviour;  
his love does aspire  
to care for us so.

Man's not alone  
in this earthly life;  
as the men, who have fam'lies, are blest too,  
a sure fact, that the rev. can attest to:  
our thanks must be shown  
to pastor and wife.

*Pastor Appreciation*

This is the end,  
my poem is done;  
while this fellowship dinner's digesting,  
as we leave, we're to go on investing  
our lives in a friend:  
Christ Jesus, God's Son.



# Right to Life

Nobody ever noticed me  
for I was just too small to see;  
God made a plan, one that would be  
fitting me  
to a tee.

But angry voices come my way,  
degrading things I hear them say,  
as if I'm not allowed to stay;  
yet I pray  
that I may.

It is my hope they will refrain  
from putting poison through the vein,  
which puts support for life in vain,  
not one strain  
to maintain.

Will they come after me with snips,  
to cut my shoulders, head, and hips,  
or with a metal tool that clips  
with some flips  
from its tips?

*Right to Life*

I would throw up, if I'd had lunch:  
It certainly felt like a punch  
and somewhere I heard something crunch—  
who would munch  
    on that bunch?

The danger now seems in the past—  
a new world opened, true and vast  
and I may be one of its cast  
playing fast  
    at long last.

New worries show up by the score:  
diseases, clothing, food, and more;  
to care for me is quite a chore—  
like before:  
    what's in store?

My mother often sits to cry,  
throws up her hands and wonders why  
the only key to life is fly  
with a wry  
    “See you, bye!”

It is not hard to comprehend  
that help is just around the bend,  
from others, where my life I'll spend  
as a friend  
    to the end.

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Though Mom will not be left alone,  
she'll have more time to tend her own—  
our contact's not to be outgrown  
till full-blown  
at God's throne.