

Mercy
Said No!

Mercy Said No!

A COLLECTION OF INSPIRATIONAL POEMS
ABOUT THE POWERFUL MERCIES OF GOD

Leslene
O'Meally-Whyte



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To my *I am*

God, you have been more to me than
I can say in several lifetimes. In a nutshell,
you are my *I am that I am*.

For though I would desire to glory,
I shall not be a fool
for I will say the truth:
but now I forbear, lest any man
should think of me above that which he seeth
me to be, or
that he heareth of me.

And lest I should be exalted above measure
through the abundance of revelations,
there was given to me a thorn in the flesh,
the messenger of Satan to buffet me,
lest I should be exalted above measure.

For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it
might depart from me.

And he said unto me,
My grace is sufficient for thee:
for my strength is made perfect in weakness.
Most gladly therefore will I rather glory
in my infirmities,
that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities,
in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses
for Christ's sake:
for when I am weak, then am I strong.
(2 Cor. 12:6–10 KJV)



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Why I Write...

Because it's my testimony
Because I must
Because it's my praise
Because the enemy of my soul wants to kill me and
shut me up
Because Jesus loves me
Because every day is a challenge
For healing
Because I know that sharing will help others
Because I am not ashamed
Because challenges are making me stronger
Because I was purchased with a price
Because I can do all things through Christ
Because it's my voice
Because I need realism
Because it relieves stress
Because it speaks to me
Because there is life in the word
Because I've been blood washed
Because I know it's my time
Because I've been set free
Because I'm an original
Because I'm no longer a victim
Because God has me covered
I write because...



Preface

“Why are you doing that, so people can show you pity?”

Because I was asked this question, I am obligated to openly say that my primary reason for sharing my testimony is to give God the glory.

My other reasons for sharing my testimony are purely selfish, but they’re still not for pity, nor are they to receive any handouts. My selfish reasons can all be summarized in one word: *payback!*

I figure that for every tear, every moment of fear or confusion, every thought of suicide, depression, every time the enemy decided to mess with me and the gifts God gave to me, for my marriage, for anyone who has experienced any doubt, fear, worry, or confusion, I owe the enemy big!

Since I practice to owe no man, and since the Word tells me that no weapon formed against me shall prosper, since the devil should have killed me when he had a chance, and since my God gave me *power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy* (Luke 10:19)...

It’s time for me to stand firm on the Word. It’s time for *payback!*

These are the reasons I share my testimony.

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When I was twenty-one, my first child was born out of wedlock. When I got pregnant, I heard in my heart, “*You either have this child or you’re on your own.*” In spite of obstacles, trials, dis-fellowship from church, low self-esteem, welfare, and depression, I learned how to mount up with wings as an eagle.

On July 4, 1998, I was married. Marriage had not been a part of my agenda because I had other plans. One month after my marriage, I was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Five months later I was pregnant with my second child.

During the summer of 2000 I made a vow to God. I vowed that if He gave me the strength and courage I would need to run the race set before me, I would tell others about all He’s done for me. I also promised Him that I would praise and seek Him regardless of what anyone says.

The tumor grew into my ear canal; it tangled up with vital nerves, and physicians showed hesitancy to operate on me, so while my baby grew, the tumor grew, and I still worked full-time. Two months after having my baby, I was pregnant again!

I know that God never gives anyone more than he/she is able to bear, but this was *crazy!*

All I saw was a newlywed with a seven-year-old daughter, a two-month-old son, pregnant again, and let’s not forget a brain tumor.

I went back to work after my second child was born, but it was just too much for me. I could not handle it emotionally. My doctor cautioned me that

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being pregnant again so soon caused me to be at more risk than in a normal pregnancy.

He also cautioned me that the incision from my previous C-section could open up, because it was not yet healed. Having an abortion was out of the question, so I was left with the daily image of my baby falling out of my belly.

My balance was off, I had some killer headaches, and at times I felt like I was free-falling, even though I was sitting or lying down.

By grace, my third child was born, and it was a girl. About seven weeks after her birth I got a phone call regarding the PKU (phenylketonuria) screening test done at birth. The lady would not tell me what was wrong—she just insisted that I give her the number for the baby's pediatrician.

Within minutes the pediatrician called, and I was ready for anything. I was told that my baby had sickle cell disease.

I was a week away from having my head cut open to remove a tumor, and now this.

My husband had lost his job one week after my third child was born, and I was on out on disability.

But we were blessed to have an eight-year-old daughter and a ten-month-old son.

We had a newborn daughter diagnosed with sickle cell disease, and we were about to embark on a journey that began with brain surgery.

Through it all one factor remained unchanged, and for that I will forever be thankful to God. He caused and allowed my husband to stay by my side.

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My husband could have left me, and I would have understood. After all, on countless occasions I told him to go.

But whom God has put together no man or woman can tear apart. I was blessed with a mighty man of valor who was set apart just for me, and I didn't even know it.

My testimony would not be complete without thanking him publicly for being there for me to this day, for better and for worse.

Lord, even though I'm not sure of my emotions right now and at times I'm not able to distinguish Your voice from all the other voices, please do not let me down. I know that You're calling me and I will hear Your voice through it all. Please help me prove wrong those who would like to see me go down and stay down.

My trust will forever be in You, God, no matter what! It's payback time and I'm ready. Are you ready?



Special Thanks

Pastor Roy Lamazon
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Sis. Sonia Renee
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Dr. Paul Hammerschlag—ENT
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Brookdale Hospital Comprehensive Sickle Cell
Support Group
Beth Israel Medical Center
Long Island College Hospital
Kingsbrook Jewish Medical Center—Traumatic Brain
Injury (TBI) Unit and Medical Center
Visiting Nurses Association

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One on One Physical Therapy

Cousin Yvonne, thank you. You are the only person I trusted to wash and comb my hair after surgery

Dorette “D”— God placed you by my bedside to pray with me and read the Word to me daily. You stayed with me through the nights and you anointed my bed and my head with oil. When my fever elevated to 104 degrees, with wisdom you did all you could to reduce it. Thank you for all you did. I will never forget how you cared for me.

Thank you to everyone who has played a role in the script of my life. Thank you for encounters, both good and bad—they have all helped propel me into destiny. Thanks to everyone who never doubted on my behalf but kept the faith. Thanks to everyone who never gave me up for dead.

Thank you to all the men and women of God, who delivered a word to me in due season, through Christian television, books, my church, and all the churches I’ve ever visited.

For all the cards, encouraging words, prayers, help and support, smiles, hugs and kisses—thank you. To all my friends past, present, and future, thank you. For allowing, Lord, I thank You. Thank you, Father, for the words You delivered to me,

You are like a tree planted by the river of grace.

(Lorna B.)

You have to go through surgery, but you will survive.

(Mary C.)

The devil wants to shut you up. (Howard P.)

Stand. (Donna C.)

You must push through the crowd to touch Him!

(Neville O.)



Introduction

Years ago, I wrote a letter to my heavenly Father. In it, I poured out, as best as I could, my innermost dreams. In all my writings I found one piece of correspondence addressed, “Dear God”. Though it is addressed to God, I have been given the green light to go.

Someone, or more than one someone, needs to know that He (Christ) will give you the desires of your heart if you faint not. You need not be perfect, just trust in the Lord with all your heart. This is the letter I wrote, dated November 20, 1998.

Dear God,

I’m writing You this letter, even though I know it’s mostly for me to get some things out. Lord, I need Your help. I know that You know all about me. But I want to share with You the little that I think I know about myself and I ask You please to clear my mind, my thoughts, my attitude from all that is not of You. Here goes.

Father, You have kept me alive and well for twenty-eight years so far. And for that I am thankful, because I know I would not be here right now without You. But, Lord, over the years I may have done some good but I know that I have sinned countless times. Yet still, Lord, You have kept me.

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Father God, before I even say what I can remember, can You please forgive me again? Lord, for all the things I have done, both those I was aware of and unaware of. God, I'm at a place right now in my life where I know I need You like never before. Still I feel as though I'm being blocked from getting to You. Lord, if I don't get to You, I will die. Dying doesn't scare me. I'm not afraid, but please allow me to get to know You. Father, if I ramble please forgive me. If I sin in asking anything of You, please forgive me.

God, I'm a newlywed with a six-year-old daughter. I know that You have given both my husband and my daughter to me, and You know that I'm able to be a good wife and mother. Father, I need help with my marriage. There's nothing wrong, I just know that I can do better and be better if You help me. Lord, I have a dream and I want to share that with You. Father, You know that over the years I have been molested and forced upon. I have had abortions. I have felt alone, suicidal, naked, confused, and lost for years. Lord, I have had little self-esteem and very little inspiration about much of anything.

Lord, in spite of it all, I know that as much as it hurt You to see me allow my mind and body to be used for evil, You, Almighty God, through your Son, Jesus Christ, loved me, stood by me, watched over me, spoke to me, prayed for me, died for me, rose for me, and will come again for me.

Lord, through it all You have been awesome, magnificent, glorious, wonderful, and everlasting. Lord, You have been everything to me. Even when I wasn't thinking about You, You loved me. Lord, I

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still have a dream, a dream not to repay You because I can never repay You. But a dream, Lord, to help others realize that You are still God. That You care, that You see and You answer; that You heal, comfort, strengthen, and that You, Almighty God, are still God.

Lord, help me to help a young girl who's about to have an abortion choose not to. Instead, allow young women to come to You, trust You, lean upon You, and find comfort in Your Word. For the man or woman who can't take any more and thinks about and is about to jump, the one who is about to slit her wrists, the one who is about to swallow those pills, the one who wants to pull the trigger. Lord, I've been there and I know you can feel like all hope is gone and life is not worth living. Lord, help me to open up the doors where young people can realize that they are precious in Your sight.

Your Word has said that You call young men because they are strong. Lord, there has to be a renewing of our minds. Lord, this is a good thing, and good things come only from You. So I know this is of You. Lord, for all the sins, for all I have done to hurt, allow me, please, Lord, to do this one thing, which I pray would bring You glory, which You only deserve.

Lord, for all the years the devil has played with my mind, lied to me, stolen from me, and deceived me. For all the years, Lord, that I have turned against You, departed from You. Lord, for all he has done, kept me from glorifying You, working for You, living for You. Lord, for all the tears, anger, fear, doubt, unbelief, sins, and all that was not pleasing.

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Here I am, Lord! For better or worse, in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer, even in death, I am Yours, Lord. Use me for Your glory. Amen. Amen.

Love,

(a.k.a. Faith)



Foreword

“... shall be as a tree planted by the waters” (Jer. 17:8); Leslene exemplifies the prophet’s description of those who trust in God.

Leslene writes not as one who’s been an observer on life’s sideline, but as an active participant in the weeping of a long night as well as the joys of morning.

In this book, she has captured the depths of pain as well as the hilariousness of the heights of joy. Her attitude toward life has always been inspiring to me, for she just keeps on standing no matter the storm. She is that tree planted by the rivers of water, swaying and bowing in the wind, but never breaking. Instead, she spreads her roots deeper, her faith in her heavenly Father securely anchoring her until the storm is past.

Thank you, Leslene, for sharing your heart with us. As I read, I found myself more than once thinking, *Been there done that*, not in a “you can’t tell me anything” manner, but in the solace that comes when you recognize a shared experience, that familiar bond that helps us as God’s children to comfort one another with the comfort that He has comforted us with (2 Cor. 1:4). I have no doubt that many who read this book will express the same. You have expressed our longings and strivings as well as our accomplishments.

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I pray God will bless you, and that all who read this book will, like you, become that tree planted by the waters.

Minister Lorna Brown

In Memory



Missing You

Where have you gone?
Why did you leave?
Why weren't you there?

You weren't there for my graduation
You missed my wedding
You left me hanging
You left me confused and angry

Angry at you, angry at God, angry at life
Angry at everyone and everything

Yet my anger could not remain

I know now that this was ordained
This was not by choice
You didn't choose to skip my graduation
You didn't choose to miss my wedding

You have gone to rest
Rest in the arms of your Savior
Rest, knowing that all is well no matter what
Rest, knowing that our hearts belong to God
Especially when things don't seem that way

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Rest, knowing that we will care for our mother
Rest, knowing that we will all forgive the past
Rest, knowing that our heavenly Father takes care of us
Just like you said He would, He provides our daily bread

He has forgiven our debts
He directs our paths and He delivers us from evil
He comforts us and He loves us

Rest until I see you once more
You have run the race that was set before you
You have kept the faith; you have finished your course
Until we meet again, I love you papa

**For Better or
For Worse**



Loving You

Selfishness and ingratitude are two of the many qualities
we so proudly display
Have we become so full of ourselves that we just go
through life expecting others to do for us?
I am in no way judging anyone—I stand guilty.

Every day we need to tell and show others
just how much we appreciate them
We need to open our mouths and allow some positive,
encouraging, and uplifting words to come out.

Don't assume that others already know how you feel
open your mouth and tell them!
Tell them every day if you can
Don't wait till it's too late and then beat yourself
over the head for not doing so sooner.

Send or give the roses while others are alive to smell them
Don't be afraid to show affection and appreciation

As humans, we all need and appreciate a good thank you.
Go ahead and take a chance—find some way to say,
“Thank you.”