

[Insert Title Here]
By Peter Wake

A Collection of Poems/Songs from
2011-2015

Contents

Grade 11

The Lego Brick	5
My Watch Ticks On	6
Fall Reflections	6
Friday Night.....	7
Lego Man	8
Why Do We Do What We Do?	9
Time is Fading Away.....	10
Highway In The Night	11
Christmas is Coming.....	12
Weather Is Hot, Weather Is Cold	13
Christmas Eve.....	14
The Season of Snow	14
Windows in Winter	15

Camp IAWAH

Waves Along The Sand.....	17
The Games We Play	17
Camp IAWAH.....	18
What Is Your Story?	19
What Is Worship?.....	20
It's the Small Things Really.....	21
Mangled Time	22
Lakeside Reflections.....	23

Grade 12

Chasing Daylight.....	25
Orange in the East.....	27
Toys Turn Into Hobbies	28
Everything Must Die To Live Again	29

Camp IAWAH

Sitting on a Dock in the Woods.....	31
A Fork in the Path.....	32
Fire is Beautiful	33
What happens if this all falls apart?.....	34

Red Deer, AB

Who do you call?.....	37
Church Shoppin'	38
Faith and Trust	39
I think I've caught the country flu.....	41
Doors.....	43

Back in Ontario

What do you want me to do?	46
Why all this fear?	47
Have a great day! How may I help you?	48
What's the difference between this man and me?	49
Free on the Inside	50

First Year at Queen's University

The sun is setting and here am I	53
The leaves fall and the colours change	54
The Path Ahead.....	55
A Watch in Pieces.....	56
Ideas	57
Adventure Knocks	58

Crowsnest Pass, AB

Speechless.....	60
Yet You Love Me	61
Gazing on Sentry	62
On Mt. Sentry.....	63
Worry, Worry, Worry	63
Chippie, the Chipmunk.....	64
It Would Suck to be a Duck Born in a Field	65
A Freezer Temperamental	66
Recycling Bandit.....	66
Made to be Climbed.....	67
Brother in Christ.....	68
Coming Back Down Mt. McLaren.....	70
Goodbye Mt. McLaren	71
Singing in the Forest.....	72
Sitting by the Lake.....	73
More Things in Common Than Not.....	74

Grade 11

The Lego Brick

September 28, 2011

Intro

A lonely red Lego brick on the shelf
It misses the old days of play and joy
When its owner used to use it to build so many things

Chorus

A house, a car a bright red firetruck
All the things he made
A dog, a cat and a dinosaur
Why can't it be used like it was before?

Verse 1

Its owner's off to high school now, he doesn't have time to play
Now he's got more important things to do
Like homework, woodwork and all the things he loves
It gave him o such happiness, when he was young

Chorus

Verse 2

Now the boy is married and has his own boy
The Lego brick now has a new friend
They play all day with no end
It builds so many things now, just like with his dad

Chorus(Changed)

A house, a car a bright red firetruck
All the things he made
A dog, a cat and a dinosaur
How happy it is that it can be used like it was before
Like it was before, like it was before

My Watch Ticks On

September 29, 2011

My watch ticks on
The seconds pass then they are gone
Time is passing quickly, much too quickly

September is almost at an end
Four weeks in, but it feels as if I started yesterday, dear friend
Soon it'll be midterm, then exams

My high school days are ending fast
Faster and faster they go past
And then I'll be done

What then, when it ends?
I do not yet know, dear friends

Fall Reflections

October 3, 2011

No more shorts and no more t-shirts
The fall has come
Leaves leave their branches falling to the ground
Rainy, damp days can now be found

No more mowing lawns at all
That's least one good thing about fall
The days are growing short
The lack of sleep from school can put me out of sorts

Once the leaves all go that's a drag
People are getting colds like it's the plague
I can't wait for snow
It makes me want to take pictures more than you know

Fall is here but not for long
Soon, like summer it too will be gone

Friday Night

October 14, 2011

It's Friday night, the week is done
Not too much homework
So this weekend should be fun

Sleep will soon be where I am at
Dreaming of things, like this or that
Many of these I will not remember
Look at the date! It's almost November

It's Friday night, it has been fun
Not too much homework
I'll be able to get it all done

A week can have its ups and downs
But it passes fairly quickly
No need to fret or frown

It's Friday night this week has been fun
Not too much homework
I'm sure it won't be hard to get done

Days pass and days go
That's just life
As I hope you know

It's Friday night I hope you've had fun
Have much homework?
If so, be sure to get it all done!

Bad things do happen for a reason
But they will pass
As do the seasons

It's Friday night, this is almost done
Hope you haven't got much homework
And your weekend is fun!

Lego Man

October 22, 2011

Yellow faces, yellow hands
You're made of plastic, you're a Lego man
A minifigure is what you're called
Some are with hair but you are bald

Shirt of blue and pants of black
You have a spear but a helmet you lack
Parts being switched with other must be confusing
Suddenly you have a new torso and are left musing

Your world is only as complex as a person makes it
Could be only one baseplate and maybe a few other bricks
If it was only that, you'd wish you could quit

But sadly or amazingly, you can pretty well live forever
Unless you get melted or crushed, however
Hopefully one day you'll get used again
Goodbye for now, my dear Lego man

Why Do We Do What We Do?

November 2, 2011

Why have we done what we have done?
Seeing the majority of the world suffer
While we did nothing, except have a little fun

Thousands, millions are in need of food
Why don't we help?
Are we not in the mood?
We could do so much if only we tried
Hope for these people has dwindled
As more and more have died

Why do we do what we do?
Exploiting the masses for the benefit of a few
Selfish and greedy, some say
We as humans are born this way

Why do we live in such wealth
While others are poor and battle for their health?
Those who care
Ask us for our money
But we decline, and sit as bears
Surrounded by open jars of honey

Will we keep doing what we are doing?
We need to bite into this injustice
And keep on chewing

Time is Fading Away

November 12, 2011

Chorus

Every year flies with a new speed
Life's accelerating
More quickly every day
Time is fading, time is fading away

Life's too short, life's too short to live for nothing
Too precious too important
Got to live for something
Got to live for something more

Verse 1

Wastin' time watching TV shows
What's their use
Should be doing something worthwhile
But do I? No!

I know that time is precious
I know that life is passing by
Yet I just sit around and let it go
There much more I could do
That I know

Chorus

Verse 2

God give me strength to live for you
That's a life worth living
I believe that's true

He's got a plan, He's got a purpose
For my life, my existence
It's hard to surrender to him
To go the distance

His love is so great
He sent his son
To die for our freedom
The battle over Satan has been won

Got to live, got to tell others bout this
About the freedom they can live in
That they can live in freedom from sin
That they can spend eternity with Him

Chorus

Highway In The Night

November 19, 2011

Chorus

Highway in the night
Heading home alright
We've been away so long
And all our strength is gone

Lights lights lights of cars on the highway
They're bright bright bright and mesmerizing
There all people like you and me
Traveling on this road as you can see

Chorus

It's been a long day and we're on this highway
Please God help me not to want things my way
You're the one I need navigating me on
This highway in the night that is our life

Chorus

All of us are on this road of life,
Only seeing by the car lights
What's up ahead is not known
So we need to trust in God alone

Chorus

But by waiting on the Lord we can renew our strength
By waiting on the Lord we renew our strength

Christmas is Coming

November 28, 2011

Christmas is coming
The time has just begun
For decorations, trees, all that fun
Twenty eight days and closing fast
Better put up your lights
Before the good weather's past

Radio stations are switching
To seasonal songs
Some are so good I want to sing along
Snow came and then went
I hope it comes back soon
Because Christmas just isn't the same
When grass is green like in June

Weather Is Hot, Weather Is Cold

December 9, 2011

Weather is hot
Weather is cold
There is a reason for this
If I may be so bold

How many of us would want
Everything to be the same
Everyday being sunny
Would be pretty lame

Instead we have cold in winter
And hot in summer
Without this variety
Life would sure be a bummer

For which of us likes
The mild spring and mild fall
Too hot for snow, but too cool
To go in our pool

Weather is hot
Weather is cold
There is a reason for this
If I may be so bold

Christmas Eve

December 24, 2011

Christmas Eve is here at last
Last minute shoppers
Need to buy their gifts fast
Snow has fallen, and is seeming to stay
It will hopefully be a white Christmas
Hip hip hooray

Christmas day will bring great joy
Maybe somewhere a child in need
Will be given a special toy
By someone who cares
Maybe they'll forget about not having
Enough food to eat or cloths to wear
That would truly be a beautiful thing
Like snow on a pine tree
Or a new golden ring

Maybe we could be that someone
That someone who cares
And bring joy to a child or really anyone

The Season of Snow

February 18, 2012

Winter is a time of snow
Winter is a season that I know
Ground is white and trees are grey
Ground is hard for times of play
But snow softens any fall
So it will not hurt at all
Snow falls on you and me the same
Snow fell on the roads as the buses came
Days off school are a result
Though they may be nice
Too many can leave you wondering
Why can't they spread a bit more salt?
Winter is a season that I know
Winter is the season of snow

Windows in Winter

March 5, 2012

Windows in Winter

All frosted over

Too much heat inside

Ever less outside

Really not very much at all

First week of March

Right was the southern Groundhog, Phil

Even though Willie disagreed

Ever more proof are these windows

Zero or less and the moisture did freeze

Everyone has to wait for the

Six weeks to end



Camp IAWAH

Waves Along The Sand

July 16, 2012

I see the waves along the sand
Take me, lead me by Your hand
The birds in trees or in flight
Creation so beautiful, proof of Your might

For these creatures, in water or on land
Were all made by Your hand
Your Word spoke everything into being
I wish I could stay here longer, but time is fleeting

But not to worry, because Your creation is everywhere
Not just by the beach, with the wind blowing through my hair
So whether city or country, by day or by night
All the Earth, the Universe is proof of Your might

The Games We Play

July 16, 2012

The games we play
The things we hide
Is it worth it
To let these coverings abide?

The true self hidden
And lives meaningless and dull
But if it's out and in full glory
The horses of adventure and fullness of life are ridden

So surrender to God
Give him permission to set you free from the hiding
And live the adventure, and fight the battle
His Love and Grace abiding

Camp IAWAH

July 17, 2012

Coming here, a choice made right
a place of Grace
more beauty seen each day I'm here
pictures can't capture it

In this place I've been so short a time
All the while discovering more about it
Ways off I see the other shore
Acknowledge that God made more
Him my hope and my friend

What Is Your Story?

July 19, 2012

These rusted pieces in the woods
Once carried people to and fro
Now they sit on a hill
With the marshy lake a hundred metres or so below

Do passersby on this trail see in you
The strange beauty I do?
A couple maybe
Maybe a fifth or a tenth
Stop and gaze on this "junkyard" in the woods

Your pieces say you're from a different time
One where buying a car like you
Would have been a thing done by few

Parts all covered in web and needles
Door handles still fairly untouched by rust
I wonder if any cars made with you
Are in a museum or private collection collecting dust
Here, you'll probably stay for a time very long
Who knows, this poem may end up being a song

What is your story
O rusted car amidst trees
Did your owner go to war or did they flee?
A different life then, than now of course
I wonder if the majority still travelled by buggy and horse

But maybe you're not that old
I wonder the date when your parts were in a mould
Here you sit, with trees growing up through your shell
Among trees that have yet to have fell
Your story is largely a mystery
But I guess that's like most of history



What Is Worship?

July 26, 2012

God in Heaven
Your Word is true
What is worship to you?
Is it singing, dancing, to music?
Or is worship more?

An act done for you perhaps
Is that a complete definition?
No, for that could include acts done out of fear or obligation
Is it possible to worship something you fear?

For I feel that worship must be an act of love to the object or person being worshipped
Love is key. Is it that simple?
An act done for you out of love?
I think that is it

Anything then could be worship
Doing laundry for your parents
Your job, cooking dinner for those in need, or even your own family
These and more could be worship to you God
Help us, me, to see everything we do
As worship to you
Let our entire lives, our being, be worship to you
Those things we do that are not
Let them no longer be
With them gone, this life of worship could be possible
And that is pretty encouraging
To know that through you
We, I, have, can be set free
From the present and sadly future things that inevitably will ensnare us, me
Though I hope that will not be the case at all
Since through you all things are possible

It's the Small Things Really

July 26, 2012

It's the small things really
That speak of the beauty of creation
In this moment
The force of gravity acting on this pen as I write
Playing with it as I think of what to write next
Each throw, up, down
Up, down
The force of my throw working against gravity
Until the point when they cancel out
The vertex of the beautiful displacement vs. time quadratic function

The shadow of my hand on the page
Light, such a mysterious thing
Shadows, such a commonplace thing, but so beautiful
These things of your design
Created by the words of Your mouth
I could go on for a long while
Sound waves, colour, cells, molecules, atoms
So simple, small parts of the Universe
Yet so complex, so wonderful
They scream of a creator

Yet so many have become blind
Blind to the wonders of the world around them
"Science can explain it" they say
Sure, to some degree
But it seems like as we study the small things, we discover they are made of smaller things
And how exactly is life created?
Why are humans the only species with a conscience?
A thinking mind, the ability to perceive right and wrong
Can science explain where that comes from?
At some point, you have to acknowledge a creator

How could all this, this universe, world, all things have come about by accident?
It's these small things that speak of your glory God
That give me an unshakable belief in You and Your power
I really don't think I have enough faith to believe
That everything came from a big bang
Then life appeared randomly
And evolved into such a diverse and perfect spectrum

But I have enough to believe that you created it
 You spoke it into being
 Breathed life into Adam
 And created Eve from him
 That after their fall from paradise
 You made a way to get back our relationship with You
 Through Your Son Jesus
 Whom you sent to die, a perfect man
 To take on the sins of the world

"In Him my hope is found"
 As the old song goes
 Hope of eternal life, in paradise restored
 But those who do not believe, who have not accepted Your gift
 In eternity they will not be with You
 This fact is troubling but it is not too late
 You can use me and the others who believe
 To share the good news
 And hopefully spark in them hope
 Changing their eternal fate

Mangled Time

August 5, 2012

Mmangled time
A watch no more
No longer working
Glad to take apart
Light casting beautifully on its parts
Even though useless as a whole
Destruction making beauty



The battery dead
In this old watch
Mmangled by my hands
Even still quite beautiful



Lakeside Reflections

August 31, 2012

Sun setting over the trees
Night is coming as the light flees
Water wavy and fairly cold
These days I'm realizing I'm pretty old

Almost an adult, coming into the best years
The best years of my life
What is it you, my God, have planned
For days beyond these, this summer on beautiful water and land?

Fish swim by, little and quick
Bugs, insects on the water's surface
Those fish would sure love to lick
Rocks smoothed, by time underneath

Do you do this to areas of our lives sometimes?
Taking away the rough edges of sin
Such as anger, jealousy and lust
As we learn to love you and put in you all our trust

I sit in awe of nature, the wonders of your creation
Watching the different parts in growing elation
That you took so much care in making such beauty
For us to live in, and have dominion over

Thank you for your great love in all this
Birds chattering around in bliss
Dusk and night ever coming
Help me to run this race and never stop running

Grade 12

Chasing Daylight

September 19, 2012

Running, walking, pushing through
Corn all around
Chasing daylight for a few good photos

The sun ever lower
Minute by minute
Second by second it descends
While I chase the light
Pursued by the ever growing shadows
As it slips closer to the horizon

Into a clearing
The sun to the West
I must decide which row to follow
What path to take

I catch a glimpse
Catch my breath and take a few pictures
But I must keep going
I'm running out of hope to get these sunset shots
I head off once again to chase the daylight!

I took off down what I thought was a good path
A path leading to a clearing
But my eyes deceived me
The sky is still light
But the corn is too tall
The sun may not be visible once more today
I should head out to do this earlier, since it is fall

Hope renewed as I see the sun's light
Peeking slightly through the leaves
I may yet get this shot
And with this sweater on I definitely won't freeze



Rows meet rows as I near the field's edge
 Maybe I can still chase the daylight out of the corn
 If not, it's really not much cause to be forlorn

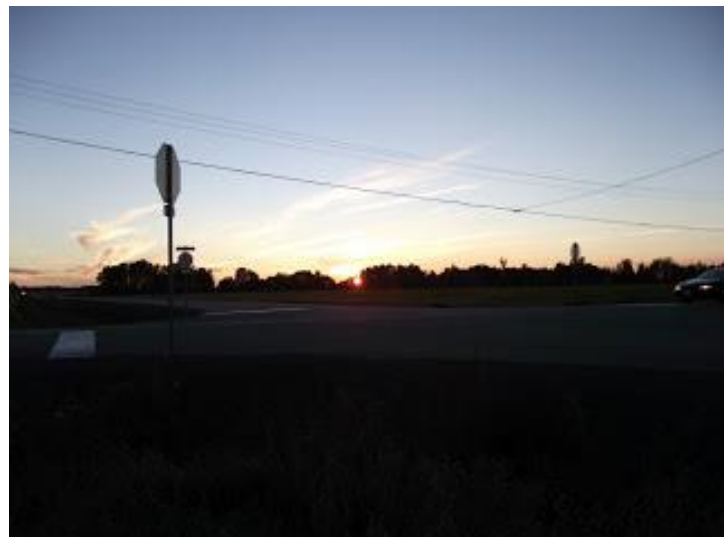
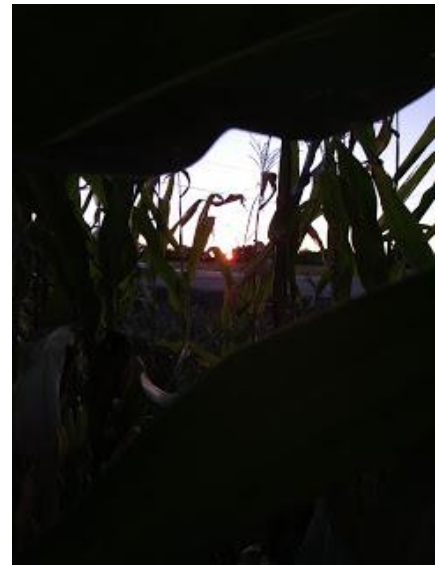
A picture of sunset taken at last
 Not the greatest, but this chasing the sun's been a blast

Running through the cornfield row by row
 How I ended up at the crossroads, I don't really know
 What are you running after? What am I running after?
 Money, success or fame?

We go through life chasing these things
 While running from the shadow, from death
 Chasing after daylight, these meaningless things
 Getting lost, going down the wrong path
 Chasing these things as our life passes away

When we reach the end
 If we reach the end goal
 The sunset shot
 It's not what we expected
 Not as satisfying as we thought
 Should we have stopped and looked around a bit
 Instead of having ran?

There's more to life than chasing daylight
 The Christian life
 Loving others as God does
 And fighting the good fight



Orange in the East

November 23, 2012

Orange sky in the east
The clouds lit up in glorious colour
Trees barren and green grass greying
Such spectacular contrast

The chill of winter has come
Snow coming and going as it pleases
Never staying
Nightly frost and water freezes

The orangish red clouds bring hope
Maybe a storm is coming
With snow to make everything beautiful
Once more

The sun making its grand entrance
Signaling the start of a new day
The details of today not fully known
But already God has let the beauty of nature be shown

The sun will rise higher
The orange in the east will fade
But it is still here now
A reminder of the wonder of what has been made

Toys Turn Into Hobbies

March 10, 2013

Lego bricks to potting sheds
Barbie dolls to fashion trends
Toys we played with, the ones that gave us joy
Lead into hobbies that we so enjoy

Easy Bake Ovens to baking cookies and pies
Model cars to fixing old jalopies
Do toys turn into hobbies?
Or do they just get bigger?
Or maybe as adults we aren't supposed to play with toys
So we call it a hobby, which is fine to enjoy

Lite N' Brites to displays of Christmas lights
Lincoln Logs to log cabins, am I right?
Schroeder's piano to a piano with white and black keys
Toys turn into hobbies

Everything Must Die To Live Again

April 9, 2013

Leaves fall
Stems decay
Flowers wilt
All life dies
On that fall day

Putrid, rotting, organic matter
Left for months to decompose
'Til buried in snow
Dead in winter
Stillness 'til spring's flow

Buds emerge in the grey matter of trees
Tulips poke through the rotted leaves
Feeding on the dead
On nutrients from their former structures
Everything must die to live again

Putrid, repulsive, compulsive sins
Left for years to decompose
The lives of their doers
Until covered by His blood
Death to self

A second birth
Another chance
From death to new life
Free from sin's hold
Everything must die to live again

Physical bodies decay
As the new self grows
Until it finally dies
Life in Paradise starts then
Everything must die to live again

Camp IAWAH

Sitting on a Dock in the Woods

May 19, 2013

The sky is grey
The water is scummy
Mosquitoes flying all around
It's not even sunny

And yet the birds still chirp
The forest still grows ever greener
And in this moment
I don't really want to leave here

Despite the bugs
I sense your presence
On this little structure of wood that's decaying
Sitting on this dock
This small little dock
On a scummy lake
In the woods

A Fork in the Path

May 19, 2013

Intro

Standing at the crossroads
Not sure which way to go
To follow the path I've been traveling on
Or the one I've never tried

Chorus

Fork in the path
A choice to be made
The new or the old
The fresh or the tried and true

Verse 1

The one I'm on is familiar
The other one's exciting and new
Or turn back and go the way I came
Instead on traveling further, for glory honour and fame

Chorus

Bridge

Is it my choice or is it fate
The path I choose, the road I take
Which way God, do you want me to go?
I know I can trust you
But doubt if I do
Give me the strength, the courage
To walk this road
Narrow and traveled by so few

Chorus

Bridge (first 3 lines)

Fire is Beautiful

August 27, 2013

Fire is beautiful isn't it?

The warmth. The mesmerizing glow

The feeling of security

Whenever I am by a fire with my camera I can't help myself

The flames are always changing

And each instant brings a new fascinating shape and range of colour

Sometimes the flames move in the same way over and over again

Like a song stuck on repeat

But then a breeze or seemingly nothing breaks the pattern

And the fire is no longer predictable

Fire gives an ever-changing subject to photograph

One that is awe inspiring and bring out a feeling in me of a simpler time

A time before electricity

When a fire was all that stood between you and freezing to death in a harsh Canadian winter

Now we stay out in the wild for fun, and adventure

Things sure have changed



What happens if this all falls apart?

Mid August 2013

What happens if this all falls apart?
The life I have chosen
The path ahead
The world and everything in it
My world and everything in it
Apocalyptic calamities forecasted
Everyone guessing how this world will end
Zombies, plagues, infection, and viruses
Global warming, cooling, the next ice age
The end of the world

But what if mine ends?
Not death, but my job, the life I have portrayed
Lies exposed
Secrets made public
End of my world, end of my will
Loss of hope
So much thought
So much time
I have put into this choice
To go after adventure
On the path I know God has set me on

But what if it's not?
Or if it all goes to pieces?
The shock, the hurt, the tough decisions
The doubt and shame
The fear and lack of fame
If it blows apart, what am I?

A man made by God
Saved by God
Loved by God
A broken pot, smashed to pieces
Paper ripped to shreds
He can use me still then

Broken to beautiful
Pieces into a mosaic
Even in that pain, He'd still be there
Using me, shaping me
Taking me out of the storm
Into his arms

The mess I'd be in
The doubts I'd have
Things by the world would be over
But that wouldn't be it
God would still love me
If the world and everyone I knew turned their backs
Rejected me, despised me
He would care still
Love unchanged
But felt more deeply

Is this what will happen?
God bringing me into uncharted waters
So I will be broken, so utterly dependent
Anywhere, anytime, any cost, anything
I've committed to do for God
I'm in it for the long haul God
Even if you let me experience loss, and pain
Expose my weakness, sin and shame
I won't turn my back on you
Even if my world falls apart
Even if the world falls apart
God will be God
And I will follow him
Anywhere He takes me
At any cost I will go there, be there, and stay there
Anytime God wants me to go, I'll go
Anything He wants me to do, I'll do

Red Deer, AB

Who do you call?

September 20, 2013

Who do you call when you get laid off?
Who you gonna call when your whole plan stops?
The people you know
They're "friends", you say
But where do you go?

Those who have to know before it's public
The ones you actually know
The ones you've let see the real you
Brothers, sister, mom and dad
But who else do you tell?
It could drive you mad

There's those that must know first
You know they have your back
This is the time when your feet hit the track
You don't want to miss someone
They might think you don't care
About their friendship
About them and their crazy hair

In those times when you're in crisis
When fear holds you in its vices
As much as you think it's about you
It seems to come down to a few
The whole thing comes down to others
So, who are your brothers?

Billy Bob, Billy Jean
Who you gonna call is yet to be seen
Tony, Peter, Jamie, Ted
Allan, Nathan, Alex, Fred
Daniel, Darcy, Devon, Drew
Jim, James, Alex, Steffen too
Tom, Craig, Mike, Chris
Who's gonna make your list?

Church Shoppin'

October 6ish 2013

Church shopping, aw aw
Church hopping, aw aw
Another church, another Sunday
Another building, that's crazy
Another pastor, 'nother service and another pew
Services at 9 am, 11 am, and 6 pm too

All three in one day
At three different churches, so you'll say
Church shopping? Aw yea
Church hopping? May be

A home to choose
But is there time to lose?
Gotta put down roots in a new town
Can't really do that without this choice down
Want to get involved
But until this problem's solved
Just keep on going with this
Church shopping, aw aw
Church hopping aw aw

Faith and Trust

Fall 2013

Chorus

Faith and trust
Trust in You
Those are the things
That are gonna get me through
This what? This tough situation
This what? This new temptation
This what? This crazy choice
Now what? To hear Your voice

Bridge

Faith. In things unseen
Trust. That you can make me clean
Faith. In things unknown
Trust. That I'm not on my own

Chorus

Verse 2/Rap

You've always been there
You'll always be there
(Repeat)

In my ups, and in my downs
Even those times when I let you down
(Repeat 4x)

Those times I sin
Know it hurts and still do it anyway

They're not mistakes
They're selfish defiance
(Repeat)

Seeking momentary pleasure
Knowing full well the reward of pain
Yet I do it having nothing to gain

But do I have enough faith?
Enough trust that you have freed me
That I am a free man?
A slave now longer
To leave my cell
And walk in the freedom You bought?
Now there's a thought
It all comes down to faith
Faith and trust

Chorus

Bridge

Chorus (fade out)

I think I've caught the country flu

Fall 2013

Intro

I started a new job
The radio was on
A country station
Songs about trucks
Girls and other stuff
Nine to five the whole day thru
Now I'm singing along
When my boss ain't around
And I think I've caught the country flu

Chorus

The country flu (high)
The country flu (low)
The country flu (high)
The country flu (low)
I don't know how, but I feel it's true
I think I've got the country flu

Verse 1

Man, I love that singer's twang
Can't get enough of that southern drawl
Been afraid to try it out
But as for these songs
I seem to like em all

These country songs
These western tunes
Mean a whole lot more
Living in this new town

Bridge

Cause everyone has a jack upped truck
Wants that girl, but needs some luck
Has a broken heart, and needs some love
Got a job, but has lost a few
So maybe that's why I caught
The country flu

Chorus (Changed)

The country flu(high)

The country flu(low)

The country flu(high)

The country flu(low)

I don't know how

I just know it's true

I've got the country

I've got the country

I've got the country flu

Doors

Fall 2013

Intro music

Verse 1

God opened the doors
Now I'm making them
Out here in Red Deer AB
Day after day
In woodshop downtown
He's turning around my frown

Musical interlude

Verse 2

As I am making the doors
The boss man comes in
And calls me to his office
"Work's not enough
So you'll have to go
You're done as of today"

Musical interlude

Verse 3

I'm opening the doors
Of these businesses
Now again looking for work
After a few days of searching
I'm back on the job
And working on doors once again

Musical Interlude

Verse 4

Working 9 to 5
And living the dream
At a new company
After two and a half weeks
I'm driving their truck
What a good piece of luck

Musical interlude

Verse 5

Later that day
Boss comes to say

"We have to let you go"
"It's no fault of your own"
"Need a more experienced man"
And this was my last working day

Musical Interlude

Verse 6

God opened the doors
Now He's closing them
Out here in Red Deer AB
Day after day
Handing out resumes in town
Finding it hard not to frown

Musical Interlude

Verse 7

God You opened the doors
Why are You closing them?
Out here in Red Deer AB
I thought this was it
Now I'm not sure
This place is for me

Musical Interlude

Verse 8

You opened the doors
And You'll do it again
But what's with all of this wait?
I'll still keep on trusting
And hoping and praying
And keeping on like a big freight

Musical Interlude

Verse 9

God You've opened a door
And I'm going through
Out here in Red Deer AB
Signed my life away
To a retail store
Now I can live in Alberta some more

Outro music

Back in Ontario

Working at the local Tim Horton's.
Volunteering with the Prison Alpha program at a detention centre.

What do you want me to do?

March 19, 2014

What do you want me to do?

And how do I get there from here?

Where do you want me to go?

And how do I go without fear?

Who do you want me to love?

And who do you want me to let go?

What do you want me to see?

And what do you want me to know?

What do you want me to be?

And what do you want me to feel?

Why do I feel so emotional?

And why do these tears feel so real?

Why do I feel so alone?

And distant from old friends?

What is your plan in all this?

And is all I can do ask, hoping this all ends?

When do you want me?

Where do you want me to go?

What cost do you want me to pay?

What do you want me to do?

Why all this fear?

March 19, 2014

Why all this fear?

Why all this pain?

Is there something to it?

Is there something to gain?

With you I know there is more
A greater purpose lying beneath the surface
Waiting to be uncovered
And yet it is not always easy to see
Meaningless, boring, stuff, work
Can you have a purpose in that too?

Is there always more, or are some things just that, meaningless?
Not a test, or a trial, or a preparation
But just how life works out
No plan to it at all, just there and happening
I hope not, I want to say I know not
But doubt whether that can ever be known
Still, I feel it to be true
And think we have to take it on faith
Or else, go mad in the dull times

For if those times in our lives have no meaning what would be the point?
Sure you could dream for the better days
And sure they may one day come
But what if they never do?
Then what has your life been?
A constant looking forward and never enjoying the present

So we must hope
That in the dull there is a purpose
In the dark tunnel there is a diamond
Something to be learned
Some way to grow
Some way to be changed
A key piece to the next adventure
Or perhaps, it is the next adventure

Have a great day! How may I help you?

June 19, 2014

Have a great day! How may I help you?

Please drive up to the window

Is that everything?

Yeah, uhuh, anything else?

Yep, yep, yep, yep

I'm sorry the machine is down right now

So no Ice Capps

The machine is being cleaned right now

So no frozen lemonades or smoothies

Would you like an Iced Coffee?

We're out of Iced Coffee, would you like anything else?

So that's three large double doubles a medium Ice Capp and a honey cruller?

An everything bagel toasted with herb and garlic cream cheese and bacon?

Yeah, we got that

No we're all out of decaf

It'll be 5 minutes for a fresh pot

You'll wait?

Please drive up

10, 20, 40 or 50. Assorted?

Half dozen or dozen?

So just an old fashioned plain Timbit and the three coffees?

Would you like separate bags for your donuts?

Would you like separate bags for your muffins?

Yeah, uhuh, anything else?

Anything in that coffee sir?

Anything in that Steeped tea ma'am?

So just black?

So just cream?

So just milk?

So just sugar?

That'll be one eighty

Five ninety

Three twenty

Two dollars

A buck sixty

Please drive up

Please drive thru

Please come up to the window

Have a great day! How may I help you?

What is the difference between this man and me?

July 6-7, 2014

Intro

Met this man today
 Not your rough tough type
 He seems like a nice guy
 And yet I know he's in here for a reason
 He'll be here for many more a season

Chorus

Is it just plain luck that separates me and him?
 Am I one bad choice from coming on in?
 With a different past, would I be in a similar place?
 Looking right into a visitor's face
 Some things in life take a while to see
 What is the difference between this man and me?

Verse 1

I mean I ain't robbed a bank, but I could use the money
 I haven't beat up a guy, but I do get angry and that ain't funny
 I don't use women, but that don't mean I don't fight those feelings
 I ain't hooked on drugs, at least not the illegal ones, or those that send you to the ceiling

Chorus

Verse 2

It seems to me our struggles are the same
 I've just been lucky with how I've been raised
 One wrong move and I could be next to him
 In the big house, for some out of control sin
 Only by God's grace can we both be saved
 And live in freedom whether outside or here caged

Chorus (Changed)

It's just plain luck that separates me and him
 I'm one bad choice from coming on in
 With a different past, I could be in a similar place
 Looking right into a visitor's face
 Some things in life take a while to see
 There ain't much difference between this man and me

Free on the Inside

July 9-10, 2014

Locked in this jail
Doing his time
Sorry for what he has done
He's given it up
That old sinful life
Laid it down at the cross

He sits in his cell
23 hours a day
Cut off from the world outside
To somebody else
He's as captive as captive can be
But I see that he's free on the inside

Free on the inside
Held by the chains no more
By God's grace he is free
Not captive by the same old addictions
Away from many temptations
So though he's locked up
He a lot freer in here
Than he would be in the world outside
He's free on the inside
Though not on the outside
Free on the inside

Away from the burdens of everyday life
Of work, and of family and home
No worry of food
Or for a warm place to stay
If there is gas in the tank
Or anything left in the bank
Until he gets out these won't bother him
As they do to you and I

Though he's the one behind bars
For a while to come
I still wonder who's actually free
Me, the one with all the responsibilities and commitments
A job and tuition to pay
Or him, the new Christian with all the time in the world
Though stuck behind concrete walls?

Free on the inside
Held by the chains no more
By God's grace we are free
Not captive by the same old addictions
We're free on the inside
And on the outside
Free on the inside

Those people outside
Who haven't experienced grace
They have own houses
And cars to take them anywhere
Yet are chained by their sins
The money, the greed, the lust for power and fame just to start
They don't see the prison they've built themselves
And the chains around their hearts
They're free in their lives
Yet a prisoner inside
Come on let's set them free
Sharing God's love can begin with you and me
Since we're on the outside
Let's help them become free on the inside

Free on the inside
Held by the chains no more
By God's grace we are free
Not captive by the same old addictions
We're free on the inside
And on the outside
Free on the inside

*First Year at Queen's
University*

The sun is setting and here am I

September 28, 2014

The sun is setting and here am I
Alone on the shore of the great water
Looking out into the future
Each day passes like the waves coming into the shore
Unrelenting and with varying force
All the worries and demands come crashing in
Wave after wave after wave
If I'm not careful to keep my head above the surface, I'll drown

But I see you in the setting sun
The seagulls gracefully riding the air currents above
I'm reminded that You are way bigger than all this
As vast and unknown as the waters of my future are. They are only finite
But God, You are infinite
You can calm the waves for a season
Or let them come hard
But that doesn't mean you aren't in control
It could just mean You are shaping me into the man I need to be
As the rocks beneath my feet are being smoothed by each successive wave

As the darkness comes I know I don't have to be afraid
Because You are the Light
The one who guides my path
Invisible
Yet you are everywhere
Inaudible
But you speak to me still
Intangible
And yet I can feel your touch
All knowing
All powerful
And yet you are Love
You are God

The leaves fall and the colours change

Oct 13, 2014

The leaves fall and the colours change
Why can't everything just stay the same?
Time marches on and here I am

The winds pick up and then slow down
The seasons change and then change again
The only constant is change itself

Everything changes but parts of my life stay the same
The struggles, the hang-ups they never change
My life on the outside changes dramatically
And for a moment I think the inside has followed suit
But soon the same temptations are back
Only different maybe by their form

I try to escape them, but I keep getting dragged back
Like a swimmer fighting to make it away from the shore
The huge waves keep washing me back
Why can't I change?

It seems so easy for everything else
So natural, like it's what they were supposed to do
I feel it, that pull towards change
I know it's possible
I've heard countless stories of other people changing
And yet, no matter how hard I try I can't change

But who causes the seasons to change?
The winds to pick up and die down
The leaves to change colour and fall
It's God

Why would I expect to be able to change my own life apart from Him?
But after asking Him, do I need to do anything?
Because I've asked before, and seen change but end up back the same
Maybe I need to have the faith to stop certain things, to avoid certain things
To take my trust off those to feel better and place it on God
Trust that God will fill the voids that I've been trying to fill on my own, but only make bigger

That must be it
Hopefully then I'll begin to change
For the better
To be more like Christ
As I surrender myself to Him more and more each day

The Path Ahead

March 24, 2015

The path ahead, where does it go?
Does it wind this way, or that way? To and fro?
Is it for us to know Your will?
Or are we to stay in the dark, unsure of what is next?
Is it a door or a window that you have next?
Maybe a door will open but it's just a test

How are we to know, if it is or is not, apart from You?
Are we to know?
Does it take more faith to follow you step by step
Or to stay the course if you told us all of what you had in store?

Or is it that fixed?
Is there one destiny that we fall into determined before time began?
Or do we indeed have the free will to change the path ahead
And make mistakes and twists and bends?

What then? Is all to naught?
Have we messed up your great plan and can now never get back on track?
As one realizing how many times I've messed up and changed the plans
I've got to say I hope not
I think You can still redeem a broken track, a skipping record
The path ahead where does it go?
Does it wind this way or that way or to and fro?

A Watch in Pieces

May 1, 2015

A watch in pieces
Time destroyed
But still it marches onward

A watch in pieces
Scattered on the desk
The battery's dead
And soon it will be in its final rest

Decades will come, decades will leave
The delicate parts will break and degrade
But some will last and hardly fade

A watch in pieces
You served me well
And then I pried you apart like a clam's shell

Your memory remains in word and picture
A beautiful and compelling sort of mixture
Your face stands still, but your time is now complete
Soon you will be walked over, by other peoples' feet



Ideas

May 1, 2015

Ideas coming here and there
Ideas coming everywhere
I try to get back to sleep
But ideas keep coming, some even quite deep

Words swirling, forming into phrases
Out of my head and onto virtual pages
Multiple ideas I try to separate
To write of the trivial
Or of things like death and fate?

Of place and time
Or deeds to do?
Of thoughts to think
Or words from me to you?

So many ideas, rushing 'round
I fear I may not get to jot them all down
On to other works that may be great
Oh why am I still up this late?

Adventure Knocks

May 1, 2015

The new day fast approaches
I can hardly wait!
I've long since given up on catching any last shred of sleep
A new adventure is on the doorstep, and is knocking
I'm about to let it in

My bags are packed
My flight is booked
I'm leaving in the morning

The textbooks shelved, the notebooks closed, the 3-ring binders are collecting dust
The school year is over, and summer has started!

I'm going back!
I can't believe the day is already here
To the land of tall sharp mountains and a big blue sky to match
Rolling hills and some plains too, and everything in between
Alberta is one of the most beautiful places I've ever seen

A new adventure is here and has almost begun
My heart beats faster at the thought
New places, new people, and a beautiful setting, for four months
An experience like this is more exciting and thrilling than anything bought

After a long year of studying
I'm ready for a change
If my life is a novel, I can't wait to turn the page

God I'm excited for what you have in store
It's been a great ride so far, and I know you have more
There have been bumps and turns
But you've guided me through them with grace
Even when I thought they were more than I could face
The day draws near and soon I must get ready
I hear the knocking start again at the door, and go to answer it
"Adventure, do come in, is it time to go already?"

Crowsnest Pass,
AB

Speechless

June 24, 2015

I'm here among the mountains
I see them every day
Surrounded by your creation
Speechless, unable to think of words to say

How do you describe the beauty of a sunrise over a mountain lake?
Or the feeling of climbing a ridge
And then seeing mountains all around you?
The awe, the wonder and excitement
From all the places I've gone, that I've went?

Words do little to convey the majesty of your creation
So, by a lack of them I try to convey these feelings
Speechless to convey my awe and wonder
Speechless, so my words don't fall so far under
The wonderful ones that should be used
And so I sit, in awe, but somewhat confused

Although I'm writing a poem
Even if it never gets well known
As I ponder here, I must confess
I feel rather speechless



Yet You Love Me

June 21/24, 2015

You made these mountains, yet You love me
You made the world, yet You extend salvation free
You created the starry sky, yet You know me by name
You designed the Northern Lights, yet for me Your Son came

You filled the forests with cougars and bears
Yet I know that You've counted my hairs
You made the lakes and oceans full of water
Yet You love me like a father
You spoke into being this awesome land
And yet you hold me in your hand



Gazing on Sentry

July 6, 2015

The moon's still in the sky
It's 7:30 AM and I'm asking why
The sky is blue
As the day starts anew
Here I sit in reflection
On how my life needs correction
Broken on the inside
But putting on "together" outside

I see a mountain in front of me
So tall, so massive and reliable
It will practically be here forever
Slowly changing over time
As wind, rain and snow eat away at the stones and lime
It changes, but you never do
You stay the same as time goes on
Never failing, never faltering
Perfect in all you do
No one is like that, only you

And so I think on this morning
Of your Spirit that lives inside me
That maybe by your help and guidance
I can stop this duality of life and finally be free



On Mt. Sentry

July 8, 2015

God, I see the mountains all around me
 Your creation shouts praise from every direction
 Here I sit on top of this mountain
 Clinging to the skin of this earth
 I think of life
 I think of death
 I remember my relationships that need restoring
 Everything looks so small from up here
 Even those



As I look down and see the small trees and tiny cars
 I wonder if that's how small these mountains
 Or even this world looks to you
 Your creation astounds me
 I still don't know where to start
 But here you go, here's some poetry straight from my heart

Worry, Worry, Worry

July 8, 2015

Worry, worry, worry
 That's all I seemed to be able to do
 How will I get back down?
 What if I fall into the cave and drown?
 But the way down isn't as hard as it seemed
 And I came out of the cave when the rocks became too slippery
 God protected me on the way up
 And He's protecting me on the way down
 With that in mind, it's hard to worry and frown

God created this all, and he created me
 He loves me and knows me
 And sent His son to set me free
 So why should I worry
 When He made these mountains, valleys and streams
 And places in me the desire to explore them, among other dreams?



Chippie, the Chipmunk

July 8, 2015

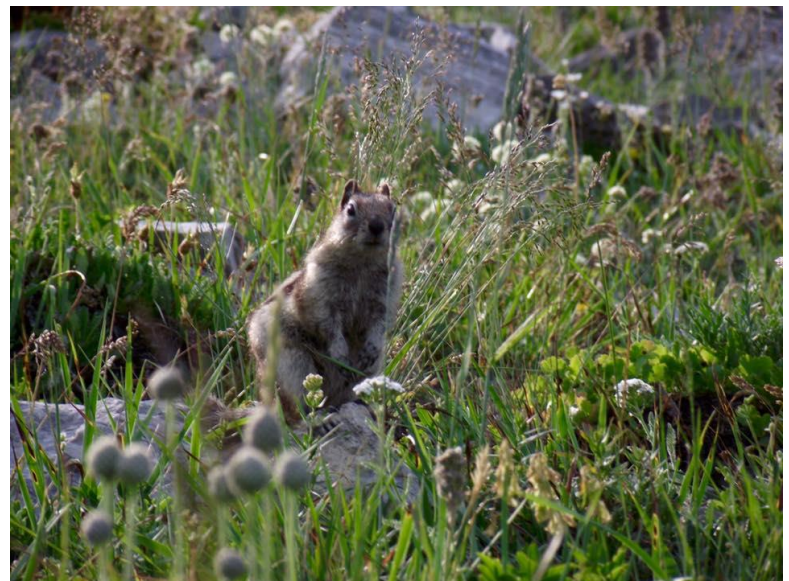
Chippie, the chipmunk
Ran this way and that
Is he eyeing my backpack?
Is he looking for a snack?
Chippie creeps up beside me
And poses for a shot
Maybe I'm imagining this all
And have been out in the sun too long
And am getting too hot

But then chippie came back!
Until I looked his way
Then he turned his back and darted away

This happened a couple of times
And then Chippie was nowhere to be seen
Has he left for good
And gone to hills more green?

That I think not
For he seemed to disappear before my eyes
Maybe his burrow is close
And he came home to a surprise

Goodbye my dear Chippie
You gave me such delight
Perhaps I will see you again
But probably not tonight



It Would Suck to be a Duck Born in a Field

July 16, 2015

It would suck to be a duck born alone in a field
Having only little puddles, to play in after in rains
No river close by
No lake or even a creek
And no idea of what to seek

I think of the questions it would pose
If it was able to, I suppose
Why do I have these clunky feet?
Why can't I find something I really like to eat?
And why can't my feathers ever get really wet?
Is there someone out there like me?
All the other birds seem to fit right in, at least that I can see

Maybe one day another duck from a better life would fly by
And stop in to say hi
He'd ask where the nearest lake or river is
And the duck born in the field would question this
He'd hear stories of swimming in a lake
Of the thrill of diving down to catch bugs
And how useful water repellent feathers are

He would realize that he was made for so much more
And ask the way to some water the other duck was before
On his way he'd dream of swimming
And think of the wonderful life he'd soon be living

Then one day he would arrive
And use his webbed feet to swim around happily like he was five
A couple years later he'd think of others like him and yield
To the idea of helping other poor ducks who were born in a field

Around the countryside he would fly
Looking for some other ducks born in fields asking why
He'd tell them of water so big they could actually swim
He'd tell them he'd show them the way if they just followed him
To his surprise, not all of them chose to follow

Some thought he was tricking them, or that his mind was a bit hollow
 But those that did lived happily in the lake
 And flew about looking for others like them they could take
 Back to the wonderful clear water
 With reeds and fish, lots of bugs to eat and even a friendly otter

And so as you can see
 It would really suck to be a duck born with hard luck
 Born in a field, with puddles and lots of muck
 As I write this down I must yield
 That I feel a little bit like a duck born in a field

A Freezer Temperamental

July 20, 2015

The freezer's cold
 Like a temperamental man old
 It thaws and freezes, some days apart
 Almost living, like it has a heart
 The freezer stops and goes to bed
 Sometimes I think it might be dead
 The mist rises from the ice cream and stew meat frozen
 Is the freezer dead, has its time been chosen?
 But soon the mighty fans awake
 And catch up on the cold they must make
 Degrees soon fall into the negatives
 I sigh in relief, like it's one of my relatives
 The ground beef's safe, the chicken's sound
 Why did I get so tightly wound?

Recycling Bandit

July 21, 2015

The Recycling Bandit strikes unseen
 They have a desire for things to be clean
 But crush cans they do not, or fold boxes down
 Which makes the trailer full, and the food administrator frown
 Recycling Bandit,
 Hold yourself back, just leave it

Made to be Climbed

July 26, 2015

Chorus

These mountains were made to be climbed
 Oh that we don't just have such a short time
 I wish I could climb them all
 And that I never have a serious fall

Verse 1

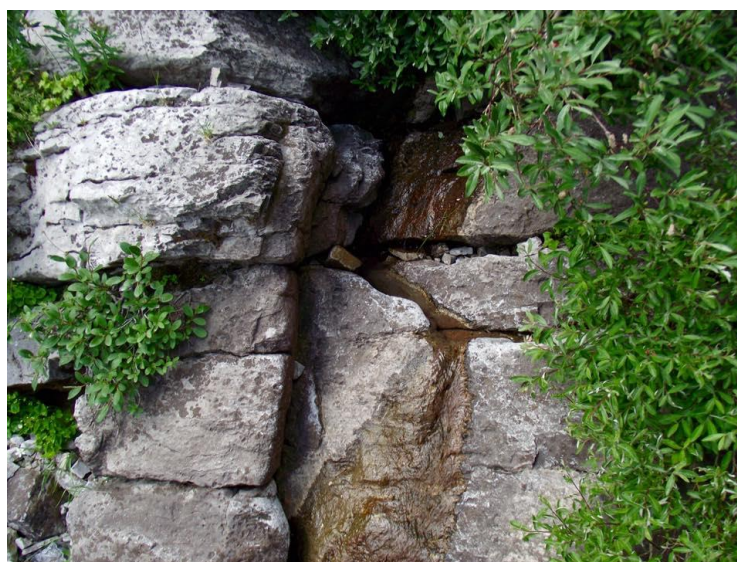
Talus makes for a hard ascent
 And scree makes for a fun descent
 Calcite precipitation for your climbing chalk
 Soft moss for a break from the intense walk
 Natural hiking sticks all around
 Out where no outdoor store is found

Chorus

Verse 2

Mountain snow and creeks for hydration
 Just hope you don't get giardia
 Or you may need hospitalization
 Handholds and sturdy young trees
 But just watch out for the bears and bees
 With these things all over the slope
 You'll soon see why I have this hope
 You too will find
 That these mountains were made to be climbed

Chorus



Brother in Christ

August 1, 2015

Intro

I've been thinking a lot of the years gone by
 And of when we last saw each other
 I just wanted to say
 I hope you have a great day
 And that I think of you as a brother

Chorus

A brother in Christ
 What a wonderful phrase
 To describe what you mean to me
 You were there in the sad times
 The happy and mad times
 Times I thought I wouldn't come through
 A friend like no other
 You stuck closer than a brother
 You are my brother in Christ

Verse 1

Oh, oh the years have flown by
 Since the days when we shared the same sky
 Oh I know that the leaving was all on my part
 But you still hold a special place in my heart
 For I know even though, I'm gone far away from home
 You're just a call away on the phone

Chorus

Verse 2

You've meant more than you know
 Even without all the answers
 Present to listen
 An honest male Christian
 Willing to share parts of your life
 Your time is quite precious
 And so I hope you get this message
 Thank you for being a friend like no other
 You are my brother in Christ

Outro

One more last thought
I just want to say
I hope you know it's not just one way
I want to be a friend that sticks closer than a brother
I'll be your brother in Christ

Chorus (Changed)

A brother in Christ
What a wonderful phrase
To describe what you mean to me
I'll be there in the sad times
The happy and mad times
Times you think you won't come through
A friend like no other
I'll stick closer than a brother
I'll be your brother in Christ

Coming Back Down Mt. McLaren

August 7, 2015

Oh, the joy of victory
The sting of defeat
All these false summits, have given me sore feet!

A voice in my head kept telling me I wouldn't summit
But I pushed on through and succeeded
Showing it who was boss, so it knew it

Though my feet are sore
And are in for a whole lot more
There's a feeling of accomplishment I can't describe
And that I don't think I'll be able to hide

I've peaked my first mountain
What else can I say?
It has been a most wonderful day!



Goodbye Mt. McLaren

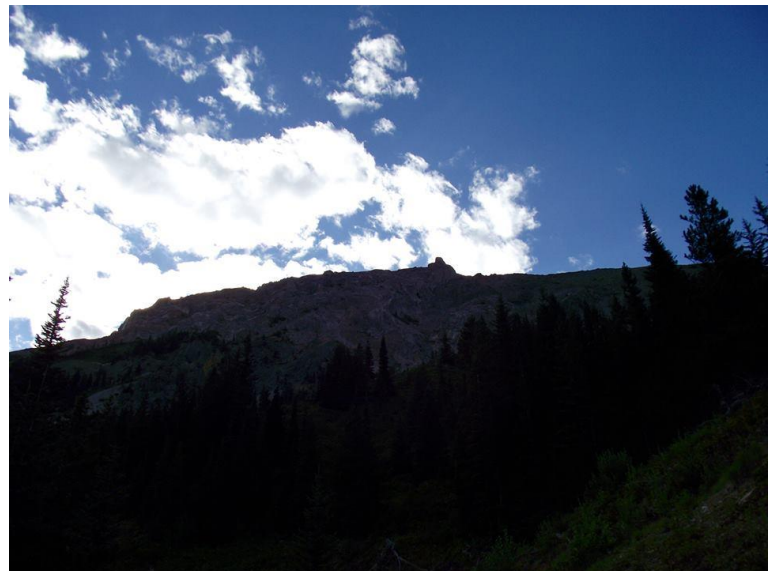
August 8, 2015

Goodbye Mt. McLaren
I've conquered you at last
Your false summits got me discouraged
But I still had a blast

As I walk down this valley
I catch some last few glimpses of your summits
And then they disappear from view
As my elevation slowly plummets

As I'm driving back home
I see you from a distance
I can't believe I was all the way up there
Thankful to be alive as I think in reminiscence

Goodbye Mt. McLaren
I've summited you at last
Time is running out
So I'd better get home fast



Singing in the Forest

August 8, 2015

Singing in the forest
As I walk back from the mountain
The valley is getting darker by the second
And fear of bears and other animals is starting to set in

I'm singing campfire songs to keep my mind off my sore feet
I sing songs of praise and wonder
To keep from stopping in defeat
As I walk along through woods ever darker
I see the truth in these lyrics even though my feet may falter

You really are indescribable
You really are amazing
You made all this
These mountains and trees on which I've been gazing

I keep walking on
Singing on my way along
Though I can't really stop to give my feet a rest
I'm singing in this forest



Sitting by the Lake

August 9, 2015

The sun is rising over the lake
As I think of the changes I must make
To be more real with others, not fake
Have more self-control, to not take that piece of cake

The water shimmers in the new light of day
As I ask myself if I will always be this way
The struggles, the hang-ups, the addictions, it's hard to say
Is all I really need to do ask and pray?

The gentle breeze makes waves move across the water
As I think of my relationship with my Father
I keep going after shiny things like an otter
Though they hurt You and I, stopping them I don't bother

The birds sing in the trees behind me
As I wonder if I will ever be free
I knowy our love and grace come without a fee
But I find it hard not to strive to pay, and in Your love be

The fish in the water make a splashing sound
I think of where my hope is found
I want it to be in you, that I'm Heaven bound
But wonder sometimes if my faith is sound

The mountains rise so high above
But none higher than your love
You are as strong as a lion, to be in awe of
Yet your Spirit came down as a dove

The waves slowly disappear into the gravel shore
As I think about whether I can write more
I think in excitement about what you have in store
Life with You is never a bore!

More Things in Common Than Not

August 11, 2015

We have more things in common than not
Even though I'm a nerd and people think you're hot
Though our external differences set us apart
My mind changes as I hear your story and see into your heart

I hear your pain and confusion
I hear that you think you've gone too far
That you've crossed too many lines
Too many times
You've felt shame and guilt for the things you've done
The people you've hurt when you thought you were hurting no one
And here I thought I was alone
Through your story our similarities have shown

You're a jock and I'm a geek
I'm sure your normal, but I feel like a freak
You're a woman but I'm a man
You drive a car that makes mine look like a tin can
I'm young and you're old
I'm shy but you are always so bold

All these differences I can name
And yet on the inside we have more things that are the same
I find out that you don't float through life as easily as a feather
That you sometimes feel too broken to be put back together
I hear how God has been there for you
And think of critical times when He was there for me too!

You used to be shy as well when you were younger?
And have seen yourself change, as you reflect on God's work in wonder?
I could do this all day
But I just want to say
As much as we like to focus on our differences like cold and hot
We have more things in common than not