

## *Drowning out the Voice of God*

*By Marcus Lander (August 2011)*

*In Eden man with God once walked  
And communed with his creator  
In harmony, they freely talked  
Till the day that man turned traitor.*

*Thus sin divided God and man  
And cut short their conversation  
For man had wandered from God's plan  
When he sought emancipation*

*God's heart for man was full of pain  
And yet he nothing from him hears  
Except for one brief talk with Cain  
For well over two hundred years.*

*Full Seven generations passed  
Till man with God would walk once more  
Then Enoch came, a man at last  
Who did relationship restore.*

*The patriarchs and righteous men  
A dialogue with God preserved  
But besides these few exceptions  
God's voice was very seldom heard.*

*So God called out a chosen seed  
A holy people for his own  
That they might learn to pay him heed  
And thereby they might make him known.*

*By Moses, God to Pharaoh spoke  
Who would not set God's children free:  
At Hag HaMatzot, his will God broke  
When he abolished slavery.*

*At Sinai was a nation born  
And God's covenant ratified  
At Shavuot the oath was sworn  
And all God's people testified*

*In thunder loud God's voice was heard  
Amidst the piercing trumpet's call;  
The mountain trembled at his word,  
While on the peak, God's fire did fall.*



## *Drowning out the Voice of God*

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*So dreadful did these signs appear,  
As God's word was set in stone  
That all God's people shook with fear  
And Moses spoke with God alone.*

*Yet 'ere God had finished speaking,  
His foolish people went astray  
They made a calf, proclaimed a feast  
And thus, did the harlot play.*

*This narrative would oft repeat  
Throughout Israel's history  
Provoking God would bring defeat  
Repentance brought them victory.*

*Yet all this time, God called to them  
And his voice could still be heard  
Through prophets and through holy men  
Who were by God's Spirit stirred.*

*The psalmist saw God's word declared  
Writ large in lights across the sky,  
And knew that they a message shared  
For all God's works do testify.*

*But Jacob all God's signs ignored  
With hearing dull and vision dim  
They killed his prophets with the sword  
And turned their stubborn backs on him.*

*Till one day when a prophet fled  
And sought refuge at God's mountain  
To tell God all but he were dead  
(Seems he wasn't good at counting).*

*But God his covenant confirmed  
With tempest, fire and earthquake,  
And as the prophet then discerned  
In a still small voice God spake.*

*And ever is God's voice still heard  
By men in times of solitude:  
For we are apt to miss God's word  
Amidst the bustling multitude.*



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*At last God's word was clothed with flesh  
And dwelt with lowly humankind:  
God's tabernacle built afresh  
Sukkot was God's appointed time.*

*In parables he spoke to us  
So men should not understand  
Except for those God would entrust  
To the kindly shepherd's hand.*

*But the leaders of God's children  
Had quite a different plan,  
And fear and hatred filled them  
As they killed the Pesach lamb.*

*But this was his greatest conquest  
In accordance with God's scheme,  
God raised the first-fruit of his harvest  
Upon Yom HaBikkurim.*

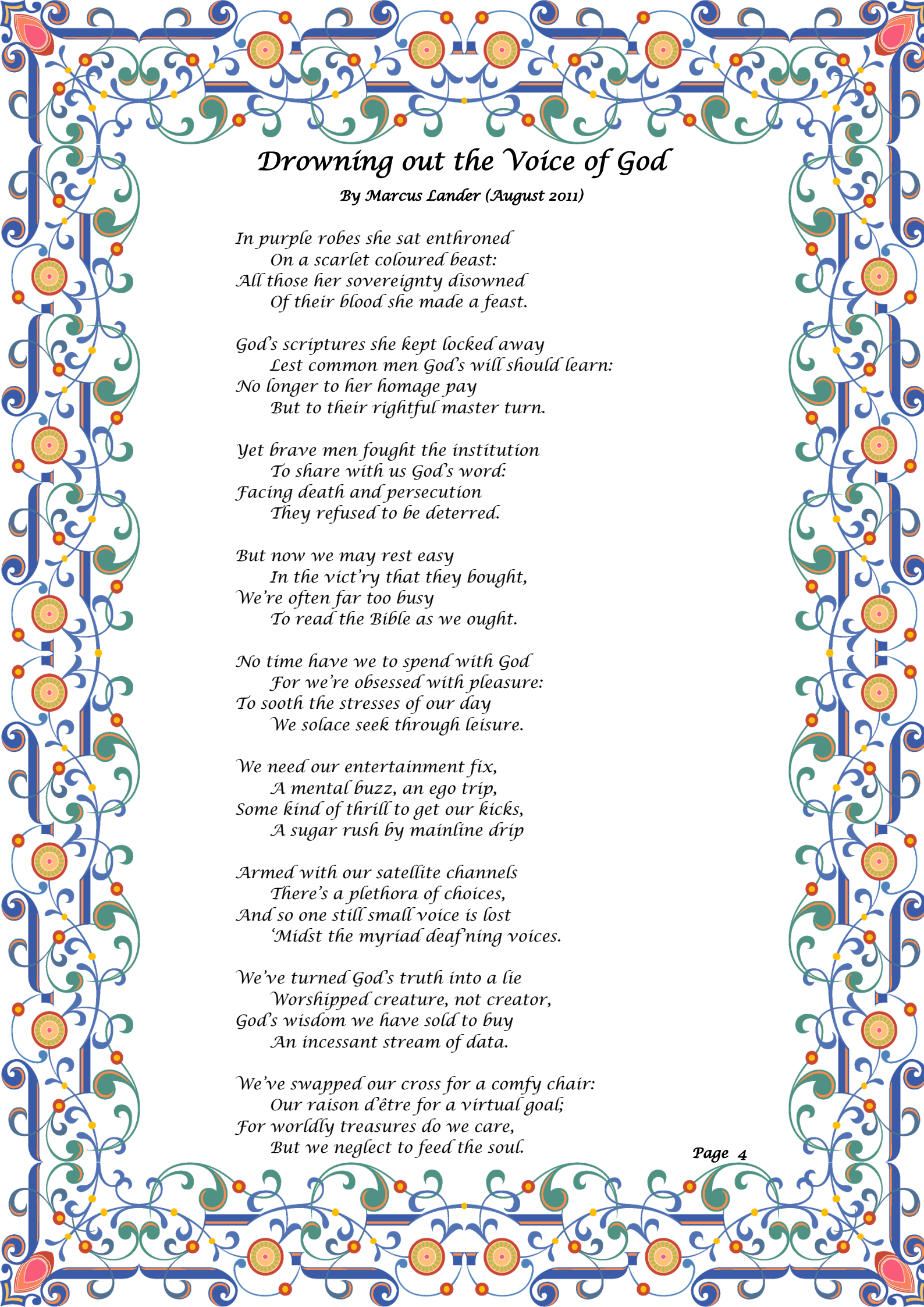
*The sheep were all but scattered  
As the shepherd, he departs  
But the thing that really mattered  
Was God's law was on their hearts.*

*At Shavuot God's Spirit came  
As rushing wind and tongues of fire,  
So that God's people should proclaim  
The words he only could inspire.*

*But still men tried to silence them  
Both of the Jews and Pagan Rome  
And yet God's word they could not stem  
Or kill the seed that God had sown.*

*Then Rome became the Holy Church  
To consume her from within:  
God's reputation to besmirch  
By association with her sin.*

*God's laws were changed to pagan rites,  
His chosen times were set at nought,  
His people killed and put to flight  
As against God's rule she fought.*



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*In purple robes she sat enthroned  
On a scarlet coloured beast:  
All those her sovereignty disowned  
Of their blood she made a feast.*

*God's scriptures she kept locked away  
Lest common men God's will should learn:  
No longer to her homage pay  
But to their rightful master turn.*

*Yet brave men fought the institution  
To share with us God's word:  
Facing death and persecution  
They refused to be deterred.*

*But now we may rest easy  
In the vict'ry that they bought,  
We're often far too busy  
To read the Bible as we ought.*

*No time have we to spend with God  
For we're obsessed with pleasure:  
To sooth the stresses of our day  
We solace seek through leisure.*

*We need our entertainment fix,  
A mental buzz, an ego trip,  
Some kind of thrill to get our kicks,  
A sugar rush by mainline drip*

*Armed with our satellite channels  
There's a plethora of choices,  
And so one still small voice is lost  
'Midst the myriad deafning voices.*

*We've turned God's truth into a lie  
Worshipped creature, not creator,  
God's wisdom we have sold to buy  
An incessant stream of data.*

*We've swapped our cross for a comfy chair:  
Our raison d'être for a virtual goal;  
For worldly treasures do we care,  
But we neglect to feed the soul.*



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*While ignorant of moth and rust,  
We fail to store up lasting worth:  
Despising what God gave in trust  
We hide our talents in the earth.*

*We may think we are blessed with wealth  
And have riches in profusion,  
But our exalted sense of self  
Has resulted in delusion.*

*We fail to see that we are poor  
And also blind and naked,  
While we've departed from God's Law  
And held our own ways sacred.*

*The things with which we fill our day  
Are more ethereal than night:  
Vain treasures, subject to decay  
For all we clutch at them so tight.*

*Meanwhile our selfishness has wrought  
The destruction of creation;  
Our greed and thoughtless ways have brought  
To half the world starvation.*

*God's handiwork by man defaced  
- A very sorry story:  
A world of beauty laid to waste  
Which showed the Father's glory.*

*In our pursuit of short term gain  
We fail to see the awful cost:  
Too slow to sense the Father's pain  
Or to lament for Edens lost.*

*Enough says God, this will not do  
If your hearts you choose to harden  
My still small voice cannot get through  
And your sin I cannot pardon.*

*My agents shall be fire and storm  
The earthquake and tsunami,  
By flood and plague mankind I'll warn  
As I vex them with my army.*



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*And loudly shall the trumpets call  
Upon Yom HaTeruah,  
To tell the nations they shall fall  
Before the light of Jacob's star.*

*Though they may rage against the Lord  
And prepare themselves for war,  
Israel's state shall be restored  
On the day of Yom Kippur.*

*And blessed shall be those who mourned  
For God himself shall comfort them;  
From Zion shall go forth the law:  
God's word out of Jerusalem.*

*And in God's presence we shall dwell:  
With man shall be God's habitat,  
All tears be dried, all hurts made well;  
Oh, may we enter God's Shabbat!*