

FORTY
THREE
"URANTIA"
POEMS

inspired by reading "The Urantia Book"

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by Conrad Sommer, M.D.

Poems Inspired By the "Urantia Book"

These poems were inspired by my reading the Urantia Book, a 2097 page book about the history and future of our Earth, its people, and its loving Creator. The book may be secured from the Urantia Foundation, 533 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, IL 60614. I have grouped these poems into 8 sections:

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Section 1

The Ascending Careers

Step By Step, Universe By Universe

Eternal Careers

Ascending Path, I Am A Candidate

God Is My Goal

Repersonalization

Cosmic Destiny

Step By Step, Universe By Universe

Step by step, universe by universe,
This is the journey we traverse.
From this, our mortal state in time,
Through endless ages, each sublime,
Our Father has this plan for us.
It falls upon my mind, and thus
Are all my doubts and fears dispelled,
As upward is my sight compelled.

It is an upward journey without end,
And all the way His presence does He lend.

I thank You, Father, that Your light You shared
For all Your sons who ever dared
To take the endless venture You prepared.
Within Your loving will they found
Their path, and on it are they bound.

Now let us join their loving company,
With them, with You, in all eternity.

Step by step, universe by universe,
This is the journey we traverse.

Eternal Careers

This life is but apprentice for our next.
It's not the final writing of the text
Of our dear services in Him we love.

As we ascend, we'll reach new realms above -
Our destiny a series of grace-filled careers.
One follows on the previous, and without fears
We'll follow on, led by our Father as He wills,
As life by life, our destiny in love fulfills
What God has had in store for us ere time began,
And we fulfill in faith His heavenly plan.

So now I see for me a long career
Ascending to our Father, ever dear.

Ascending Path, I Am A Candidate

Ascending path, I am a candidate for heights.
I chose your way in faith, I know not yet what sights,
What dangers, and temptations do await,
As on your upward way I test fate.

I know my Jesus went this way before
And He will go with me, Whom I adore.
Therefore ascending path, I am elated
To choose my Jesus' road, to share His fate.
He made this way for us, His foot prints clear
Will never let us stray, nor walk in fear.
Ascension to our Father was His choice.
He goes with us, thus ever we rejoice.

God Is My Goal

God is my goal, forgiving is my means.
I am His son, with Him I have some dreams,
As love replaces all the swords that once were deemed
The only way we could with safety live.

But now the message is: forgive, forgive,
Bring in the reign of God that is forever,
Where lamb and lion may lie down together.

God is our goal, forgiving is the way.
God is the only goal we need today.

Repersonalization (Resurrection)

Repersonalization deserves a poem -
It's resurrection, coming home.
Or coming to a new home, beyond the past,
Our life on earth. Then, death holds fast,
Then resurrection comes, and I, anew,
To life restored, a higher view,
A higher task and life assigned,
The resurrected me has higher climbed.
Or brought by unseen angels to the sphere
Our living Father has for all His children dear.

I will ascend, it is God's will for me.
And you will, too, repersonalized be.

Thus, resurrection comes to us, it is God's will
That we be wakened by our Father, still.

Ascending mortal is my name.
Could I desire greater fame?

Cosmic Destiny

The glories of cosmic destiny
Are not the topic of earthly discourse.
The pains and pleasures of immediacy,
The hopes, the fears, success, remorse -
These take the place of the heavenly vision.

I thank you, God, for giving sight
Of all that lies beyond horizons
Of our short day, and our long night.
I know you have for us a destiny
Completely filling eternity.

So, as my autumn years get wintered
I'm fully unified, not one bit splintered.
I have the cosmic view ahead;
This vision is my daily bread -
There's naught but God, for us ahead.

The Memory of God Is Near

The memory of God is near
To all who seek Him with a true desire
To know His love and His forgiving grace
And His great power and His loving care

Our Father who is in heaven
Is near to all who call on Him
And His great power and His loving care
Is near to all who call on Him

Section 2.

The Fatherliness of God

My Son, My Son

The Only Gift I Have For You Is Me

Orphanhood

The Memory Of God Is Near

A Fragment Of Infinity

The Bestower

The Stars Are Held In Place

I Now Fortaste In Mortal Time

The Bestower who is in heaven
Is near to all who call on Him
And His great power and His loving care
Is near to all who call on Him

Another name for Him is Father
Who is near to all who call on Him
And His great power and His loving care
Is near to all who call on Him

Our Father who is in heaven
Is near to all who call on Him
And His great power and His loving care
Is near to all who call on Him

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And His great power and His loving care
Is near to all who call on Him

My Son, My Son

*My Son, My Son, this is my Father's call.
His call, My Son, has come to be my all.
As Christ, my older Brother, leads the way,
My night is gone, there is but day.*

*My Son, My Son, this is our Father's call,
His call to us, has come to be my all.*

The Only Gift I Have For You Is Me

*The only gift I have for You is me.
Dear God, my Father, this gift from me is free.
Demand me You did not, but still Your love has power,
And drew me fully into You, thus in this hour:
I kneel before You, Father, thankfully,
That You accept this gift, this me.*

Orphanhood

*I was an orphan, I often felt alone.
Our heavenly Father was to me not known;
My earthly father, too, had died quite early in my life.
Was it my destiny to find not peace, but strife?*

*"No, no," my elder brother Jesus said to me.
"You need not be an orphan, our Father you will see.
You find Him first in me, His faithful Son,
And thus your journey to our Father has begun.*

*"I go with you, I'm ever at your side.
When darkness falls with you I'll still abide.
On earth I showed all peoples how to live
In love, and ever to forgive.*

*"Now that our Father you have understood,
No longer need you live in orphanhood."*

The Memory of God Is Near

*The memory of God is near.
There are some moments when I still feel fear,
And feel attacked and insecure.
To still be judging others is no cure.*

*Our Father made us with a trace within
Of His eternal nature, holy, without sin,
A trace of personality, a breath,
A unextinguishable spark that knows no death.*

*Was not there once a day, my Father, when I knew
And recognized Your voice, I felt that You
Had called out: "Conrad, it is time to choose
And make your own my blessings, my good news"?*

*Our memory of You becomes the present tense.
And now we know Your presence as we sense
Your being here right now. You ever will return,
And evermore our hearts will "strangely burn".*

A Fragment of Infinity

*A fragment of infinity lives in my soul.
It stretches toward our Father, my eternal goal.
I share His nature, in this way I am empowered
To reach the brothers in whose hearts His love has flowered.
I have a fragment of infinity,
I am a "moment" of eternity.*

The Bestower

*Bestowing is the work of You, our Father.
Another name for You is: the Bestower,
Your Son bestowed on earth, was like no other.
No other came bestowing life like Christ, our Brother.
You'd have us tell our neighbors how You left
Us to become bestowers too, of grace, a gift.*

*Our Father is the prime Bestower of all time.
In Him our life becomes significant, sublime.*

The Stars Are Held In Place

*The stars are held in place and so am I.
We are a great continuum, me low, they high.
God is our great, our everlasting Father, do not fear -
Our life is in the hands of God to whom we're dear.*

*I do not worry that the stars will fall.
God has the loving power, that is all
We need for faith. Of Him we are a part;
This knowledge fills my mind,
God's love my heart.*

I Now Fortaste In Mortal Time

*I now fortaste in mortal time
How life with God becomes sublime.
This little life begun below,
To highest grandeur soon will grow.*

*The hand that endless cosmos made
Has yet a touch so softly laid
Upon the brow bowed deep in prayer.
And thus we know our Father's care.*

*And thus His endless plan we grasp,
As intimates we feel His clasp.*

*The God that planned and made all things
Does bear us high on rising wings.
How can a God, though everywhere,
Have ears to hear all children's prayer?*

*Our Father is a personality,
And thus He knows the needs of persons like to me.*

*The hand that endless cosmos made
Is on my brow so lightly laid.*

The next group praises the Will of God as the reading
the Urantia Book inspired my pen.

Section 3.

The Will of God

I Will Not Fear To Look Within Today

This Is A Day Of Richest Gratitude

Step One

There Is No End, My Jesus, To Your Call

Willfully I Could Slip Through God's Fingers

Forgiveness Is God's Will

When All Things Fall In Place

The Lord Provides, I Need Not Plan

The Second Coming Is Delayed

This group praises the Will of God as the reading
the Urantia Book inspired my pen.

I Will Not Fear To Look Within Today

*I will not fear to look within today.
I will not find the shadows that dismay.
I find Eternal Innocence, our Father's love,
And lower drives replaced by those above.*

*There was a time I feared to look within.
I feared to find a loss of grace and growth of sin.
But I have learned I am my Father's son,
He will complete His work, in me, begun.*

My Father's nature and my own are one.

*No longer be divided but be whole.
To do our father's will, that is our goal.
We will not fear to look within today.
We will not find the shadows that dismay.*

This Is A Day Of Richest Gratitude

*This is a day of richest gratitude,
For now, forgiving is my attitude.
I'm free from grievances and grudges held.
A loving attitude toward all is felt.*

*There flows through me, from God, a stream of grace.
It comes from knowing Him, yes, face to face.
And love which sweeps away all fear and opens up
My heart to learn, adopt, and live our Father's will.*

*That's all it takes, and all it ever will,
To ascertain the inner voice within.*

*This is a day of highest gratitude
Since God's forgiving is my attitude.*

Step One

*This life we live is but step one
Of the eternal life we have begun.
Thus, meaning comes to all we do,
As to ascension we are true.*

There Is No End, My Jesus, To Your Call

*There is no end, my Jesus, to Your call,
The more I know You, the more I'd give my all.
The love You bring to earth will never end.
Through You the world will know one word, and that is: Friend.*

*In centuries to come, You'll deepen hearts.
To know the will and love of God, the heavenly arts
Will more and more reflect Your nature, as we find,
And understand, the nature of our Father's mind.*

Willfully I Could Slip Through God's Fingers

*Willfully, I could slip through our Father's fingers,
But in my heart, such willfulness no longer lingers.
I have enough of straying on my own.
The fellowship with God, His Sons, and Christ has grown
To be the essence of my choice, my way of life.
Thus inner peace is mine, no more of strife.*

*I flourish in our Father's hand, there do I play,
And work becomes but play, and night, but day.*

Forgiveness Is God's Will

Forgiving is our will, God's will, your will and mine.
It is the means God gave. We are divine
With Him. We know the certain way to peace:
Forgiving me, forgiving you, forgiving all brings us release.

I will remember what my purpose is today,
Thy Kingdom come, is what my heart will pray.

When All Things Fall In Place

God is completing His eternal plan.
As part of it, He took our brother, Dan.
He's fallen into place, and we will too.
And that will be all right, for me, for you.

When all things fall in place, then we'll fall too
And take our place. In God's eternal view,
He has a special plan for me, a special plan for you.

God is completing an eternal plan;
It seems a puzzle far beyond our scan,
Or grasp of things beyond our ken.

What we can grasp in faith is that our God has hold,
And with His quiet strength we can be bold,
To grasp the portion of His plan we can unfold.

Let's give the rest in quiet faith to Him. Thus may we find
The purposes He has for us in His creating Mind.
Thus find the road, the end He has for us,
And rest in peaceful certainty, in quiet trust.

When all things fall in place, then we'll fall too,
And join our brother Dan, beloved, and true.

The Lord Provides, I Need Not Plan

I would be finely tuned to hear His plan.
My Father will inform me, when our wills are one.
This is my plan, to hear the plan of God,
To find where it has lain hidden in my heart
And where it blossoms and will be fruit; God made this start
In this, His work in me, that I may find
His lovely messages for me and for mankind.

Every morning I lay my heart out
On my desk, and, taking up my pen,
I read the daily lesson God provides.
We write it on my heart again,
His words become a part of me
And thus, His will is mine,

When I consider how our bodies work
Daily and nightly, never do they shirk
From daily giving automatic service,
Our pulse, digestion, nerves, and endocrines
Smoothly keeping us alive, no thought is needed
From my conscious self.
When e'er my body said: I need some rest,
Or food, or water, or whatever else would wrest
My body from neglect, or misuse.

My body does just fine, so long my mind
Does not betray it, foist on it some fears.
My mind, when turned away from God's true light,
Can spoil by body, spoil its working right.
Don't blame the body, look into the mind
That strays from God, and fails His way to find.
This is my simple plan — to always . . . be
Open to God, and He will plan for me.

The Second Coming Is Delayed

*I doubt this world is near its end,
I doubt that God, His Son, will send,
Until we do in faith our task,
Then for His coming we can ask.*

*Do not expect the atom's blast,
Some smaller troubles must be passed.
A thousand years fulfilling work,
The smallest tasks we will not shirk.*

*Not in the twentieth century, perhaps the next,
May Christ return to earth, which then His peace will bless.
And every brother beat his swords to plows,
And wars will be no more, as God allows.
His peace fills all our hearts, no longer fears,
Nor greed, no hate, nor pain, nor tears
Be found within our human brotherhood,
And the full will of God be understood.*

New Bedford High School Put Me In A Trance

*New Bedford High School put me in a trance
Such beauty that I have never known
There is a light in the world that I have never seen
Upon the mountains of the world that I have never seen*

*Our nation, Michael, has been made
The parents, too, have been made
Of having seen the world that I have never seen
And I have seen the world that I have never seen*

*New Bedford High School put me in a trance
And I have seen the world that I have never seen
The world that I have never seen
The world that I have never seen*

Section 4.

The Messengers

I Hungered and You Fed My Soul

Angels Are My Companions

New Bedford High School Put Me In A Trance

Many parts of the Urantia Book were prepared by angels, archangels, and other beings with whom we will become familiar when our minds and souls grow as we ascend through the higher lives upon our Father's many mansions.

But that we may be messengers of God in this world is attested to by my New Bedford High School Poem.

I Hungered And You Fed My Soul

*I hungered and You fed my soul,
I need more of You, You as my goal.
You knew all that and You were ready,
You sent Your messengers, both true and steady.*

*You let me have a larger sight
Of how You work for love and right.*

*Through centuries of faith men witnessed You.
Their record helps us to be faithful, too.
Now God, my Father, take these thanks from me:
That I'm permitted more of You to see.*

Angels Are My Companions

*Angels are my companions.
I see them not, but sometimes feel their presence.
They carry messages,
Sometimes they bring a truth that is the essence
Of what my spirit can accept.*

*When I am quiet,
They may take refuge in my inner peace.
When I am open,
God's blessings never cease.
The unseen angels are my friends,
Their loving service never ends.*

New Bedford High School Put Me In A Trance

*New Bedford High School put me in a trance,
Such beauty that turns learning to a dance!
Tears welled up in my eyes as I did glance
Upon the wonders teachers do not leave to chance.*

*Our nephew, Michael, lives the essence of the scheme.
His parents, too, elaborate the dream
Of turning earthy ones to spirits that can fly,
And breach the distance separating earth from sky.*

*New Bedford High School, you my mind entrance,
And I thank God He let me have this chance.
He works His miracles in humble souls,
And thus we chose His upward goals.*

The Peace Of God

The peace of God, no doubt, is won
 A heart beyond all passion, it is found
 My radiant peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

Angels Are My Companions

Angels are my companions
 They are with me, they are with me
 They are with me, they are with me
 They are with me, they are with me

When I am alone
 They are with me, they are with me
 When I am alone
 They are with me, they are with me

The Peace Of God

The peace of God, no doubt, is won
 A heart beyond all passion, it is found
 My radiant peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

I feel the peace, I feel the peace
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I feel the peace, I feel the peace
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 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

Section 5.

The Peace Of God

The Peace Of God

The World Dreams On In Fearful Slumber

The World Dreams On In Fearful Slumber

That ours is not an individual ascent, but that we do it hand in hand, with sister and brother, and thus, together we find the peace of God. This is a focus in a Course In Miracles which I continued to read as I simultaneously studied The Urantia Book.

I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace
 I feel the peace, I feel the peace

The Peace Of God

*The peace of God, no doubt, is sure.
It flows beyond all passions, it is pure.
My individual peace can't be alone -
It rests upon our Father's peace. His throne.*

*I have no peace alone, without my brother.
My peace is incomplete, we need each other.
All peace is incomplete unless I share
It with my brother, with the stranger, I must dare
To open up my heart to share my peace with all I meet.
Thus is my peace, in God, made perfect, full, complete.*

*The peace of God can't live in isolation,
So let our hearts be joined in celebration.*

The World Dreams On In Fearful Slumber

*The world dreams on in fearful slumber,
Its dreams shot through with fitfull lightning, rolling thunder.
It dare not wake, it fears awakening is worse,
If fully awake expects but quilt and curse.*

*A hopelessness for brotherhood and peace,
And so it painfully dreams on, fear will not cease.
All hope and healing are beyond its expectation.
Beyond its Cross there'll be no Resurrection.*

*Awake, O World, now let these words be spoken:
The curse of sin and death are broken.
Accept the vision that will let you see
What God has had in mind for you to be.*

Section 6.

God's Nature in Us

The Memory Of God In Me

In Innocence I Find My Strength

Within The Self

I Give My Life To God To Guide

Though Open Is My Mind

The Memory Of God In Me

*The memory of God in me still feels remote.
I have His revelations, them I quote.
But to remember Him in me I can't say yet,
Though Him I find in me, as day does set,
And inner quiet lets His life in me be felt.*

*For now I am content to find You, Father, knelt
In peaceful prayer as You have promised me,
That I will know and love You in eternity.*

*Though now Your memory in me still feels remote,
Yet still, Your life in me with joy I note.*

In Innocence I Find My Strength

*In innocence I find my strength.
In gentleness I find the length,
The width, the depth, the power
To lightly grasp the burden of the hour.*

*I will not strangle life by holding tight.
When it is lightly held, its glow is bright.*

*God shares His strength with us and thus I'm sure
We will fulfill our destiny, we will endure.*

Within The Self

*This little me feels powerless and weak,
Yet, in myself, is all the power one could seek
To find his own salvation and the world's.*

*One hear's, lo here! lo there! and that's the place
Where miracles flow and streams of grace
Bring healing and salvation. Don't yourself efface.
In, in, yourself, that's where salvation lives,
There, there, in you, await the eternal prize.*

I Give My Life To God To Guide

*I give my life to God to guide today.
I'm waiting, waiting for His Word to say
How I should choose, and how to find His way.*

*He did not speak, so I began to write.
From having written not, I felt some fright.
Five days had passed, my pen had failed to raise
A poem to God, I wrote no psalm of praise.*

*So can it be, that God speaks through my pen?
That, as I write, immersed in Him, He speaks again?*

*That is the answer: to be immersed in Him.
The light He sheds through me will not be dim.
I'm just an ordinary citizen, do I have fitness
To speak the Word for God, to be His witness?*

Though Open Is My Mind

*Though open is my mind, it needs much more
Of opening to gain my portion of the store
Of human riches God on earth did make
For our enrichment, and that we partake
The choosing of the better path, that we may find
The love of God that's hidden in each mind.*

*A mind may often seem so dark and lost.
But when we search to find at any cost
That little inkling of a fragment of our God,
That sparks the fire, that lights the human clod,
Embraces roots that grow the bud, the flower
Revealing God, our destiny, our power.*

*Dear heavenly Father, open up our hearts each time
We meet a brother, and with him we climb,
The gentle ascent leading us to Thee,
Where love is all, and every one is free.*

Section 7.

The Beauty Of The World

How Do I See The Beauty Of The World

The Peace of Cotteswolds

I Choose The Links That Bring Me Close To Thee

Salisbury Plain

How Do I See The Beauty Of The World

*I see it where e're forgiveness takes the place
Of accusation and does erase
The oft sent out projection that I send
Upon another, rather than myself accuse.*

*I see it every time I am reborn,
And shed the peeling skin of scorn
Of self and others, when I have forgot
We are all Sons and Daughters of our God.
And all this peeling skin is not worth
A moment's notice. What must drop off of us
Will, without a thought or effort on our part.*

*When I feel openness in me, nothing to hide,
I show the inside lining of my heart, not with pride,
But with delight, how pearly pink it gleams
Because love of God so often streams
And fills my heart, and empties out its store
Of love abounding. God created more
And more of love than we can dream.
This is the beauty of the earth, God's scheme:
To let us show each other what we are
Within, no need to hide, but joy to share
The beauty God breathes in us when we bear
His Holy Spirit, and His love declare.*

*This is the beauty of the earth, and when our minds
Are firmly ruled by love, then can we see
Essential innocence, our eyes pierce through
The veil of evil that pretends to be
The real thing.*

*Sin is a lie, it would besmirch
The innocence of God's creation, we are a church
Without a wall. We are a world where all
Belong to us in love, no one shut out -
We're brothers all, that is the beauty, true,
Of no exclusions, scorn, no sneer;
Everyone a brother, not a one to fear.*

*This is the beauty of the earth, and it belongs
To everyone who wants it, whose heart longs
To grasp each brother, seeing clear
The love of God in all, no one to fear.*

*There is a beauty on the earth when all at once
I am transfigured, suddenly I feel
A vast communion with a myriad of souls.
All, all are mine, and I am theirs.
This sudden happening transcends all prayers.
It is a taste of Heaven, I'm aware
That there is only oneness, I'll remember
This flash of beauty, though my words do fail
To tell it clearly. Others may detail
A similar experience clearly, yet all feel
We cannot fully tell, nor quite reveal,
Such moments of rare beauty on the earth.*

*It's not to worry, every single day
God's beauty can be seen upon His way,
If but our inner Vision is kept true,
To keep our God's creation in clear view.
See past, and penetrate the world's disguise
Of pettiness and greed, fear and hate.
Do not believe that is the essential state.
To see earth's beauty, use God's eyes,
Then joyfully each day we richly prize.*

The Peace Of Cotswolds

*I see the fullness of the Cotswold hills -
The swells, the swales, the brooks, the rills,
The swelling cabbage fields, the quiet flocks.
All share their peace with us. The quiet rocks
Tell of stability, no need for haste,
For of eternity they are fortaste.*

I Choose The Links That Bring Me Close To Thee

*I choose the links that bring me close to Thee.
There are two golden finches that my eyes do see.
You made them, God, You made their purity.*

*Some other links would claim my ears and eyes.
They come from this self-serving world, whose prize
Is gold and power, and God-replacing gifts.
None bring us lasting peace, the many shifts
Of fads and fashions we are called to find.
In none of them is found our Father's mind.*

*We will not choose the tawdry links to death.
Ours is the taste of God. His holy breath
Is what inspires us, He is our life.
In gentle peace we walk a path beyond vain strife,
And then we find the links to Him which bless.
We are our Father's heirs, we can't be less.*

Salisbury Plain

*The graceful sculpturing of the Salisbury Plain:
Did God especially love this land, and wished no pain,
Just beauteous, gentle smoothing by His hands?
So may He smooth away the pain of all His lands.*

*His servant, Thomas Hardy, wrote the trials
Of Tess, and Jude, of Casterbridge, and other files
Of mislaid, lovelorn, careworn souls
Who found no rest, yet, struggling, each extols
That bit of God within that bade them choose
That upward struggle, always choosing,
And shameful compromise refusing.*

Some Things I'm Certain Of, Are Hard To Prove

*God is real (I believe), and I believe in Him.
I believe in love, and I believe in peace.
I believe in the power of the human mind,
And I believe in the power of the human hand.*

*I believe in the power of the human heart,
And I believe in the power of the human soul.
I believe in the power of the human spirit,
And I believe in the power of the human will.*

Section 8.

Poems Of Doubt And Faith

Atheist's Refrain

Coldness Of The Heart

Some Things I'm Certain Of, Are Hard To Prove

Sweet Uncertainty

Let Me Enlarge My Heart

The Vision of the Urantia Book is almost too great for our minds, accustomed to smaller bits of the infinite. The Book is ready to stretch our minds and hearts to grasp a vision both widely cosmic and touchingly intimate.

Atheist's Refrain

There is a modern obligatory stance that's tough:
"The mind is all the God there is, and that's enough,
For me who will not entertain
A vision that exceeds the scope of our human brain."

My brain, the greatest tester of the truth God ever made.
Say! How did I let slip the name of God in my refrain!

If I have found no God, that's proof enough for me
That such a maker of the world can't be.
This is my central point and I'm content
To stick with it. I will not lose my way,
As tethered tightly to this stake I will not stray,
And I can always sing the hymn I've learned so well:
There is not God, no heaven, and thus, no hell.

But do I hide from me a nothingness, a fear
That when this transient life is over, and all that's dear
Is gone from me, and me from it, and all my growth,
My noble growth, my yearnings, my intuitions high -
They're just an echo in my friends when I must die?

Coldness Of The Heart

It's coldness of the heart, its not despair
That leads to death of Spirit, do not dare
To quench the Spirit saying: "No, no, no!"
When upward would the Spirit have you go.

Our Jesus said one sin cannot forgiven be:
To quench the Holy Spirit indefinitely
Will freeze the heart and turn the mind to stone.
No more will living impulse find a home
In such a heart that ever scorns, will not atone
Its selfishness with some warm reaching out with love.
To choose to spurn all tender voices from above
Will lead to self extinction, and the call
To resurrection can't be heard. Who builds a wall
Between himself and God, that wall won't fall.
He will succeed, his own dead self
Will be his all.

Some Things I'm Certain Of, Are Hard To Prove

God is our Father, and our lives will be eternal.
These I place first.
Some matters can be proved more easily,
They have their worth.
But they will fade away and die,
Come to their end.
I list my flesh, my work, my family,
And each dear friend,
All corporations, governmental alliances.
All, all will find their end
And be replaced.

But God will never die, nor yet will I,
Except for those transition times, between which, lie
The ascending joyous tasks God has for me,
For my fulfillment in His service, yes, eternally.

As we reach up in faith, God reaches down in love,
He grasps us, draws us to His realms above.

Come, sit with me, my sister, listen to my song
And be beguiled to go where we belong -
Into our Father's arms, His saving grace.
This is our fate, with Him we find our place.

Sweet Uncertainty

How do you know, and can you be sure!
These are the questions one must endure.
The future has uncertainty, that gives it zest.
God goes along with us, we will be blest.

Uncertainty and faith, they are our blend.
I feel accepting of what God will send.
He takes a chance on me, I bet on His will.
He is my lottery, He will fulfill.

Let Me Enlarge My Heart

*Let me enlarge my heart until the final bursting,
Make room within my life for brothers who are thirsting,
Are thirsting close with me as we approach God's spring of life,
And drinking deeply, we can move beyond all strife,
Into the peace that passes understanding.*

*Let me enlarge my heart to take into myself all who are sent
By God, to me. And let me reach all who are spent
And fallen victims of despair and fear,
Not knowing that to God, to us, they're dear.*

*Enlarge my heart until the final bursting
Brings me to Thee, for Whom we're ever thirsting.*

Coldness Of The

Sweet Uncertainty

Also by Dr. Sommer:

- Tender Poems For Tough Times
- Death, Our Universal, Faithful Friend
- Poems Inspired by A Course In Miracles