

THE
Spirit OF
PASSION

Pain

Prayer

Praise

Peace

DERNICE BAILEY SAMUEL

A BOOK OF HEARTFELT POEMS/PSALMS

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The Spirit of Passion
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Contents

Acknowledgments	i
PRELUDE	1
The Desolation	2
The Malignancy	4
The Subjection	5
The Disguise	7
The Act	9
The Enlightenment	11
The Regimen	13
The Revitalization	14
The Restoration	16
The Disposal	19
THE HAPPINESS PURSUIT	21
The Encounter	23
The Rejection	24
The Reservation	26
The Enchantment	28
The Telepathist	29
The Forbidden	31
The Inevitable	32
The Chance	33
The Exploration	34
The Contradiction	36
The Solicitation	38
The Compromise	40
The Conviction	42
The Consolation	44
The Audacious	46
The Passion	48
The Disheartening	50
The Wish	52

THE HOPE OF GLORY	53
The Forecast	55
The Horizon	57
The Mask	58
The Process	60
The Destination	61
The Ambush	63
The Conflict	65
The Walk	67
The Deliverance	69
The Quickening	71
The Transformation	73
The Journey	75
The Chosen	77
The Prayer	79
The Promise	81
The Proclamation	83
The Storms	86
The Gracious	89
The Reflection	91
The Vigil	93
The Architect	95
The Rush	97
The Provision	98
The Revelation	100
The Potion	102
The Relationship	104
The Force	106
The King	108
The Resurrection	110
Thy Majesty	113
THE REALITY OF HUMANITY	115
The Controversy	116
The Awakening	118

The Entreaty	120
The Deprivation	122
The Predation	123
The Violation	124
The Deficiency	125
The Tragedy	126
The Misrepresentation	128
The Leech	129
The Sacrifice	131
The Perspective	133
The Superficial	135
The Tsunami	137
The Calamity	139
MENTORING MINISTERS	142
The Shepherd	143
The Conqueror	144
The Good Samaritan - (The Appointed)	146
FOR ALL PASTORS AND MINISTERS - "The Song"	148
SPECIAL TRIBUTE	149
Cowboy	150
IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER	152
B E A U T Y	153
(SEVERING THE UMBILICAL CORD) - The Union	155
The Inspirational	157
THE PURSUIT OF GOD	159

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PRELUDE

Sometimes in life we go through difficult times and painful experiences

Sometimes our life's journey doesn't go as planned

Sometimes we have frustrations and disappointments

Sometimes we have our highs and our lows

But sometimes it can go much deeper

than the surface of our well-being...

and it can seem as though we're being buried alive and

suffocating in our troubles,

when the emotional hurt descends into emotional trauma

Perhaps at some time along life's journey you experienced

Sadness and Sorrow

or maybe...

Helplessness or Fearfulness

perhaps you felt...

Loneliness or Emptiness

maybe you sunk into...

Depression and Darkness

or perhaps you had a sense of...

Breathlessness or Hopelessness

And...

Although these emotional experiences may have culminated into darkness and hopelessness, I want to give you a bright ray of hope.

And...I want you to remember (as I had to learn) that...

There is always...light at the end of the tunnel

There's always...a bird singing in a tree

There's always...a flower blooming in the spring

There's always...a rainbow after the storm

There's always...a sunrise after the sunset

And...there is always Hope in God.

The Desolation

My life is in despair
in need of love and a lot of care
I once had beauty and laughter to share
those days are gone and are ever rare

For I've been drained until I'm dry
I'm empty without even a tear to cry
I'm smothered in darkness and solitude
no air to breathe, no space to bloom

Dependent upon light for my revival
each gloomy day lessens my survival
for without nourishment I cannot thrive
prolonged neglect will ensure that I die

I'm suffocating by the roots
I'm crying like an owl but with a silent hoot
no one can hear me holler
I guess I'm no longer a lovely flower

For as they pass by my pleas
all they see is another weed
And as I begin to droop toward the ground
still no one turned and looked around

So I made my final call for help
but it was obvious I was all by myself
for I was too weak to make a sound
as I fell and touched the ground

And...

Then I realized that this was the day
that I had just simply withered away

The Malignancy

Nothing else seems to matter
for all my dreams have been shattered

Piece by piece they were torn apart
each tear a dissection of my heart

Gasping for air breath by breath
it has been a slow and painful death

The device used to inflict the affliction
quite inconspicuous as it aroused no suspicion

What a clever way to dispose of me
for no physical evidence will they ever see

And then he'll pretend he's lost his best friend
but really he's the one who caused my end

Gnawing at the very essence of me
gradually depleted my substance
empty

The Subjection

Wondering why he ever went for me
perhaps the answer will remain a mystery

Trying to comprehend the reason is like fuzz
for it seems he envied me for who I really was

Suspicious signs surfaced early in the game
for even my appearance he wanted to change

Disregarded and obviously unappreciated
perhaps himself he subconsciously hated

Trying to remain optimistic and giving my best
but no competition for the internally possessed

Though not perfect I tried to do things right
but nothing was acceptable in his eyesight

Criticized for wanting to make a nice home
then terrorized after leaving me alone

Constant complaints to shift the blame
lies and accusations always the same

Bitched and persistent until arguments ensued
switched and twisted to avoid the real issue

Cautious and mindful while looking over my shoulder
his losing control right on the edge of the border

Episodes of fear and heart palpitations
chest pains and taking medications

Eyes half open unable to sleep
prayers of hope for a little peace

Negative comments and verbally insulted
mental anguish and spiritually exhausted

Children growing up and now really understand
Dad has issues and difficulty being a real man

A haunting dependency dominated his role
a family man fabricated to keep from being exposed

Now paranoid and disillusioned he takes matters into his hands
as he comes to a deranged conclusion and plots a deadly plan

Right on the edge a tragedy imminent it seems
but God sent his angels, who immediately intervened

And as I grow stronger and can tell the story
I know I can only give God the Glory

The Disguise

My endurance proved that I was really strong
for no one knew
of the rope that I was strung on
The illusion of the invisible mask

Circumstances brought disappointments and bitter shame
yet no one knew
the torment and my inner pain
The illusion of the invisible mask

Maintained family and personal appearance too
yet no one knew
of the dysfunction I was going through
The illusion of the invisible mask

Spouse, sons, home, and life seemingly lovely
yet no one knew
deep inside I was really frightened and lonely
The illusion of the invisible mask

Reporting to work no matter how sad I felt
yet no one knew
that it was my only comfort and help
The illusion of the invisible mask

Intrigued by a look that was really silent cries
yet no one knew
they were seeing tears dripping from my eyes
The illusion of the invisible mask

Conditioned my mind to adapt and visibly cope
yet no one knew
that beneath I was absorbed and really soaked
The illusion of the invisible mask

A lesson to be learned and to all beneficial
for it may be difficult to discern
real from the superficial

For at some time and some place
we have all worn another face
so things may not always be what you see or hear
even if you ask
for that's...**The illusion of the invisible mask**

The Act

The pain is far too difficult to disguise
when the time comes for your life story to be revised

The original screenplay was to be enchanting and serene
and you expected to be rewarded after each brilliant scene

You auditioned for the role and were soundly cast for the part
yet not conditioned
for the strain that would eventually be put on your heart

The story was intended to fulfill all your dreams
to flow like water floating down a stream

Now drenched in sadness until your heart is soaked
stripped of your life's script the one that you wrote

Playing the edited version was no easy task
for to hide the real expressions you wore a mask

An unrealistic character you played out in your mind
to satisfy a sadistic director who changed the storyline

But each scene you gave your best performance...
for the cause
though your commitment yielded no admiration...
or applause

And it's apparent the screenplay was never understood
for it's evident the sabotaged lines didn't work very good

As the reviews and the ratings were not a smash
box office hit
for my love and its true meaning he couldn't grasp
so he botched and missed