These books entitled "Divine Expressions" is close to divine inspired words of God in the end time of flesh. Each verse carries them that spend in an ascetic state of separation with God and my wilderness to express His truths to anyone whom will keep an open mind and be a diligent spiritual reader. I was lost in this carnal world with an undying desire for change and sought to change self through my own means. I've lived my way, my way, difficult experiences, and my own personal way. But none of them worked so I've lived Jesus and found all that I've ever needed and truly wanted. I finally let go of self and let God change me. These poems within these two books are revelations that God has given me through the weeks of this Holy Week. I cannot and will not take any of the credit or glory because I was God whom took my hand and permitted these visions as a part of his purpose for my life and ministry in this fallen world. It was only by my weaknesses and the confessions that I've been given a dose to wash them. As I sat in the hole in Pelican Box State Prison with no TV to distract me and no cell to call to, God was my answer for companionship. I was troubled by family and I took the me to lose everything in order for me to truly hear Gods voice. Instead of all worldly devices, without any distraction, my prayers were directed to God and answered, my prayer is, He has truly quickened and God write His forms to me. Everyday I would sit in His glory and hear His words and write them down in the form of a poem. Once released from Ad-sec (the hole) I then became truly enriched in my burning desire to preach the gospel and found myself working in the prison chapel as a chaplain at South~state when I started preaching Gods word. God had taken a self-center, selfish sinner such as myself and cleaned me up that used me for His obvious purpose to preach His word. This gift is also shared with my father, Deuce Tobe Cooper Sr., a true marine pastor. He used this craft to reach this carnal world through his turn of minister, "Rocky." I pray that God uses these poems to quicken the spirit of all who read these leaves. May His assumed words enrich your souls. God Bless You Always "Peace."
"Your True Witness"

I am attacked by demonic works, 
evil principals, even Christ himself;
Then God is to correct me; 
and send me to hell.

Evil flesh is then playground,
my soul they must control;
Then men is chaos and murder, 
and the world's their fishing bowl.

I can only be saved 
three numbers for this camp;
I am not free to God, 
but they continue to pull me back.
They cause I want change,
"Please God just set me free."
Although my soul is light, 
there is evil still in me.

My intention is always sin, 
my path step always night;
My heart forever mourning, 
my thoughts I always light.

I'm afraid to remain in darkness, 
I would rather live in light;
But the illusions of the world, 
leads me with my carnal eyes.

I turn myself with Jesus,
This hand is my strong and mighty;
Or man is raised around me, 
in the light I stand and fight.
I can attacked from all directions, 
but I stand and still alight;
Charmed by God's angels, 
Or a thorn in God's eyes.

I was placed in the furnace, 
caught by His flames; 
Blasted I went there, 
To destroy God's name.

written by: Reverend John Cooper Jr.
Am I hated for my skin:
The color of my eyes?
Am I someone you despise:
So you hide behind your lies?
Am I hated for my faith:
And the path I choose to walk?
Is my speech so offensive
You can't stand the way I talk?
Am I hated cause I'm poor
And I live in poverty?
Why I've become a burden,
The scum of society?

Am I hated cause I've changed, no longer live the created life?
Am I your enemy because I chose to live a life that's right?
Am I hated for my past, for something that's unknown?
Am I so unimportant that I'm someone you chosen?
Am I hated cause I'm humble, peaceable, kind, unique?
Am I hated because I'm confident that a light shines bright in me?
Am I hated for being spiritual, cause I opened my eyes to see;
The wars that's for my soul and what Christ did for you and me?
Am I hated simply because the world had hated you;
And now that I'm released, I can finally see the truth?
Am I hated cause now this world is now glued to me;
Do now I do not have to search to find that inner peace?

Am I hated for my joy
And the love I have within;
Am I easy to forgive
And become a loyal friend?
Am I hated for no reason, just because you don't understand?
Oipheres the road to my business, just ask Christ to help me win!
Am I hated, yes by the world
Because they first hated Christ
Yes by my faith and trust in Jesus
That strengthens me for the road ahead.

written by: Reverent Dr. Cooper Jr.
"What have you done with the life I’ve entrusted you with?"

I have given you a garden, yes a life of many gifts.
I’ve planted the seed of wisdom in which I trust you with.
I have raised up many flowers, orchestrated the winds.
I’ve pruned and cut down branches, so good things you would know.
I have taught you by example, how to fertilize the soil.
I’ve left you a fountain that thrilferit the soul.

I have instructed you in ways in which you live your life;
I’ve tended to you with love and kept you in my light.
I sent you an angel, to harvest from your field;
so I could smell the aroma of all the flowers that he held.
The afternoon I met you with redelles, that he gathered from the Aaron;
your harvest he said was dead, not a flower could be found.

Your fountain had no water, all your trees had no leaves;
your soul was unproduct, you’ve let go of everything.
Empty gifts you never used, they just hung on your gardens short;
Empty clan what has happened to the life I’ve trusted you with?

written by: Robert Idee Cooper Jr.
"There is Hope in Christ"

In this walk there are ups and downs;
Heavies and lightness; sorrows and sweetness.
Some lose hope, others more often;
Knowing the Lord when things go wrong.

Persecution comes with steadfastness too;
As when we’re best, we’re the most confused.
Hardened hearts and bitterness;
Cause depression and tears of ashes.

When you’re angry do not sin;
As a test we all must win.
There’s pain and suffering along the way;
In these times we all must pray.

One think this walk is easy now;
I laugh at this, please tell me now.
The easy life is the one of sin;
Wickedness and evil plans.

We lived that way till we were saved;
Now Others lost and years so bare.
Change is hard, we must believe;
May not take years for us to achieve.

But there is hope in Jesus Christ;
The Redeemer of sin, who gives eternal life.
Oh when you doubt, stand to give up faith;
Know Christ died so you’ll be saved.

author Dr. Earnest Tobe Cooper Jr.
Watch for the signs of the times and the end of the age. Take heed no one deceives you for many will come in my name. But when you hear of wars and rumors of them, do not be troubled by my signs, nor should you be moved.

For such things should happen, but the end is not yet. For nations will rise against nations, and this you can place all your faith in. We'll see earthquakes in various places, famines and troubles begin. These are the beginnings of sorrows, some signs of our age to end. In these times we'll be delivered to councils, we'll be beaten in our Church. We'll be brought before their rulers, all for our faith in the Lord.

The Gospel must reach all the nations, when we're arrested no nations of course, in that hour we'll speak through our mouths, and the Holy Ghost sends. Now brothers will betray brothers and father his son until death, and children will rise against parents, cause them to lose their last breath. We will be hated by all the nations, all for the sake of Jesus' Name. For he who endures to the end, will see God's glory and shall be saved.

March 7th 2010
written by: Vernatz Ellea Coxe Jr.
I'm as gentle as the soft breeze, that caresses the soul from the head;
Yet tranquil like a bath, relax and let me wash your feet.
I'm as humble as a prophet, its with wise words that I speak; yet understood I embrace, so that my heart becomes more meek.
I'm as faithful as the heavens, as soothing as blue skies; yet optimistic in many ways, because there's hope still in my eyes.
I'm as awesome as a soulmate, a value, a treasure, a prize; yet heaven, I intercede and ask the Lord to heal our pain.
I'm as spiritual as the disciples, obedient to all God's ways; yet remote from all wickedness or what evil ones have to say.
I'm as patient as a turtle, slow and easy to win the race; yet obsessed to see God's Glory, as I seek to see His face.
I'm as charismatic as a poet, a righteous romantic man; yet protective in all ways, though love you will understand.
I'm as blessed as all creation, even though I'm poor; yet because I have mercy, since I opened my hearts door.

April 29th 2010
written by, Devarth Thade Caterina.
"Remain"

Oftm., sin, death, hell;
when the Lord returns it will all be deleted.
Anxiously waiting, continually expecting:
the end of the age as death approaches.

Flame, plague, disaster, Norther:
Our roads are of war theirs to use for playing.
What's good will be bad what bad will be good:
we understand the occurrence but device not understand.

Gradually, last moment, brave;
the very ones until all sons are saved.
Dawn dark, some doubt, there's even some blind:
that don't hear the warnings and remain all the wrong.

Remain, you hypocrites, repent them your sins:
their rebellion is fierce, in the end you won't win.
Obedience is yours, it is free by God's grace:
you must believe in your heart and meet the Lord's face.

Confess Christ as Lord and who you are and stand;
even the door to your heart and allow your wants to die.

"Changed."

Put down the old man and take up the new:
put it that the kingdom of God and all these things
will be added to you.

Remain useful, remain brave;
keep your eyes on the Lord:
Battle of salvation with power,
and the word that's your sword.

written by: Dr. J. C. I. Whitehead Carter Jr.
"Who is He Who is He that saves our souls, gives us life both young and old?
Who is He that paid the cost, gave His life upon the cross?

Who is He that forgives sins, all in accord with His Father's plan?
Who is He that leads the sick, cures them with a heaven's gift?

Who is He that raised the dead, gives sight to the blind by the touch of His hand?
Who is He that is the head of the world, that we all must worship Him and obey His word?

Who is He that prepares for you, an inheritance in heaven to be there with you?
Who is He?
He is Jesus Christ;
His name doth dwell in Him, we gain eternal life.

written by Rev. Thad Cooper Jr.
"Time spent with you"

As the sun breaks through the darker clouds;
In your voice so strong and bold.
I'm reminded that there is always here;
Through the season you are there even though I stare.
Your love shows me that you will see me through;
To the other shore because your winds are the truth.
Your glory shines upon my face;
I'm washed with so much faith.
I soar in your sun as my bones stand & dance;
I gaze at the beauty of the creation of your hands.

I listen to the songs that your hands choose to sing;
as my heart should pause, telling glory to my king.
You give my real place in the scheme of the devil;
I submit my thought to obey all your word.
I love the way your tears stand exact to promote shade;
Plus the column of the tears turns all the darkness that you've made.
I love the way the sun sets and the glow left in the sky;
It reminds me of your love that is broken divine.

I stare upon your stars as they dance in the night;
and how the moon is illuminated to bring us all your love.
I honor all your creation;
man, woman, and beast.
This need of all I enjoy
The time you spend with me."

written by, Vincent Adam Carter Sr.
Sometimes

Sometimes things just never go my way;
I try to remain peaceful and be conscious
of what I say.

Sometimes I get upset;
when I feel that I am robbed
my anger rises up everywhere that I'm involved.

Sometimes I give up here.
I lose all self-control, my mind becomes lown
and defeated like my soul.

Sometimes I'm really awake:
cause I choose to see things whole.
That my troubles is not a weakness,
 nor do I hide behind false pride.

Sometimes I'm full of the Spirit;
and the Lord is in my soul.
As in these busy times Jesus is in control.

Sometimes my soul is afflicted;
feel the suffering, pain, and tears;
As when I go to heaven,
I find my true release.

Sometimes I truly wonder,
what life is all about;
I want the Lord above.
For helping me figure it out.

written by: Dedicated Teacher Cooper Jr.

(10)
"The Thim Of Dream"

Of many wars doth play with our minds,
Through hatred assembled, armed and tired.
We're attacked by evil minions, demons and devils.
They are after our souls to our lives to feel real.

Our dream is similar; scenarios and reams;
We fight for the righteous, and the good is our sword,
This war is fought behind the scenes;
In a realm that's built behind the scenes.

Angels of light are created for war;
As demons are wishing for even the score.
The rules of darkness verses the Prince of Peace;
God's Holy Ghost verses the Three headed beast.

The Seven Thumpets and the Seven Cackles;
When this day comes, you'll know the real.
There are seven bowls that will be poured out here;
These are woes and punishments we must heed it.

Christ will return on His Great white horse;
The Beast and his enemies will be defeated of course.
Satan will be bound for a thousand years;
And all God's saints will reign with Christ without fear.

The Great White Throne, its judgement day;
Will determine where each of us will dwell.
We must open our eyes and start to see;
This war as the real and the other as a dream.

written by: Merce E. Cooper, Jr.
Glory to my Lord, we praise Him in all things. We lift our voice in songs, singing glorious praise to our King.

I thank Him for new life, my sins would bring me death; it's through His resurrection and God's grace, that I am blessed.

I never would have thought, that I could find such peace; and understanding that surpasses all the knowledge that we seek.

Hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah to our King; for seeing such a wretched, yes a sinner just like me,

Praise Him for His mercy, praise Him for His grace; we thank Him for His sacrifice for the human race.

He suffered for the world, yes He suffered for you too; if you repent from all your ways, my Lord will also accept you.

Just bow down on both knees, and roll upon His name; Ask Him to enter your heart, and your life will start to change.

Be sincere in what you say, let your words come from your heart; Pick up your cross and join Him, cause your journey's about to start.

Glory to our Lord, we praise Him in all things. We lift our voice in songs, singing glory to our King.

March 7th 2015
Written by, David Odeh Cooper Sr.
I start the morning with a silent prayer; 
my thoughts are heaven's as I lay I draw near. 
Your strength I receive because of the flesh You gave me. 
I've taken Your yoke as I've become more weak. 
I struggle with self as I lay not to sin; 
I can fix my worries as I change them within. 
Throughout grace I'm present but I tell myself; 
"This is your last chance listen, listen to yourself." 
I know through Christ mercy I'll receive another chance; 
yet my current way of thinking, I'll play on that again. 
Oh I live by the thought that I'm sliding on thin ice; 
and she who's first one to see could cast me my lot. 
Although I'm not perfect, God makes me peace; 
a new creation in Christ, as you'll find in me. 
I hold conversations with the Lord above; 
as I meet His face, I find His alluring love. 
I've found that He SWT, checks all my words; 
I listen to my head, then lean what He says. 
I let the side to be with my Lord; 
I pick up my cross, yes, I need His peace. 
I'll in His presence as the Holy Ghost looks; 
still submitting to, this will do the Holy Ghost could preach. 

I've been called. I've been chosen. This is my last chance; 
I've been set aside by God to carry out His plan.
O God, I die Lord once again;
    although I live I die them over.
Cover me with Your precious blood;
    protect me with Your holy love.
Cure Your angels charge of me;
    Grant me courage so I can see.
Shield me Lord with so much truth;
    As Your dwelling of Me I want to always taste.

Grant me mercy. Grant me peace;
    Take my heart away from me.
Observe me with Your holy grace;
    For You I seek to know the truth.
Comfort me and teach me joy;
    I'm eager to learn like a little boy.
Visit me Lord in all my ways;
    Counsel me in what I may.

Never turn Your face from me;
    In Your presence I wish to be.
I give You honor and give You praise;
    I believe on the third day You were raised.
Obey Your now as truly above;
    I'm glad you chose me and now I'm saved.
Do as I the Lord once again,
    Please cleanse my temple from my sins.

written by: Dr. Fred T. Cofer Jr.
"Which Side Will You Stand?"

Have you ever danced with the devil in the dark moonlight; taught with his demons in the shadows of the night?
Do you stand spiritually blind while others stand spiritually awake?
Do you cower from his attacks or do you ask God to be saved?

Do you prepare for this battle by purging on the armor of God?
Or do you walk around defenseless, feeling hopeless and lost?
Do you muster up God's strength for this war for you to use;
Or do you more, give up here and walk around with the devils?

Do you remain in this carnal world with no concerns of the spiritual war?
Have you been tricked by Satan's work, that he can entice you to his service?
Evil spirits, agents of darkness, Satan and his demons too;
Spiritual warfare is what we face, now I pray you're not confused.

These are enemies in the darkness, Yes they hide behind the lines;
They attack the last weak of our heart, never wasting a second of time.
Pick up your sword, use all your weapons, Heaven is useful if you test;
No through constant succession with the Lord, we'll save more lives.

The day will come when war will rage
And we will battle hand-in-hand;
I must inquire from you beloved one,
on which side will you stand.

written by, Ernest Jakes Cooper Jr.
Oh! the dawn of the day when the sun starts to rise;
I say praise to the Lord and wipe the cold from my eyes.
Lord give me strength not to run this day.
Please instruct me with wisdom and direct all my ways.
There will be many distractions, illusions and tricks;
Though I sit on rocks awhile I can avoid to my flesh.
Oh man! I still struggle but I believe I'm Ok;
Today there has sun than there was yesterday.

I pray within myself to repent from my ways;
I ask for forgiveness, God's mercy and grace.
I feel a release from the depths of my soul;
my burden is lifted and I still continue.
Oh! the dawn of the day when the sun has set;
The devil has seized and temptation are set.
He uses beloved ones and even my friends;
To burden my work and destroy who I am.

Yet he is not them, God nor is he for me;
I rebuke all his words and everything he teach.
Oh! the end of my day today lesson were taught.
I still praise the Lord for making it through.
I am bended and broken in all kinds of ways;
for this I have Jesus and He has made it Ok.
Oh! when the world tells to heart and you want it lose hope;
Just pray to the Lord and He'll help you to cope.

Written by: Reverend Dr. Cecil Cooper, Jr.
Oh how I wish that I could change;
confirm me in Your holy name.
Change my life to be like Christ;
guide me in Your holy light.

Oh how I wish to become like You;
a righteous man that speaks the truth.
Manifest Yourself inside my heart;
never let us be apart.

Oh how I wish to see Your face;
Your glory, mercy, and Your grace.
You've died for me on Calvary;
redeemed my life from slavery.

Your blood has been shed so I'd be saved;
I believe that You arose from Your grave.
Your resurrection was a heaven's gift; You paid the price so that we can exist.

Oh as I repent from all my sins;
please change the man that lives within.
Now I surrender;
although I use to still;
As because now I know;
"Jesus paid it all."

written by Chuck Deke Cooper Jr.
"Oft You Free"

Last, confused.
I don't know where to go;
Mark move a back,
some move fast, and some move slow.
Wearied and weary,
so much I want to change;
I rent them all my sins,
but it seems God still my name.
Humbled, reservations.
There has to be away;
I've searched every religion,
just I have heard they had to say.
Oh, God,自助的,
He will roll my name;
That He'll take away my guilt,
and take away my shame.
Humbled and rent,
a friend led me to God;
He spoke about redemption,
and I found in Jesus Christ.
Oh, happy, restored.
No more sadness, sorrow and ruin.
We finally been set free, from my shortcomings and my chains.
Oh, thanks, deceased.
Now that I'm arrested Christ;
All the Manhatten's that I had
have been lifted by this mighty.
Uncrowned, uncradled,
in His love there is no such peace;
If you're seeking a new life,
my Lord Jesus will set you free.

written by: Brother Theol Cooper Jr.
Wake up, my brother, wake up. Wake up, my sister, wake up. When will we realize that the times are at hand? When every man should be a man, and every woman a true woman. Our time, when educating ourself is lost and our slave to gain more is money to pay.

When will you get up and learn a new trade or go to college to earn a better wage?

How many brothers are now locked away, while we as women hold the down in every way?

How many of you depend on a government check on your home truths and sending new facts.

How many of you really spend time with your kids? Are they raised by video games? Do you know how to discipline them?

How many mothers are out there on their own, while the little children have no one to love or to hold?

How many of you listen to what happens to your kids?

Do you really know what they feel today? How many brothers wish that they had another chance? How many sisters wish they had a real man?

How many women want to work at night, day when hours get hand they chase the escape route?

Wake up, my brother, wake up. Wake up, my sister, wake up. When will you realize that life is not a game. It takes hard work, hard work that leads to blessings one day. One must endure suffering and pain to be admired. So they then live and don't change.

Each brother needs a woman who really cares, when their head last woman will be held there. They'll wonder the storms and come out on the other side. They'll learn from each other and continue to produce one another lives.

Each woman need affection and love, she needs to be the only woman you think of.

Wake up, my brother, wake up. When will you understand that life is not easy? One must work hard every day. Keep chasing hard work and the care of your kids. What's more important than that, to make a family.

Wake up, my sister, wake up. When will you understand that life is not easy? One must work hard every day. Keep chasing hard work and the care of your kids. What's more important than that, to make a family.

Wake up, my siblings, wake up. When will you realize this world is not our home? Open up your eyes. Do you see what's going on? Are we seeing the truth? Are we seeing the blind, the deceit by our position, lust, greed, and murder. Have we forgotten how far we've come in the spirit? Is that what we want when we die? Have we eaten to death over our hearts? Are we so far gone that similarly we all equality. The blind leading the blind was made as coming to an end, the new world order is all over of illusion. Time. Some day tomorrow is becoming reality sooner or later. We'll all be on line for the remix of the dead. This marks a death to old our emotions we cannot see. They live among us and boys like you and me.

Three is more and we all must learn. Open up our heads and cast Christ up. We must believe what he said on Colossians & say the word of everyone who would believe. This new is here through this association now back them. Now do your choice: Do you choose God or choose illusion?

Wake up, my brothers, wake up; Wake up, my sisters, wake up!
My eyes are clouded there's no more tears;  
I've been condemned by all my tears.  
My heart was broke my spirit destitute;  
I've rebelled and I've fought yet still was defeated.  
My soul has wandered and cried for better days;  
I've groaned and hied for a better way.  
My faith was little but my will was strong;  
I was discouraged by many because I saw them wrong.  

My eyes were blind, my hearing was deaf;  
I've been dumb to the signs and no trust has been left.  
Then the day had came when God answered my prayers;  
The rock His finger and wound away my tears.  

The veil of darkness, He removed then me;  
He opened my eyes so I could see.  
He showed me heavens that are to come;  
Accorded me, as this new born son.  

Oh now I want to praise His name;  
This because of my Lord, I have no shame.  
I've lost it all, because of Christ;  
Now eventually I live "In His Holy Light."  

written by: Deedr Tebo Cooker Jr.
I stand on a battlefield while others are essentially blind; my enemies are demons onEarth and in the sky. They say I am their adversary. I am not their enemy; I am a part of their nightmare, a moment of their death.

One would think they are seen, through the human eyes; but they look behind anger, resentment, and pride.

Anger is the main source of energy they use, and mind manipulation to keep as continued. The blind leading the blind. Clayton asks, what is truth, as leaders of his demons ensure the world and Holy. Clayton is his name to keep us from knowing one another; instead of focusing on the enemy at hand, we'd rather tell each other we believe devils do all the tricks and miracles God has never done. And doubt because Clayton has done and all little miracles.

This is our home, as we may think as he remains essentially blind, but a war zone, a battlefield and one must continue to look at his life.

One must authorize the demons within, stand together and unite; this up a household, friendship, and delight, then join the spiritual fight.

Choose some seeds we must recruit and down their with light, for Clayton will use anything, anyone, and come with all his might.

No guard, no后来, if one may tell another picks him up.

The cross is the bane of man. We need the cross and Jesus picks it up. We need ourselves until the mirror of Jesus Christ is up. And remember this was done by little Jesus did on the cross.

Yes, Clayton uses us all to believe that he wants not a battle field; he wants as comforts of illusions that he serves to be real. Why care you have the cross mind and enter the eternalocol; you'll notice all the illusions and kicks of Clayton's crosshead.

Oh, once you can see the cross of death, blindness will destroy until; so can yourself and be ready for true cause Clayton is past as "Now!"

written by, Reverend Dr. Carson Jr.
Then back the hearts of men, BY HIS OWN POWER, then reward:
Let's cast an anointing fire, a record when He was first.

You're a child with high bright dreams, and years of divine courage;
You had books to read, do all the rest, so you studied and reasoned
every task.

You excelled in sports on your own, you were a teacher and succeeded
all have; your achievements were far from your dreams;
No other story seemed close to. No one acknowledged the things
that you've done; only the Lord seen how far you have come.

Off to church every Sunday with pride; the pastor sees all the heart in
your eyes.

It was hard because you lost all a race; no one to help, to express
what comes on. There is some house you moved to the next;
losing thousands in every process. Observe around, like no one really
could. On top of that, you're taken was never there
Continued prayer, why is this happening, that? Of their seed is a God
why is the sunshine not? Observe anger and hatred built
within; you then realize that hundreds of your sins. With great
mother, my God, save your soul; there appears one exact. They
know something is wrong. The more they sent the more accurate, you've
become; and all your dreams shudder over like cramps.

Then back in the hands of those, BY HIS OWN POWER, then reward the hours;
One would think his lot was gone; nothing that God had a plan.

One, all that anger and hatred that was within; disappeared when Jesus
was in. One must lose friends and even the church; so you could
Could use the new thing within. You were destined to walk alone this time;
so that God doesn't Glorified. The choice you've been this cross; as
you see those doctors were not far. It was hard and all there you didn't
understand; but you wouldn't have made that if you knew the plan.

Then back in the hands of those, BY HIS OWN POWER, then reward the hours
That your know the ending easily; will you continue to stand without
losing hope? would you allow others to win; or pick up your sword
and trust in the end? Those give questions that everyone; and
We have to charge off all ways. Have turned in the dark blue sea so
long; no face is there. I was a child with the Lord. Yes those are
battles that we have already won; the thoughts faith and there in God He
are still easy. You've had conditions our own dreams;
And the bond of your shoulders and so mankind the all things
acknowledge God and step out on forth; and allow Jesus to direct
all your ways.

(23)
Hearing you shall hear, but you shall not understand; for the words that I speak are not for every man. Seeing you shall see, but you shall not perceive; for your hearts have been hardened, so you will not believe. Your ears are hard of hearing, your eyes have been closed; the mysteries of the Bible, the you will never unfold. Your self-righteousness has blinded you. Yes your sins have made you dead. My words to you are medicine, yes your actions lead to death. Repent so God can save you, through his mercy and his grace; turn from all your wickedness, and seek to see his face. Then you will understand, my words within your heart; the teachings of my ways, to you will never fail. Your heart begins to soften, your eyes begin to see; your ears begin to hear, God's words flow out of me. Now spiritually enlightened, the Bible comes to life; your heart quickly receives, at the mention of Christ. We often become blinded, by imposing our own ways; that we refused to listen, to what God has to say. Our ways lead to corruption, destruction in the end; God truly wants to bless us, but we must repent from all our sins.

April 26th 2016
written by: Reverend Elder Cooper Jr.
"Matthews 25:31-46"

There will be a day when the Lord will come,
with His angels in heaven's glory:
And on that day upon His throne,
He'll call the nations to view Them.

"Gather my children" foil seat each seat
"We are gathered as we soar;"
Our lives are in the right, all the clothes to the left,
as seen and child shall be comforted.

The Lord of all kings gives to those on His right,
"You are blessed and known as You;
Then when I was hungry, in need of some food, clothes on a fire to the side;"

Or when I was sick, in pain and in prison,
you took care of me in some special way.
Then those on His right will ask the Lord,
"When have we done this for you?"
Then He will reply in all His glory;
"You have done this for me when you extended your love to the heart of my brethren.

"Oh learner of the Christ honored guest,
a gift marks a blessing for you."
Then He will reply in His glory;
"defer them white, you are blessed.

You who are cursed into the eternal fire,
Christ's Father has prepared for you;
join your brothers Lin and all of His brethren.

Then the reason You blessed those on His right
you never took a chance.

They will answer Him, "Oh please Lord
taken that we sent help you?"
Then the least of Christ's brethren you refused to help
you refused to help me too."

written by Nelson T. Cole Jr.
I challenge myself to think of words
that are inspiring and unique;
with spiritual implications
that break all lines of reality.
These words I envision
in my mind like a T.V. screen;
they're moved out like a movie
as my fingers invite.
Codes are formed in letters,
each line I write, one is broke;
there's a divine message
behind all the veins that I've wrote.
She who finds his ears
will find the hidden jewel;
A treasure that's obtained
once we leave this cruel world.

Women come from wisdom
and respect the young;
they illuminate the way
to lead their families home.

Men come from knowledge
but represent the sun;
the changed human being
as the sun's the changed star.

The stars are our children;
wisdom and knowledge both combined;
they give us understanding
that only Heavenly Divine.

written by, Erick Teda Cavender.
Reignished

I found confidence in Your kindness though my flesh, I longed to hear from You. I chose to be Your servant, allowing You to be my Lord.

I admitted my weakness, gave up my flesh and I was weak. I leaned on a strong Arm, so I may become meek.

I abandoned old ways, I choose to rely on my new ways, succumbing to Your will, now I truly understand.

I've repented from all the evil that once overtook me; entrust in Your strength, so now I have peace. Reignished all my ways, be guided by Your choice;

The submission Lord, all I want now is Your love. To see You in Your glory, manifested in my soul;

Please use Your holy servant to carry out Your goal.

written by: Jerri Edna Cooper Jr.
You're all I'm thinking of,

I am lost without you.
Blinded I can't see,
Blind without Grace.
He's been love that I chase.
Therefore without you,
Lost with no clue.
I find more seeking your face,
I've been blessed with much this.

I can't hear you.
I have to be set free.
From the sins that are within,
So I keep on returning.

I find joy deep in my soul,
A happiness I can't control.
You have sacrificed for me,
If I could live eternally.

Thank you for the gifts,
And all the things you've blessed me with.
I'll never think of your name.
I'll remember you alone and give you my peace.

My heart was empty,
You've filled the void that was in me.
My skin cleaned with love,
Your Holy Spirit in my blood.

The waves in my ears,
Like a bird I've not have,
With you I have no tears.
You have cured away my fears.
I am bareless without your love.
Lord, "You're all I'm thinking of."

written by: Derek Andre Cooper Jr.
In Three Days

The first day was His death; the death of our Lord and King;
the seen this day was coming, and He suffered such great things.

This tomb would fall down, in three days He'll rise it again;
One stone this in a Marble,
Yet they called it a sin.

Blessed by the hands
of a false friend named Judas;
30 pieces of silver,
Willed with the deadly kiss.

Day Two was the burial;
Jesus lay in a grave;
The tomb was closed back,
and closed them in a cave.

The three was demanded
To guard the Lord's Tomb;
The Lord wasn't enough,
So they sent out some bears.

The earth become a temb,
and on angel soon appeared;
The Roman guards left their post,
and ran away out of fear.

Day Three is the resurrection
His Tomb has been raised;
The went through all that sufferings,
so you and I could be saved.

Mary and a woman Magdalene
Was went to around the Lord;
An angel guard them standing
with the rock removed from the door.

She has risen is what He told them,
Go out tell this.disperts the truth;
She will be before you & coffee,
And there you will see the bread.

One day of death is destroy them, in three days the was risen soon,
All of this was a way of our Father's glorious plan.

written by Dr. Kneel Thee Cooper Jr.

(29)
Chosen into a band of great minds and poetic speakers;
These who teach quarters with a gift and brilliant thinkers.
Chosen to shed words and enlightenment souls;
With potent words using nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and verbs.
Winds with their promises
They never return to their void;
Winds that are stored that bind deep into your core.
Winds that enter you and motivate you to seek more;
Wisdom who calls you and touches at your heart's door.

Each verse has a story to tell;
without divine intervention each word from us would fail.
Embedded in our souls
and carried on through our backs;
Understanding in our minds
and through our mouths they are not out.

God gives their power
To think seeds in our souls;
When one work is fulfilled
He'll rear what he's sown.
Addressing is the mind
and the gifts we receive.
God wants you to use both
and acknowledge others in all things.
Be wise in your words;
Practice what you preach;
Let go of all God,
everything else is obsolete.

written by: Victor Etoba Cofer Jr.
Oh! I want the back.  
my mind is free.  
my soul returns heavenly.  
THEY sent years to destroy lands.  
with Visions hand & convsenaent.

Knowledge hides 
behind the lines  
Yet question isn't hard to find.  
MY thoughts curset up in a race  
As understanding they seem to chase.

Burnt Isis  
Another kernel  
To find the wives no need for rocks.  
MY essence arising from an ancient love  
A precious gift than the land above.

Of fourteen hours  
from out my heart.  
The houses warm will answer your thirst.  
I've seen velovs dawn below  
and wondrous where the rivers go.

I've triumphed on mountains  
Blest & free  
and watched them cress the earth.  
I've missed the mean but selected a scan  
I've wandered off but not for fun.  
As through my living  
I've overcome  
all the obstacles  
when I was young.

written by Robert Glen Ector Jr.
What a sure the Lord has sent: 
now and eternally along the way.
Exalted and revered he shall showed wise
blessed by the heavens and thine above.

True arms and the cause to saw;
and save the souls of young and old.
Trance free the humanity;
dwell in blessings would ye found.

Breathe with virtues and crowned with thorns;
The crown and voices felt open arms.
The same to do the Thalians put:
This our overbound and this dwell was settled.

Work went through this feet and hands;
Joined up on a cross the will forever.
Up every side gave up the ghost;
Then returned to his Father He loved the most.

The Lord of the broke and the hard: the heart;
was a piece of the body and the blood of the cave.
The purchased this time of death;
delivered by the hands of his friend Judas.

This resurrection left to a gift;
the controller known as the Bible Study.
With though one faith in He was all over sound;
we must all be delivered in this holy name.

Jesus is the way;
the truth and the life.
Our key to the books;
of eternal paradise.

written by: John Elder Iowa
Dark is my path and my future is dark. One would think it is game but my tunnel shows light. In my path there are chirps, chirp, chirp, I searched for an end and I found it to be mountains.

Lost and confused I saw no hope. I've succumbed to my conditions and continued to cope. I thought I had something better for myself; I looked and searched but no one could help.

My hand became heavier than anyone had said; pain swelled up and resentment soon came. Blunted by this I had no self-nurturing; death to all manners and life came to an end.

As I heard the others that I should see light; a hand reached for me and "right for true life." "You've been through so much and suffered like me; make all your land and I'll grant you peace."

I accepted this hand and she offers the peace; now I am blessed and I see brighter days. She showed me this fire, instilled in me oaths; this light shines around me through tunnels and ways.

Yes I was a sinner and deserving of life; but now I am saved by my Lord Jesus Christ. Dark as my past but my future is bright; one would think it is game but my tunnel shows light.
"When One Is Saved"

Oh what a joy when one is saved: We praise with the angels and give God praise.
We be called Yes, chosen to live with Christ;
To step out of darkness and into light.

The sins we have are all washed away;
Our new creation in Christ, Who more could I say?
Permit us as a child that’s eager to learn.
Give Christ all Your worries and all Your concerns.

You must trust before walking;
Don’t walk before trust.
Call on Christ to Guide You and direct both Your feet.
You’ve been added to God’s family.
To the army of God’s light;
Chosen by grace and the blood of Jesus Christ.

Oh what an honor and joy it was for me;
To live in God’s light.
To live in peace eternally.
Yes, once a sinner, now I live with the Lord much pleasure;
I was in need of a Savior and God gave me His grace.

To take none of the glory,
Credit on the praise.
What is all belongs to Jesus,
For He through Christ that we are saved.
Do celebrate His angels, give glory to His name;
Then today He called a sinner, and a lost soul has been saved.

written by: Dr. Jack F. T. Cooper Jr.

(34)
"God's Children"

As the sun breaks the morning clouds,
He's near stars and Your name Wade;
Childhood in Your gentle breeze;
Nothing is that under foot;
He overcast your mighty away.
The busiest was those brighter days

Flowers grew and blossom quick.
The grass is green and grows in thick;
Flurs are wicked than even trees.
Mother stand while sanding.

Father rain and now the grass,
And children play as these wind ears.

God is here in these gardens
Through the sun, the sun, the sun;
The sun that breaks the sun, is grass;
The rain is the rains that fall them out too.
The gentle breeze is God's loving hand;
The tender hand is His mercy;
Do you understand?

The flower that grew is the seed within.
This was all afraid of God's Holy Man.
Now that we blossom through Jesus Christ,
We produce good fruit from them who want.
God prunes us and cuts off our dead ends;
To be afraid of His hand;

"Yes, God's Children."

written by Dwercr.html
"The Olive City Stroll Walk"

One would think this walk is easy,
but it's harder than it seems;
Then we turn around ourselves,
and evils that aren't seen.

We were taught and reacted like Jesus,
we were told that we are weak;
we are treated worse because we're humble,
and then the other check.

Our kindness is not the answer;
we are4observed in many eyes;
Our old friends chose to respond less,
because we have changed our lives.

We will suffer because broken hearted,
we will be hurt at times with band;
We'll lose family, children and assassins,
just to hinder our beliefs.

We'll be attacked from all directions,
both down withzechtagonal shells;
This is never an easy walk,
these are the strongest people I know.

Life is easy when Chrome has you,
and his devils control your soul;
You're surrounded by his illusions,
and his tricks that come from all.

Yet once you rebel from him,
he'll chase with all his might;
he'll lie, cheat, steal and destroy,
and end up a victor at last.

Then this we all know choices,
are the evils that show;
You yourself have to decide what;
but it's never an easy walk."

written by, Andrew T. Cooper Jr.
Children's Games

Let's play tag, and I'll be It, The object is to catch you and using my art. I'll run through your mind, And all your hidden thoughts, Concealing its wisdom that once was lost.

Let's change the game, No hide and seek, Close your eyes, count to 20 and do not peek.

I'll hide in your heart, A curl like a heel; Oh, how circled and all of you et al world.

Can we play another game? How about spider-shoe? We'll search for a treasure, That's only heaven send.

Maybe we should play, duck duck goose; I'll say knowledge and wisdom in a crack, He one you pick will chase you.

Red hot, green cold, One two three; When seven turns around That's when we'll flee.

Let's play Simon says, and I'll tell you what to do; Simon says love your neighbor, as much as you love you.

Though these "Children's Games" were played when we were young; We can still enjoy them essentially, For the years to come.

Written by: Earl White Cooper Jr.
I stand alone a place not my own.

a house, a voice, a broken frame.

I cry to the world

we all must be saved

for Jesus is standing on this way.

When He comes there will be a war

a destruction of all that don't receive the Lord.

He will resurrect

all of our souls

the present, the future,

and those of old.

He will judge us all,

on that hidden day;

no one can hide or get away.

He'll separate the lost

from the just;

He'll bless the righteous

and condemn all the rest.

And before the comes

there will be birth pains.

we must rend the violets and the heather and the rose.

Volumes will mourn

and the earth will quake.

many lives will be taken,

from the earth that shakes.

Each earthquake an contraction,

for the return of our Lord;

the redemption of souls

and the ushering of the world.

Then now we must pray

and also repent,

seek of save lost souls

as them the Lord sent I was sent.

Oh I'm not a martyr

but my message is clear;

I'm sharing the Gospel because "Christ is near."

written by, Brent Tate (continued)
"The Treasure In Me"

I remain hidden deep beneath the surface of my flesh;
a marvelous treasure to return,
Yet a blessing from the seas.
Our church by the seashores, that we plant me in;
my essence as a jewel,
everyone wishes to own.

Oh, may that I’m an angel because I’m touched and set to work;
Or is it because I’m speaking,
when my heart should be demonstrated.
At short times though a clear path will lead to where I am;
and the key if ever spent,
to unlock the treasure within.

Our way search as hard as the mountain top and the wider deep below;
to find a love that dwells within me,
That’s them the heavens up above.

My treasure bears health to all whom lives in the dark;
it also gives life.

new beginnings and new starts.

My treasure isn’t scarce, nodes, or ranks;
It the body of a man,
That rest on the sun of the world.

This love has been received with the wind that lives in me;
and reaches out to touch.
The case of everyone I meet.
Wisdom goes before me, she rules even in the street;
knowledge is easily obtained.
so that understanding returns to me.

My treasure bears not in the shadows;
although I’m bound beneath a dream,

my tears calls for the answers to find
"The Treasure In Me."

written by, Ernest Elmore Cooper Jr.

(39)
I was saved,
from the death of my flesh,
from my heart for my soul,
from the control of my mind,
many years ago.

I was saved,
from the evil harbored in me,
from the love that showed me no,
from them scenes that confounded me.

I was saved,
through a grace that comes from God,
through a love heaven superior,
by the death of His Son on the cross.

I was saved,
by the resurrection from this death,
through the baptism and second chance,
through a faith I can't understand.

I was saved,
so I can speak this praises,
through the Gospel without no shame,
and give God the glory and the praise.

I was saved,
for once I was saved,
for my soul, I could come alive,
and I could live like Jesus Christ.

I was saved,
Yes I was saved,
and I have more happier days.

written by: Ernest Theo Cooper Jr.
Once I was a sinner, deserting my Lord's laws; huntingfolks for worldly things was one of my many flaws.

One I was tricked by Satan chasing dreams of gold; I've robbed, I've lied, and cheated for money was my goal.

You see I thought that money brought happiness and peace; but all I bought was grief.

Oh now I live for Jesus, praise His Holy name; with Jesus as my Leader, my life has truly changed.

Oh now, that Christ has changed my lot the whole wide world can see; I'm no longer a sinner cause Christ has set me free.

written by: Dereck Ade Cooper
Oh, how the angels did rejoice
on the night that your lost soul was found.
We hunger will you be a slave until you
for now you are heaven's bound.
Oh, may for the day you'll remember
the night that your lost soul was lost,
while you were we bondage to Satan
for you were his a servant of sin.
Oh, how the angels did rejoice
when God showed you how much He cares;
by showing His grace and mercy
had conquered your sins and diseases.
Cause the father of lies had deceived you
he had such a devilish plot;
but Jesus our Lord and our Champion
delivered you out of his hands.
Then Jesus came down to redeem us
and on the cross He did lay the charge;
Oh now we belong to Jesus
the way the truth and the life.

written by: Elmer Tedde Coven.

(42)
"O'er to me oh Merciful Lord
The Guidance I must have:
Oh may I find a way to do
Just what It as You ask.

Lord teach me how to duly love
so I may learn to live;
And show me how to share my land
that through my heart I'll give.

Oh give me strength and wisdom to
carry this to my life;
Oh Lord I pray that I'll always do
what is pleasing to Your sight.

Remember to remind me
I'm responsible for all I say and do;
Cause often all while I am here
I'm representing You.

written by, With Thee Cooper.
"Understanding Love"

God displayed His love for us
by sending us His Son;
To teach us how to think love
and live our lives as one.

Do why are we so uninformed
about this word called love?
Are we so blind we cannot see
this act from God above?

Then love is patient, love is kind
and love will always share;
Love because the kindness were done
and helps those in need.

Love is in the way we live
for love we cannot hide;
Love is never ever rude,
not as it fall of rude.

Our actions show how we perceive
this word that we call love;
About the understanding of this word
was sent by God above.

written by Chuck Tebo Cooper

(44)
Where did I go wrong in life, or was it all my fault?

The violence and hard work were things that I was never taught.

I grew up in the ghetto streets where I was taught and raised,
by people who dropped out of school to teach us to get by.

Lesson one was history on how to get ahead.
You take by force the things you want,
my history teacher said.

I started out by taking change
from my mother's purse;
my dad whipped when I got caught
but that just made me worse.

Then one day my mom brought home a gun
how that was some wise deal;
I took her gun now I was set
it made my manhood real.

But then I was this messed child
not even twenty-one;
Playing the game of cops and robbers
just for kids and fun.

Caught up in a life of crime,
I hung out with the thugs;
we embarked as we all got high
on alcohol and drugs.

With no idea just what I was
I wanted out of life;
I had my only lived by the gun
and that I paid the price.

Yes many years in prison is
just how much it cost;
Before I finally figure out
just what I was I lost.
My health and strength are fading; my youth has disappeared; we spent a lot of sleepless nights on pillows full of tears. I only was taught the truth about the life of crime; you either got an early grave or lots of prison time.

Then if I chose a different path along the road of life I couldn't or mustn't put me such a heavy price.

Written by: 

Dear [Name]

(46)
Of mother's love is special
It cannot be described;
What words alone can not express
Her actions can not hide.
The reason she dreads while giving birth
Was only just the start.
She shows her love for you the most
Each time you break her heart.
If you are kind or deadly ill,
She feels it in her soul.
Just where she feels this power then
Leaves only knows.
And so I offer every morn
My greatest heartfelt prayers;
To hear it will express my love
And show how much I care.

written by. Deleet Vebo Cooper
Lay Down

If our love is finished
Then why did we start?
Then you were the one
Who truly captured my heart.

You told me you'd love me and
no matter what;
But then you let me down on my luck.

Can't you see my world
my care has thrown away;
Yeah you let me down
so what can I do?

What human can I face
this cold world alone;
I truly need God
To make my heart strong.

Cause you were the woman
And has this around;
Then you set me up
For my biggest let down.

written by: Sonick Tebo Cooper

(48)
"Remembering Grandma"

Looking back on yesterday,
I see my grandmother's face;
She's always praised the Lord
who is full of love and grace.

"I still can hear her gentle words
true and true again;
"Baby you should change your ways
and give the Lord a chance."

My grandmother was a well of knowledge
at least she said it seemed;
Of me she would talk for hours
It seems about anything.

The wisdom that she shared with me
could not have come from me;
It had to be her gift from God
and now I understand.

She told me I should fear the Lord;
made of brass, hands;
"God sent when he was near on you
He'll be your closest friend."

Yes I remember everything well
and I appreciate;
The lessons that she taught on life
although I learned them late.

written by: Deedie Juba Cooper.
"Gossiping is not listening!"

Have you heard the latest news about the child next door? Apparently he went to jail because he rolled the stone.

I heard his mom is very sick. And that she lost her job; her husband died a month ago that really hit them hard.

Oh, is there any news from children up north to help at all? Their family turned their backs on her. And if I can recall.

She has had visions they call ands. And have I long to live? I wonder what will happen to her poor defenseless kids.

Oh, I'll probably get evicted soon. And not a crying shame. But this is not my fault but hers. There's no one else to blame.

Do you think we could listen to both viewpoints and agree? Do you see her desolate side? I hear her children's cry.

"Gossiping is not listening!"
Received Whate'er You Bee

Both are stand
Barmans like dumb.
Flows like a river
with a smooth fluid stream.
Come what is said,
and it leaves your mind running.
Question this instinct
and where it comes from.
She says "God Allowed This Evasion"
I'm rooted spiritually,
Yet rooted like a tree so you can never move me.
Their leaves may wither
but this tree will never fall,
I'll remain faithful
and continue to stand tall.
Yet I expand like a sail,
As much of earth and lands.
My strength is like the current
one you caught you'll understand.
Why much are like burners,
Why I destroy the way you think.
We hate when will severe you,
and rebuild you spiritually.
Why love is like the rain,
Each drop refreshes your soul.
My knowledge is like the wind,
That blows away your ways of old.
I rise like the sun
To illuminate the day,
I rush all the clouds
From the overcast away.
I set like the moon,
Yet I'se falling like a star,
A star that from heaven in "Receive Whate'er You Bee."

written byDwight T. Cooper Jr.
"Hand Times & Bad Books"

Hand Times, bad books. One came, oh, how mistake.

And this the game we had on man. The lie side of the stake.


But this is the game we teach our own, the lie side of the stake.

I was on top of the world. I thought I was never sober.

But then reality kicked in, and real life then took over.

These hand times, bad books. The lie that I lived.

With all the right work of the devil. I was a kid in the pen.

I continued to run, surrender the man that I am.

Selling drugs to my neighbors was my means. In an end,

of Fortune, there came a fashion-able mind.

The illusion of the game soon lined me up.

Nice of I picked to stay my soul till the end.

But I can not write a novel, as pole, some others and a few friends.

Though the outside it looks as if I was the man, I wanted it and.

That's I just planned to do so. Then it conquer this world.

Become Clinton's best friend. Only I knew eventually I was

being condemned. Like most I never, the deeper I went in

in the game. I wanted some place in this world to make

of a name, all the drama and the action, man these

things never changed.

I had feel dead just as I could stay on this top,

Happiness never came as I searched and achieved. Until one night.

Standing in the back of my cell, there was a spark,

my life had flashed before my young eyes, my daily dead.

I saw tears in my eyes and in my kids eyes.

I wanted to cry, an angel said, "everything will be fine."

Because the movie was in that story came x on end.

We selling dope, no guns, no money, I sit in the room.

I lost my friends, the world I had was crumbling in.

The life I had known was with my closest kin.

And Jesus Christ was the only that brought me out of
darkness. I seen the light, so now I walk in the righteousness.

And all things that God does, gives us hate happiness.

Oh, man that illusion. I was in discovered in the end.

One when you walk with Jesus Christ. That's just how Clinton.

One makes things seem real with delusions and tricks.
"The Church Of Acts"

What human is the church of old?
where disciples went to last needs lovers.
Eagerness we must all retain;
Yes! by Christ they were sent.
Of church that helped the poor indeed;
They sold their possessions for those in need.
When sacrifice it felt a threat;
A brotherhood that will never end.
When told we should our lead;
When held on high to this word.
Of church that shared and visited;
And prayed for those who could not heed.
Of church that loves and holds cares;
No matter how small they will be right here.
Of church that teaches eternal life;
Because of the outlaws of Christ's sacrifice.

Why happened, why did we walk away;
From the ways of the church established back in the days?
We are selfish and greed is strong in our lives;
We have been deceived so we don't sacrifice.
Have we forgotten the last love that we could give;
Is it by doing ones left for his friend?

Have we forgotten that our possessions are only deceiving;
Have we forgotten that, what would this really be?
Do we hold what Christ said?

Acts Chapter 5 gives an example of our selfishness;
and how a man's greed and has caused him his death.
We must repent stop thinking of self;
Return to the church in Acts and extend our help.

written by: Chuck Tobe Cooper Jr.
We often lose focus, take our eyes off the race:
In these times we start to worry, as we see our troubles rise.

We often get discouraged. From not knowing where to look;
We seek to find the answers, but won't read God's Word each day.

Off times were on a high, its floating on cloud nine;
These times we find much peace, because every thing is fine.

We often find disasters, then every time we take;
But we never choose to evaluate the choices that we make.

Off times we often wonder, and blame the blame on everyone else;
So we deflect all the focus, from looking at ourselves.

We only think God is the good, yet we never think for the bad;
So in these troubled times, we are sad or we get mad.

We want the benefits of God's blessings, rewards and all the glory;
But we don't like the times to acknowledge that God truly exists.

You convince, you swears, you evil breath of snakes;
You're like the Sadducees and Pharisees, it is Christ they York hate.

Repent from all your evil, and the wickedness of your heart;
Allow Jesus to forgive you, and give you a brand new start.

written by: Cindy Lela Cooper Jr.
War is raging within one and all:
The battle continues between heaven and hell.
God is many and the widows is death;
we must fight for our lives until there's none left.

Oblivion wishes to own our souls:
Yes he views this world as his fishing ground.
Yet though the sword be as sharp as the jaws of death,
Our lives is so much that God's own was spent.

Demons attack us in all kinds of ways:
During these hours we must give the Lord praise.
God rules, not our demise;
They cannot take souls and take more lives.

Yet the hand of my Lord who always extends;
He gives new life and always forgives.
We're surrounded by evil, eat us as our slaves;
I know it seems hopeless but there's hope in God's grace.

Oblivion must deceive you;
To keep you on his side.
Blinding you with darkness;
Do you never see the light.

He knows his been defeated but the war he'll take more lives;
and lead them all away with his illusions and his lies.
We are weak to our desires, even weaker to our flesh.

But with belief and faith in Jesus;
We'll stand as with His strength.
Do not lose hope there's always a way to win;
There's hope when you have crossed
cause the wages from death is sin.

written by: Senior Elder Cooper Jr.
As many how that can change a man.
In ways that's hard to understand;
We never did think it so absurd.
We knew that there's nothing left.

We use to enjoy the life of men.
But now we search for wisdom real;
Instead of things that are absolute,
We rather try to become complete.

We use to place God on the shelf.
But now we try to conquer self;
Church has never in our minds,
Now we seek to enjoy our passions more.

We'd rather have the world's book.
Now knowledge is never over looked;
We use to write our letter at times,
Now books are more important than our selfish pride.

With law we seem to understand.
All the works no longer than;
directed by our master's hand,
We want to change the heart within.

The things we can't enjoy to do.
Seems childish now that we have been;
We once was young but now we're old.
A lot more wise yet a lot less bold.

written by: Horace Elisha Cooper Jr.
Whenever the task or challenge,
God will give you strength.
Though nails and hardships,
no matter the time or length.
The Lord's grace is sufficient,
a helping hand indeed.
He through prayer and our petitions,
He hears our words and needs.
We ask our intercessions,
To who Is Lord our case;
We ask Him for His will,
as we seek to see His face.
To find the fruit of the Spirit,
We must abode in Jesus Christ.
What showing in our own power.
We live a holy life.
We must focus on what is true,
Righteous, just and lovely for sure.
Things of good report.
Virtue, modesty and pure.
One must be content,
in all God blesses us with.
There's a secret in contentment.
This half heavens gift.
A suffering makes perseverance,
perseverance, character and hope.
Clothing on God's strength.
will help us all the way.
There here won't disappoint you.
because God forbid our faith hate.
In our hearts by the Holy Spirit,
where He's given us from the heavens above.
Oh when you're feeling weak,
and you need it now so much.
Pray for all God's strength,
and trust "He'll give enough."

written by, Lecock Tico Cooper Jr.
He'll Give You Peace

everytime I close my eyes I cry;
Oh how I wish I had a better life.
Certain promises I did not keep;
and my friends loved me far more.

Oh how I wish I knew You truly came;
that I got the story end so was so unfair.
I tried to be humble when I ran the others;
but that fire of life is hot it's fall on me.

I searched for peace in the darkest place;
I was searching for love I wanted to see Your face.
I turned to God, please send your light on me;
I know You summer day could you please save me.

My path was dark. Lord I need Your grace;
Can You direct my steps and all my ways?
Can You stop these storms inside of me;
Can You heal my heart and give me peace?

Oh how I wish I knew You Lord with all that I was;
Oh how I wish I be a brand new man.

Even though some parts and suffered so much pain;
Do become so dull, I was locked away.

Then 30 years, I didn't understand;
in those 30 years You turned me into a man.
Redeemed my soul and I've answered me;
Blessed with the Holy Ghost, now I have peace.

The through my Lord I choose to give You praise;
Do the world will hear and know about Your name.
The Lord my Strength, the Prince of Peace;
The God of Love, He's the King of Kings.
The Holy Land that was sacrificed;
Do you and I can have eternal life.

We move this human Lord, we give You praise;
As upon Your name that we are all served.

Jesus Christ as
of whom I speak;
If you believe in him;
He'll give you peace.

written by: Herbert John Cooper ch.
"A Spring And A Time"

There's a spring that flows within my soul;  
a fountain of love I can't control.  
The living water flows through my veins;  
a love so powerful its hard to contain.  
I've tried to subdue it and contain its hate;  
but it reaches out of me to save more lives.  
Its rooted in my heart with a firm abode;  
I've been scratched and pecked by its flames.  

My thoughts are heavenly as I preach His word;  
now my earthly thinking seems so absurd.  
I've been blessed with wisdom that's beyond my years;  
no longer do I, live in fear.  
It's captured my being and controls my life;  
He's took me from darkness and led me into light.  
I seek his face and give Him praise;  
cive honor to God and shout to His name.  

I've surrendered myself to complete His will;  
my broken spirit, God chose to heal.  
Now I have joy  
and eternal life;  
I've been justified by the cross;  
and the price was Christ.

written by: Rev. Elder Cooper Jr.
"Which God Do You Seek?"

They within a concrete confinements of jail,
My only means of communication is through visits and mail;
Sometimes in my cell otherwise a modern grave.
Just as time flies, and ages away.

As I tried to explain the conditions I'm in,
All times I am focused yet others distant.

In a world that separates men from men,
Boundaries are set and must be broken,
But as aged and the reason as unknown,
Some say its respect others the skin that you own.

Majors run the stands with clays and guns,
They house us like cattle and brand us one by one.
This work is not fictitious nor is it a dream;
The majors are guards inside CO.2K.

No words are being offered, the college courses were void,
Yet we are supposed to be "rehabilitated" from the life of a crook.

I have been hopeful as I change them within;
My faith is that God helps me understand.

I am blessed with a richness that is spiritually obtained;
Yet my pockets are light as I have no currency.

The devil as of now, he is let has demons run free,
I am tricked and tainted by each word they speak.

My organ is enclosed by the walls of a key;
At the end of each day, God grants me peace.

Yes a war has been waged that the casual eye cannot see;
The battlefield is spiritual.

Which God do you seek?

written by: Herbert Thbo Cooper Jr.
"I Truly Believe"

You are my bridge over troubled waters;
my redeemer who comforts my soul.
Your humbleness made it audible,
in the ancient ways of old.
You are my refuge when I am weary,
my rock when I am weak.
Your love give me new strength;
likeo strength throughout the week,

You are my tree planted by the water;
I am undisturbed by your shade.
Your gentleness continues to soothe me;
making all my tears away.
You are my light in a world of darkness;
my solace when I am in need.
Your grace has given me life;
through your arms I've learned it here.

You are my Aaron when I go into battle;
your sound, my shield and my refuge.
Your hands of protection are with me;
as long as I stand in your light.
You are my King and reign above me;
my Heavenly Father and God of love.
Your mercy has been placed upon me;
your blessings rain down from the heavens above.

You are my hand,
you're what I worship.
The Tree Vine,
and I am your leaf.
Your Child has grown within me,
so now "I Truly Believe."

written by, Drew Ette Cooper Jr.
"Come To Me"

Come to me
with all your fears;
Your doubts, your worries,
and all your tears.

Come to Me
just as you are;
Host and Believer.
For I am not far.

Come to Me
if you will;
I'll ease your pains,
I'll help you heal.

Come to Me
your heavy burden;
I'll lighten your load,
and take it for certain.

Come to Me
with humility;
humble thyself,
and I'll give you peace.

Come to Me
with your sorrow and care;
For my yoke is light
and will set you at ease.

Come to Me
when you hear these words:
You must know in your heart
that they came from the Lord.

Come to Me
and allow me to speak;
I'll show you great and marvellous things.

The counsel of the Lord is "Come to Me;
So just as I can lead
I'll come to thee."

written by, Reverend Chief Cooper Jr.
How can I express, what you need to see; Eternally You're blessed, a human being and don't. Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; valued were the lessons, You taught to every man. Every heart shall bow, every tongue confess; no one will know that true, so there's no need to stress. Sent to save our souls, He's our Savior and our King; enlightens all the minds, and hearts of who'd believe.

Not caring about our sins, no matter big or small, teaching us to love, each other through it all. Although He was mocked, beat, whipped, and hanged, never did He cause us to forsake His Father's name.

Devoted to God's will, all the way to His throne; anointed His disciples, to carry out His ways. Blessed is He whom believe, that Jesus Christ is Lord; Lamb and our redeemer, from the heavens, Father afore.

Eternal One, Yes eternal; Our Lord the Prince of Peace, Savior of the world, and all humanity. Unless He has work, wisdom He has preached; Tithing all innocence, its love He chose to teach.

No one has His faith, yet all of us do try; Giving all we have, we dedicate to Christ! For God so loved the world, He gave His begotten Son; redeemer of our sins, the past and those to come.

Oh what a friend in Jesus, that came to rescue me; mercy in His name, through Him I've found much peace. Glory to our Lord, whom chose to save my soul, Oh how I'll give You praise, from now until I'm old.

Delivered from sins, destroyer of eternal life, I thank the Father above, for blessing me with Christ.

March 7th 2010
written by: Rev. Dersa Dunbar Cooper Jr.
"Believing In Him"

As I rush my pen to capture your eyes:
through the ink that marks words materialize.
Each stroke of this pen is inspired by God;
a message that's not yet seen by man.

Enchanted in a realm that isn't cut off;
my curnd is dead but my soul lives on.
My spirit is free and soaring heavenly;
in this new world I have found so much peace.

There is joy, there is laughter where ever you look;
these things are only seen in magazines on tv books.
Love is unconditional, as seen in everyone eyes;
we all are accepted, no one is despised.

We tend to each other in brotherly love;
our Father's answer us on His throne up above.
We worship with angels giving God praise;
a truth is known when a new soul is saved.

Others lived with gold, thanes of fine jewels;
rows of wine for us to consume.
Blessing, rewards for the life that we lived;
for accepting the Lord and believing in Him.

written by: Deacon Theo Cooper Jr.
Although We're Chosen

Confined in a 8x10 prison cell,
my only rays of hope is God's light
through my window sill.

I see many roads
and two sufficers a long way.
They're after my mind
and keep to the times that I was.

Devoted to my enemy
and the desires of my flesh.

When my eyes to the Lord
and pray for all others strength.

Oh, how I'm self absorbed
so I withdraw from the world.

I become isolated, isolate,
when I'm just free this road.

I close my eyes and talk to God
as needs are necessary.
I find peace and tranquility
as I walk through in lines.

God is my only provider
God's all I need to take care of me.
I have choices for my land
although I live in poverty.

My mother only wants me
I receive a purpose every week;
my father's locked up too
sometimes he chooses not to speak.

My siblings live their lives
as if they dead and not in jail;
I intercede in prayer
hoping that they're doing well.

Confused by the Judge
I only wish to do what's right;
I seek to save those souls
and bring them along to Christ.

written by: Vincent Delamarter
Rejuvenated
cause I was lost, deaf, dumb and was blind.
But Lord!
You reached inside my heart to turn my life around this came.
"Oh now its my time."
To teach others about to be saved from sin.
You taught me repentance and cured my soul.
so I could wholly forgive.
"Rebuked no more."
You sat in them cells those walls was crumbling in;
You put on my tree and asked for help,
"I couldn't let Christ win."
"You've been my friend."
Through all my tears, tribulations, and pains;
You've stood at my side with no words
That now I walk by Your grace.
"And I was your love."
From the beginning of the creation of men;
That sent your son into the world so Christ would be condemn.
"Oh now they turn Again."
As I see You can only give praise;
You reached to me the salvation to fix your name I proclaim.
"Lord I was the darkness."
Not had my soul dwell in darkness for years;
I was so many nights I cried out to God that my heart would be healed.
"I was down in the valley."
and Lord you gave me another human new life;
You gave me a hope, a purpose, and truth so now I walk with Christ.
"MY fears are gone."
there's no more pain. You looked at your love killed with me;
I was when I reach that mountain the I can stand in your favor.
"Oh cancer as the fire."
who lives in me then he who is of this world;
Yes I was once dead, dumb, and blind
but now my sight is the Lord.

written by, Derrick Elko Cooper Jr.
"The Vine And The Vinedresser"

I'm connected to a vine
That is rooted deep within my soul.
Of vine that produces life
Through a spring that is old.

There is a vine dresser that does the summer,
She cuts and she branches out the tree,
So that my fruit that comes can breathe.

In this vine you'll find much love,
Because the vine dresser kept axes;
Her axes 01 how wonderful,
Are the fruits we start to bear.

I can cry upon the wheel
That the sailor stands it over;
She makes me sing His name,
She puts me off from sin.

A beautiful wine she has stored,
Into the furnace I go;
To be sanctified by His fires,
As I come out white as snow.

The vine dresser, the river and vine,
Are all one and the same;
The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost,
The Holy Trinity is their home.

Chase as the Lamb,
Our Cherish and True Vine;
If we stay connected to Him,
Our lives will turn out free.

written by Rev. David T. Cooper Jr.
"Watchful Eye"

One must keep a watchful eye
as much as Day as night.

We'll be held for who we are,
all because of Jesus Christ.

Each man's friend will become his enemy,
Others will turn on wars;

Nations will rise against nations.

The end of the age has begun.

There will be rumors of troubles and wars,
what will God say to each of us?

We must persevere through these times,
although in these times we will be sor.

There will be earthquakes, famines and hunger,
we will suffer them as much pain;

Our reward will be the new kingdom.

Where Jesus will reign as our King.

Oh how easily it will be up in heaven.
But first we must endure this world;

We'll be reassured eternal life with Jesus.
Let us trust, believe and follow His word.

Come one last and joy in the council,
while others remain in the light;

We all fall short of God's glory.
For this we have Jesus Christ.

Oh when we step out on faith.
Trouble is quickly behind;

Then this reason we must guard ourselves.
By keeping a "watchful eye."

written by, Herst Ethel Cooper M.
"There Jesus' Drake"

Though the fire and the flames,
I've been brought close to death;
Torn apart from a song,
Yes it through God I have my health.
Through winds, and storms, and sorrows.
I've left I couldn't carry on.
Yet Jesus held my hand,
though I felt so all alone.
I've been broken, spiritually broken,
There was no peace inside of me.

I knew for the day
that my worries I'd be set free.
I rebelled, I even fought.
Yes I need Jesus every church.
I was afflicted by my addiction
and I wanted to feel my hurt.
Treasured, no self-control,
and my anger was untempered.
Objects had enough
and kicked me in the face.
I'll have it, nothing to change.
Yet not knowing what to do.
I cried out to the Lord,
"what did I ever do to you?"
I was answered by a friend,
who invited me back to church.
The pastor preaching his sermon
said "I know that you"ve been hurt."
My heart opened and I found peace,
in the Lord and the love of Jesus Christ.
She allowed me to suffer,
so I could live a victorious life.
And I discovered,
keep your hope and hold on to your faith.
Cause Jesus wants to help you
and save you by His grace.
Oh when times get so hard
and the storm is much I feel.
Once it all is Jesus
He's there because He cares.
Learn than your mistakes
don't want it be left.
I pray that you get saved.
all for Jesus' sake!

written by: Alonzo Blake Cooper Jr.
"Why Wait?"

"Have you ever danced with the Lord in the brightness of the day?"
"Have you ever been rebellious to the Lord in any way?"
"Have you lied, cheated or stolen from anyone you've loved?"
"Have you sincerely asked for forgiveness and returned to the Lord above?"

"Is there anything that Terrifies you that asks to be saved?"
"Do you know that Jesus loves you, that God extends His grace?"
"Have you cared so bad it hurts because you really want to change?"
"Have you come so far asking that you feel you're out of range?"

"Has your sins become a burden that's to heavy for you to bear?"
"Has the life you've lived left useless and you feel that it's unfair?"
"Do you have a broken spirit, feel like your heart can't be mended?"
"Then thank our God for Jesus, because He really cares!"

"One we must turn our eyes to God and ask Them for His Grace;"
"Place our trust in Jesus and continue to seek Christ's face."
"One must open up our hearts and ask Jesus to step in;"
"Allow Him to change our lives and lead us away from sin."

"Oh what love we find in Jesus;"
"Oh friend in many ways."
"The thought of God's grace and mercy;"
"You can be saved in Them today"

"Why Wait?"

written by: Derrick Theo Cooper Jr
"Where will You Be"

Oh, I approach each day
I'm faced with trials,
God sends me strength
in a special way.

I often talk
To the Lord above;
When times get hard,
He shows me love.

I'm faced with trials along the way;
Mistakes,
Sins and wrongs.

We need God's love,
To choose to seek;
God throughout the day,
I become more neat.

I'm a sinner, a reborn and saved;
In the Book Of Life, you should see my name.
I must retrace the word of truth;
And save the lives of elders and youth.

I'm here to carry out
My father's plan;
In ways the carnal mind
will never understand.

We must all repent, from our rocked ships;
Believe in Christ and pray to change.
Surrender our hearts, and let our souls;
Then ask the Lord to take control.
We must do above our Father's will;
Oh, ceaseless,
Submit and be real.

Oh, this universe,
Must and believe;
And in all this words
we must take heed.

One day will come when He'll return;
Reclaiming the souls of whom He has called.
Oh, yourself;
Where will you be:
in Heaven with God;
or in Heaven with me!

Written by: Reverend Theko Cooper Jr.
"Through the Storm"

Through the mist, through the fog:
when there is no guide, when it seems to lead:
when the going seems tough, I will find strength to carry on through:
I am blessed with a faith that only comes from You.

Through the rain, through the hail:
when must lose all here, when must run or duck:
I'll walk where I can't go, I where I'm inspired to endure:
all the pain. Defined by Your fire to clarify Your name.

Through the snow, through the blizzard:
when I've suffered enough, when the landers is heavy:
and the road is so quick. Your hand lead I am ever, so I
can go on, even though I am weak. Your strength makes me strong.

Through the thunder, through the lightning:
when everything else fails, when things go away:
when I'm known both on earth. I'll know ten forgivenesses:
understand the test; those parts of my soul and bring out my best.

Through the wind, through the storm:
when darkness overtakes me, when I'm surrounded by clouds:
when others think we will win. I'll stand in Your beauty:
Eternal and abundant now. You knight in Your armor. For the
storm you carried me through.

written by: Dr. Vincent Wilbert Corder Jr.
Do we cry at birth to rejoice at death?
Do we lose focus on life as we exhale each breath?
Do our words in your stripped of all flavor and meaning?
Do we honor our love as an act in a screening?
When we lose someone close do we bottle it in?
Do we let out the pain does it cause us to sin?
Do we count it all joy or just sit in depression?
Do we focus on our sorrow so that it becomes our obsession?
Do we mourn and move on cherishing the time that we had
or do we dwell in self pity and continue to be sad?
Do we embrace our life or do we lack it away?
Do we become encouraged to face a new day?
Does the pain become so overwhelming that it hurts deep in our souls?
Does our emotions become so raw that we lose self control?
Do we seek to be concluded do we push others away?
Do we reject all sound wisdom that we don’t hear what people say?
Do we regret how we acted, how we lived in the past?
Did we believe that our actions would last?
Do we live through our actions or just through words?
Do our love that I been active or just absurd?
Do we cry at birth to rejoice at death?
Do we lose focus on life as we exhale each breath?

written by: Derek Tedco Cooner Jr.
I've been kissed by an angel,
Taught by God,
Given gifts to receive,
These gifts are Gods.

I've been chased by the devil,
Attacked by his friends,
At first I'm his enemy,
And hell never end.

I have spoken to the masses,
Taught in God's schools,
I've hindered His children,
And still I was cool.

I've rebelled now and then,
Touched in the street,
I've sinned like everyone else,
But I tried to be decent.

I've had many love,
I've had as many doors,
Yet now that I have God,
I've turned my life around.

Oh don't leave be discouraged,
No just one of God's friends,
To prevent God from hurrying you,
And given you these gifts.

Christ wants to save your soul,
He died on the cross for you;
He rose the third day,
He could raise you too.

The other His Mother,
As He reaches out His hand;
Just catch hold of Jesus,
And He'll take you to the promised land.

Oft times they deceive you,
She needs your company;
But Christ wants you to remain,
With Him through eternity.

written by: Nenick Eto Cooper Jr.
You Can Always Depend on Me

I've been lost, felt no pain, no one to depend on, no place to call home. Abandoned by friends and family after being betrayed by many on this journey called life. Confused, I sought help, my tears were roam. I was deceived by a force that sought that I'd be condemned.

Many paths through my heart, I only focused on my hurt, no encouragement from others, never thought about my needs. Become bottled up in the "views" of how I'd be received. I was dejected, lost all hope. I felt like I couldn't breathe, less than a human. I was dealt a series of blows and locked away. Turned off as sometimes problems yes a burden in so many ways.

Unfamiliar with who I am. For forgotten who I was, a product of circumstance, a soulless vessel without love. Seek out and you shall find. Do I search through trials and storms, Is there anyone who would love me, and help return my name?

I placed my trust in God, through hearts and hearts of pain. How could someone really love me? I didn't even deserve who I've become. Overcome by feelings of raw emotions, my defenses are to become secure. I escape to a place of solace, that makes me keep going hurt by you! A place to continue living, in this world dying, broken by pain, my soul cries out while I'm still living, it's obvious it knows by name.

My soul man chose to accept thinking. I feel the was never there for me. But the spirit that lives within me, says that it远处. What I will find my peace. I've lived the wars of the can't suffering, misery, and death. The end. As I called on the name of Jesus, and asked that He help me to understand.

He said, "you are my heart and tendencies. That lead you back to me. File held you in my hands, created you you see. I knew you had to be broken and rebuilt gradually, from your tears, hurts and sufferings, I gave you to teach. You were chosen for this reason, to bring glory to God's name. Out of your tears and afflictions, a son of God is been raised. I know the road seemed long, and the obstacles seemed rough; but it was only to prepare you and give you a plan that leads. The world is going to hate you, just remember I love you, be strong and remain faithful. I'm all the encouragement you'll ever need. Do when you're feeling all alone, no friends or family. My son just call my name, you can always depend on me!!!

written by: Coach Debra Coe

(29)
"Outmanned"

Outmanned in the darkness,
only a little glimmer of light.
I struggle through this tunnel,
but I never give up the fight.

I'm attacked by an enemy,
but as sure as my sights.
Yet I prepare for this battle,
spiritually there'll be long nights.

Demonic spirits, evil influences;
these are humans to do their wills;
they cause chaos, mayhem and murder,
they're learned and very skilled.

We must exterminate these demons,
kill them with word and sword.
Rebuke Satan's whispers,
and continue to follow the Lord.

I'm submerged in a darkness;
a place that's far from my home.

My enemy uses my fears
to keep me separated and alone.

They believe I'll forsake my land
and die spiritually;

to walk amongst the dead
and accept the mark of the beast.

I've battled head-to-head
and broken my chain within this fight;
I almost made it to the end
of this tunnel into the light.

My shield blocks the angry darts
that actually came from hell.

My sword cuts down my enemies,
as others flee to tell.

Ominated by a fire that only purifies;
seven beams.
These exorcises must be taught,
so this will can be learned.

I've cursed out of the darkness,
now I'm submerged in the light.
I'm a warrior, a soldier,
in the army of Jesus Christ!

written by: Direct Deb Cooper Jr.
I lift my eyes to heaven,
where I can my help;
my strength comes from the Lord,
He doesn't come from myself.

I've battled against these demons,
friend and family alike;
I fight within the trenches
and I pray with all my might.

Evil is always before me,
my desire is that I'll change;
I live among the wicked;
God is the only true refuge.

I dance myself with God's armor,
I set out on faith and choice;
I'm protected by my shield,
and I battle with my lance.

The war's not might but sound,
each scripture costs the soul;
I battle in the spiritual realm,
with the spirit that comes from old.

Oft on earth has best,
yet I am empowered by Christ above.
The will stand his feet below.
I am feared by Christ's power.

I lift my eyes to heaven,
where God I see my might;
I give my praise to my Lord and King.

"My Choice Jesus Christ"

written by: Dr. Clark Dills Cooper Jr.
Call On His Name

Lost in a land that isn't my own;
confined to a space that are must call home.

Travel across all walks of life;
with broken emotions and wounds from fights.
Of land of conflict, headvache and pain;
Yet I can rise while suffering.

Endless battles and some give up here;
Yet others search for ways to continue & care.

Visits them hard ears are ready seen;
As a test to survive without a friend.

Only hard are comes than an endless book;
You'll find questions and courage if one just look.

I study the scriptures to change them within;
as a hope of faith help me to understand.

The word are incanting, insightful, and true;
When applied to oneself mountains are moved.

One is given the keys to the kingdom of love;
what we bind here on earth is loosed in the heavens above.

My light is a beacon that draws them within;
Radiating beacons of love to this distant land.

Though some may worry or even have doubts;
I trust that the Lord will work things out.

He is kind to understand some of the things we go through;
I did know that there is a lesson on the other side the line.

Oh when you are weary, down and lose hope;
Then it the land and the scriptures here work.
You'll see there is comfort as well as all your pain;
This only request is that you call on His name.

written by: Neil & Ted Coenraad.
"Is funny"

I find life funny in so many ways:
How one can be cool then change the next day.
Belief runs deep in a den full of snakes.
He has no decent men left and no one believes.
I am taught to love others just as I love myself,
and to pray for my enemies because they need help.
Understanding the words that God has hid them and:
I lay for this mercy although I'm at bay.

"Is funny how others see me who I am:
now I have Christ they don't understand.
Those old ways are sunk my resistance is weak:
I'm only through Christ I can stand at bay.
They mock me and laugh, now they call me bad names;
when I was in darkness you I did the same.
They view me as weak but with Christ I am strong:
I strive to do right and find what is wrong.

"Is funny how Jesus chose a sinner like me:
He has taken down my walls and cast off my soul there.
He has given me hope when I had lost my faith:
my heart has been broken He restored it with grace.
He has opened my eyes so now I can see:
I'm now spiritually included now that He lives in me.
I am happy and joyful, I thank my Lord.
I am blessed by His grace so now I carry His sword.

written by: Dorothy Eubie Cooper Jr.
I only wish to worship You, though times and hand, you see me through.
At times it seems, I can't do right; I struggle but, continue to fight.
My passion gets the best of me, makeup, your work, I find much peace.
My zeal is great, as I look through your eyes, I envision your world of paradise.
My hunger has grown, without you I am weak. Your connections and relationships, make me weak.
I walk by my faith, and trust in your words. I carry this cross, and take up any second.
Cotton attacks me, through brothers in God, to discourage my walk, in ways that are odd.
Hand pressed by the elders, for confessing my sins. Instead of encouragement, I feel I'm condemned.
I know it's Your will, that I must walk this way; I rejoice in these trials, because I know I am saved.
I want to give up, in the moments I'm weak, but the past life I've lived is not the life I now seek.
In my cell I'm reconcile. Yes I keep to myself. I guess I look deep within, and I know Your help.
Come say that I may, be turning to hand. I just that their eyes, You will open my Lord.
I don't vision the world, the way others may see; I want others to get it, so that they will be free.
I live for You now, no longer for self. I know for Your love. Lord I really need help.

Oct. 8th 2018

written by: DIRECT D.E. COOPE Jr.
"Out of the Dark Life"

I stand a world thinks not wrong, I lived a dark life:
I stood against persecution, evil hatred by all kind.
I was driven with the wrong mind, rebellious was my mind:
Without rest to the last of this world, from the sinful life.

Ten childhood without the raising of a king,
Wars led me in the darkness here long I could hardly see.
My conscience subconscious Gone this world is not my own;
The sin within me reached out like C.T., so I'm hearing home.

I feel so wild, fierce, till I come upon race:
It's like I'm a common cause I can see them other side.
I'm more than a conqueror, I've been surpassed by my fear:
Through my tears they have held me down for all of these years.

Revelation is the proving of the one who does save:
The hours light into this world so we can walk by his grace.
We through our work we bow before strength,
This stories as acts as proofs; however the wrong we have done to him out these years.

Our feelings of helplessness, the tears we do not miss;
A void within our hearts that feels like a dark abyss.
We can be redeemed by the son, the Lord, the king;
We call ourSimon and believe that he is able to do all things.

We're free and brokenhearted, forgotten, and so disheartned:
Hating hearted, we feel like we've been clearly deserted.
Understand and exiled, the red headed Bel past child;
Waiting for a way that we can live and stand out.

I was lost but now found, For humble but was wild,
This only by Christ more that I can want it you love now.
Was filled with much rage, restful and much hate;
But these things fade away when Jesus takes them place.

I stand a world thinks not wrong, was dead, dumb, and blind:
But Christ has been the light that led me out of the
Dark Life.

written by Marcus E. Cooper (m."

(55)
"New Jerusalem"

Envision a place both mystical and divine;
The walls are of jasper,
and there's light all the time.
The streets are of gold, the purest of its kind;
streams of the greatest non-intoxicating wines.
Children run around full of laughter and glee;
we become reunited with our beloved families.

One can finally rest
no more tears, no more test;
we've endured all the suffering
and now we are blessed.

Love is in the air, mercy, and grace;
we rejoice with the angels
and finally see God's face.

We worship in light we bow to our Lord;
there's no inhibitions, there isn't no wars.

A New Jerusalem mighty,
a holy city;
The Kingdom of God,
The King of all kings.

Each house is a mansion,
three, many of rooms;
Anointed with oils
and the finest ouzoes.

No one is hungry,
no one is poor;
we all have the riches
given from our Lord.

written by, Reverend Tebo Cooper Jr.
Vest made a suit suit
others cut a reason well:
My only means of communication
is through my, my nerves and received word.
Through the form of verbalization,
unspoken words than to say,
with him the art of verbalization
words are expressed and tested inside.
Each letter comes to life as my ink begins to still:
A deep background message hides behind the lines as well.

My hand creates the soul,
embroider frozen in the heart;
Opens your spiritual eye and gives the mind a good kick-start.

My thoughts descend from heaven,
through my hands God speaks to me;
This through my dreams and visions,
These scors come to life.

Cool takes my by the hand,
my pen's dipped in his ink;
This message materializes,
as He teaches me to think.

My mind is being formed
into something that is exact;
As a blessing when you have the time
to sit and contemplate.

Written by: Leonard Fresh Cooper Jr.
"Glory, Glory To Your Name"
written by Donny Davis Cooper

Oh what grace
my soul has found,
now that I look
heaven bound.

Your grace and mercy
I've been shared,
showing mercy
many times and days.

Oh what joy
my bases proclaim,
Giving glory to
Your holy name.

Oh what wonder
Oh what wonder
To rescue my sins;
old debts seem lost,
difficult ones let.

Oh what love
my eyes do see,
no longer do I
see them free.

Your presence in
my life today,
guides me in
the righteous way.

Oh what love
I find in You,
unconditional
pure and true.

Your righteousness
helps ease my fears;
your work in me
is not in vain.

Oh what comfort
Lead you gave,
in your likeness
as how I'll live.

You're honored Lord
as you're praised;
Glory, Glory
To your name.
Oftentimes I cry within the chambers of my soul,
My spirit is broken because a storm has come along.
I may be gone through in the days when I am weak;
Although my needs are long His God's wisdom that I seek.

I labor through my hands, they have to be a test;
Although I walk through the shadow of the valley of death
I knew I'll come out blessed.

Oftin is having to humble me, my soul by various sources;
His rod his chosen weapon are taking me to others.

When I am low and weary, when ev'rythang is away;
He asks to forsake my land and walk the other way.
I've robots in the chamber, my love broken in the fight;
He surrounded me in darkness but still I see the light.

Oftin comes in the morning, as what the Bible says;
Although my rights are long there's hope for me a lead.
Oftin will heal my wounds as I repent from all my sins;
Oftin you may try but my soul you'll never win.

You can lock me in this dungeon, throw away the key;
You can drown even me death but my soul will give me peace.
When this storm has past and I've survived all you can have;
I'll rejoice and thank the Lord for everything He did.

written by: Howard A. Cooper Jr.
"Of Many of Light"

I stand among warriors, soldiers of God: a crew of holy and holy yet odd.
We are children, children of mercy and love; all of us sinners but saved by His grace.

We all lived in darkness gathered from distant lands; called by the Lord to come to God's ken.
We've wanted for the devil and did all his deeds; these times we aren't aware of nor did we take heed.

Thrice grace and favor has led us astray:
from the ways that we've walked back up to God's grace.
We've been placed in a fire, punished by the flames:
we've been at our lows and rebuilt in God's name.

The others in love when a mother is saved:
her sons fall where, and everywhere she's king.
Grace is girded to the land up above
for shedding this light and owning His love.

White as a dove as the clouds that we'll wear:
we've been cleansed white as snow than the snows that we've beamed.

I stand among warriors, soldiers of God: a crew of holy and holy yet odd.

Written by Mark Ethel Cooper (Sr.)
Tie thicket with death and tangled with the devil;
Tie chained with the leash and seen all kinds of evil.
Tie hurt by the One, people have died there hot bed;
Tie stuck in their order, yes I'm good with my hands.
Tie had and been deceptive. The checked lady's arm;
Tie stolen from the corner store and even then my sin.
I grew up with so much anger, hatred was in my blood;
My heart was also hardened. I couldn't feel no love.
I viewed life like a playground. I enjoyed the game I played;
My heart did not feel it change when my bounding passed away.

An over cast has set warning, has a storm been near my way;
My nights became so loud. I asked the Lord for endurance days.
The rain was like my tears, each tear punishing the soul within;
My heart began to soften. In days I asked Jesus to help in.
I was flooded by a love that I could not describe;
The Holy Ghost gave me faith and touched my heart in God
I've seen this place.

My blood dream to sail from the two sets in me;
My hatred washed away. My eyes were opened so I could see.

By divine interwoven a new person was born in me;
I'm deceased from the world so Christ could increase in me.
Forgiven for my past, my demon it was Christ's blood;
The mercy of Our Father, and His grace and His love.
Now everywhere. I go and everywhere I seek;
Jesus shows up and shows me through love.

written by Keesha Cooper Jr.
I make these deeds till to the sword
with fire from their sins.
I bring light to this world
that is being condemned.

I'm just a piece of a puzzle
within a God's plan.
There is no place I you seclusion
with the hares you'll repent.

I was sent by the Savior
the redeemer of souls;
To lead the lost out of darkness
and into the light of the world.

This is not an easy walk
only the strong will survive;
there's many obstacles and struggles
that you will face in this life.

This battlefield is very fierce
our enemies are unseen;
they are subjects of the devil
and they move real mean.

Our strongest weapon is prayer
as God's scriptures our sword;
we become invincible by angels
and the grace of our Lord.

I arm myself with this armor
so I'm prepared for this fight;
I know that Satan's against me
and he's going to come with his might.

I'm told this world is going to hate me
because it first hated Christ;
so I'm studying the scriptures
and them a life full of sin.
'And though I walk through the valley of the shadows of death,
I know the Lord will remain with me until I take my last breath.
We must endure all our trials
and understand they are test.
we must go through these tribulations
so they can bring out our best.

written by
Dereck Thed Cooper Jr.
Wisdom is the way we live
It's all we say and do.
For wisdom is a gift from God
Passed on from me to you.
Wisdom live with understanding
Knowledge and with truth:
Respect for God and others
What wisdom gives our youth.
It teaches us to love Christ
Who teaches us to love;
It helps us to appreciate
The gifts from God above.
Wisdom shows us God provides
For everything that lives;
And all the things we think we own
In truth are really His.
Who learn of Christ and you will learn
A wisdom from above;
A wisdom that reveals to you
The truth about God's love.

written by, Dr. Mark Tola Cooper.
What do you see in me Lord
for I am but just a man?
Why have you called on me Lord?
I know you must have a man?

Lord can I truly
be worthy of you?
Then tell me my Lord
just what must I do?

Why do Lord I will serve you
with my heart soul and mind;
and I will praise your name
until the end of time.

But what do you see in me Lord
that I cannot see in myself?
Tell me what can I give to your Lord
that you can't get from anyone else?

Why have you called on me Lord
are my eyes so I can see?
That all you want from me Lord
is me and only me.

Written by: Wenock Thabo Covan
"Of Man In Love"

How could I express myself
In words you'll understand;
Just how much it would mean to me
If I could be your man.

You see I am the kind of man
Who's shy and not so bold;
But I would like to be the man
With whom you will condescend.

Yes I could send you flowers
A love note on a poem;
And I could even dedicate
To you my favourite song.

But these are not the only things
A man in love could do;
Then there are a lot of other ways
To keep love fresh and new.

Like listening to what you say
And trying to understand;
That what you need the most in life
Is an understanding man.

Of man who knows just what it means
To share a love that's true;
Of man who'll be unswerving of
The things you set and do.

written by: Varrick W. O. Cooper
"Praising My Love"

Words too ever clever
Can never even hint;
To tell you of the love I have
For you inside my heart.

You see the love you've given me
Is rare and hard to find;
That's why I'll grant you every wish
Of only ever love.

I'll listen to each word you say
And try to understand;
For every woman truly needs
An understanding man.

I'll show you I know what it means
To shape a love that's true;
By giving you all I'll support
In all you say and do.

I'll treat you like the queen you are
For nothing less will do;
I'll do whatever else it takes
To have my love as true.

written by: Theodore Cooper
"Dying with You"

To live my life without you girl
I'd surely lose my way;
the treasure of my love's heart
would never be discovered.

For giving me my true love
is one thing I did want;
so how could I enjoy these things
without you in my life?

The fragrance of a blossoming rose
a pic-nic in the park;
A bubble bath by candle light
or champagne in the dark.

The gentle caress of a summer breeze
and butterflies in flight;
or sitting by the fireplace
planning out our life.

Love, all the simple things in life
are best when shared by two;
But I could never share such joys
with no one else but you.

written by: Vered-Toba Cooper.
"I Surrender"

From somewhere deep inside of me
I heard my conscious call;
Worning me to guard my heart
And build myself a wall.

Oh heart in hand I took my stand
And built a wall of rock;
Inside this place my heart was safe
For I stood guard on top.

But when you stepped into my world
My heart began to wound;
Your loving ways corrupted my heart
And my wall came crumbling down.

My heart was safe it tucked away
Until you came a long;
To capture this heart of yours
And claim it as your own.

Oh now love you possess
The most precious thing I have;
Remember that it’s fragile
And as breakable as glass.

Be passionate and patient love.
Please treat my heart with care;
For then it will reveal to you
The treasures that are there.

written by: Derek E. G. Cook