

POEMS of the SECRET PLACE

From a missionary's closet - by

LOIS Elkerton CALLAWAY

Pioneer Missionary to the Mien of Thailand

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of the
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by
Lois Elkerton Callaway
Pioneer Missionary to the Mien of Thailand
November 24, 1921 – September 5, 1996

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Poems of the Secret Place

Secret Place of Thunder

"... I answered you in the secret place of
thunder ..." Psalm 81:7 RSV

In the secret place of thunder
High upon the mount of God,
Where His presence overwhelms one
As He wields His lightning rod,
One can scarcely doubt the sureness
Of His promise, "I have heard..."
There one knows the prayer is answered
As with power the heart is stirred.

Wand'ring lone upon the desert
In the agony of thirst,
Finding there a bitter water
Where one hoped a spring would burst.
Meribah thus tests the sureness
Of the faith found on the mount.
Falter not at faith's dire testing!
He who promised is the fount.

November 23, 1958

The Throne and the Cross

Enthroned upon the throne of self,
Within my heart I see,
Beside the throne, a rugged cross --
One dying there for me.

And shall I sit upon the throne
While He still hangs up there?
O rather let Him take the throne:
For Him the cross I'll dare.

And now He sits upon the throne:
I died upon the cross.
Ah paradox beyond my ken,
For me 'twas gain, not loss.

May 3, 1958

An Idol In My Heart

"I surrender all," I said
I meant it in my heart.
Life I gave, my all I laid
Completely set apart.

So it was, I thought with joy,
So simple a decision.
Introspect would soon destroy
So simple an illusion.

Later in the day I knew
An idol in my heart
Clinging there, 'twas nothing new --
So much of me a part!

Day by day I searched within,
And found a dozen more
Little things they were of sin,
Those brazen forms galore.

Giving Him my life and heart
In one great massive hoard
Neither made the teardrops start
Nor made Him life's One Lord.

Day by day I die a bit
The idols die then, too.
Heart for Him, a throne befit,
'Tis all that I can do.

When I've cast the idols out,
Each treasured gem and store,
Then without a single doubt
My life is His alone.

Easy is it when we say,
"Take all this life of mine."
Hard it is when we must pray,
"Let every niche be Thine."

Celestial Oratorio

Oh Master, Thou whose heart discerns
Our slightest dissonance, if stretch thou
must
To tune my life as one would tune a violin,
Then tighten all the strings until at last
Their tone floats off in perfect pitch
With Thine own flawless harmony.

Then, Master, Thou whose touch bestirs
Life's sweetest melodies, touch Thine own
bow
Unto my tuned strings, and let my life pour
forth
A harmony so pure can be a part
The orchestration of Thine own Celestial
Oratorio.
October 26, 1963

Bounty

Every need He will supply
Precious promise this! And more
--Not according to my faith,
But according to His store.

He who owns a thousand hills
With herds that on them feed.
Boundless treasure His to give.
I have but to feel my need.

Philippians 4:19

My own very personal promise through a
year of illness and loneliness as C.W. was
away speaking when it would have been
easier to lean on him than on the Lord.
August 17, 1962

Be Quiet, Child

Be quiet in the darkness, Child.
There's fear enough without
Your telling how you feel at night
With shadows all about.

Just wait awhile for sunshine, Child,
And when He gives you peace,
Then tell about the radiant joy
That comes when troubles cease.

October 29, 1961

His Better Plan

Softly through the pre-dawn gray
Mary came with spice prepared,
Came with calm, determined love,
Weeping, thinking no one cared.

Dawn light rolled away the dark.
Mary softly caught her breath.
Who had rolled away the stone?
Could there be no rest in death?

Turning slowly, blind with tears,
Mary crouched upon a stone,
Weeping, longing yet to serve,
To show how deep her love had grown.

Softly then, above her sobs,
Mary heard one word - her name!
"Jesus! Master!" Faith fought doubt.
Could it be her Master came?

Gently called and waited there
"Til she fell there at His feet.
"Mary, listen! Go for me!
Tell them when and where we meet."

Quickly, filled with joy she ran
Bursting with the news He sent.
Glorious, different errand this
Than the one on which she went.

As I daily plan and pray
Help me, Lord, to ne'er forget:
Your own perfect will for me --
Though not mine -- is better yet.

July, 1963

Whispers of God

"And these are but the outer fringe of His works; how faint the whisper we hear of Him!" Job 26:14 NIV

The earth is shaken beneath me
With terrible thunderous roars,
The lightning flashes around me --
Then rain from His heavenly store.
My fleshbound soul is trembling
At this wonderful show of Power,
But deep in my heart there's a knowing,
'Tis only a whisper of God.

A telescope sweeps o'er the heavens,
A man measures stars by the years.
His wondering mind seeks the answers --
More truth is obscured than appears.
My soul is enthralled with the feeling
Of vastness that speaks of His power.
And yet in my soul there's a knowing
'Tis only a whisper of God.

The eyes of a mother turn, shining,
To gaze on her newly born child.
Unveiled is her awe in the sharing
Creation's best joy, undefiled.
In awe of the wonder of being
My very soul wells with His Power.
And deep in my heart there's a knowing
'Tis only a whisper of God.

A soul is covered by Satan;
The gospel he will not hear.
His heart is bleeding and broken,
His life is an orgy of fear.
Then suddenly out of the darkness
He's borne by an unseen Power.
And deep in my heart there's a knowing
Could be but the whisper of God.

Then someday will come the glad moment
With rapture I'll see His dear face.
That day I'll be changed in a twinkling,
Transported to His own dear Place.
My heaven-freed soul will behold Him,
His glorious thunder of Power.
As never before my heart will be knowing
'Twas all but a whisper of God.

Whispers of Thunder

The Spirit moved upon the deep;
The earth and skies were formed;
A whisper of the Father's love
Spread out the Universe.

The Savior hung upon the cross;
The veil was torn in two;
The thunder of God's mighty power
Pushed open Heaven's gate.

The finite world and all we are
-- A whisper of His love;
The Mansion of Eternity
-- The thunder of His power.

Ah what a glorious God is this,
Whose love and power are such
That, lost, we hear His whispered love,
And, saved, behold His thundered power.

September 1956

Repentance

I looked at self
And cried in deep despair,
"O God, what worth?
There's naught at all that's fair.

I scanned the page
Of labor done for Him,
And hid my face
My eyes with tears abrim

I cast myself
Into His arms and prayed
Forgiveness for
The failure I had made.

He let me rest
From self -- nor said me nay;
Then tenderly
He wiped the tears away.

Child give your best;
To Me each hour, each day,
Your works and you
Are in My Hand always.

Humble Gifts

Not many streams may flow to the sea
To empty their waters there.
For some must come from the spring above
And flow down a mountain glen
To empty their waters so clear and so cool
In the streams that network the land.

Not even these may flow to the sea,
For outlet there may not be,
So they must flow to the rivers broad
That carry the commerce of men.
It's rivers in turn may flow to the sea
To pour out their waters there.
Not every man may go with his gifts
Straight to the feet of his Lord,
For some must bear gifts
To the lowest and least,
To the hungry and naked and cold.
And some must pour but a drink cold and clear
For a beggar who's dying of thirst.

And though one may long to bring
incense and myrrh
And gold to give to His King,
The King still requires that some be content
To give bread or cold water or coat
In the name of the Christ who humbled
Himself
For the last and the lowest and least.
August 10, 1964

Shells

Gathering shells upon the shore,
One plods through much debris.
And yet the beauty of the shells
Is mostly what we see.

Who gathers up the trash and rot
And packs them in a box?
Who labels flotsam carefully
At end of seaside walks?

So should our walk through life,
Be thus: That though the trash
Abound, we gather only beauty bits,
Our heart's own treasure cache.

Bang Saen, Thailand
June 10, 1964

To Elijah

"What are you doing here, Elijah?"
1Kings 19:9b NIV

"What doest thou here, discouraged heart?
What makes thee pine away?
What makes thee quail in vict'ry's wake?
God waits upon the mount
To speak with thee.

From out the cave he doubtful crept
To see upon the mount
A wind that broke the mountain cliffs
And crumbled them to dust
Beneath His hand.

Behold! Scarce did the wind abate
When all the mount did quake
And from the quake-hewn crevices
Burst forth consuming fire,
Fanned by His Breath.

The Lord had passed and in His path
Left evidence of power.
The prophet's heart was moved to awe,
And yet he sought in vain
To see His face.
For God had passed, yet passed unseen.

In wind and quake and fire the heart
Of man does ever seek
In great phenomenon a god to serve.
The trembling prophet bowed,
And in the pregnant hush
He heard a still small voice.
He hid his face, for here was God!

August 11, 1960

Surprise!

"Surprise!," He said,
And showed me lands afar
So sunk in sin and longing
I knew I could not stay,
But needs must enter through
The door He set ajar

"Surprise!" He said,
And held a mirror up
For me to see my heart.
I knew 'twas useless, then,
To go until he filled
With love my empty cup.

"Surprise!" He said,
And opened gates of gold
To let me gaze upon
The wonders of His love.
"Surprise!" I cried, "I did
Not know, nor was I told!"

"Surprise!" He said,
And showed me walls of fire,
And guardian angels fair
And martyr's crown --and peace
And joy. "All this," He said,
"I promise for your hire."

July 30, 1957

Peace

This peace, Lord! Where is peace
That I might strive to know
The richness, depth and quiet calm
Of peace while here below?

Elusive peace, it seems
To me, is just beyond
The grasp of one who strives and seeks
To live within its bond.

This peace you must pursue
With never ending zeal
And ever strive for quietness
That you can scarcely feel.

"This peace, My child, you'll find
In constant striving prayer
With heart bowed down
And soul laid bare

In battle hour of prayer
You shut the world away.
By force pursue in solitude
Till peace shall have its sway

Bang Saen
June 9, 1964

He Is Our Peace

For He is our peace -- peace sweet, divine,
Known only by grace, O heart of mine.
Once blessed I myself, "I shall have peace!"
I said to my heart without surcease.

My proud stubborn heart in arrogance
Defied Him whose love bids peace enhance.
But no one was fooled by boasting smart,
Not even my proud rebellious heart.

For though I cried peace, there was no
peace,
But tension and fear did there increase,
Until in despair, with naught to give,
I fell at His feet, "O Lord, forgive!"

My boastings so loud He did replace
With whisper so soft -- a song of grace.
The world does not know, nor can esteem
How calm now the flow of life's deep stream.

Once turbulent, churned on rocks of self
And turning up dross, and silt and pelf.
Now He is my peace -- sweet peace divine,
Known only by grace, O heart of mine.

September 30, 1957

"..that he bless himself in his heart saying, 'I
shall have peace, though I walk in the
stubbornness of my heart'."

Deuteronomy 29:19

"Peace, peace when there is no peace."

Jeremiah 6:4

"For He is our peace."

Ephesians 2:14

Quietness

It's when the Lord gives quietness
There's naught disturbs my soul,
And when He gives peace within,
That peace takes full control.

The world in tumult round about,
The storms of life beat hard;
Yet in the heart that He has calmed,
His peace effuses nard.

The soul at rest in battle fierce
Unhurried in the rush,
Undaunted by a cruel defeat
O'ercome by holy hush.

1964

When He Gives Me Quietness

When He gives me quietness
Then all around is still.
For I am securely quiet

Anchored in His will
February 1971
begun about 1958

Three Dimensions

Deep down beneath the breakers
The sea flows smooth and still
And thus comes inner calmness,
Deep, deep within His will.

High, high above the storm clouds
The air is calm and rare.
The soul that soars the heavens
Finds peace without a care.

Why walk then on the surface
Of earth's e'er restless crust?
God calls, "My child go deeper,
Or fly - on wings of trust!"

April 21, 1964

Captive Thoughts

The tongue is a fire;
'Tis kindled by thought
And, fanned by man's ire,
His soul brings to naught.

The tongue, says the Word,
No man has e'er tamed;
'Tis Satan's chief sword,
Destroying the famed.

Yet weapons of God
Can conquer for me;
Each thought I can prod
To captivity.

Imprisoned, each thought,
A song of His love.
A carol -- 'tis fraught
With raptures above.

If God in His power
Can conquer each thought,
O think you one hour
He'll fail you in aught?

September 9, 1956

God's Valentine

From outer space
To inner space
God sent a Valentine.
He marked it plainly
-- with a cross,
And said, "Will you be mine?"

I read His words
Etched on my heart
The message: "I Love You".
I sent my heart to Him --
-- Posthaste
I said, "I love You, too.!"

February 1988

The Rainbow

Genesis 9:13-16
Revelation 4:3, 10:1

There's a promise in the rainbow!
Did you know that?
God said one day to Noah,
"See that rainbow in the sky?
I took the light of heaven
And spread it in the clouds
To glisten with the colors
That reflect my light and love.

"Against the misty rain clouds
You'll see it hanging there,
The aftermath of storm clouds
And lightning, grumbling rolls.

"So when you see My rainbow,
Remember that it says,
'I am your Heavenly Father
And I love you very much.'
"And when I see the rainbow
I'll be thinking, too, of you,
And remember I have promised
To keep you in my care."

"There's promise in a rainbow"
Yes I know that !
And every time I see it
I'll remember what God said.

He's looking at the rainbow,
And thinking, too, of me.
I cry , "Oh Heavenly Father,
I love you very much.
Oh thank You for the beauty
Of a bow within the clouds.
And thank You for Your care."

There'll be another rainbow.
God has promised that one, too.
Yes, someday I shall see it
Encircling Jesus' throne.

There Jesus, Lord of Heaven
With the rainbow all around
Sits crowned with golden radiance
Receiving glory, laud and praise.

That day I'll join the worship,
And adore my Living Lord.
I'll thank Him for His rainbows
And promises fulfilled.



Rainbow over Bangkok, Thailand



Autumn Rainbow

Poems of Serendipity

Majesty

Majesty became a child
To teach humility.
Majesty walked country roads
to teach simplicity.
Majesty returned to God
To make a place for me
Majesty is now enthroned --
How can it be? -- in me!

The Mystery

"Christ in you, the hope of glory,"
This the mystery we enfold,
Cherish deep within the heart-house,
Hold more precious far than gold.

Sacred Mystery, burn within me,
Make my secret known to all.
Grace achieves His own perfection.
He looms large, and I so small.

April 4, 1957

Breath

As breath of God
transformed
a lump of clay
into a living man,

So Lord,
Your Breath
transforms my soul
into the likeness
of Your Son.

Romans 8:11-14
December 20, 1971

Mirrors

If you can tell
How towering height of wooded hill
Is mirrored
In a four foot depth of placid lake
Then you can know
How Christ in all His height and depth
Is mirrored
In a heart encased in human flesh.

November 1964

Valley of Decision

In the valley of decision
Marched a throng of precious souls,
Stepping off a destiny
And setting up their goals.

To the valley of decision
Came a servant of the Lord,
Set to be a witness to
The sureness of the Word.

Oh, the Words he spoke were priceless!
Of their truth he was assured,
But daily walk so faltering
Made platitudes absurd.

In the valley of decision
You who bear God's precious Word,
Sent to share a destiny
Be sure you know the Lord.

August 10, 1964

Perfume

A lovely sweet perfume,
A holy fragrance rare,
That marks the child of God,
The scent of love and prayer.

He walks the way assured,
And those about him sense
This scent of Christ,
So redolent, so rare.

This scent, like earthly scents,
Seems not alike to each
The one -- the heaven-bound soul --
Perceives a waft from heaven's reach.

The man who wills to walk
The downward road to Hell,
Alarmed, turns and thinks
To flee this doom-like smell.

I claim to be His own,
Yet are my friends aware
That where I've walked today
A scent of Christ is there?

2 Corinthians 2:14-16

Taste and See

O, taste and see that the Lord is good;
Drink deep of the life-giving stream,
But do you think that you stand replete,
Or come you to thirst once again?

O, taste and see that the Lord is good.
His fullness refreshes your soul,
And yet one taste leaves you hungering still,
For a taste is a taste, not the whole.

So taste and see that the Lord is good.
Return to the fountain each day,
And pitch your tent by the water of life,
And feast your soul -- for you may!

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Dawn

I realized His Presence,
The fullness of His Power,
In much the way I felt dawn
One early morning hour.

The mountains in the distance
Were capped with dawn-grey snow.
Then slowly up the hillside
I saw the sunlight glow.

The crimson line of dawnlight
Crept up its snowy path.
Then suddenly the sunshine,
A glorious aftermath.

My heart was clothed at dawning
Of soul's new day with doubt.
The crimson line of yearning
Soon compassed me about.

The Power of God came creeping
O'er hills of doubting soul.
Then burst the dawning Spirit
To take His full control.

September 10, 1956

Memories of dawn on the Rockies in 1939

Gift for Mother

Of all the million little things
That might be said or done,
There'd be not any fine enough
To send to you -- not one.

Of all the many bigger things,
Of gifts or flowers of love,
There'd be not any large enough
But yours would tower above.

God is the only donor
Whose gifts are made for you.
So I'll just send a prayer to Him
To bless and keep you, too.

December 1940

The Hands of Prayer

I reached across the miles today
And touched him with the hand of prayer.
Were this not God's appointed way,
To part -- we scarce would dare.

But I know this: His Father love
Links us, through Him, o'er every mile.
The lengthless arms of God above
Encircle him -- and me -- the while.

To touch him with the hand of prayer
Whate'er his need may be,
To reach the needs -- the burden share,
Brings peace to him -- and me.

O, Precious Father, Thou art good
To bind the parting hurt with care,
And love. 'Tis only Thou who could
Reach out and link the hands of prayer.

December 23, 1956

Written for Dub (C.W.) on one of those
endless (6 endless weeks) journeys to Mien
villages far beyond the reach of telegram
and telephone. Repeated later for five
children -- who knows where.

Someone Prayed

Someone prayed! They must have done!
For battles are waged and vict'ries won.
Someone prayed! I don't know who,
But timing is right in all we do.

Someone prayed and gave no cease,
For love creeps in and with it peace.
Someone prayed a loving prayer,
For hearts are aglow -- conviction is there.

O, someone pray, though long the day,
For thus lost men will find their Way.
Let many praise for answered prayer,
Let him who prays thanksgiving share.

November 10, 1966

The Threefold Cord

"Go forth," you cried, "We'll hold the ropes!
Go out and bring them in,
For many a soul in darkness gropes
In dismal pits of sin."

And what this rope that you shall hold?
And what that can withstand
The fiery darts that Satan bold,
Shoots off at the sons of men?

A cord threefold we need, no less!
A fellowship of prayer;
There's you and me with Christ to bless,
Entwined a threefold cord.

'Tis not with ease a threefold cord
Is broken, frayed, or rent.
The Scarlet thread -- blood of our Lord
Assures a lifeline strong.

The rope that holds us at the brink
Must be that threefold cord.
So fuse it well -- the prayer-wrought link --
This lifeline of lost men.

Ecclesiastes 4:12; Matthew 18:20
July 30, 1958

Manna

I will not borrow trouble
For I cannot borrow grace,
For grace He gives as manna
As we daily seek His face.

I will not borrow trouble,
But daily seek His face.
And know that each day's trouble
Is exceeded by His grace.

The Ladder

God thrust a golden ladder
From out His heavenly sphere:
A joy that wells unceasing
And shines through many a tear.

Next prayer that is so constant
It never fails or tires
Then comes a heart that's thankful
Whatever God requires.

Thus do we climb the ladder
Just step by step until
We come by restful trusting
In the shadow of His Will.

1 Thessalonians 5:16-18

April 21, 1964

Incense

The thin sweet wisp of fragrant smoke
Wafts, twists, and twirls an upward course.
The golden censer of the heart
Is lifted up and seeks its source.
Kneel then -- before the altar bow.
O Longing Heart, lift high your bowl
Of gold, though cold may be the fire.
And wait fresh incense for your soul.
And now your censer fragrant, full,
And yet no flame is kindled there?
Lift once again, O Longing Heart.
But altar fire can kindle prayer.

Then as the angel cast it down,
Full filled with incense prayer
And fire, upon the earth.
So cast your prayers of care
Across a sin-sick earth.
And know as then will follow on
Ignited prayer, the voices thunders,
Lightning, quakes -- phenomenon
Of power unleashed in hearts awake,
Ignited by the bowl of prayer
In which has fallen altar fire.
Wafts up to heaven an incense rare!

Revelation 5:8; 8:3-5; Psalm 141:2

January 24, 1960

In Retrospect

The trump did sound and round the throne
They stood in white array.
The tribes had gathered to the Lamb
To sing His gladsome praise.

Amazed, yet pleased, to see them all
-- The humblest of the earth,
We couldn't keep from whispering,
"Who pointed you the way?"

"For many years," the sad reply
"We did not know our God.
We feared, and sinned, and lived for death,
For no one came to us.

"Then came an humble son of God
And told of Jesus love.
We spurned in doubt the message sweet
Rebuffed the messenger.

"But one dear soul, far, far away
Bowed low before the throne.
'O God,' she cried in Christ-like love,
'Just help them to believe.'

"Then came a new mysterious sense
Of sinfulness of sin.
Our hearts then knew of Jesus' love
Sure that He loved us, too.

"The way was steep, and oft we fell,
But that dear saint who loved,
By day and night held on to us
Her prayers did oft prevail.

"Now here we are before His throne.
And there she stands and with us sings
-- The one who prayed us through ! --
All praise be to the Lamb!"

1 Corinthians 13:12

Spring 1960

The Temple Calm

"O, fear thou not. Abide in Me.
Let peace reign in thy heart.
'Tis true a temple holy
And not a teeming mart."

The calm within the temple walls
Bespeaks an inner peace.
The quiet of a resting soul
Bids turmoil quickly cease.

In quietness and confidence
The vict'ry shall be thine.
The battle is not fought with swords,
But claimed in peace divine.

The evil one may storm the walls,
His bluster loudly heard.
It makes no impress on the soul
Whose vict'ry is assured.

"Then fear thou not. Abide in Me.
Let peace reign in thy heart."
The soul that knows a sweet repose
Has mastered God's own art.

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The Gem

God scooped up the rainbow
To put it in a gem.
In the prism of the diamond
The promises of God

God picked up the diamond
To give it to His child.
"Tis mine! This priceless treasure
The matchless gem of prayer

August 1970

Two For a Penny

Two for a penny:
The price of two sparrows,
Six so small tears,
Man's thought for my sorrows.

Five so small loaves
And two wee, small fish,
Food for a crowd
On Galilee's beach.

A seedlet of faith
And one so small prayer,
But one God so great
He counts every hair.

1971

Poems of Mission

In Your Quiver

In Your Quiver ever keep me.
Master Craftsman of the bow,
There Your hand can grasp and use me,
Send me to the target -- so.

In your quiver keep me closely,
Daily in Your shaping Hand.
Polish, form me, straight and straighter
Fit for use at Your command.

From Your quiver You have drawn me,
Fit me into Your great bow,
Sent me straight into the battle!
Hearts so hard? I did not know!

To Your quiver safe return me,
Whittle down the broken point,
Polish, form me straight again, Lord
With Your tender love anoint.

From Your quiver send, O send me
In this fight for souls of men.
All I ask, the battle over,
Put me safely back again.

Isaiah 49:2
about 1960

Burdens at Eventide

To walk the labored path without Him!
To know no comfort from the Lord;
To have no hope of peace or blessing;
To neither know nor love the Word.

To fear both day and night without Him;
To know no healing at His hand;
To know no path within the Valley,
No Shepherd in the barren land.

To know not of His ruling presence;
O'ercoming all life's fear and woe;
To know not of the love of Jesus,
Who stands triumphant o'er the foe.

O, when shall come the rising Day Star
To shed His light in darkened heart?
Yes, then they'll know my heart's full burden
That often makes the teardrops start.

To walk the upward trail beside Him;
To know sweet comfort from the Lord;
To know they've found that peace and
blessing
Sweet fellowship within His Word.

To see them claiming peace at evening;
To rise and face the day secure;
To see them shoulder yet the burden,
Yet find His strength that will endure.

To see them in His mighty Presence,
Victorious over death and woe!
Ah this, ah this is grace sufficient
To make me know why He said, "Go!"

Romans 9:25-26

Written as I watch the Yao (Mien) women
silhouetted against the evening sky, trudging
up the steep mountain slope bearing on their
backs the heavy loads of produce from their
fields, and often a baby strapped to the
front.

About 1957

An Inert Clod

At morning sow thy seed,
At evening ply thy hand;
You never know which deed
Will be the fruitful one.

A sermon to a crowd
May seem resplendent, grand.
A secret alms avowed
A quiet hidden thing.

Yet who can count the worth
Of sermon or an alms?
Or which begets a birth
Of soul? He knows alone.

Thy seed was sown at dawn,
And tended well at eve?
No fruit e'er day was gone?
Your doubting heart dismayed?

Lo, question not, for God
Yet sees the labor's worth.
What seems an inert clod
May blossom in His hand.

Ecclesiastes 11:6
July 30, 1957

Wait

Stand still and behold His salvation
Wait now in His presence one hour.
Yes tarry you there in the city
Await His outpouring of power.

"But, Lord, we must be up and be doing,
Must polish and sharpen our swords.
We'll march full force to the battle
We'll route out the enemy hordes."

Still gently His voice speaks assurance,
"Stand still and wait patiently now!
'Tis grace alone that's sufficient.
Let Faith whet the edge of your sword."

1964

One Lone Soul

I know now how the angels feel
When one lone soul is born anew.
I know now what the glorious sound
Of that celestial retinue.

In yesteryear I knew the thrill
Of crowds along the sawdust trail,
Of earthly anthem ringing out,
But missed the song from heaven's pale.

But now I've waited long with God,
And one poor trembling, hell-bound soul,
Until at last, the fetters loosed,
He's come forth radiant, clean and whole.

O, in that moment, hushed, serene,
And by His Presence set apart,
I heard the angel song peal forth,
And found it echoed in my heart.

for Paul Shen, after his conversion
September 30, 1957

Rebirth

The shadow lingered on his face,
The puzzled frown.
The consciousness of sin had come --
The heart bowed down.

In deep contrition there he found
The Love of Christ,
Who lifts, redeems, transforms and fills
With joy unpriced.

He walked with Him the narrow path
To Calvary
And rose, transfigured by a love
That men could see.

Paul Shen, new convert
October 19, 1957
See "Mother Teacher" Book Chapter 13

Ballad of Hong Kong

Hong Kong, emerald of the ocean!
Mansions there upon the hilltop,
Alabaster set in jade;
Ivory carved pagodas glistening
Peaceful paradise we see.

"Fragrant Harbor"! How enchanting!
Beckoning to the touring world.
Light we step into the ferry
Banish thought of "bamboo wall"!
Come! There's paradise to see.

Two more steps and off the ferry ..
What's this teeming mass I see?
Pounding up and down the pavement
Clothed in black with downcast eyes.
How came this to paradise?

"Paper, Madam? Read a paper?"
Squinting eyes are wistful cast.
Press the pennies in his hand Ma'am,
Eyes full fixed on headline print.
"This sounds not like paradise!"

"Over there across the harbor
In the shadow of "the wall"
Four full thousand crossed today, Ma'am,
Slipped the wall and ran away
Ran away to paradise."

Listen, Listen! Listen closely!
Think I hear a low drawn moan,
Over there across the harbor
Come so near and yet so far
Still so far from paradise.
"What's it like, lad, can you tell me?
Tell me why this low drawn moan."
"Hardly Ma'am! It begs description,
'Tis but felt -- this anguished moan.
You have felt but paradise."

"There the mothers -- ragged, haggard,
Fathers -- clothing patch on patch.
Children -- tummies hard protruding,
Eyes bright pierced with hunger's pain --
On the edge of paradise."

"Tell me lad, a brighter story,
Now they've come beyond the wall,
Come to land of peace and plenty.
Sure 'twill end the bitter moan
Now they've crossed to paradise."

"Hardly, Ma'am! For come tomorrow
They'll be herded back again.
Back again to death and famine,
Back again across the wall
They'll not enter paradise!"

"Too fantastic for a tale, lad,
Tell me straightly how you know."
"I was there, Ma'am! Saw my mother,
Sister small and brother, too,
Sent away from paradise."

"I was small ma'am, came unnoticed
Slipping through the barbed wire fence,
Hiding closely in the daytime,
Melting slowly to this mass
-- But for memories -- paradise!"

May 4, 1962

Based on a newspaper article in a Hong Kong
newspaper the day we visited Hong Kong.

India

That child, O Lord,
And did You see him there?
Stark naked, sprawled
Upon the boulevard!

Elder brother watched
With half an eye
And scanned the street
For likely passer-by
Whose alms might feed
Himself and baby brother, too, that night
With just a crust of bread.

That one, O Elder Brother,
Friend, has left a scar
Upon my heart
That time will ne'er erase!

But Loving Lord!
Had been but one
'Twere not so bad!

The boulevard was long
And hundreds lay there
Homeless -- sleeping
'Neath the only home they know
-- Thy sky!

If India breaks my heart, O Lord,
What must it do to Thine?

At Kanpur, India
September 1960

Treasure

I saw:

A carpet solid set with stones
Of diamonds, ruby, jasper, jade!
'Twas locked and sealed in case
Of glass, inviting accolade.

Outside the door a beggar slept
On his hard bed of paving stones,
Nor had a crust to quell his pangs,
No coat to warm his chilling bones.

The owner of that rug inlaid
With jewels so large, so rare, unpriced
Scarce thought one gem would feed ten
men one year. He never knew the Christ.

I thought:

My home is filled with bric-a-brac
My foolish heart is cluttered o'er
With whims that never add a pence
To my eternal treasure store.

What right have I with God's rich gifts
To buy what holds my heart enticed.
When souls around are marching out
To death, untaught, not knowing Christ

March 24, 1965
Memories of Agra, India following a
shopping trip with a tourist in Bangkok.

Harvest Time

Our hearts can scarcely hold the joy
We feel when souls repent.
Be it the labor of a day
Or of a lifetime spent.

We've moved in Him throughout the years
And learned to patient be.
We've watched the seed -- so slow to grow,
And longed the fruit to see.

So when at last the harvest comes,
Our patience has reward
Our hearts to effervescence spring
With praise to God, Our Lord.

December 23, 1956

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Bulletin cover 1963 © Lois E. Callaway

Today, O Lord

Today, O Lord,
My path will meet the paths
Of those who die for lack of love --
Men rejected by mankind;
Women anguished by the loss
Of those they love;
Children, crushed by those
Who ought to love them.

Yet, Lord,
I dare not speak one word
Except You give that word to me.
A word marinated in Your Love,
Sweet with Your care,
Urgent with Your truth.
Pungent with Your Power,
Spoken with Your Grace.

Yes, Lord, I'll go --
But You must lead me
To the ones
Who, unsuspecting, wait for You.
You must give me words
To speak to them --
Your love
With which to love them.

September 28, 1971

Poems Of The Heart And Home

Love is Not Blind

Love is not blind!
'Tis only tear-washed eyes
Can see with clarity
Within the heart what lies,
Locked by a hidden key.
Love is not blind!

Love is not blind!
For Love walks hand in hand
With Faith. And Faith's clear eye
Can see the Unseen Band
And Chariots on high.
Love is not blind!

Love is not blind!
For God is Love. 'Tis He
Whose vision pierces through
And he who loves can see
As only God can view.
Love is not blind!

Ode to a Marriage

We joined our hands that happy night;
His hand was laid o'er all.
We sealed the vows with wedding kiss;
His Spirit hovered o'er.

Two hearts that beat as one, O Lord,
Two heads that bow as one,
Two lives that blend together
In Thy all perfect love.

As hand in hand we walk, O Lord,
Together seek Thy will;
What more could mortals ask, Dear God,
These hearts could hold no more.

December 1956

Love

My love for you, my darling,
Is intertwined with His.
The essence of our oneness
Must flow from out the Source.

For love is Love, my darling,
And He alone is Love!
How kind our Heavenly Father
To share this Love with us.

For C. W. of course!
In Mussoori, India
May 1963

Interlude

O Thank You, Lord for interlude,
A quiet time apart,
A time when Duty slacks her rein
And gives a place to heart.

O Thank You, Lord for quiet times
This interval can be
For quiet talk of precious things,
Or silent reverie.

At Hua Hin, Thailand
August 16, 1962

Kissing Toads

"You have to kiss a lot a toads," they say,
"Before the Charming Prince appears."
For every toad who hops your way
Is not a prince inside.

So check him out and peek inside,
And size him up a bit.
Don't waste your precious kisses
On toads who live in slime.

Advice to our children
January 1979

Imaginings

A little girl's imaginings
Make life a merry time!
Remember, Jen, the fun we've had
That didn't cost a dime!

"Don't kill my rats! Please Mommy don't!
I love my little rats.
I bake them pies while you're asleep
And shoo away the cats.

One sleeps right here, beneath my bed
We talk and have such fun.
My rats are cute -- and smart -- they are!
I love them every one."

"A little puppy in my tub,
Who wants to sleep just there.
She wants to curl up round and small.
She needs no gown at all."

"Come, Jen, I begged, and coaxed and said,
"Come, let me tuck you right."
"But, Mommy, why can't I sleep here?
I slept in bed last night!"

Yes, Jeni dear, you've been such fun!
And this my wish for you:
Just polish up that "let's pretend",
'Cause big folks need it, too.

Sometimes when tasks are hard to do
And nothing seems quite right
A little bit of "let's pretend"
Will make the world seem bright.

October 29, 1961

Tina set the last verse to music November 1991

For David

David has a great big horse.
He also has two feet!
Funny boy! He'd rather walk,
Thinks running is a treat.

He'd rather scamper o'er the hills,
Scaring birds and "monks".
He pokes a stick in all the brush.
I hope there are no skunks!

January 16, 1959

He's No Monkey

David capered through the jungles,
Kicking up his heels,
Singing songs and whistling tunes,
Scattering 'nana peels.

Little monkeys in the tree top
Scampered to their Mom.
"What is that?" they cried together,
"And where did he come from?"

"We never saw a monkey
Dressed in shirt and hat.
And such shrieks and squeaks he speaks!
Mother, what is that?"
"Hush, my darlings," shushed their mother.
"Do not chatter so!
Boys don't like to be called monkeys,
Though they capering go."

"He's no Monkey? Are you sure?
Is that really so?"
"No, my darlings, he's no monkey!
Has no tail, you know!"

For David
January 16, 1959



Jeni, David and sir monkey

Song at Silver Midnight

Long white tree trunks tapering up
Fingering silver crusted lace.
Mountains clothed in velvet rich,
Fit a throne for Sovereign Grace.
Tufts of cloudlets, spun of silk,
Veil the glory of His face.

Old black lace against the sky,
Silver moonlight sprinkling through,
Flashing diamonds on the leaves.
Fragile jewels of evening dew,
Raiment of the night-clad hills,
What designer fashioned you?

Answering comes a rustling breeze,
Shimmering silver through the trees.
"Only One could frame such splendor
O'er the evening shadowed lees.
Only One could plan such beauty,
Man's ecstatic heart to please."

God, who made the evening splendor.
God, Creator King whose Throne
Is draped in velvet and black lace;
God, who to my eye has shown
Beauty such as this, Come clothe
My heart with loveliness Thine own.

Memories of our Cabin in the Clouds in Thailand
August 10, 1957

Hands

The hand of Satan reaches forth
To touch the groping hand
Of Youth -- my son, whose hands
Search now for Truth.

My hands are lifted off in prayer.
They dare not -- though they might wish --
To strike Satanic hands,
Deter them from their course.

But as my hands reach up in prayer
The mighty hand of God
Goes forth to make a barrier sure
Between the hand of Satan and my son.

Poems of Insight

BEACON ON A HILL

The way was dark the path obscure,
Yet walk I must, I knew.
"Please take my hand and point the way!"
My heart then quiet grew.

God lit a beacon on a hill
Out yonder -- far away.
I could not see the turning road,
But clear the beacon's ray.

The path was rough, and friends called out,
"Turn back! You cannot see!"
But yonder beacon shone so bright.
No doubt! 'Twas lit for me!

August 23, 1963

Written as we took our children out of
Woodstock school in India and tried the
untried plan of putting them in International
School in Bangkok

THE SHADOW

I walked today in the shadow,
And despised the darkness there.
My heart sought a path that was brighter,
But the cloud seemed everywhere.

I came then at last into sunshine,
Looked back at the shaded strand.
'Twas more, far more than a shadow.
'Twas 'the shadow of His Hand'.

Thought from "Hound of Heaven"
February 8, 1959

THE YES

The promises of God
are vast
Beyond that we can think --
or ask.
But Jesus Christ, Himself,
God's Son
'Tis He who is
the "Yes" to them.

1 Corinthians 1:20
1971

ENOUGH

Great enough to be small,
Proud enough to be humble,
Wise enough to be fools for Christ.

Shy enough to be bold.
Poor enough to be rich,
Rich enough to be generous.

Free enough to be slaves,
Weak enough to be strong.

He said,
"My grace is sufficient --"
And I am content --
with **more than enough**.

December 28, 1971

VICTORY AND DEFEAT

Christ Jesus hung upon the cross
And Satan laughed in scorn,
"Look now upon the Son of God!
Does He not look forlorn?"

And so it seemed defeat had come
To Jesus, King of Kings.
But Christ had died to rise again
With healing in His wings.

Though Satan laughed in that dark hour
When Christ hung on the tree,
And though he shouted out at God,
I've gained the victory!"

Yet came the day of triumph sure --
The fact of empty tomb.
Then Satan knew the cross had sealed
His own eternal doom.
And still the tempter sallies forth
When men would bow, and take
The cross to crucify themselves
For Jesus' blessed sake.

He sneers and calls them fools for Christ,
Reminds them of the past,
And seeks to cast a doubting cloud
Upon a Hope so vast.

He knows, this tempter of mankind,
That men who mortify
That carnal self upon the cross
Their Lord to magnify

Deal not a blow to any but
The "Strong Man" who was bound
In cords of death by Jesus Christ.
Praise God! Shout forth the sound.

March 10, 1957

TWO WAY STREET

Forgiveness is a two-way street
O'er which we all must pass.
"Forgive us, Lord, our sins," we pray,
"As we ourselves forgive."

Thus Jesus taught His own to pray.
And should we not forgive?
We raze the bridge which we ourselves
Must cross to enter heav'n.

March 21, 1970

TWO THIEVES

"Oh, save Thyself -- and us,"
he cried, the thief upon the tree,
Nor knew he'd asked the only thing
That Jesus could not do.

To save Himself -- He could!
That death He did not have to die.
Yet had He left the cross that hour
No Savior would He be.

"Just mercy, Lord!" --that's all
he asked -- the thief upon the tree,
Nor knew he'd asked the very thing
that Jesus came to do.

November 13, 1956

WHAT LACK I YET?

"What lack I yet?"
The rich man cried.

"You have too much!
Go sell it all!"

The Man replied.
"What lack I yet?"

The ruler pled
In dark of night.
"Be born again,"
The teacher said.

"It's faith I lack,
I can't believe."
"Touch my side,"
The Master said,
"and faith receive."

"I'll die for you!
I'll not turn back!"
"The cock crows thrice!
I'll pray for you,"
His Master said.

COMMUNION

In the moment of sweet, close communion
When the heart is quite fixed upon Christ,
The veil falls away for an instant
And the heart slips beyond, fully enticed.

In that moment of perfect communion
When the mind of the Master is mine,
The invisible things are apparent
And my heart is at one, Lord, with Thine.

In that moment of blissful communion
When the infinite comes in our ken
Then wisdom, though but for an instant,
Is so clearly revealed unto men.

THE INVISIBLE

Invisible wonders fill the sky;
Winds, rushing, mighty, full of power;
Flames, burning to a pure white heat,
Invisible to the finite eye,
Held in the hand of God Himself,
Empowered thus to do the utmost feat.
Invisible things, but for the eyes
Opened by faith, cannot be seen!
Open my eyes -- put faith in me.
Give just one glimpse beyond the skies;

Chariots of fire, and winds of power.
Invisible things! By faith I see!
Invisible things, so wondrous bright,
Terrible far beyond my grasp.

Oh let me glimpse! Then close my eye
Blinded by this glorious sight.
Closed though my eyes, I can't forget!
For faith, become sight, will never die.

GOLD GROWN DIM

Oh how is the gold become dim!
So precious the sons of our God,
Once golden in service to Him,
Now tarnished and tainted with sin.

The stones of the temple of God
Cut finely to meet His demands,
Esteemed now as vessels of sod
Have lost all their luster of gold.

Oh Master Smith, come with Thy skill!
Redeem the rich gleam of Thy gold.
Refine as with fire then until
Each golden stone shines as of Thee.

Lamentations 4:1-2

July 1957

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

The lights of Christmas shine afar
To give their warmth to earth.
But e'en the radiance of the star,
That herald of His birth,
Has not yet reached the lonely huts
Of men who know Him not.
Yet there's no door on earth that shuts
Out prayer! Had you forgot?

October 10, 1960

DIRGE

When the clouds hang low
And the mist enshrouds
And His face is lost
In the hov'ring clouds.

Then my spirit wails
Out a dismal dirge,
And I grope the dark
With a gnawing urge.

When I kneel in prayer
As my heart seeks light,
LO! His face is there
And the day is bright.

July 30, 1957

THE ANTHEM OF ETERNITY

Eternity is being formed.
So quickly take ahold.
Grasp now the fragment of the day
When Heaven's scroll is rolled.

To sit and wait on God's front porch;
To watch the eternal door;
To wait to cross the line of time
When time shall be no more,

Is wasting life and wasting self,
And wasting is a crime.
For life is part eternity
And only part of time.

When God comes in and self goes out
You've crossed the line of time.
The time you've left's a testing place
For God's eternal rhyme.

The melody of life's short song
Becomes an anthem sweet,
The harmony must be rehearsed
To sing at Jesus' feet.

Eternity is being formed,
Each day's a measured rhyme.
The anthem of eternity
Must needs begin in time.

THE BELOVED

The beloved is my Lord.
He's God's Beloved, too.
The Beloved's love outpoured
Gives power for life anew.

Precious love is this to me,
That, though I mortal be,
The Beloved should decree
My immortality.

Greater yet -- more glorious far,
That I, in holy love,
Free of blemish and of scar
Will bow to Him above.

A HYMN

Clothed in Thy beauty my Savior,
Thus do I dare seek Thy face;
Cleansed at the love-opened fountain
Claimed I the garments of grace.

Chorus:
Thus shall I stand, precious Jesus.
Thus shall I bow before Thee.
How could I enter Thy presence
If Thy holiness covered not me?

Well I remember the morning;
Ragged I stood proudly there.
Thy loving eyes looked upon me,
Mirrored my filth and despair.

Holiest! Wonderful Savior!
Life's sweetest treasures are mine,
All because, loving and caring,
Clothed Thou my life within Thine.

THE DIVINE PATIENCE

"The way to God is slow and hard,
The climb is tortuous all our life
We'll build a tower: We'll by-pass God,
And heaven we'll reach without this strife."
But God looked down in pity deep
Upon the foolish sons of men,
And sent them forth in various ways,
And tongues, to learn of Him again.

"The Day shall come," thus saith my Lord,
"They shall again be sons of God."
But men were hard, perverse and fools.
They left the truth, and took a lie.
They made them forms of bird and beast
And bowed to Satan's host so sly.

Then God looked down in angered love,
And said, "We'll give them up for now,
For lust and sin and Satan's wiles
Shall be their lot, to make them bow.
The Day shall come," thus saith my Lord,
"They shall be called the sons of God."

A star shone bright, an angel sang
To herald a most timely birth.
Then wonders, signs, and love
Of Sinless Man spread o'er the earth.
Such love must surely draw them back!
A cross was raised on yonder hill!

Those wayward men again had spurned!
The Sinless Man, entombed, was still.
"The Day shall come," thus saith my Lord,
"They shall be called the sons of God."
But darkness must precede the dawn!

He rose, and loved, and gave command,
"Go forth and preach: I go to reign!
Go seek my own in every land."
And so they went who loved their Lord,
To gather every tribe and tongue.

He drew them to the great white throne.
Their voices rise -- His praise is sung!
"The Day has come," thus saith my Lord,
"These are the living sons of God."

Romans 9:26
Spring 1960

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

For Eunice -- my sister

"Birthdays are for younger folk,"
The 'aging' matron sighs.
But birthdays are for all of us
And treasured by the wise.
Childhood years of tinsel bright
Make birthdays gay 'tis true,
But mature years of silver pure
Give gaiety its hue.

Years of life of metals rare
Inlaid by months and days,
Are set with jewels of preciousness --
Of wee ones -- happy ways.
The Eternal Smith is fashioning
A gem of beauty bright.
The years He hammers as He molds,
And sets with jewels of light.

January 8, 1957

SHAKE MY MOUNTAIN

Psalm 30:7

Shake my mountain, Lord!
Sometimes You have to!
I nestle down -- content
On last year's peak.

There are other peaks --
Yet I sit content
Gazing at them from here,
Satisfied -- content.

Shake my mountain, Lord!

October 26, 1977

HIS FINGER -- THE LITTLE ONE

"What are you so worried about
Fretting one?
Uptight, stomping your foot.

Why?"

"Why? Well --
I don't really know!
They're Your books
And Your people.
Your songs,
And Your meeting
To sing them in.

Why?
I don't really know!"

"Relax!
And look at this!"
I looked and saw:
His finger -- the little one!
Just one -- the little one!
Laid on the books
-- the people
-- the songs.
I relaxed!
And laughed with God!

The meeting came -- His meeting
The books -- His books
Were in the hands of His people,
And they -- we all --
Praised His name
With His songs.
How?
I don't really know.
All I saw was
His finger -- just one,
Laid on His books.

May 16, 1977

When I was in a dither to get the song books
from the press in time for the Mien conference in
June 1977

FILL MY CUP, LORD

Cleanse my cup, Lord, I lift it up, Lord.
Come drain the bitter dregs of hate.
Loving Savior come with precious healing
power,
Make my cup a cup of healing love.

1977

DOES IT HURT?

"Does it hurt?"
"Yes, Lord, it hurts!
I don't want it to hurt.
'Dead to sin'-- that's what I promised You.
Dead men can't be hurt!
So? Why does it hurt, Lord?"

"Listen child!
Sometimes I let it hurt
To show you yourself --
To remind you to depend on me --
To rebuke you for your own self-sufficiency
To tear away your callous cloak.

I let you hurt
So you can see
How it feels
When you hurt someone else,
And sometimes you let it hurt
Because you won't forgive."

"Yes, Lord, it still hurts!
What do I do now!"
"Use your hurt in my way
To bring life and renewal in your soul.
Forget the world's way!
Hurt used that way brings death.

2 Corinthians 7:10-11 NEB

1979

POEMS OF PROTEST

(Written between 1968 and 1974)

Protest!

You protest?
I protest, too!
But I have earned the right!
Have you?

I've bound up sores,
And aching hearts,
And placed in idle hand
Some work to do
That pride be not lost!

War? I've made war -- on war!
What have you done
Protesting son,
To press the cause of peace?
That sign you hold
Is not sufficient weapon
For the task!

Exchange it for:
a bowl of rice,
a pen for awkward fingers
an auger to dig deep, deep wells
an outstretched helping hand.

Then you too can
Make Love -- not War!

The Price of Peace

"War is wrong" they say,
"But expedient."
"An excuse!" I retort,
"An alternative
for what men have failed to do"

A silent generation
has closed its eyes
to hunger,
lack of love,
and aching hearts.

And a new, vocal generation!
What will it do?
Mere cries of protest?
Hateful condemnation
of a loveless ancestry?
Will this bring peace?

Peace has its price!
That price is high!
It costs --
love -- real love,
selflessness
heartbreak
back-breaking,
sweat drenching
plain hard work!

This is the price of peace!
Is it too high?

Desecration of a Queen

"Strong, sleek beauty,
Queen of the air
With power to carry
A hundred men
On missions of mercy,
Doctors speeding to heal the sick,
Bearers of the Word to speak
Peace to sin-sick hearts.
Friends of mankind to make
The world a friend.

"I have sat within your heart,
Borne to my own mission of love,
Reveling in the strength I feel,
Borne upon your powerful wings,
Speeded to the task of helping men.

"Yet now I know, proud Queen,
That men can bend your will
And use your power for death.
I have sat beneath an open sky
And heard your power expended
in the clouds

And know your cargo now is not
The emissary of peace and love,
But cold, hard instruments
of war and death.
Your power remains!
Something of your beauty has been lost!
For now you carry death -- not life!

Freedom!

"Freedom!", he cried
"Here is freedom! And it's free!
Come friend, share my freedom --
It's in this pill, you see."

"Freedom, I ask,
"All wrapped up in a pill?
What kind of freedom is that --
A slave to your own will?"

"Freedom?" I ask,
"What kind of freedom this,
Offered at the hand of him --
Slave to a tiny pill of bliss?"

"Freedom!" I cry,
"The freedom that I seek
Makes me no slave!
Freedom must be strong -- not weak!"

Turned On

God put within the heart
A need
-- to turn on
-- to reach a final experience.

He made, too,
The ultimate way
-- of turning on,
-- with Him.

"A safer way", we say.
Yes -- in a way,
But dangerous -- and costly, too!

It takes you
from the pad,
the haze-filled room,
the sweetish dreamy daze,
Out into the real, hard world.
The price -- your life!
The danger -- death to self
-- and a job to do!
God knows where!

There's an Answer

In canyons of the mind,
Wand'ring on and stumbling blind
You've lost love and now confess
No filling for your hollowness.
Bullets scream on Heartbreak Hill.
Another teeters facing nil.
Yet there's an answer.
Chorus: There's an answer.

The answer's not in darkened rooms
Where sandalwood and dark thoughts loom,
Nor is it in the roar of power
Nor buttons pressed in panic hour.
Nor is it found in temple bells,
Or hooded figures counting beads.
Yet there's an answer.

Cho: There's an answer.

Seek no longer questing son.
Though mankind has missed the One
Who holds the mysteries of the earth,
Who knew our souls before their birth.
'Tis not that there is not a way,
'Tis only blinded men who say,
"There's no answer."

Cho: There's an answer

The answer's not in Christian rites,
Nor doing penance through long nights.
The answer comes when we can say,
"I can't, Lord! Only You can lay
My fears to rest -- my soul to peace.
You can my restless seeking cease."
Christ will answer.

Cho: Christ's the answer.

You think that Christ is not concerned?
You doubt His heart with longing burned
That men upon the earth would find
Their hearts fulfilled with peace of mind?
He said, "I am The Way, The Truth,
The Life, The Source of Love."
Christ is the answer!

Cho: Christ's the answer

Lonely

I'm lonely, Lord!
But then You know
The loneliness I feel.
For You were lonely, too.
Lonely -- with friends about
-- Friends who didn't understand.
Friends who said, "No, Lord,
You shall not die"
Friends who slept, and slept again
In Your Gethsemane.

Yes, Lord, You know
The pain of loneliness
When one is not alone --
Except within the heart and soul.

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Poems By Family Members

Christmas Gift From Jeni

To the two who loved me, happy or sad.
To the two who loved me, good or bad.
To the two who loved me, worried or glad.
To the two who loved me, Dear Mom and
Dad.

Ya always love Jeni

Here's thanks to the parents who
Raised me to know the right.
Here's thanks to the parents who
Showed me God's love and light.

Always Love Ya, Jeni

Who could ever give me such a home,
Such a wonderful place to call my own,
A place not built with clay or sticks,
A place not built with mud or bricks,
But a place in the heart of Mom and Dad,
A place which makes me oh so glad!

Love ya always, Jeni

This was Christmas about 1965 from our
daughter, who is now Jeni Goddard.

YOU

I love YOU so much,
can't YOU see how I feel?
I want YOU to know that my love is real.
I need You to help me up when I fall,
I need You beside me in life's lonely halls

I want You to be able to understand
that this world is too lonely for any man
and if YOU can love me like I love YOU
then I'm sure that I can help You, too.,

by our son David
December 1971

Family Limericks

There was a G.I. of Kao Yai
Who said, "I just sit here and sigh!
I'd like to go home
And never more roam
And never come back to Kao Yai."

There was a young boy of Chiengkam
Who sat munching a wad of 'kao-gam'.
When asked, "Does it stick?"
He replied with a lick,
"Yes it does but I'll wash it with 'nam'."

There was a young girl of Prachuap
Who said, "I'll just cook a big stew up.
We'll just call in some kids
And shoot off our lids,
And then get run out of Prachuap."

The above were by our kids, playing on
location names in Thailand where we lived.

This is Your Flag Too

This flag has withstood the test of time.
It was held proudly in the New Republic.
It took many people into the trenches to fight
for her in World War 1.
It was there and led the charge on Iwo Jima
and Normandy in World War 2.
It was there in Korea, when the world forgot.
It was there in the trenches and rice patties
in Vietnam.
It was there and led the battles in
Afghanistan.
It was there when we lit up the sky in Iraq
twice.
It watched through the ages as many brave
young men died in war and peace.
It watched sadly as many people who
wanted peace protested our land and
desecrated our flag.
Our flag wants peace too, but knows that
sometimes we have to fight to defend it.
Many people died to keep us all safe.
Many people died under the banner of our
flag to defend our nation so that all could
criticize our nation.
It is our flag that covers us to assure we are
Americans.
This flag is my flag but it is your flag too.
You have the right to protest because of this
flag.
All I ask is that you just not forget who
secured those rights for you.

Joel David Callaway
March 18, 2011

Lela, I'm missing you

"Six boys and each has a sister,"
Our Daddy would so often say.
"Wow! You really have 12 children?"
Asked then the visitor that day.

"No, six plus one is only seven,
My boys have had to share.
But that one girl keeps them in line,
So quite well indeed we thus do fare."

You coped so well,
I think you're swell.
We did our chores
But you did more.

We had to learn
You were the boss.
You showed your love
We had no loss.

I love you, Lela. Farewell for now.
May our God be with you and grant us a
happy family reunion in His tomorrow.

One of your many "little" brothers,
Dub

Written by CW upon the death of his only
sister, Lela Callaway Caldwell, in 2012.

A Veteran Goes Home

By Al Hammond, Missions Professor
San Jose Christian College, CA

Thursday, September 5, 1996, Lois E. Callaway, a veteran of 50 years of missionary service went home to the Lord. She was seventy-four years of age. Killed in a car accident, apparently precipitated by a heart attack, Lois leaves behind a loving husband, C. W. Callaway, three sons, two daughters, 16 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. She also leaves behind an extended Christian family of Mien converts numbering in the hundreds.

From 1946 the Callaways began their missionary service which took them to England, China and Thailand. It was in Thailand that they made their home for over 30 years, working with the Mien tribe in the far north. The first seven years were spent in an isolated mountain village reached by a five-hour bicycle ride, followed by a five-hour steep climb on foot or horse to reach the village. Lois spent much time working with the sick and devising tools for accessing the Mien language. Mien bible translation and the production of literacy and Bible study books occupied her through the years.

She helped spark the handicraft and tourist industry in Northern Thailand, creating a market for the beautiful Mien embroidery. This gave work to refugees who were fleeing from communist advances, and enabled others to withdraw from raising opium. For a time her son, Mark, employed by an American aid program, helped her with the marketing by arranging for helicopter trips to the distant villages.

From 1985 the Callaways have been based in the San Francisco Bay area of California, working with the many Mien refugees. They have also taken trips to Thailand, France, and Canada to minister to the Mien refugees who have been scattered throughout the world. The greatest fruit from their work has appeared in these later years. Large Mien

churches have blossomed in central California. Over 400 Mien attended their adult camp and 266 attended the Mien Youth Camp this past summer. The Callaways were right at home teaching and ministering to their needs.

Lois had opened doors to the West Contra Costa School District to encourage the development of a bilingual program for the Mien. Koi Lin, one of the Callaway converts and a graduate of San Jose Christian College entered one of the open doors and is presently employed as a tutor. Mey Saechao, another Mien student, graduated with the coveted San Jose Christian College Faculty Award. She is currently enrolled in Fuller Seminary seeking credentials in counseling to help her people. The Callaway's extension teaching with San Jose Christian College continues to be an avenue for expanding their labors.

Technical writing such as her last project, the revision of a manual for teaching Mien literacy, was not Mrs. Callaway's only journalistic interest. She has written many beautiful poems and for a number of years was the devotional editor for the mission quarterly, **Far East Christian Missionary**.

Below is an example of her reassuring ministry to her Mien wards through poetic expression. The peace and joy of which she wrote is surely now hers for eternity.

Be quiet in the darkness, Child,
There's fear enough without
Your telling how you feel at night
With shadows all about.

Just wait awhile for sunshine, Child,
And when He gives you peace,
Then tell about the radiant joy
That comes when troubles cease.

Note:

Al Hammond, a close friend of the Callaways, served as a missionary to Japan for many years and went to be with the Lord about 2010.

Why “CHOOSE LIFE” ??

Andrew Lai was a project accountant in a large San Francisco construction corporation. His wife, Liza, was a nurse. Both worked closely with Lois and C.W. Callaway for many years in ministry to the Mien people and especially in the Mien youth camp. Andrew is also an artist. He painted the design used on T-Shirts, program booklets, and in other ways for the 1997 youth camp which was dedicated to the memory of Lois - who had died the previous year only a month after suggesting the camp theme “Choose Life.” Here below is Andrew’s own explanation about this theme and the design:

Mrs. Lois Callaway, known as the beloved Fin Saeng Ma, “Mother Teacher,” to the Mien people, was instrumental in starting the Youth Summer Camp that has been running for the past 11 years since 1989. Each year after the camp, the camp planning committee invites the youth leaders from all the Mien churches to submit a theme for the following year’s camp. I remembered we had just finished a tremendously successful camp with the theme “Christ Has Set Me Free.” After the camp we all went home tired and needing a lot of rest. But Mrs. Callaway went right to work and came up with the theme “Choose Life” for the following year’s theme.

Soon after that Mrs. Callaway went home to be with the Lord. As I read what she submitted for the camp theme, I was touched. One has to know the story of Moses in order to appreciate it. She had selected the passage from Deuteronomy 30:15-20, the farewell message of Moses to Israel. Before God took him home, Moses gave the Israelites this challenge:

“This day I call heaven and earth as witnesses against you that I have set before you life and death, blessings and curses. Now choose life, so that you and your

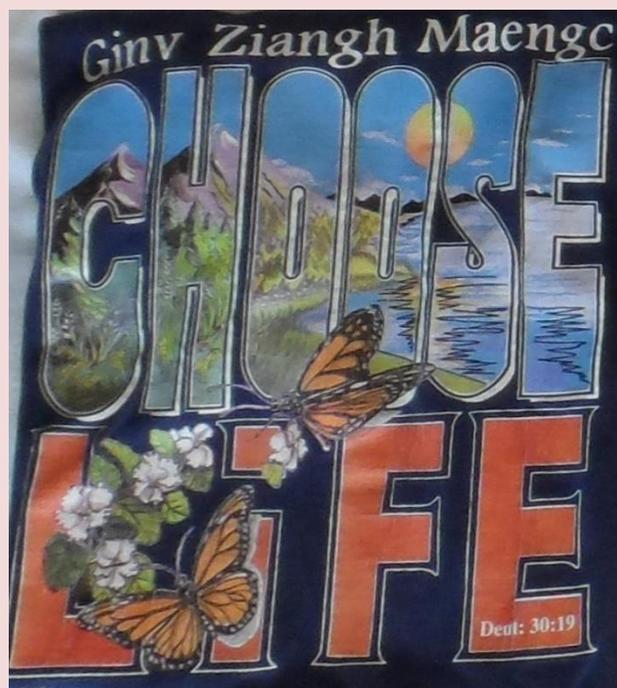
children may live.”

Deuteronomy 30:19 NIV

It is astounding. I could not help but see the similarity that before she left us she gave us the same challenge as Moses did... “CHOOSE LIFE”.

While she was with us her faith and her love for Jesus inspired us all. She was an example of what Life is all about. I am glad the planning committee agreed with me to use the theme “Choose Life” that next year. The T-shirt was specially designed to commemorate Fin Saeng Ma. It reminded us how much she loved butterflies and African Violets. In the word LiFE I purposely used a small letter for “i” because she so humbly served her Master as John the Baptist said “He must increase but I must decrease.”(John 3:30 KJV) The mountain and the lake represent the dream that she dreamed with us...our own camp ground so that we can continue to challenge our young people to CHOOSE LIFE.

Photo of Choose Life poster



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Codes for Sections

- PSP = Poems of the Secret Place
- POS = Poems of Serendipity
- POM = Poems of Mission
- PHH = Poems of Heart and Home
- POI = Poems of Insight
- POP = Poems of Protest
- PBF = Poems by Family Members

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