



Haven from “Storm”

Compiled by God and Recorded by the Phoenix
www.phoenixseven.org

Penned in December of 1997, “Storm” was originally published in part in the spring of 1998; in the poetry and prose collection, “The Promise of Tomorrow”.

First published with only the first two stanzas, I had always felt it was somehow incomplete and just not right. Something was wrong indeed.

This feeling grew by monumental proportions when I learned that “Storm” had been accepted for publication, and of the title of the collection where it would appear in print. “The Promise of Tomorrow”.

With only the first two stanzas, I felt it just didn’t fit within the title theme. No; not at all.

Yet “Storm” was published that following spring; and like most I suppose, I moved on to other projects. “Storm” was then forgotten; well save for an occasional reflection by myself, or a viewing by a new found friend.

Forgotten and Incomplete. Not unlike myself many times in my life. Did I say forgotten? No, "Storm" was not forgotten, as it turned out, No, not at all.

For little did I know that in December of 2001, a full four years later, God would have me complete what I had started; and yes to right the wrong. And it proved to be just that, a first step or footfall on a "Road Less Traveled"; this road or pathway that leads back to Him.

And trust, as the modern day prodigal son, I here can testify to His love. And that walk on that "Road Less Traveled".

I recall the night "Storm" was completed very well. Nestled in a small house trailer in Newark, Arkansas, that night was quite different; well different from most of the nights anyway.

That night I "felt" and sensed that God had a purpose for me. Quite frankly, finding out what it was, turned out to be a story within itself.

I knew that God wanted me to do something, but the tough part was trying to figure out what it was. This feeling of "purpose" or a "task at hand" descended or came upon me around 8:00pm. And I recall dashing about the trailers interior, trying through the process of elimination, anything, and everything that came to mind. What was it that He wanted me to do?

Trying first scripture study, followed by prayer; then a topical study, I traversed the "gauntlet" of the trailers interior. I even recall trying song. "A Joyful Noise Unto The Lord". And please trust, I put an emphasis on "Noise".

Some six hours had now passed, and I still sensed "A Task At Hand". Finally, after additional prayer; and roughly an hour later, I paused for a moment of reflection. And after that brief moment, I opened Word Pad on my computer.

Twenty minutes later the feeling of a task at hand was gone, and "Storm" was complete. Completed and appearing as the version you see here today.

Four years, seven hours and twenty minutes to "Final Storm".
"Perfect Storm".

And at the nights onset, it was truly the farthest thing from my mind.

Final Storm and "True Haven From Storm"

Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"the Phoenix".

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**Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.**

American poet Robert Frost (1875-1963)

Yes it has made all the difference indeed.

"the Phoenix".

"STORM"

It is twilight.

And my warming radiance, has succumbed unto itself;
darkness befalls me, and the waning light, eludes my grasp;
yet grasp I do, and grasp with all my might;
and through misty eyes I weep;
at the dying of the light.

I am void.

And it's blackness penetrates,
causing this shiver that touches my soul;

I cling to a mere reflection of radiance,
a reflection within my minds eye;
this reflection so brilliant, so bright;
and then in solemn silence, I bow my head;
and pray for the passing of the night.

I am sustained.

Weak and weary, an illumination fulfills me;
breathing yet new life, into this once tortured soul;
blackness rebounds, cast out, by this oasis from the blackest of night;
and through misty eyes I weep, as I grasp and cling;
to **my refuge, my illumination, and true haven from darkness;**
The Son of Man Named Christ.

"the Phoenix"
Aka Jeffrey Jackson

“God is Not Dead! Nor Does He Sleep!

Storm

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Jeffrey Jackson-

