
As I sit and look out my cell,
I think of what wonders befell
Your eyes.....and the words creation would yell:
“Your beauty, Your majesty,” words immeasurable to tell.

For we are a marvelous work made for your splendor,
Sent down from above, put on the earth to wander
not aimlessly...towards purpose and service and destiny.

what's this I see through the bars before my eyes?
Men in a fallen state behind these walls and beyond I cry.
What a mess....and I 'm sure God agrees, I surmise.

When my spirit feels checked.....
Be careful, for evil can deceive even the very elect
Your choice, yes! Live a life of praise and rejoice!

That one day once again all things will be in order;
There will be perfect peace, a world without border
or cells....Be what I've called you to be,
A worshipper, first and foremost.
This does the greatest damage to the enemy and his host.
like Paul and Silas....In the midst of our trials
lift up your voice! Give praise! Come as a little child!

And sit in your fathers lap.
He'll endue you with power,
be the one who stands in the gap!
Enter in and; you'll forget where you're at,

But in his presence safely kept
Without fear or worry, willing to proclaim his story
of freedom found within, living a life free from sin
Now go and do all for His glory

by Robert Franklin
February 14, 2009

God's Plan

In the beginning of time, God breathed
and we were caressed by His hand
Gently, for me and you, He laid out His plan.
Along the way, the enemy laid snares out
to trap us and capture our soul,
deviously designing ailments
and sins to keep us under his control.
But after escaping these holds, we entered the fold,
and began to walk out the Master's plan.

If we could have known then what we know now,
Perhaps on a different path we'd walk.
But when surrendered to Him,
He takes what is meant for evil
and turns it into something grand.
Now, we're forever grateful we opened
the door when He knocked.

So today, the little things,
often unnoticed, sometimes unseen
are all for the ONE....who gave His only Son.
And these endurings will seem but a moment,
for His plan has been; that we'd do ALL for Him.

And that place He's prepared so bright and so fair
would be filled with His children whom He loves so dear.
We are they who shine brighter and brighter each day.
Helping lead others out of their lives of disarray.
The little things we do are making
a beautiful picture to the eyes of our Lord
The scene we paint on the canvas of God's plan
is too beautiful for us to see here and now.

Sometimes our tools and colors seem gone,
but our hope springs eternal
when on our knees again we bow.
understanding through it all
we are never, ever alone
His will is what we do.

He's using us, so no matter what;
to this we'll be true

So, thank-you for being His partner and mine.
Through all of this, together we will forever shine
The countless seeds planted will continue to take root.
bringing revival to these prisons;
putting the devil underfoot.

God says, "I ordained it, I planned it,
I am the Truth the Life, the Way.
there is much to be done;
the work is far from complete,
help me make them soldiers
and I'll bless them at the mercy seat.

The Kingdom is Mine
and the Power and the Glory.
so never stop proclaiming
Salvation...My love story
For I am with you even to the ends of the earth.
remember.... I planned this before your certain birth."

So let us all say today,
"Here I am, Lord
your warrior for the cross
bringing healing to the nations
a light for all those lost.
you've done it for me,
so I must do for them
taking up my own cross daily,
serving others, serving Him"

by Robert Franklin
October 2007

MY FATHERS' HANDS

My Fathers' hands remind me of strength
I thought I could see,
Thick, calloused hands surrounded
By fingers, sinewy.
Those hands grabbed me once and
Bruised my arm;
“Look!” I said, “I know my dad loves me!”
For it was that discipline I needed,
I knew it and so did he.

I wish I had gotten more chances
To hold my Fathers' hand;
He was such a dedicated, hard worker
Well-disciplined, so faithful
A man's man.
Very seldom could I do a wrong
His hands couldn't fix for me.
Until the day he passed away;

Since then, things really haven't gone as planned
But as I think of those hands
Holding His word,
I'm reminded of his head bowed in prayer.
It's then that I see where his true strength laid
In HIS Fathers hands.
Which were stretched open wide
Dad knew the man that came
To set us all free.

Rob Franklin
January 2007
