

Poetry Series

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa
Mugari
- poems -

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A Beautiful Heart

One day a young man was standing in the middle of the town
proclaiming that he had the most beautiful heart in the whole valley.
A large crowd gathered and they all admired his heart for it was perfect.
There was not a mark or a flaw in it.
Yes, they all agreed it truly was the most beautiful heart they had ever seen.
The young man was very proud and boasted more loudly about his beautiful
heart.
Suddenly, an old man appeared at the front of the crowd and said,
'Why your heart is not nearly as beautiful as mine.
'The crowd and the young man looked at the old man's heart.
It was beating strongly... but it was full of scars...
it had places where pieces had been removed and other pieces put in...
but they didn't fit quite right and there were several jagged edges.
In fact... in some places there were deep gouges where whole pieces were
missing.
The people stared... how can he say his heart is more beautiful... they thought?
The young man looked at the old man's heart... and saw its state and laughed.
'You must be joking, ' he said.
'Compare your heart with mine...mine is perfect and yours is a mess of scars and
tears.
'Yes'... said the old man...
'yours is perfect looking but...I would never trade with you.
You see... every scar represents a person to whom I have given my love...
I tear out a piece of my heart and give it to them...
and often they give me a piece of their heart which fits into the empty place in
my heart...
but because the pieces aren't exact...I have some rough edges... which I
cherish...
because they remind me of the love we shared.
Sometimes I have given pieces of my heart away...
and the other person hasn't returned a piece of his heart to are the empty
gouges...
giving love is taking a ugh these gouges are painful...they stay open...
reminding me of the love I have for these people too...
and I hope someday they may return and fill the space I have waiting.
So now do you see what true beauty is? '
The young man stood silently with tears running down his walked up to the old
man...
reached into his perfect young and beautiful heart...and ripped a piece out.

He offered it to the old man with trembling hands.
The old man took his offering... placed it in his heart...and then took a piece from
his old scarred heart...
and placed it in the wound in the young man's heart.
It fit... but not perfectly... as there were some jagged edges.
The young man looked at his heart...not perfect anymore but more beautiful than
ever...
since love from the old man's heart flowed into his.
They embraced and walked away side by side.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God'
A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.
Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be? Christ
Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.
And though this world, with devils
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.
That word above all earthly pow'rs
No thanks to them - abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him Who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

A Proud Father

T'would be joyous to view God
Holding a newborn in His heart,
Looking over fingers and toes
As He checks out every part.

Work begins at the potter's wheel,
Fashioning him into a man;
Preparing against evil,
Giving him two legs to stand ...

Redesigning the eyes to see,
Producing ears that hear His words;
Redeeming souls to His beloved,
Making wings to soar like a bird.

The wonder of each creation
A proud Father must feel within,
To be watching His children grow
As into the image of Him.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

A Special World

A special world for you and me
A special bond one can't see
It wraps us up in its cocoon
And holds us fiercely in its womb.

Its fingers spread like fine spun gold,
Gently nestling us to the fold
Like silken thread it holds us fast
Bonds like this are meant to last

And through at times a thread may break
A new one forms in its wake
To bind us closer and keep us strong
In a special world, where we belong.

A world of our own
A special world.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Account Of Calvary

Account of Calvary
(Luke 23: 32-43)

I hung on a cross nearly 2000 years ago.
No, don't misunderstand me:
Three crosses in a row at Calvary
On the ends hung two scum of the earth
In between they crucified the One with the power and
Authority to save Himself and me, too

Looking out on the scene as I suffered
I couldn't understand what I was seeing
Cold-hearted people, refusing to believe
All that their King had personally shown and told them
for three years,
Killing Him in a fit of jealous rage.

I suppose it would've been easy enough for me
To have been down there with them
If it weren't for the fact that
I was wearing my shame on my back and
It towered over me, holding me a few feet off the ground.

In my left ear I heard the wretch-like-me
On the other side of the Victim
Spew more words of doubt at Him.
Challenging Him to demonstrate the power He said He has
And to gingerly, magically remove Himself and us from our crosses

I knew it was too late for that—
You can goad a goat but not a God—
Hadn't this man told us to bear our cross and follow Him?
Well, there we were, just as the Script directed

Through my sweat and tears of agony
I summoned sound to my parched throat
And signified the wretch-like-me, saying
Man, don't you fear God,
Considering you ain't in no better shape right now!

Then my voice choked off in hoarseness
And I muttered faintly the memorable words
That many would read for the next two hundred decades
We, indeed, have been condemned justly,
For we are getting what we deserve for our deeds,
But this man has done nothing wrong.
Though I cannot remember what I did wrong
Because I've done so many things wrong.

Now every day I must go through a ritual suicide,
Remembering my cross experience
And struggling with every moment to recall the words
I heard myself saying next.

Jesus, remember me when You come in Your Kingdom.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

'All The Way My Saviour Leads Me'

All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His faithful mercies,
Who through life has been my
guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him do dwell;
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.
All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me strength for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see.
All the way my Saviour leads me,
O the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest in me is promised,
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages:
'Jesus led me all the way.'

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Angel On My Shoulder

There's an angel on my shoulder,
Though I've never heard her sing,
I know she keeps me safe each day
And close beneath her wing.
My angel does not
Play a harp or rest
In clouds all day.
She's much too busy
Guarding me,
Keeping me
from Harm's way.
She rejoices in
My life's success
And weeps when
I'm in pain.
She picks me up
When I have failed
And helps me try again.
Tonight I'll say a prayer for her,
And thank the Lord above
For sending me an angel
To lead me with her love.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Beautiful

The Reasons You Are Beautiful

To the girl whose beauty is present
in all seasons,
I want to tell you why you are
beautiful, here are the reasons:
Your beauty extends as high as the
tallest mountains,
it goes on forever and never
flattens.
Even when the clouds heighten,
you are here and the world
brightens.
You are like a fruit that constantly
ripens,
your beauty continues to grow no
matter what happens.
You are unique in the way that you
glisten,
it never erodes, it only thickens.
My fondness for you constantly
deepens,
because every time I see you my
knees begin to weaken.
The rules of nature you do not
follow,
you shine so bright you create
your
own shadow.
When you are out of sight the
world
feels shallow,
but your face never leaves my
mind, it repeats like an echo.
Your beauty is like a boulder that
can't be moved,
it never shakes and it can't be
improved.
The one sound I like to hear, it's

an easy choice, !
itâ€™s the soothing sound of your
voice.
It complements your looks with
the
perfect melody,
putting all around you in complete
harmony.
You are better than a manâ€™s
best
fantasy,
God showed us mercy when he
gave us you and eyes to see.
Your beauty increases with every
breath,
it exceeds the limits that my
imagination can stretch.
You have what others could only
wish to match,
but your beauty they will never
catch.
I swear, you would be the answer
to a prayer,
if someone wished for something
rare with beauty to spare.
Given the choice I would choose
this girl over air,
for air cannot compare to a girl
that
canâ€™t be found elsewhere.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Beauty

Beauty

Your lips, your eyes, your soul
Are like a work of art,
The most creative thing of all
Is your beautiful heart.
If you were a painting,
No colours could express
The beauty deep inside you,
A rainbow, nothing less.
If you were a sculpture
The clay could hardly make
Your figure of an angel
Without one mistake.
If you were a euphony
No choir could really sing
All the beautiful music
Your eyes could possibly bring.
So here I am, an artist,
With inspiration beyond belief
But to capture such rare beauty,
I'd have to be a thief.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Brain

I remember back when they said
'Use it'
When we smiled, and stampered
The landscape of youth, aware
We were already using it,
That using was so common a
process
No one would one ever
Have to remind us...

Now I see, Now I see.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Entrapement

My love, I have tried with all my
being
to grasp a form comparable to thine
own,
but nothing seems worthy;
I know now why Shakespeare could
not
compare his love to a summer's
day.
It would be a crime to denounce the
beauty
of such a creature as thee,
to simply cast away the precision
God had placed in forging you.
Each facet of your being
whether it physical or spiritual
is an ensnarement
from which there is no release.
But I do not wish release.
I wish to stay entrapped forever.
With you for all eternity.
Our hearts, always as one.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Fallen

Your lips speak soft sweetness
Your touch a cool caress
I am lost in your magic
My heart beats within your chest
I think of you each morning
And dream of you each night
I think of your arms being around
me
And cannot express my delight
Never have I fallen
But I am quickly on my way
You hold a heart in your hands
That has never before been given
away

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Fireman's Prayer

When I am called to duty, God,
Wherever flames may rage
Give me strength to save some life
Whatever be its age.
Help me embrace a little child
Before it's too late,
Or save an older person
From the horror of that fate.
Enable me to be alert,
And hear the weakest shout
And quickly and effectively
To put the fire out.
I want to fill my calling
And to give the best in me,
To guard my every neighbour
And protect his property.
And if, according to 'Your will',
I have to lose my life,
Please bless with Your protecting hand
My family and my friends.
Amen

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

For The Rest Of Your Life

What are you doing the
rest of your life?
North and south and east
and west of your life?
I have only one request of
your life -
that you spend it all with
me.

All the seasons and the
times of your days,
All the nickels and the
dimes of your days;
Let the reasons and the
rhymes of your days
all begin and end with
me.

I want to see your face in
every kind of light,
In fields of dawn, and
forests of the night;
And when you stand
before the candles on a
cake,
Oh, let me be the one to
hear the silent wish you
make.

Those tomorrows waiting
deep in your eyes,
In the world of love you
keep in your eyes,
I'll awaken what's asleep
in your eyes -
(it may take a kiss or two) .
Through all of my life,
Summer, winter, spring
and fall of my life,
All I ever will recall of my
life
is all of my life...

with you.

29.

I never really knew you
You were just another
friend

But when I got to know
you,

I let my heart unbend.

I couldn't help past
memories

that would only make me
cry

I had to forget my first
love

and give love another try

So I've fallen in love with
you

and I'll never let you go

I love you more than
anyone

I just had to let you know

And if you ever wonder
why

I don't know what I'll say

But I'll never stop loving
you

each and every day

My feelings for you will
never change

Just know my feelings are
true

Just remember one thing

I Love You!

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Forgiveness... A Very Good Understanding Of Forgiveness

One of my teachers had each of us bring a clear plastic bag and a sack of potatoes.

For every person we'd refuse to forgive in our life, we were told to choose a potato,

write on it the name and date, and put it in the plastic bag.

Some of our bags, as you can imagine, were quite heavy.

We were then told to carry this bag with us everywhere for one week, putting it beside our bed at night, on the car seat when driving, next to our desk at work.

The hassle of lugging this around with us made it clear what a weight we were carrying spiritually, and how we had to pay attention to it all the time to not forget, and keep leaving it in embarrassing places.

Naturally, the condition of the potatoes deteriorated to a nasty slime.

This was a great metaphor for the price we pay for keeping our pain and heavy negativity!

Too often we think of forgiveness as a gift to the other person, and while that's true...it clearly is also a gift for ourselves!

So the next time you decide you can't forgive someone, ask yourself...

Isn't MY bag heavy enough?

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

God's Nature

Sometimes when I'm sitting
Alone in our house
And the silence around me gathers,
I ponder upon the mysteries
Of God's universe
And the beauty He has created.

I wonder what it would be like
Not to be able to see:
The vibrant reds of newly-bloomed flowers;
The deep blue sky in cloudless array;
The bright yellow sun in full view at midday;
The lustrous green of long, uncut grass;
The soft hues of wildflowers along the roadside;
Or the shimmering crystal-clear gray of a lake at dawn?

Could I ever be as close to Him
If I could not hear;
The wind blowing softly through Fall's scattering leaves;
A new-born baby's cry;
The songs and music and praise of Believers;
A child's sweet voice exclaiming, 'I love you, Mommy! ';
The birds wildly chirping at morning's first light;
Or the rain falling gently throughout the night?

Would I be able to praise Him as much
If I could not smell:
The poignant scent of freshly-cut lilacs;
The tantalizing odors from kitchen bakings;
The sweet perfume of grass newly mowed;
The ocean's harsh waftings of fish and salt spray;
A freshly bathed baby's neck;
Or the unmistakable stench of Autumn's raked, wet leaves?

And what if I could not speak
Or communicate in any way:

Could not ask any questions;
Could not voice any opinions;
Could not give any instructions;
Could not say 'hello' or 'good-by';
Could not verbalize the things in my heart;
Could not give praise to another?

What if I could not touch
Or no longer feel:
Another human's caress;
The soft petals of a rose;
The firm friendliness of a handshake;
The cool freshness of water, of rain;
The downy feathers of a young chick;
The warmth of the sun's rays of the crisp chill of winter?

I am so blessed, so thankful, to Thee
For these senses You've given to me.
Without them, it would be hard
To know You as well;
For through these things
Your nature You tell!

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Happy Birthday

Instead of counting candles
or talling the years,
Contemplate yo blessings now,
As your birthday nears
Consider special people
Who love you, and who care,
And others who've enriched
your life
Jus by being there.
Think about the memories
Passing years can never mar
Experiences great and small
That have made you who u are
Another year is a happy gift,
So cut your care, and say
'Instead of counting birthdays
I count blessings everyday'
** **

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

I Am A Child Of God

Since Jesus came into my heart,
His presence I always feel.
He totally changed my outlook on life,
When He marked me with His seal.

I want others to know this feeling,
For it is the greatest 'high.
'Nothing can ever compare to it,
So I don't even try.

The inner peace that I now have
I value more highly than gold.
I don't have many material things,
But still I have riches untold.

No closer friend could I possess,
For He never leaves my side.
When daily problems come my way,
It's Him in whom I confide.

When I came to God's attention,
My life was filled with mistakes and discord,
His justice couldn't dismiss my sin,
But His mercy was my reward.

When He sacrificed His only Son,
The gates of hell to me were closed.
Instead heaven's gates swung open to me,
When Jesus, the Christ, I chose.

When Jesus became my Savior,
God adopted me as His child.
With the certainty of eternal life,
Oh, it makes this life worthwhile!

Not only did God pardon me,
I can now use the name of His Son.
Whatever I ask in Jesus' name,
God promises it will be done.

I have a place at God's table.
Jesus reserved my place for free.
One day I'll join all the others,
Who are saved by grace like me.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

I Need You

I need you more than you can know
More than love can show, I need
you

I need you when the sun comes up
Before my morning cup, I need you
There's a bit of you in every breath I
take

In every lesson learned from my
dumb mistakes

And in the amber flow of each
setting sun

Its your face I see and I come
undone

I NEED YOU

I need you to keep me straight

On a path of faith, I need you

I need you when my life turns sour

And in my darkest hours, I need you

There's a bit of you in every breath I
take

In every lesson learned from my
dumb mistakes

And in the amber flow of each
setting sun

Its your face I see and I come
undone

I NEED YOU

I need you and the life we share

Helping me to dare, I need you

I need you for each precious day

You light my way, I need you

I NEED YOU

I NEED YOU

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If I Knew

If I Knew

If I knew how to write a song
I'd write one everyday
It would say that I'm in love with
you
And why I feel this way
It would have to say you're pretty
And as rare as a desert rose
It would say you're a looker
From your head down to your toes
You are funny, dainty, fragile
And as feminine as can be
You're smart charming lovely
And everything to me
You're my comfort when I'm lonely
You're my peace when I need rest
Of all the women I've known
I must rate you the best.
You're the orchard in the jungle,
you're the better half of me
You're all of this and so much more,
you mean the world to me
Still so much is left unsaid,
It would take me far to long
I know how much I love you,
If only I could write a song.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

In A Poem

How can I tell you I love you
When those three little words
Don't even begin to explain
The way I feel
How can I tell you I love you
When each and every day
My love for you grows
Little by little
How can I tell you I love you
When actions speak stronger than
words
But even then, hugs and kisses
Still don't begin to cover it
How can I tell you how I feel
When there are no words
In any language
Strong enough
How can I tell that you believe
Every word that I say when
Every one of those words
Is a lie?
I love you so much
But even that sentence
Is a lie
It isn't how I feel
Maybe those three little words
Will have to do for now
I wish I could show you
How I feel, but I don't know how

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

In The Darkness

In the darkness,
I found your light.
When all was hopeless,
your beauty shown bright.
When I thought that I
could love no more.
You touched my heart,
to the very core.
You made me smile,
when I could only frown.
You picked me up
when I was down.
When all was lost
you gave me life.
You brought me joy
instead of strife.
Now i think of you
every day and night.
you came into my life
and made everything right.
i smile when we're together
and when we are apart.
the presence of your beauty
stops my very heart.
i hope as time goes on
you will see how i feel.
and i hope that you will see
that these feelings are for real.
I love you truly,
I love you wholly.
I love you completely,
I love you solely

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Jesus The Rock

Build your house upon the Rock
And it won't move or slide...
A foundation built on sand alone
Will shift from side to side.

The storms of life will come,
This we know for sure,
When they do, they won't shake you
From the Rock that is secure.

When fear comes knocking at your door
And you start to lose your grip,
Stand upon the solid Rock
And you will never slip!

The Rock of our salvation
Will forever live and reign,
As King of Kings and Lord of Lords
In Heaven's vast domain!

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Keep Your Eys Upon The Light House

KEEP YOUR EYES UPON THE
LIGHTHOUSE

Does the ship of your life out there
in the sea

Seem rudderless and storm tossed?
Are you sometimes buffeted by
winds of fear,

Thinking soon all may be lost?
Take courage, friend, look up and
see

The beam from the Lighthouse on
shore-

It will surely guide you safely to
port,

Despite the winds' mighty roar.
No matter how high the waves may
crest,

Tossing your vessel around,
Keep your eyes upon the
Lighthouse-

And you will not run aground!
JESUS is this Lighthouse,
Stationed high for all to see-
God placed Him there, above ALL
things-

Especially for you and me.
He gave us also His precious Word
Our chart and compass to be;
When the mists and fog of doubt
roll in,

Look there and you will see
The beam from Heaven's
Lighthouse!

Follow it, and you will be
Guided safely by its beacon
Over every troubled sea!

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Looking For Your Face

Looking For Your Face
From the beginning of my life
I have been looking for your
face
but today I have seen it
Today I have seen
the charm, the beauty,
the unfathomable grace
of the face
that I was looking for
Today I have found you
and those who laughed
and scorned me yesterday
are sorry that they were not
looking
as I did
I am bewildered by the
magnificence
of your beauty
and wish to see you
with a hundred eyes
My heart has burned with
passion
and has searched forever
for this wondrous beauty
that I now behold
I am ashamed
to call this love human
and afraid of God
to call it divine
Your fragrant breath
like the morning breeze
has come to the stillness of the
garden
You have breathed new life
into me
I have become your sunshine
and also your shadow
My soul is screaming in ecstasy

Every fiber of my being
is in love with you
Your effulgence
has lit a fire in my heart
for me
the earth and sky
My arrow of love
has arrived at the target
I am in the house of mercy
and my heart
is a place of prayer

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

'Married To Another'

'Child of the Eternal Father,
Bride of the Eternal Son,
Dwelling place of God the Spirit
Thus with Christ made ever one;
Dowered with joy beyond the
angels
Nearest to His throne,
They, the ministers attending
His beloved one;
Granted all my hearts desire,
All things made my own;
Feared by all the powers of evil,
Fearing God alone,
Walking with the Lord in glory
Through the courts divine,
Queen within the royal palace,
Christ forever mine;
Say, poor worldling, can it be,
That my heart should envy thee? '

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

More Like Jesus

I want to be more like Jesus.
I want to exhibit His many traits.
I want to show others that I care,
By sharing my belief and faith.

I want to walk the Christian way,
And to my Savior stay true.
For when He walked here on this earth,
He lived His life as I want to do.

I will try to think of others first,
And minister to their needs.
Jesus would want me to die to self
And follow His loving lead.

I will not worry about my plight
When others are suffering more.
Instead I'll be more like Jesus,
I'll reach out to the sick and poor.

Jesus was always compassionate.
I will strive to be more like Him.
I will be a lantern for my Lord,
Never letting His light grow dim.

When others can look at me and see,
My dear Savior's love and grace,
I'll know I'm finally following
His teachings, I've tried to embrace.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

My Love

My love is like an ocean
It goes down so deep
My love is like a rose
Whose beauty you want to keep.
My love is like a river
That will never end
My love is like a dove
With a beautiful message to send.
My love is like a song
That goes on and on forever
My love is like a prisoner
It's to you that I surrender.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Of Roses And Thorns

A certain man planted a rose and watered it faithfully.
Before it blossomed, he examined it.
He saw a bud that would soon blossom.
He also saw the thorns, and he thought,
'How can any beautiful flower come from a plant,
burdened with so many sharp thorns? '
Saddened by this thought, he neglected to water the rose,
and before it was ready to bloom, it died.
So it is with many people...
Within every soul... there is a Rose.
The 'G-d-like' qualities planted in us at birth,
growing amidst the thorns of our faults
Many of us look at ourselves and see only the thorns, the defects.
We despair, thinking nothing good can possibly come from us.
We neglect to water the good within us,
and eventually it dies.
We never realize our potential.
Some don't see the rose within themselves...
It takes someone else to show it to them.
One of the greatest gifts a person can possess...
is to be able to reach past the thorns and find the rose within others.
This is the truest, most innocent, and gracious characteristic of love -
to know another person,
including their faults, recognize the nobility in their soul,
and yet still help another to realize they can overcome their faults.
If we show them the rose, they will conquer the thorns.
Only then will they blossom,
and most likely, blooming thirty, sixty, a hundred-fold,
as it is given to them.
Our duty in this world is to help others,
by showing them their roses and not their thorns.
It is then that we achieve the love we should feel for each other.
Only then can we bloom in our own garden.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Only You

ONLY YOU

Oh Lord, My God, search my heart.

Please, search every inch, every part.

Purge my heart Lord, of any wicked thing.

Fill my heart with a new song to sing.

Clean my heart Lord, make it brand new.

Teach me to do all that, "You, " want me to do.

Wash my heart Lord, whiter than snow.

Fill it with the wisdom You want me to know.

With the Spirit, my heart, please fill.

Mold me and use me Lord, to do Your will.

With a clean heart Lord, all that I do,

Will bring honor and glory to You, "only You."

"Only You" Lord, can change my internal condition.

And to "only You" will I dedicate my submission.

To follow Your lead, is how I'll spend my remaining days.

Now to everlasting to "only You, " will I sing, songs of praise.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Remember

When you need a shoulder to cry on,
Remember that I have a warm embrace,
Ready to offer comfort.

When you think I'm being too tough,
Remember that which does not kill you,
Makes you stronger.

When you need a friend to listen,
Remember that I am here for you,
Always.

When you doubt me,
Remember that I once knelt at your feet,
Washing them in service to you.

When you lose faith in yourself,
Remember that I never did,
Nor ever will.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Thank You Lord For Forgiving A Sinner

Lord you know the wrong I've done
For my sins you sent your only Son
By many I've been cast out and forsaken
But I know you Lord find me worth taken

Lord I wish I had known before
You were what I was searching for
I gave my time and love to many
But now I stand alone without any

Lord I need you so much
I am longing for your gentle touch
To make me clean within
To erase the stains of my sins

For too long I've been on the wrong path
My sins have left a terrible aftermath
Only you can set me free
With you is where I long to be

Lord I know you hear my prayer
Even now you are taking me there
Before you on my knees I bow
I repent of my sins before you now

I know you will forgive and forget
With you Lord I will have no regrets
With you Lord I am a winner
Thank you Lord for forgiving a sinner

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

The Diligent Farmer

Gnarled are the farmer's hands
Calloused from his toil...
Diligently sowing seed
In the cultivated soil.

Drought and floods come
And test his endurance,
But he practices patience
And continues with assurance.

Sometimes he's exhausted
But his work is not in vain...
He knows that perseverance
Will soon result in gain.

Let's emulate the farmer
Pressing on come what may...
Seeds we sow in God's soil
Will abound on harvest day!

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

The Gospel Tree

There once was a shining Christmas tree
Standing out where all could see.
Its brilliance captured every eye
And seemed to cheer each passer by.

'The lights are so bright, ' they would say
And hesitate to walk away.
The tree stood proud ablaze with light
For every light was burning bright.

Then some bulb was heard to say
'I'm tired of burning night and day;
I think I'll just go out and take a rest
For I'm too tired to do my best;
Besides I am so very small
I doubt if I'd be missed at all.'

Then a child lovingly touched the light,
'Look, mother, this one shines so very bright.
I think of all the lights upon the tree
This one looks the best to me.'

'Oh my goodness, ' said the light
'I almost dimmed right out of sight.
I thought perhaps no one would care
If I failed to shine my share.
'With that a glorious brilliance came
For every light had felt the same.

Our Gospel, like this Christmas tree,
With little lights which are you and me,
We each have a space that we must fill
With love, and lessons and good will.
Let's keep our tree ablaze with light,
With testimonies burning bright.
For our Gospel is a living tree
That lights the way to eternity.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

The Heart Of A Child

The Heart of a Child

How long has it been
Since you've had the heart of a child?

How long has it been
Since you've actually studied a flower:
The soft velvet of each petal;
The poignant scent of its distinctive perfume;
The perfect formation of diverse shape
That makes your soul gasp in awe?

How long has it been
Since you really watched the squirrels
As they chase, chatter, and hoard together
And playfully ramble through the trees;
As they dart here and there along high-wires,
And bulge their cheeks with nature's offerings?

How long has it been
Since you observed the working ants?
They crawl every which way and that;
The pick up, load, and carry,
They scurry hither and yon;
They congregate and seem to senselessly crawl.

How long has it been
Since you gazed upon gentle raindrops
Or allowed your face in a drenching downpour?
Or pensively viewed doused, dripping leaves?
Or stared at bouncing sprinkles in countless puddles?
Or inspected fascinating droplets on your windows?

How long has it been
Since you noticed the sun bursting through a shower

And ran outdoors to search for the rainbow;
And then, fascinated, saw the colors forming
And counted the stripes up in the sky,
And wondered where the pot of gold would be?

How long has it been
Since you actually stopped to listen:
To the birds chirping wildly early in the morning;
To the crickets, cicadas, and insects interacting;
To the yipping and yapping and barking of dogs;
To the soft mews and loud yowls of kittens and cats?

How long has it been
Since you stopped by the roadside
For a closer look at wildly-displayed arrays;
For deep breaths of nature's clean air;
For the feeling of open space so artfully placed;
For the quiet intensity of absent noise?

How long has it been
Since you made angels in the snow;
Played fox and geese in unbroken, snowy yards;
Threw snowballs, wore clunky boots; practical mittens;
Cut down your own Christmas tree in a snow-drifted glen;
Marveled at ice-storm-covered branches; snowflakes on your tongue?

How long has it been
Since you enjoyed gently lapping waves;
White foam formed upon a stormy sea;
A seagull glancing across the lake-top;
The gray, shiny, glassy sheen of still water;
Wild-duck families floating in slow rhythm?

How long has it been
Since you stared at deep evening's skies;
Since you tried to count the stars;
Since you discovered great constellations;

Since you appreciated soaring comets;
Since you watched the sun rise or set?

How long has it been
Since you've had the heart of a child?

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

The Key To Your Heart

Who stands at your heart's door and knocks?
Knuckles raw serenades you,
Promising the sun, moon all the stars.
Your name a sweet song
On my lips that quiver
With a love induced drunkenness.
A current runs down my spine,
I want a part of you
I have spanned a lifetime
Searching to find in an emotional quagmire
You will not trust a stranger with your jewel
Tell the mouse
The key to your heart
Hangs with the bell round the cat's neck.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

The Perpetual Light

There's a perpetual light
Shining in my window...
When you're passing by
Can you see it glow?

It illuminates your path
It's a lantern in the night,
Consoles a weary heart
And to the blind gives sight.

To the mourner it brings solace
And comfort in despair,
Guides you if you're lost
When no one seems to care.

It's a radiant beacon
On a stormy sea,
A bright beam of hope
When you face calamity.

Can the light been seen
In your window too?
Make room for Jesus
He's waiting to shine thru!

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

The Potters Wheel

Marred, in the hands of the potter lay
The dull ungainly lump of clay;
Failure evident everywhere;
Self efforts ending in despair.

But the potter begins with vision clear
To fashion a vessel ever more dear;
As He kneads and turns, shapes and molds,
Keeping it gently under His control;

The vessel evolves full of grace,
But still no beauty on its face
As it spins on the wheel and takes on form
Through His loving touch is pressure born.

When the Master Potter can look with pride,
And with the form be satisfied,
He begins His work with color and glaze
To finish each vessel in unique ways.

With individual beauty and appeal
Each comes forth from the Master's wheel:
With a special touch He leaves His mark,
Perfected in love from the Father's heart.

Conformed to the image of Jesus the Son
Presented faultless before His throne
The Potter looks and is satisfied
With His own only begotten and perfected bride.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Till Death Do Us Part

He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
All thoughts elsewhere - it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
Or if they do it is like a confession
Of having little feeling - or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
Silence between them like a thread to hold
And not wind in. And time itself's a feather
Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
These two who are my father and my mother
Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?
'One Flesh' by Elizabeth Jennings

*****END*****

'Lifelong *best friends*

God said, 'It is not good that man should be alone.
I will make him a helper comparable to him.'

Separated to one another
Therefore, a man shall leave his father and mother

Total committment to one another
And be joined to his wife

Glued together
And they shall become one flesh.

Total intimacy
They were both naked, the man and his wife,

Total honesty
And were not ashamed.
Genesis 2.18; 2.24-25 '

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Tribulation

Tribulation, though painful,
And troublesome to bear,
Is the means to our perfection
By eradicating worldly care.

When puissant storm clouds gather,
And calamity fills the air
We are driven to our maker
In effectual, fervent prayer;

For we disdain to seek Him
When all is bright and fair,
But strive for carnal blessings,
Searching everywhere.

'Tis only as we unite with Him,
And in His suffering share,
That we can fit for Heaven be,
When He calls us home up there

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

What Is Love

What is love, but an emotion,
So strong and so pure,
That nurtured and shared with
another
All tests it will endure?
What is love, but a force
To bring the mighty low,
With the strength to shame the
mountains
And halt time's ceaseless flow?
What is love, but a triumph,
A glorious goal attained,
The union of two souls, two hearts
A bond the angels have ordained?
What is love, but a champion,
To cast the tyrant from his throne,
And raise the flag of truth and
peace,
And fear of death o'erthrow?
What is love, but a beacon,
To guide the wayward heart,
A blazing light upon the shoals
That dash cherished dreams apart?
And what is love, but forever,
Eternal and sincere,
A flame that through wax and wane
Will outlive life's brief years?
So I'll tell it on the mountaintops,
In all places high and low,
That love for you is my reason to
be,
And will never break or bow.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

Who Else But Jesus

Who else?

Who else was born of a virgin
Which was prophesied of old? Who
else walked to Calvary To save your
Soul?

Who else fed five thousand people,
With two fish and five loaves of
bread? Who else was crucified And
then rose from the dead?

Who else was sinless And nailed to
a cross? Who else took all your sins,
That your soul would not be lost?

Who else raised a dead man Four
days dead in the tomb? Who else
Gives us Joy And takes away our
gloom?

Who else is so wonderful They call
Him The Prince of Peace? Who else
do the winds obey And when He
Speaks - they cease?

Who else healed the sick And made
the blind to see? Who else Loved
enough To die for you and me?

Who else walked on water And
calmed the raging sea? Who else
shed His sinless Blood To set our
spirits free?

Who else will be there for you When
another friend you cannot find?

Who else is so Forgiving And who
else is so Merciful and Kind?

Who else will hug you With
compassion in His Eyes? Who else
hears your prayers When you have
trouble and you cry?

Who else forgives your sin And still
loves you everyday? Who else leads
you to Heaven Like a lamb that
went astray?

Who else picks you up With arms
gentle and strong? Who else cares
enough for you To forgive you from
all wrong?

No one else will ever love you like
Jesus, No one else can save your
soul.

No one else is patiently waiting, to
bring you home, No one else is
waiting but Jesus.... Jesus Alone

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari

You Can Trust The Holy Bible

You can trust the Holy Bible from
the first page to the last. You can
trust what it says about the future,
and what it says about the past.
There really was a Noah, who built
an ark with a hammer and a nail.
There really was a Jonah, who lived
after being swallowed by a whale.
There really was a town called
Sodom, destroyed by fire and
brimstone from above. And God
really did feed the Hebrews with
manna, sent to them with love.
There really was a virgin Mary,
who conceived Jesus in her womb.
And it's true he came to life again,
after being buried in a tomb.
It's true Jesus healed the sick, and
gave sight to those who couldn't
see. It's true he healed the deaf,
and walked on the Sea of Galilee.
He healed some who couldn't walk,
and raised three persons from the
dead. He fed a multitude of people
with only two fish and five loaves
of bread.
The Bible tells us of hell.....a place
for those not forgiven of their sin.
And it tells us of heaven.....a place
Christ's disciples are sure to enter
in.
The Bible speaks of many things.....
some easy, some hard to
understand. But the Bible can be
fully trusted, for it came from God's
almighty hand.
So, don't pass judgment on the
Bible. It's always right, never
wrong. For God has given all its

contents, and there's not a verse
that doesn't belong.

No, don't pass judgment on the
Bible. It's God's infallible Word. Just
listen to God speak as you read it.
You'll be blessed by what is heard.

Tafadzwa Mhondiwa Mugari