

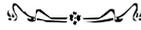
Sincerely Speaking Spiritually

Joseph S. Spence Sr.



Section 1

Regular Spiritual Poetic Forms



My People, if We Must Die

My people, if we must die,
let it not result from being unable to serve the cause for the betterment
of humankind or from being denied a seat around the table in the land
of the free and the home of the brave.

My people, if we must die,
let it not result from anger and reprisal against each other instead
of sitting down in peace and love to bring about God's blessings,
understanding tranquility, and a true quality of life.

My people, if we must die,
let it not result from the thirst or want of righteousness and lack of
God's salvation, like dry bones with no voice rotting away in a valley
of condemnation without God's grace.

My people, if we must die,
let it not result from the lack of beautiful songs stimulating our souls,
with God's love radiating from the magnificent choral voices of our
children and grandchildren immersing themselves in our great cultural
heritage of wisdom, knowledge, spirituality, and understanding.

My people, if we must die,
let it not result from the agony of an unscrupulous person lacking God's
grace and wisdom, ripping off our safety deposit boxes and cleaning
out our bank accounts while we are tucked away in an old folks' home
somewhere.

Alas, my brothers and sisters, if we must die,
let it be after, and only after, our souls have passed on the renaissance
knowledge of God's grace, blessings, and mercy to all humankind,

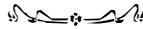
like a shining star created by God, gliding across the universe from the
East to West, one that raises aspiring heads and beaming eyes,

opening up wondering minds and joy-filled hearts molded by God's
hand, leaving on the tongue of all who seek to reach for it,

words of everlasting hope— "I wish!"

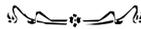
Then, and only then, if we must die, only God in heaven awaits us!

"My People, if We Must Die" is dedicated to the
memory of Claude McKay, Harlem Renaissance poet
from Jamaica, West Indies.



Your Time Has Come

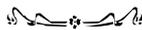
Your time has come like the rising sun. Stand up for life created by God's love like a dove descending from the vaults of heaven with an olive branch. He has a plan for you to be one with Him as He is with you, thus making you brand new. Your life should be more than just an ordinary existence. Allow Him to strengthen you as your soul runs the distance. Be filled with His spirit, and let His light shine in you real bright. Manifest His joyful glory. Overcome obstacles in His name while unto Him, you render acclaim. Move ahead, and be the lighthouse of strength without relent, thus ascending from the bottomless pit into His eternal light of creation. Experience the fullness of your faith with God in the middle of your future. Build your foundation on His words and spirit. Empower your soul with His tenacity; He will determine your capacity. Be anointed by His grace, and experience the reality of not just a dream but also a light lit for living liturgy. He has you covered with His Holy Spirit. Now step out: Your time has come!



His Perpetual Light

Looked God's people down,
Knocked His saints down.
Ran His loving people down,
Tried to burn His followers down.
Shoot at them around the globe,
Left them for down while running around.
Tried in ways to tear them down;
From the dust they rise by the potter.
Always standing in His light,
Triumphantly staying alive.
His love always in their sight.
Believers helped them to stand.
Based on His resurrection plan,
With His power and might.
Like Saul relieved of his sight,
He is waiting to bring you
Into His perpetual light!

Dedicated to those who have felt the pain of being thrust aside and marginalized for no apparent reason. Marginalization of others is not a splendid way of life, especially for those who have felt the agony of being cast out onto the sidewalk or trashed.



We Are Still Standing

Through it all, never,
Never should God's people fall.
Fall never; through it all,
God's people are still standing!

Anchored in His foundation,
Standing on a solid landing,
Trusting always in His grace.
Leaning on His broad shoulders,
Believing in His holy words.
Words that shall not be moved,
Moved only by His promise of love.
Love upholding His people in faith;
Through it all, never fall.
God's people are still standing!

