

Evangelistic Poems

**Written By
Rev. John Marinelli**

See, Oh Man

See, oh man, the trees.
They sway in heaven's breeze.
Some with ripened fruit,
Others barren to the root.

See, oh man, the apple tree,
With the only fruit to see.
No oranges, figs or tangerine,
Only the apple, pure and clean.

See, oh man; look with your heart,
At the fruit both sweet and tart.
Both life here and all eternity,
Await the fruit from your tree.

Time grows short till harvest comes.
When the fruits of life are all but done.
See, oh man, what ever will you do.
For one day, God will ask fruit of you.

Written By

John Marinelli

The Angels Cry "Holy,"

The Angels cry "Holy,"
While sorrow fills the land.
For God's Judgment Day
Is to come upon every man.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
While mankind goes astray,
rejecting the love of God,
To follow his own precarious way.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
Knowing the terror of the Lord,
When all who dwell in sin
Will suddenly be destroyed.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
Waiting for all things new,
Born of the Holy Spirit,
When God's Judgment is through.

The Angels cry "Holy,"
"Holy is the Lamb,"
Waiting for the children of God
To join "The Great I AM"

Written By

John Marinelli

Thy Soul To Keep

Open your eyes oh world of lust.
Hear the cries and woes of the just.
Oh harlot of this endless night,
Prepare for your approaching plight.

And to the tyrants of this world,
Who rape the earth and steal her pearl.
You who deny the living God,
Shall be cut down by His might rod.

And to you who love His Holy name,
The just, the poor, the meek and the lame.
Be of good courage and cheer,
For the Lord of Host is very near.

To those who die alone,
And wander through life without a home,
And to the children who suffer and weep,
Their souls shall the living God keep.

Written By

John Marinelli

Signs of The Times

Oh, that mankind would repent
And turn again unto the Lord,
For the time is fast approaching,
When all will be destroyed.

Sin is no longer called Sin
By the “Liberal Media” of our day.
Why even some of the church folks
Have fallen or been led astray.

Perversion is now known
As, “Being Gay.”
Sex before marriage
Has the approval of our day.

The “Right Thing To Do”
Is now considered wrong,
By fools wheeling power,
Striving to be strong.

Oh, that we would repent
And give thanks unto the Lord,
For these are "Signs of The Times",
When all will be destroyed.

Written By

John Marinelli

The Wrath of God

The wrath of God shall surely come,
Upon those who choose not to see.
God will sit in the heavens,
And laugh at their calamity.

He will not protect the defiant,
Those who reject His love and majesty.
He turns them over to be reprobate,
Because they chose their own reality.

He will bring their mischief,
Upon their own foolish heads.
They will reap what they sow,
For that is what God said.

There is no escape from an angry God,
He will surely avenge His righteous name,
So stay close to the Lord in all you do
And His wrath will not fall on you.

Written By
John Marinelli

At The Cross

I looked at the heavens,
And saw your face.
But, at the cross
I found your grace.

I searched the world
For joy each day.
But, at the cross,
I learned to pray.

I was confused
And went astray.
But, at the cross
I found my way.

Thank you Lord Jesus
For washing my sins away
For the “Old Rugged Cross”
That now shapes my every day.

Written By
John Marinelli

The Lighthouse

A lighthouse is a blessing,
To the ships that toss in the sea,
For it shows them the way,
Until they can clearly see.

The rage of an angry storm
cannot hide its brilliant light.
Nor can its awesome fury,
Rule as an endless night.

Jesus is the lighthouse,
for those who have gone astray.
The light of His love,
Offers a new and living way.

Jesus is the lighthouse,
When fear and sickness rage.
The light of His love,
Gives hope in difficult days.

So trust in the Lord,
and look for His light.
He alone is “The Lighthouse”,
that guides you through the night.

Written By

John Marinelli

I Never Knew You

Why Me, Lord?
Did I not do miracles
In your glorious name?

Why, It was me
That cared for the sick
And the poor and the lame.

Why am I now rejected?
I did what they said,
All of it and more.

I followed all the rules.
Isn't that enough
To enter Heaven's door?

Why? Because
I never knew you.
Depart from me
You worker of iniquity.

Written By
John Marinelli

Two Houses

We built our homes together,
Mine upon a Rock and his in the sand.
He thought his would be all right,
But he was a foolish man.

God's wisdom showed me the way.
And what I needed to do,
But my foolish neighbor,
Never had a clue.

Then the rains came,
And the winds began to blow.
The storms beat upon our homes,
And we had nowhere to go.

We built our homes together,
My neighbor and me.
Mine is still there upon the Rock,
But his ceased to be.

Wise men and fools both suffer,
The storms that befall mankind.
But those who trust in Jesus,
Will always stand the test of time.

Written By

John Marinelli

There Is Still Time

Inspired by God's love,
I pen this rhyme.
For you, dear friend,
while there is still time.

Hear my words,
for they are true.
Jesus, God's only Son,
gave His life for you.

A ransomed soul
on the cross of Calvary.
As a penalty for sin,
that you might go free.

Call upon Jesus,
to give you life anew.
His grace and power
will see you through.

God patiently awaits,
your humble cry.
Salvation is yours,
to accept or deny.

Written By

John Marinelli

You Can Be “Born Again”

Have you ever seen a stranger,
and wondered where they'd been?
What times they had,
what caused them to sin?

What are they hiding and carrying around?
Some act so silly or wear a frown.
How is it they don't let the Savior in,
To heal up their pain and remove all their sin?

What keeps them from calling to the one that can help?
What keeps them holding on to fear within themselves?
Won't they let the Savior in?
Don't they know He died for their sin?

The next time you see a stranger who hides
all of there sadness under much pride,
Tell them of Christ who can save them from sin.
Let them know they can be born again.

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

Consider The Clock

Consider the clock
That ticks away the time,
Second by second as
You read this rhyme.

Listen at the passing
Of this beautiful day.
Observe how fast
Our lives pass away.

Today becomes tomorrow
When yesterday is done.
Dreams and aspirations
Become memories undone.

Both joy and sorrow
Pass through our day,
As though a child
Had come to play.

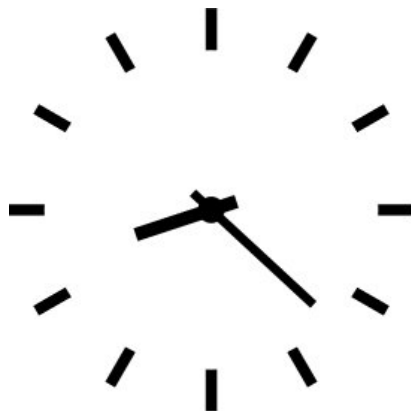
There's plenty of time
To do our own thing.
For in these moments
Life proudly sings.

But in the day
And this very hour,
Passes our lives
As a fragile flower.

Faster and faster
The time passes away,
As we boldly march
Through life's array.

Finally to stop
As does our times,

Written By
John Marinelli



Is That All There Is?

Is that all there is?,
Say everyone these days.
Because life has lost its luster,
Holding no joy of triumphant praise.

Is there no more to life
Than just getting by?
Is that all there is,
But to stop and reason why?

Come, let us ponder
Matters pursuant to the soul.
Things that make us happy,
And dreams that have grown old.

If that is all there is,
It could be a deceptive web.
A snare that's designed,
To cloud what God has said.

Or heaven's window,
Closed by disobedience.
And unwillingness to follow,
Good old common sense.

That's all there is,
Because no faith exist.
Only an acceptance,
Of that which persist.

But God is greater,
Than what now is.
He always responds,
To faith that lives.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen" Hebrews 11"1

When we see with the eyes of faith,
we see all that is or could ever be.
This is the essence of living faith.

Written By
John Marinelli

Portrait of the Dammed

They seek after peace of mind,
But make choices that
Do not rhyme.

They are giants made of sand
That fall apart when
It's time to stand.

They hear words of faith,
But turn a deaf ear until
It's just too late.

They seek after reason why,
But reject the truth
To believe a lie.

They believe that all is well,
But travel a road that
Leads to Hell.

Written By
John Marinelli



“But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marring and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered the ark; and new not until the flood came and took them all away; so also the coming of the Son of man be” Mathew 24:37-39

This is a vivid picture of the damned. They didn't have a clue until it was too late. Beware that the light in you is not really darkness. We do not want to be counted among the damned.

With Open Arms

He waits, oh man, with open arms.
By Holy Spirit, He woos and charms.
Calling by name, thy sins to right,
Pleading, in love, for thee tonight.

Hear, oh man, His urgent request,
For time has few moments left.
Man, with all his deeds of crime,
Shall suddenly fall to God divine.

He waits, oh man, for you to say,
“Lord, forgive me, I’ll now obey.”
With open arms, He calls your name,
To join others who share His fame.

Come, oh man and find your way,
For God, through Jesus, holds the day.
Make Him Lord and you will find,
Love and Joy and Peace of Mind.

Written By

John Marinelli

“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness” I John 1:9

The Lord waits for us to make that decision. He cannot and will not forgive until we confess to Him our trespasses. That means we will live out a life guilt and regret until we call upon the Lord. Then and only then does He cleanse us from the past and all its hurts.



Two Thieves

Two thieves separated
By the Son of Glory.
To the left and to the right,
They tell sins awful story.

One fights the cross
And hates the idea of death.
While the other acknowledges his sins
And seeks God's eternal rest.

The arrogant and the repentant
Die with their Redeemer.
As He pays sin's awful price,
Only one becomes a believer.

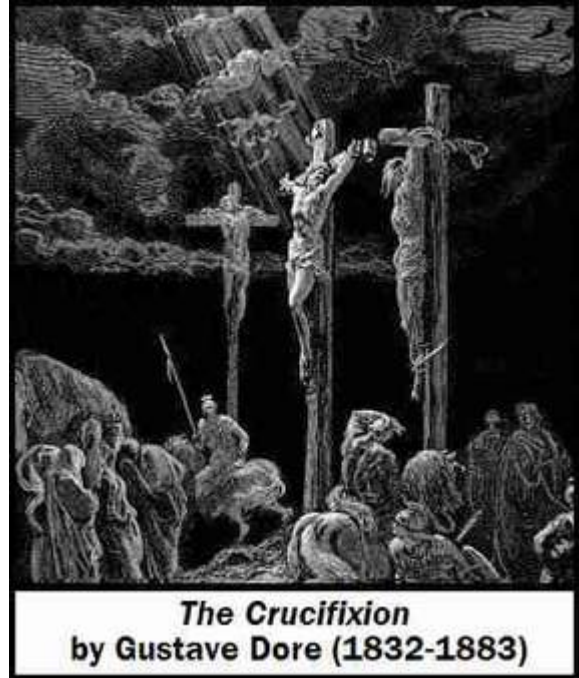
Here-in is a portrait
of both pride and humility
Face to face with Jesus,
One to perish, the other finds his destiny.

He who separates the two
Holds the power over death.
Both must die with Him
Yet one finds eternal rest.

Which one are you?

Written By

John Marinelli



A Little Word

Sitting by the side of the brook
I took a chance to look
At the paper in my hand
Which wasn't so grand.

But as I sat by the water's edge,
I read the print and this is what it said.
"My dear friend, Jesus wants you to know,
that you are loved. He wants you to grow.

Don't be discouraged and do not fear,
For your time of deliverance is very near."

It seemed so apropos
that I read these lines today,
For I wanted to give up my life
But the words of the poet gave me hope to stay.

All that I needed, a word from God
A little hope of reflection that my life wasn't marred;
That I could go on and know I'd be set free,
So I bent on my knee for anyone to see.

I reflected and prayed that very day
And got up brand new and went on my way.
But before I left, I raised my head and with a sigh
Said, "Thank you Lord for this poem from on high."

Written By
Marilyn Marinelli

Preaching Repentance

But we preach repentance
For the remission of sin.
This we do in the name of Jesus,
That all men could know Him.

He is the joy of our lives
And the hope of our destiny.
This is what we preach
That all men should be free.

We are witnesses of these things,
For it indeed happened first to us.
We repented and believed on Him,
And now are free from sinful lusts.

Written By

John Marinelli



“And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name,
among the nations, beginning at Jerusalem.” Luke 24:7

We preach repentance because there is no salvation without it. We preach remission of sins because that is what happens when we repent. This we do among the nations as a witness of our faith and love for Jesus.