

Poetry of Jeffrey Ludwig



Introduction

I pray blessings on each and every one of you in the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. We at Bible Christian Church have a deep and abiding love for the Jewish people.

The Messiah of the Jews is the same as the Messiah of the Gentiles. Holy Scripture says that Jesus came "to the Jew first and then to the Gentile." (Romans 2:10) The Jew is not excluded from the good news of Jesus Christ, and, in fact, the Lord sent His Only Begotten Son to the Jews FIRST! Does that not indicate the special love that Almighty God has for the Jewish people?

I am Jewish, but have been saved by the Lamb of God who died for the forgiveness of our sins. Neither my upbringing as a Jew nor my bar mitzvah nor anything in my background saved me, even a little bit. Rather, I was 100% SAVED by Jesus Christ.

Moses liberated the Jewish people from their slavery in Egypt. The Messiah leads all people from the spiritual bondage of sin to a place of holiness where Christ alone rules. Amen

[Your email to Pastor Ludwig is welcomed](#)

JEW ON THE SUBWAY **by Edward J. Ludwig**

A thirties-young Jew on the subway
Hairy-gray
Around his skull cap,
A flat black semi-globe cloth
Cements him to God - seriously.

His eyes flex against mortality,
Combine chains of Hebrew letters -
Making words for God, of God:
Melech hagadol, elohim, nefesh kadosh, adonai,
Hashem.*

His open left hand covers his mouth;
His nose rests nonchalantly in the "V"
Where base of thumb meets hand.
Washed-green eyes connect with God
In space, projecting prayers
Onto a finger-stained aluminum pole.

He inspires me to poetry - words
Come in schools like English-speaking fish.
I want to send an urgent message
To his brain-gray brain:
God does not want right to left prayer-dreams:
Seeks instead His Son in every breath
And uncovered mouths singing praise.

*Hebrew words for God found in the Old Testament.

MINISTRY BEGINS WITH THE INDIVIDUAL **BY Edward J. Ludwig**

To build a ministry, build a heart
Take the Word of God to start;
Leaven it with faith and love
To start below, you reach above.

To build a ministry, show your light
Take God's gifts to make things right;
Lift up souls with words divine,
Jesus will your life define.

To build a ministry, open doors
Cast out all that Christ deplores;
Replace with hope, a special gem,
He comes for "us" as well as "them".

To build a ministry, take a step
Your mind's renewal to accept;
Knowing every time we fall,
We will be lifted by His call.

To build a ministry, fix your eyes
Eternal life will be your prize;
Turn your back on worldly cares
Believe the Lord is always there.

To build a ministry, reveal the Son
Let others see what you have won;
An empty vessel cannot quench thirst
Strive in love to be the first.

To build a ministry, sing His praise
To lift Him up for endless days;
Crying out thanks for boundless grace
Gratitude cannot be erased.

To build a ministry, use your speech to pray
Fervent longings for a better day;
The Christ within will hear without
To make His promises come about.

To build a ministry, show you care
With reaching arms to burdens bear;
To rise above the pain of life
We give of self, thus ending strife.

Today's Unbelief Was Found At Calvary
By Edward J. Ludwig

They are dead in spirit, living on seedless beige-barren
ground.

The unbelieving ones say "have a nice day" to other
cheered-up sinners, eating bread without nourishment.

They are full of sorrow, yet never know remorse-
Because there's nothing new in what they feel:
We saw them at Calvary, their saliva dripping with scorn.

The unbelievers say they share our human common
plight:

"Today is pleasure, joy, and hope; tomorrow comes with
tragic speed-

Who can overcome?" they ask. "Life's relentless with its
pain."

An unbelieving, unwonderful philosophy of resignation

for two thousand years:
At Calvary they mocked and spit into the holy face.
The unrepentant deny the god-centered spirit man;
With zeal defend the right of each to build his destiny
alone.

"If I don't make the world in which I live," they say,
"then why was I given mind and heart and hands?"
"Pride's been here for so long," they add, "and forever
will it be."

Not knowing what they did at Calvary:
They made the cross
and drove the nails
and cast lots for His clothes.

Renew My Love By E.J. Ludwig.

Let my mouth open! Let a great
Chazan's voice emerge,
A voice of renewal....
Baruch shem kavod -
Jesus is the one for me...love me again
Jesus; I love you again.
My first love, always my first.

Be a poem under my skin,
Irritate me with love so I might win.
Again, Jesus I hear your urgent cry...
Find me again and stop my sighs.

Elohenu melech ha'olam: I feel your breath
The Holy Spirit is upon me. His Presence

Fills me. Baruch ata adonai...Lift me up Lord.
I'm flying to you filled with your love,

Moses On My Mind

Moses is on my mind.

I love Moses.

He threw down his rod and it became a serpent.
He lifted the bronze serpent and everyone was healed.

He fell on his face and cried to God,

And Aaron was forgiven.

He marched for 40 years, and governed a stiff-necked
people.

He demanded "let my people go."

Pharaoh's hardened heart-face was spiritual jello.

Bloody Nile, locusts in the air.

Fear was air borne. Fear was earth borne. Fear was
water borne.

People yellowing in the streets,

"Egypt's no fun anymore!!"

Moses had waited 80 years, and when the Pharaoh

Said no, Moses waited some more.

He smote a rock and the water flowed.

Come and drink you UNBELIEVERS!

He sang his song; he gave his speech:

You better get blessed and not get cursed.

Curses can come and they're no fun;

They come to those who forsake the truth.

You better believe it,

Moses said.

He built a tabernacle for tablets of stone,
Commandments from God, the Israelites owned.

They made the vessels so perfect so pure.
He married an Ethiopian lady
Despite family objections.
Don't criticize Moses, God said to the family,
It's dangerous. Know why?
'Cause Moses is a special case, not just a little bit holier
than
others...me...you....
He's Moses.
He's leading...was leading...always leading...
My people out of #####.
This is a big mission in a bigger plan.
He's Moses. Jesus is coming, but he's still Moses.
When his friends held his arms up, they won the battle.
He met God at the top of a burning mountain.
He heard God at the burning bush.
His eyes never dimmed;
It's about 3500 years ago.
Moses is still on my mind.
I love him.

My One And Only

Loving savior, holy friend,
He a loving God did send.
Counselor, master, prince of peace,
The love you give can never cease.

Happy infant, worker dear,
O Son of God, who draws so near.
Loving wise man, Holy Ghost,
You bring the mercy of the Host.

Redeemer, prophet, hope of life,
You promise heaven, end to strife.
Healer, Teacher, word of God,
Bless me, bless the paths I trod.

A Reborn Jew

Though born a Jew, I'm reborn in Christ.
My grades were high, but I'm saved by grace.
My mother and I had some terrible fights,
But peace with God has brought contentment.
People found me problematic,
a know-it-all.
Now they see the smile in my heart, and are happy
when I come into a room.

Joyful New Birth in Christ

My sins are covered with His blood,
His holy name endures;
Clean in spirit, dirt unstained,
My soul He reassures.

Forgiven once, eternal pain denied,
Fear of death no longer tries;
Eternal peace with hope descends,
New life from holiest of friends.

His love bestows a caring faith,
All souls I now adore;
"Love one another," so he saith,

This is what our God implores.

Heaven opens once to me,
Second death I will not see;
My eyes grow misty from His grace,
Knowing I shall see His face.

How I Love You (song)

Jesus how I love you.
Jesus how you care.
Jesus, you're the one I know
Always will be there.

Jesus how I love you
Hallelujah, hallelu!
Jesus, you're the only Son
Forever bright and true.

Jesus how I love you.
Jesus how you care.
Trusting you is joy to me;
My troubles all you bear.

Jesus how I love you.
Hallelujah, hallelu!
In morning sun I sing your praises,
My spirit to renew.

Word of God

O Word of God
I love your voice --
Miracles restore my life;
You call for love,
You bring down peace --
An end to earthly strife.

O Word of God
I hear your truth --
No man shall live in sin;
You want us free,
You make us free --
Our nature pure within.

O Word of God
I see your way --
Saved from eternal pain;
You made the sea,
You made our hearts--
For love, not earthly gain.

O Word of God,
I know your hope --
A world that follows you;
You give us joy,
You feed the poor --
Faithful, always true.

O Word of God,
I need your love --
Holy purpose, grace and mind;
You share your gifts,
You heal the sick

And lost souls daily find.

WHAT HAPPENED TO EZEKIEL AT THE RIVER CHEBAR?

"It is for the prince; the prince he shall sit
in it to eat bread before the Lord;" (Ezek. 44:3a)

by E. J. Ludwig

God came to Ezekiel at Chebar.
He came in vision, a trance state,
On clouds,
With wings,
Animal and human faces,
Wheels within wheels.

(Some say it was a UFO
Descended surprisingly
In ancient Babylonia:
The wings were rudders,
Faces a mind jarring cluster of
Extraterrestrial light bulbs,
And prophet-perceived wheels
Giant gyroscopes for balance
During interplanetary travel.)

God came to Ezekiel,
Burst through clouds and on clouds
To dazzle the prophet with uncanny vision
Of future prospects:

The destiny for Israel
The destiny for humanity --
Promising Christ's coming.

(Some say, "Anyone can have intense dreams.
Maybe Ezekiel had a lot on his mind -- did he
Worry a lot?

In ancient Babylonia:
Wings were his desire to escape from his problems,
Faces symbolic of his father,
both feared and loved;
And ever-spinning wheels, the mind of the prophet
Seeking balance, sanity.")

God came to Ezekiel,
Burst into his heart
As fire, spirit, jewels, and living creatures,
Dazzled him with glory,
Allowing his face to be as stone
Before the stone faces of Israel's unbelief,
While new God-cleansed utterances
Flowed through his lips.

Allen Ginsberg in Hell
by Edward J. Ludwig

Today, a vision came to me
As I contemplated the decline of America.
Who is to blame for all this putrefaction of values?

So many names came flooding in –
And I accused myself too, thinking with remorse

About my counter-culture days,
How I picketed and cursed the establishment,
How I drank wine and mocked those
Who struggled to raise families and make a living
and adhere to a moral code.

Today, a vision came to me
Where I saw my soul, lying dead and gray as a dead
pigeon
Rise up and sing a sweet golden song to Christ:
"I'm no longer polluted by decay— foul smell of death is
gone;
I smell sweet to God...I'm fragrant."
My soul became a golden bird, a resurrected bird,
Singing a golden song.

Then, my mind became a double screen.
In my ears I heard a double scream.
Allen Ginsburg was sitting in hell's crowded valley--
"Give us comforting words; strengthen us!" they
groaned.
In their number were the
perverted troops of his youth,
And the smirking academics of his later life,
Who honored his poetic gifts.
"Comfort us, strengthen us from these damned fires of
hell,"
They cried.
And Allen opened his mouth to recite,
But instead of poetry he emitted screams
louder than one thousand crows.
And his poetry-turned-scream pierced
his audience

like hundreds of three inch needles,
And they cried "All is lost; all is lost!"
Worse still: as they cried and screamed in eternal pain,
Demons came to ridicule their suffering.

Today a vision came to me of
Allen Ginsburg, poet turned screamer
In hell's fiery valley,
While I, a dead pigeon,
Now sing golden notes
In God's garden.

CHRISTMAS POEM 2001
by Edward J. Ludwig

The life of God revealed today
Stirs our hearts and makes us pray.
In song and gifts we praise His name
His joyous birth we will proclaim.

The heart of God still beats with love
His Son made flesh came from above.
We share our hopes and bless His life
In Christ there's peace and no more strife.

The will of God lives in birth divine
In us He makes His Spirit shine.
To know the Infant is to know the King
His bright new life makes angels sing.

The hope of God alerts our soul
The Son of Man has made us whole.

In blessed birth our comfort's bought
A price for love His Cross has wrought.

The truth of God heals all our pain
When Jesus comes no sin remains.
The Baby casts away our shameful fate
He came on time; he's never late

A Homicide Bombing in Jerusalem

by Edward J. Ludwig

"Vuss villstu kinder?" (what would you like children?)

the black-coated man

With the sad, scholarly face

Asked his three young boys

As they stared through the pizzeria window.

(The word "Trattoria" was so out of place.)

"Papa, papa, die 'payperonee mit dem flaysch'"

(Father, father, a slice with pepperoni and ground beef)

They answered eagerly

Pointing through the window.

(So far from sunny Italy.)

In the pane of glass, they saw the meshugganah (crazy person)

Grabbing something inside his coat.

ó M M M (**gone.....**)

Precious Blood

By Edward J. Ludwig

The precious blood of Jesus poured out with God's own grace

The souls of all His children whose sins He did erase;

The happiness that I now know is Christ's own special gift –

He has shared the Truth of God's great love;

My soul He does uplift.

The precious blood of Jesus is there for all to know,

To wash away the hate that worldly cares do sow.

He shed His blood that we may hear and praise

The Lord Who gives His Precious Son today and endless days.

Yes, God above gives and gives – now I kneel in prayer;

While angels sing Amen on high, so all may see and
hear.

The precious blood of Jesus redeems my every sin.
The stained corners of my soul are washed, new life can
now begin.

Once I walked without your Name, and followed
damning lies

Now, Peace of Christ fulfills my soul – no man do I
despise.

The precious blood of Jesus, sent from Heaven above,
Restores the faith that once was lost, enables all to love.

O Savior, lead me onward on Your Path, to escape
God's fearful wrath;

You are the One Whom I adore; it is the Truth indeed.
Come quickly, Lord, forevermore, and bless your loving
seed.

FIXING A LADYBUG WITH MY DAUGHTER

by E. J. Ludwig

Hannah's ladybug bugged her.
It didn't move; the battery was dead.
She's six; the battery is triple-A,
I found, unscrewing three screwheads.

"Can I turn the screw?" she asked.
"Counterclockwise," I replied. "Turn it to your left."
How can anyone so small do the task?
"I'm glad you asked, honey," I said.
"It's fun doing this with you."

The old triple-A popped out; a new one went in.
As we pressed the cover into place,
We heard the humming of the fresh battery;
But the back wheels of the ladybug failed to turn.

"I broke it daddy; I'm sorry," Hannah said.
"I pushed the wheels the other day, and something
snapped."
"Maybe it can be fixed," I thought out loud.

“I’m sorry dad; I guess I broke it,” she said.

I began to unscrew the screws again to get inside.

The ladybug spotted top came off.

“I don’t see how I can fix it,” I said.

Hannah looked closely and replied, “Maybe you can unscrew the part under the battery and get inside?”

“I don’t see how,” was my answer

“See those two screws dad,” she said pointing.

I began unscrewing the two tiny screws.

Hannah unscrewed a little too.

She began singing:

“Jesus is the answer for the world today....”

I felt then that I would be able to fix the toy!

(Hannah later said that as she began singing she knew I would be able to do it.)

Removing the triple-A holder, I saw the inner works.

A mini-generator powered a wheel, that turned another wheel, that turned the two back wheels of the ladybug.

“Jesus is the answer for the world today....” She was still singing.

One of the tiny wheels was disconnected.

I pressed it back onto the spoke of the mini-generator.

Hannah screwed the battery base back into place.

I reinserted the triple-A.

She screwed each of the three screws holding the ladybug’s spotted back.

“Turn clockwise,” I kept saying. “Turn to your right.”

Her little fingers turned the phillips.

We did it together.

The three of us.

FOR ERETZ YISRAEL

By Jeffrey Ludwig

O Eretz Yisrael, we love you from the depths of ancient souls.

O Lord, let your light always shine

On Eretz Yisrael sublime;
May your special love for this Promised Land
Allow our proud people to always stand.

Though enemies reject our land with murd'rous deeds,
And try to kill Abraham's precious seed;
We know You will uphold us all,
Defend our cause -- and cause the wicked foe to fall.

O Eretz Yisrael, we love you from the depths of
ancient souls,
And bless the precious God who makes us whole;
Yes, you are more than land, the heart of a people
who will endure...
In righteousness we call on You to make our cause
forever sure.

O Eretz Yisrael, we love you from the depths of
ancient souls.

Someone Is Coming

By Jeffrey Ludwig

I ran aground yesterday, or was it last month...

Time had become warped (I went through a time
machine

'Happened' became 'to be' and 'tomorrow' became
'already been'...

Since I turned...did I turn? How did I turn?

I turned away from sin. Made that 180 degree

Repentance turn. Jesus whipped me around,

So fast I almost saw my own backside, but for

A moment had a messianic déjà vu, thought I

Was Moses seeing Adonai's "hind parts" – no

I was merely backed into a corner feeling...feeling

DISGUSTED...at my sin and the sin of others....

Yet, is not the disgust itself sin? Should I not feel

Joy at the sight of others, even sinful others? Every

New soul is an opportunity to forgive and to love....

Yet, sometimes I am DISGUSTED.....

Lord, I'm praying seriously now. There's a bend in life

Down the road where concrete becomes dirt. The road
hooks around

Like the handle of a wooden cane, and if I go too

Quickly I'll slide off the smooth arc of the curve,

Do a flip, a back flip (seeing my rear end) as I flip

Up and over in the air. Can you save me Lord?

Not to go up, over, flipped and backward off the

Smooth side of the curve into flipped hind sight...

The DISGUST spinoff...well, it's just that – has a
repulsive odor

Like old, sour, whole milk in a carton --

Was spinning me off a smooth curve looking backwards

As I flipped, unable to regain balance...my mother was

Crying at the back of a cave but the entrance was
hidden.

I was looking at my hind parts, dreaming I was Moses,

My mother was crying in a secret place, my father was

Laughing joyfully because he was a "malachetz" (little
angel)

Someone has to come again. There's a special place
for

Righteousness on Har Hazeitim (Mt. of Olives) in

The midst of desecrated graves of prophets. DISGUST
Will meet redemption...In that moment, it is not just a
Spinoff. DISGUST becomes **Justice.**

LOVE SONG TO JESUS

By Jeffrey Ludwig

December 29th, 2016

Jesus Christ is the "I Am." He is the hope of the world.

No one else can redeem our lives. All other names are
in a swirl (of unknowing).

Stability and unchanging Truth are the bedrock of life.

Christ is the author of this peace, not merely absence of
strife.

We turn to You, our Savior, our 'Must Be' for every
forward step;

We sing because a melody from angels came as
shepherds slept.

Lift us up O Lord to a higher plane of faith and righteous
deeds,

So that we may be your faithful flowers, and overcome
all faithless weeds.

Our love, our friend, our heart's desire, our
perfection...we seek your face.

Your precious, holy face is unseen but lives within a
golden, special place.

You are the one who set us free, free from sin, free from
death, free from lust, and Satan's curses.

With you we find delight in answered prayers, loving
kindness, and knowing that life does not end with
hearses.

Thank you Lord Jesus for making a way, a way
throughout every night and day, a way that is not a
maze,

But is a gift of light, truth, and hope, a way that never ceases
to amaze, a way above all other ways, a way where you are
always on display.

Someone Is Coming

By Jeffrey Ludwig

I ran aground yesterday, or was it last month...
Time had become warped (I went through a time machine)
'Happened' became 'to be' and 'tomorrow' became 'already
been'...

Since I turned...did I turn? How did I turn?
I turned away from sin. Made that 180 degree
Repentance turn. Jesus whipped me around,
So fast I almost saw my own backside, but for
A moment had a messianic déjà vu, thought I
Was Moses seeing Adonai's "hind parts" – no
I was merely backed into a corner feeling...feeling
DISGUSTED...at my sin and the sin of others....
Yet, is not the disgust itself sin? Should I not feel
Joy at the sight of others, even sinful others? Every
New soul is an opportunity to forgive and to love....

Yet, sometimes I am DISGUSTED.....

Lord, I'm praying seriously now. There's a bend in life
Down the road where concrete becomes dirt. The road hooks
around

Like the handle of a wooden cane, and if I go too
Quickly I'll slide off the smooth arc of the curve,
Do a flip, a back flip (seeing my rear end) as I flip
Up and over in the air. Can you save me Lord?
Not to go up, over, flipped and backward off the
Smooth side of the curve into flipped hind sight...
The DISGUST spinoff...well, it's just that – has a repulsive
odor

Like old, sour, whole milk in a carton --
Was spinning me off a smooth curve looking backwards
As I flipped, unable to regain balance...my mother was
Crying at the back of a cave but the entrance was hidden.
I was looking at my hind parts, dreaming I was Moses,
My mother was crying in a secret place, my father was
Laughing joyfully because he was a “malachetz” (little angel)

....

Someone has to come again. There's a special place for
Righteousness on Har Hazeitim (Mt. of Olives) in
The midst of desecrated graves of prophets. DISGUST
Will meet redemption...In that moment, it is not just a
Spinoff. DISGUST becomes Justice.

[Your email to Pastor Ludwig is welcomed](#)

Purchase Jeffrey's book on Amazon.com