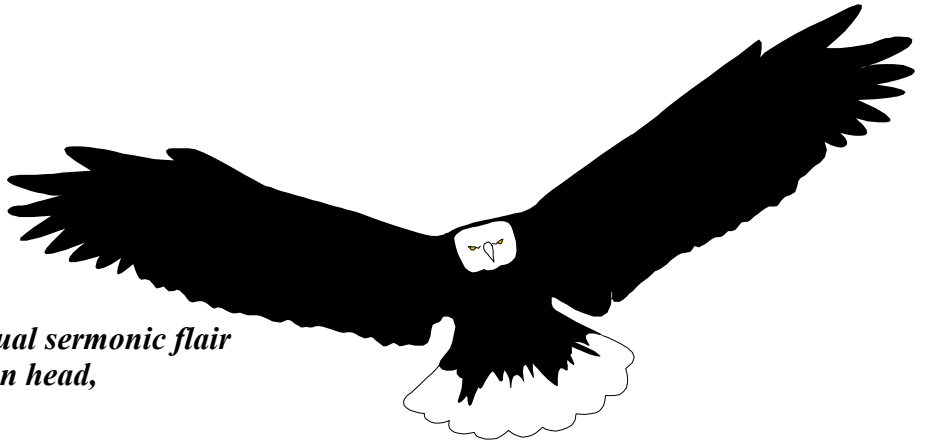


I am a man. More than that, I am God's man. A battle-scarred, weather-beaten, heartbroken, sometimes tired, but never defeated warrior. One who knows the depths of despair, and yet always, always strengthened, encouraged, empowered, energized by the joy of the Lord. A veteran of a thousand conflicts, the bearer of countless battlefield wounds, the crier of a million tears, and yet the voice of a brand new song, singing in victory, shouting aloud of a triumphant day that only he and his God can see...

*I had to preach to myself last night,
After I, as usual,
Awoke, disturbed by demon-voices
In the emptiness of my
Lonely
Little piece of the world.
The devil'd been checking his
Database
And was wondering
Why my reservation
Still
Had not been filled.
So I informed him with my usual sermonic flair
(after I'd laid hands on my own head,
strengthened my own self
gotten a good strong grip
on my Father's mighty, mighty
Hand),
That I'd changed my mind...
And so today, when I saw
A shadow from my past,
(a small cry of pain escaped from
my still-wounded heart)
He'd hoped that that would surely
Cripple me,
And bring me crashing
To the ground.
But all that it caused me to do,
Was draw my sword...*



"And he hath put a new song in my mouth; even praise unto our God. Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the LORD." Ps. 40:3

*April 19,2002-HarryL. Jackson,
God's Servant, Minister Of the Gospel,
Prophet, Teacher, Worshipper, Poet, Musician, Writer*