

The background of the page is a light gray gradient. It is decorated with numerous realistic water droplets of various sizes, scattered across the top and bottom edges. The droplets have highlights and shadows, giving them a three-dimensional appearance.

WRITING BIBLICAL POETRY

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Why write Biblical Poetry?

- Share faith
- Convey passion and conviction
- Express creativity
- Explore thoughts
- Discover meaning of Scripture
- Imitate God & communicate



Types of Poems in the Lesson

- Formula Poems
- Why Did You Do It
- Focus Poem
- Love / Hate Poem
- What It Is and Isn't
- I Am Poem
- Word Play Poems





Two Tips to bring Power to Poetry

1. Use concrete images and language

*is – are - was – were – am - be – been – being –
seems – felt – get – got - became – went – appears*

2. Revise – Revise – Revise

Add

Change

Delete

Rearrange

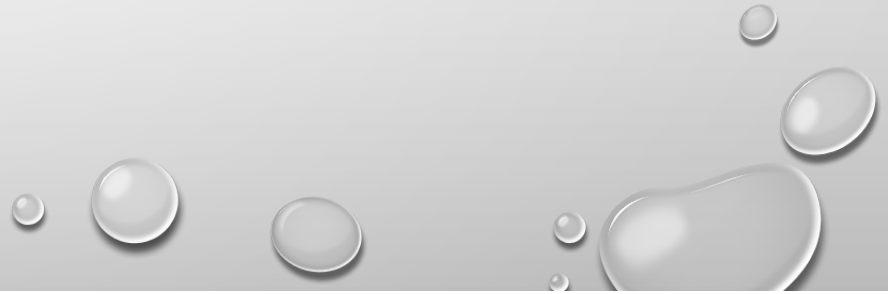




Haiku – 3 lines of 5 / 7 / 5 syllables

Tanka – 5 lines of 5 / 7 / 5 / 7 / 7 syllables

The moon is golden
Shining on the earth below
It lights up my path



The moon is golden —original line


The moon hangs golden

The moon glows golden

The moon sags golden

Golden, the moon sags






Golden, the moon sags
Shining on the earth below
It lights up my path

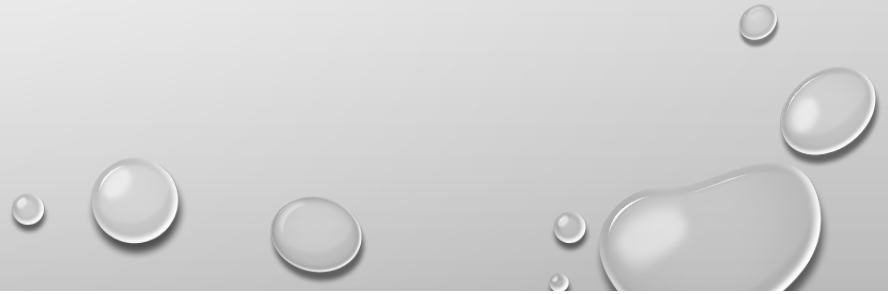
Bringing light to dark hollows
Bathing crooked trails with light
Flooding footpaths with her beams
Spilling precious light for all






Golden, the moon sags
Bathing crooked trails with light
It lights up my path

Beckoning me home
Guiding me homeward
A lantern for all

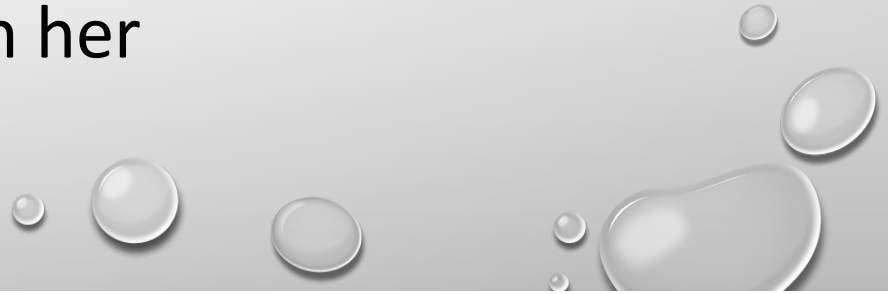




The moon is golden
Shining on the earth below
It lights up my path

Golden, the moon sags
Bathing crooked trails with light
Beckoning me home

The moon hangs golden
Flooding footpaths with her
beams
A lantern for all



Give thanks to the Lord with the lyre
Make melody to Him with the harp of
ten strings
Make to him a new song
Play skillfully on the strings with loud
shouts.

Psalm 33:2-3

Lyre and harp give thanks
Pluck the strings to make new
song
My skill shouts His praise



- I will bless the Lord at all times;
 - His praise shall continually be in my mouth
 - My soul makes its boast in the Lord
- Let the humble hear and be glad.


Psalm 34: 1-2

**His praise fills my mouth
Bless the Lord always in all
ways**

Bless and praise my Lord He alone completes me

The humble hear and rejoice

Boast in Him, my soul

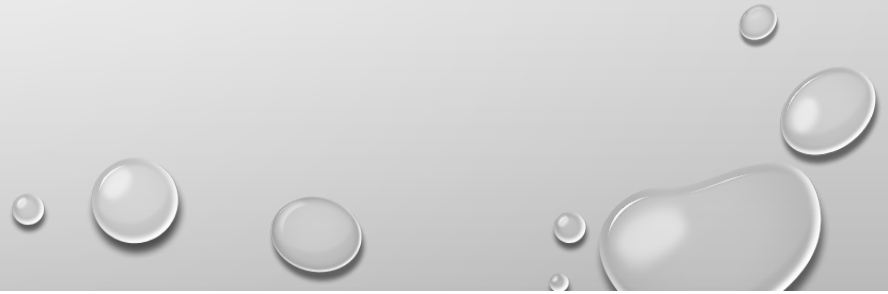


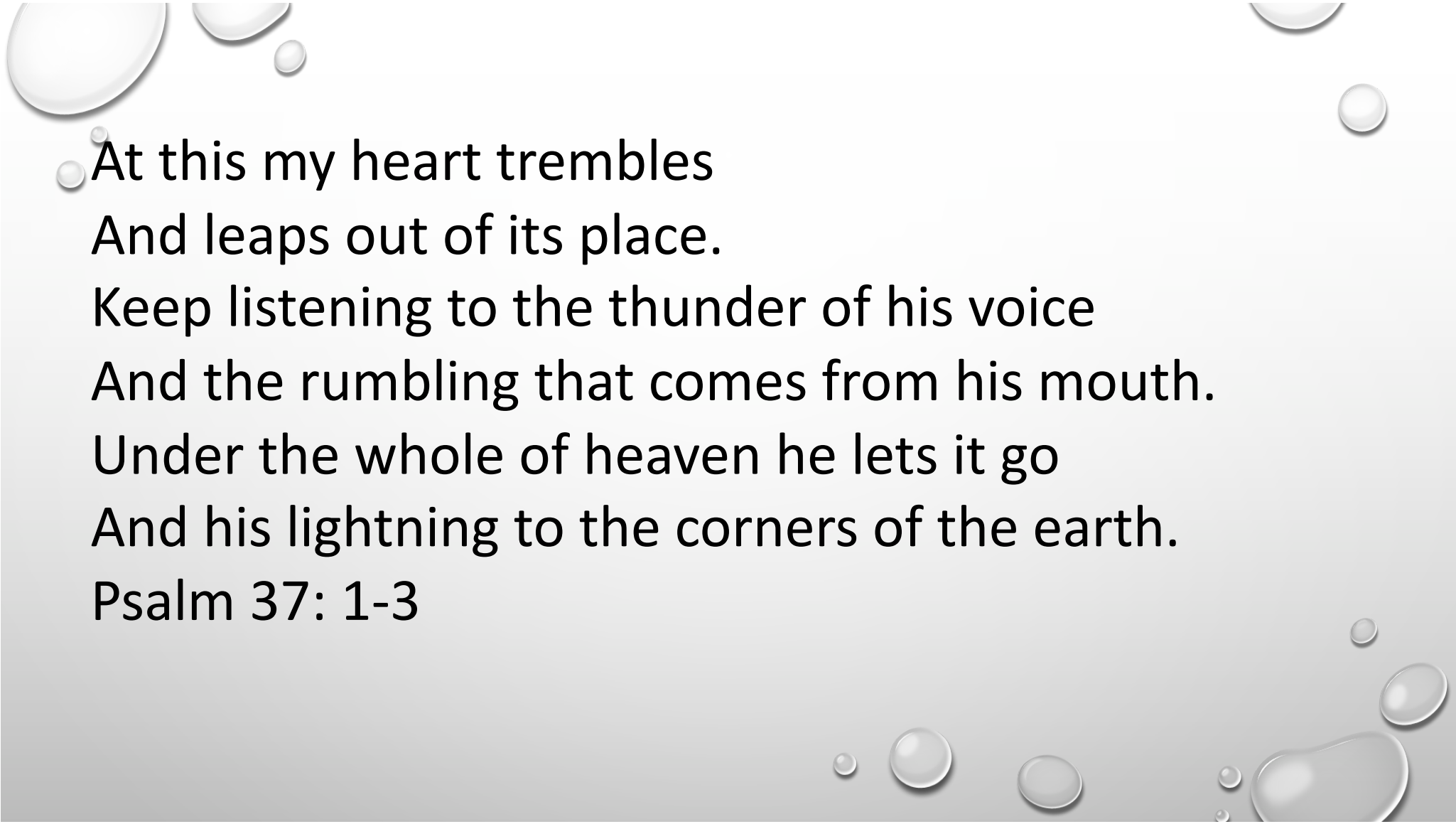
Select one of the Psalms in the handout and create a 3 line haiku based upon the Psalm.

- 5 syllables
- 7 syllables
- 5 syllables

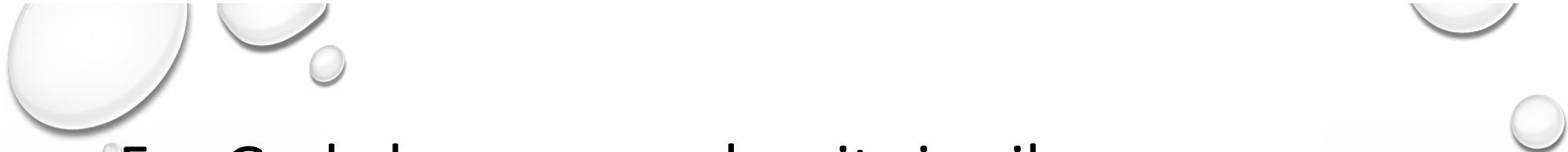


Your Turn





At this my heart trembles
And leaps out of its place.
Keep listening to the thunder of his voice
And the rumbling that comes from his mouth.
Under the whole of heaven he lets it go
And his lightning to the corners of the earth.
Psalm 37: 1-3




For God alone my soul waits in silence;
from him comes my salvation.
He alone is my rock and my salvation.
my fortress; I shall not be greatly shaken.

Psalm 62: 1-2





Why Did You Do It?

- 1. Why did you do it?**
 - 2. What was the texture of the air?**
 - 3. What was the sound, color, or smell of the weather?**
 - 4. Was there a stranger?**
 - 5. Why did you do it?**
 - 6. Were promises made?**
 - 7. Would you do it again?**
 - 8. Why did you do it?**
 - 9. Why did you do it?**
- 

WHY DID YOU DO IT?

Based on story # 52

Balaam's Donkey

Numbers 22: 1-35

- 1.** I ran into the field to protect my master.
- 2.** The fresh air of morning cooled my coat.
- 3.** Then a flash of fire from a raised sword pierced the quiet.
- 4.** The angel stood in the path blocking my progress.
- 5.** I ran and scooted and fell out of fear.
- 6.** My master made empty promises to the Lord,
- 7.** But I would try once more to keep him safe.
- 8.** I'm a simple animal doing my job.
- 9.** I know nothing other than to serve.

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- 2. What was the texture of the air?**
- 3. What was the sound, color, or smell of the weather?**
- 4. Was there a stranger?**
- 5. Why did you do it?**
- 6. Were promises made?**
- 7. Would you do it again?**
- 8. Why did you do it?**
- 9. Why did you do it?**

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WHY DID YOU DO IT?

(Story #66)

King of Trees

Judges 9

- 1.** I murdered because I had been the rejected son.
- 2.** The air hung heavy with the scent of blood,
- 3.** And clouds scuttled across the sky echoing screams for mercy.
- 4.** My band of thugs and I were strangers in their midst.
- 5.** I did it for the lust of power.
- 6.** My birth destined me to rule, to command, to control.
- 7.** I would slay the 70 sons again but let not one escape.
- 8.** I did it to be a king.
- 9.** I did it because I am Abimelech, the son of a concubine.

Ideas for Why Did You Do It

Ruth – Why did you stay with Naomi? (Book of Ruth)

**Abraham – Why did you obey God when asked to sacrifice Isaac?
(Genesis 22)**

Eve – Why did you eat the forbidden fruit? (Genesis 3)

Deborah – Why did you agree to go to battle with Barak? (Judges 4-5)

Samson – Why did you destroy the Philistine temple? (Judges 16)

Daniel – Why did you refuse to obey the law of Darius? (Daniel 6)

Saul – Why did you go to the witch of Endor? (1 Samuel 28)

Paul – Why did you sing in jail? (Acts 15:36 – 16:40)

FOCUS POEM: Select a person from a Bible story and focus on one part of that person: hands, feet, eyes, shoulders, etc.

- 1. Write one sentence that describes your focus.**
- 2. Write one sentence that shows the person doing something; stay focused on the one body part.**
- 3. Write one sentence that tells something about the setting.**
- 4. Ask the person one question that is based on the sentences you have already written.**
- 5. Write another sentence showing the person doing something; maintain the focus.**
- 6. Write the person's answer to your question, but give an answer that shows that the person does not understand the question or is unwilling to give an accurate answer.**

Dirt lodges under the nails of his powerful hands.

Fingers that beckoned to his brother, now curl around a stone.

Greedy, the black soil swallows innocent blood.

“When your hands till the soil, will you plant in his blood?”

Lifting one hand, he blocks the sun and squints as he answers,

“Planting season is long past; soon I’ll harvest the results of my work.”

Dirt lodges under the nails of his powerful hands.

Write one sentence that describes your focus.

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Write the person’s answer to your question, but give an answer that shows that the person does not understand the question or is unwilling to give an accurate answer.

Ideas for Focus Poem

Focus on Jael's hands as she allows Sisera to come into her tent and then kills him. (Judges 4-5)

Focus on Samson's hair after he has been blinded and thrown into prison to work the millstone. (Judges 16)

Focus on Ruth's hands as she gathers grain. (Book of Ruth)

Focus on David's eyes when Samuel is anointing him. (1 Samuel 16)

Focus on King Jereboam's hand when he points at the Prophet from Judah. (1 Kings 13)

Focus on the lips of Judas on the night he betrays Jesus. (Mark 14)

Focus on the cloak of Bartimaeus before / after his sight is restored. (Mark 10:46-52)



What I love about storms

Is the power of the crashing waves.

What I hate about waves

Is the fear in me as they swamped the boat.

What I love about the boat

Is seeing my Lord and Savior sleeping.

What I hate about my Savior sleeping

Is that I feared He would not save me from death.

What I love about death

Is that it has no victory over me.

What I hate about me

Is that moment when I give in to doubt.

What I love about doubt

Is that it is the beginning of my wisdom.

What I hate about wisdom

Is that the path to it is filled with storms and turmoil.

What I love about turmoil

Is the strength and confidence I gain battling those storms.

What I hate about storms

Is the crashing power of the waves.



What I love about **storms**

Is the power of the crashing **waves**.

What I hate about **waves**

Is the fear in me as they swamped the **boat**.

What I love about the **boat**

Is seeing my Lord and **Savior sleeping**.

What I hate about my **Savior sleeping**

Is that I feared He would not save me from **death**.

What I love about **death**

Is that it has no victory over **me**.

What I hate about **me**

Is that moment when I give in to **doubt**.

What I love about **doubt**

Is that it is the beginning of my **wisdom**.

What I hate about **wisdom**

Is that the path to it is filled with storms and **turmoil**.

What I love about **turmoil**

Is the strength and confidence I gain battling those **storms**.

What I hate about **storms**

Is the crashing power of the **waves**.



Ideas for Love / Hate Poem


The Woman at the Well (John 4:1-42)

Raising Lazarus (John 11)

Triumphal Entry / Cleansing the Temple (Mark 11:1-19)

**Paul's 2nd mission trip – Acts 17 – story 240 – Riots and
Laughter**

The man born blind – John 9 –story 205



**What it is
&
What it isn't**

Pool of Bethesda - Based on John 5:1-12

**The pool offered hope
to the blind, the lame, the paralyzed
when the waters stirred up.**

No magic stirs in those waters.

It has no power greater than Jesus

No substitute for God.

It is no reason for endless waiting

Depending upon man to help.

To dream of being whole

Lying in wait but not calling to God,

Will never enable anyone to

Rise up; take your mat and walk.

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**Opening lines describe /
explain what the Pool of
Bethesda is.**

**The next lines tell us what the
Pool of Bethesda is NOT.**

**Closing addresses a lesson
from the story.**



Ideas for What it is / What it isn't

The Garden Tomb

Water turned to Wine at Canaan

The Cross or The Crown of Thorns

Esther's Crown

The Jawbone of the Ass (Judges 15 – Samson's story)

Joseph's Special Coat

Moses basket on the Nile

The Woman's Lost Coin (Luke 15: 8-12)



Sample "I Am..." poem based on Luke 8: 42 – 48

A Woman Healed

I am a woman - frail and sick.

I want healing, strength, peace.

I have tried every remedy and medicine the doctors prescribed, but I only grow weaker.

I see massive crowds pressing around this man they call Jesus.

I wonder if I can slip through the crowds unnoticed.

I am a woman determined to find healing.

I hope to touch the fringe of his robe without anyone noticing me.

I understand that if people see me, I could be stoned for coming near the men.

I dream of a being part of a community rather than being the one they shun.



I am a woman who believes.

I touch the fringe of his clothes.

I feel immediate change.

I hear the Master ask, “Who touched me?”

I fear that his followers will punish me when they learn that I touched his robe.

I am a woman: frightened but hopeful.

I cry as I kneel before the Master.

I hear the Master call me daughter as he says, “Your faith has healed you.”

I feel a total healing of my ravaged body.

I whisper, “Thank you, my Master.”

I am a woman – healed.





A combined I Am Poem

I am a woman - frail and sick.

I am Jairus, ruler of the Synagogue.

I want healing, strength, peace.

I want healing for my daughter.

I see massive crowds pressing around this man they call Jesus.

I see the man Jesus and fall at his feet.

I am a woman determined to find healing.

I am Jairus, determined to save my child.

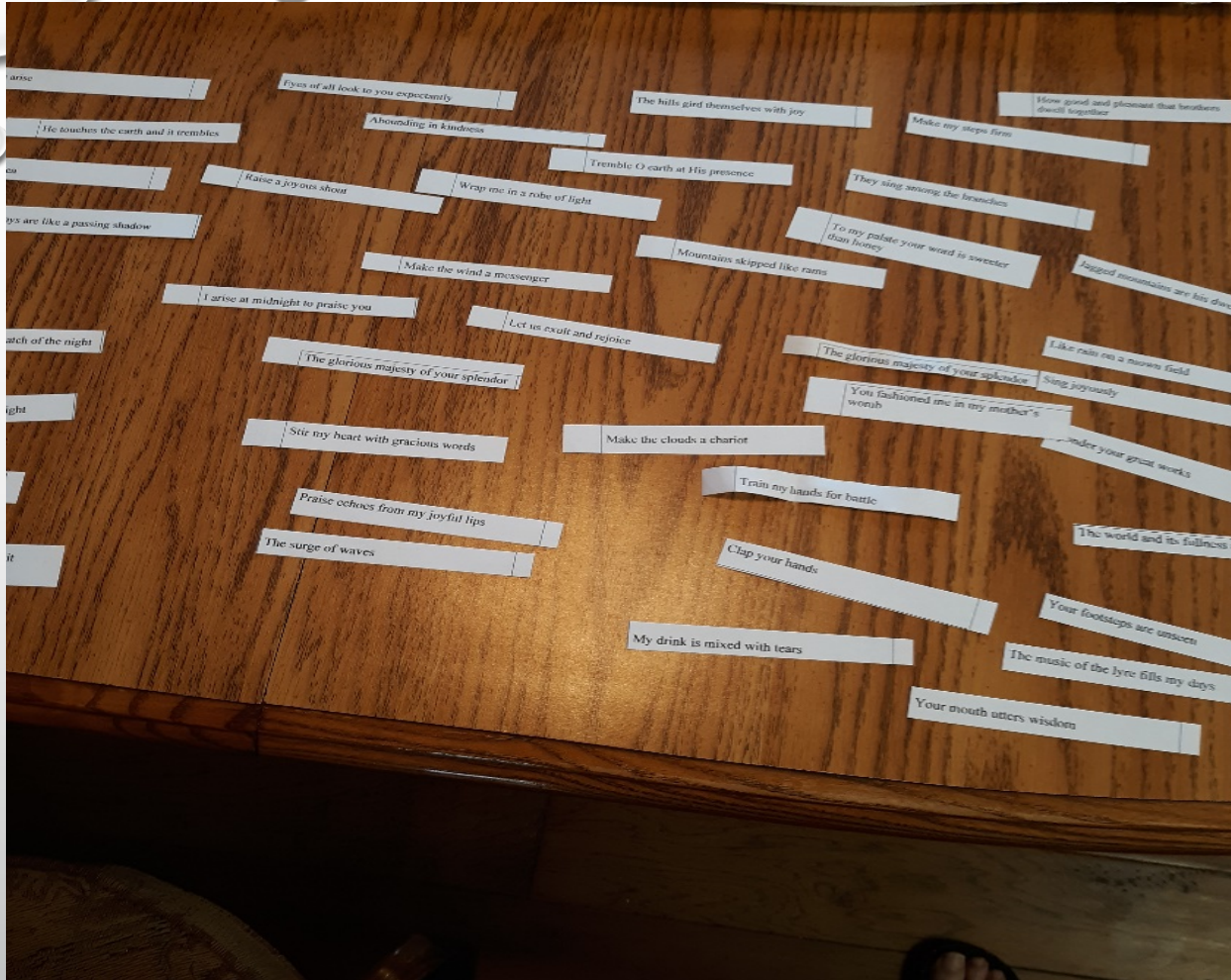
I fear that his followers will punish me when they learn that I touched his robe.
I fear that we will not reach my daughter in time.

I cry as I kneel before the Master.
I cry when my servants tell me my daughter has died.

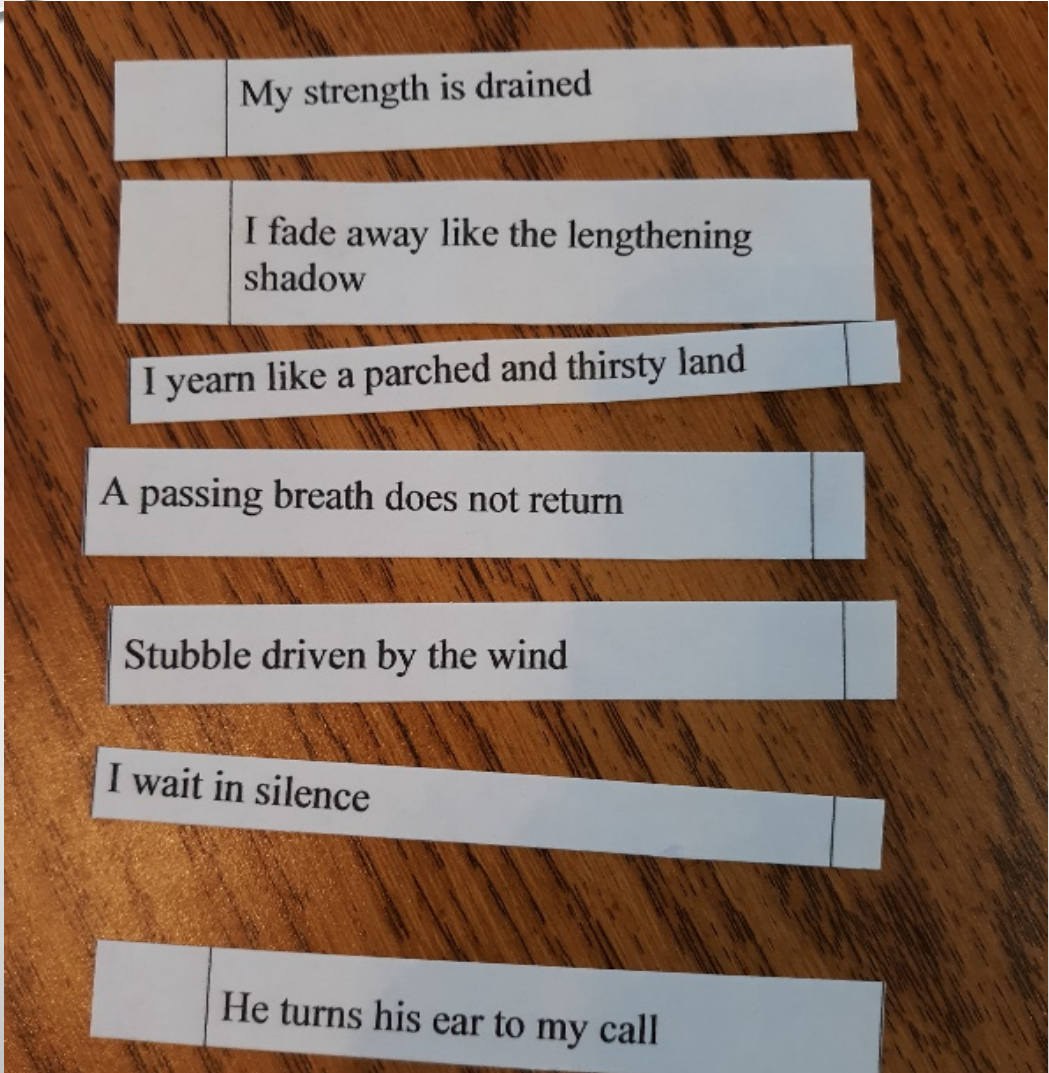
I feel a total healing of my ravaged body.
I feel amazed when my daughter rises from her bed.

I whisper, “Thank you, Master.”
I whisper, “Thank you, Master.”

I am a woman – healed.
I am Jairus - a man who believes.



Word Play



My strength is drained

I fade away like the lengthening
shadow

I yearn like a parched and thirsty land

A passing breath does not return

Stubble driven by the wind

I wait in silence

He turns his ear to my call

My strength is drained

I fade away like the lengthening
shadow

I yearn like a parched and thirsty land

A passing breath does not return

Stubble driven by the wind

I wait in silence

He turns his ear to my call

All Things Through Him

My strength is drained.

Like a shadow at twilight

I fade away to nothing.

News of riots, fighting, hatred, injustice

Attack my senses and fill my days.

I yearn for peace

The way a parched and thirsty land yearns for rain.

I am powerless:

Like a passing breath,

A stubble driven by the wind.

I call to Him who is my strength.

And I wait in silence

As He turns his ear to my call.



Questions???



The image features a light gray gradient background with several realistic, 3D-rendered bubbles of various sizes scattered in the corners. The bubbles have highlights and shadows, giving them a glassy, wet appearance. The text 'Thank you' is centered in the middle of the frame.

Thank you