

Some poems

from

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Forget me not.

My garment is pure sky blue ;
yet I am quite humble. But everywhere I am called where
lovers part. Even where the dearest heart breaks – from the
cross it calls : **Forget me not!**

If the Lord grants me earthly happiness ,
and joyful days of life, then I know that His loving gaze will
nevertheless earnestly tell me: Consider how easily earthly
happiness shatters! **Forget me not!**

When the night of sorrow descends upon me , and the cross
weighs me down, so that no star of comfort smiles upon me,
and hope lowers its eyelids; yes, if
no light
penetrates my distress , I cry to God: **Forget me not!**

If I am greatly burdened with illness,
so that body and soul grow weary ;
then I know well that He sends it for my salvation and peace,
and I call upon Him with full confidence: Help me, my
physician, - **Forget me not!**

And when death's dark night draws near
with horrifying terrors ,
and the mighty power
of sin seeks to awaken despair within me, then I cry out: Do
not judge me, O Lord! **Forget me not!**

The homeland .

We pilgrims wander from place to place ,
and are weary of our wandering .
We seek a haven of rest
and yearn for peace.

Ah! Better today
 from
 strife than hopeless wandering.

 At home is peace,
 I hasten to it ;
 O homeland ! Dear above all.

 The weary one longs for rest;
 to home he hastens swiftly.
 Rest beckons him kindly; home shines brightly:
 there in the distance
 by the evening star ,
 far beyond those borders; his thoughts are only
 directed
 towards home ;
 I already see it shining .

 Ah, homeland ! So precious and dear ;
 I am weary of being a stranger. How cozy and loving it is at home, where such
 sweet peace dwells.

 O dear heart,
 bear the pain ,
 soon you will have overcome it.
 Hold on faithfully,
 in your father's house
 all sorrow is conquered.

 O homeland ! Homeland , sweet sound ,
 Were I in your halls! There I would join in the hymn of praise ,
 There beneath the trees of life.

 Lord Jesus Christ,
 I know You are
 the way, the truth, and the life,
 You will henceforth always surround
 me on the path
 To home .

Home remedies for homesickness.

 Far from my loved ones ,
 the Lord is always near to me .
 When homesickness troubles me, He stands there with His
 comfort. He knows my heart's longing ,

knows my sighs, woe, and lament! He dries my tears , and homesickness subsides .

When it comes again, renewed and intensified: I turn to the Lord , who immediately hears my plea; He bestows upon me His peace.

If

His divine peace suffices for me , He alone is my delight. No homesickness torments me here below, for I lie upon His breast.

Should I still feel homesick , when the Lord is so with me? When I stand before God in grace? When I remain with Jesus Christ? Then my homesickness will have vanished, its flame will be extinguished. I have found rest in God, and in faith, strength and courage.

My homesickness shall no longer torment me , shall no longer rob me of my peace. I will not miss seeing you again , seeing you again there and here. Now I have found the reason that drives away my homesickness ; see, it heals the wounds of separation for everyone who remains in Jesus.

I will wait, I will wait joyfully, until our happy reunion . And already blissfully in hope , I see the days pass quickly . Homesickness, let me not show you again , for your death is reunion . Reunion ! Oh, what delight! In it you shall perish .

Lord, grant me grace to stand firm in faith , to cast my heart into Your heart until our joyful reunion . To You I commend my ways,

and what lies on my heart. Trusting in Your shepherding care ,
I live happily even apart .

Mission song

Jesus, Lord of Glory!
Look upon Your great flock ,
which wanders far and wide, that it may soon be gathered into the blessed
community, whose shepherd You will be.

Ah! Your people, Immanuel,
are still shrouded in blindness! Come, enlighten Israel ,
so that the precious and dear promise may soon be fulfilled in them
:
that they may turn to You.

Behold Your Christendom ,
which calls itself after You, O Lord, alas, it resembles far and wide a lamp that does
not burn. Many are living dead. Make them live, Lord and God!

And the blind heathen world
is like a wild sea ,
shattering against rocks and seeking honor in shame. Satan reigns with cunning and
might in the heathen's dark night.

Send, Lord, we beseech You ,
great hosts of faithful servants, that Your kingdom may increase, and destroy Satan's
powers. Take care of the lost, and make way for Your messengers.

Open your heart and hands ,
that they may willingly bring gifts;
let the course of the kingdom of peace
penetrate the night of the heathens. Hear the prayer of the faithful ,
which implores salvation for all.

Bless, Lord Jesus Christ,
that in Your holy name ,
all that is saved may work faithfully and firmly together, that the grace in Jesus'
blood may become all part and good.

have to be six .

He sat at the lectern, writing ,
a superintendent. He wanted to remain alone until the end of the sermon.

an old woman knocked on his door.
And before you could count to four ,
he called out: "Come in!"

She had suffered much ,
and now came to him, to pour out her heart to him, to tell him her desire.

"Lord Preacher! You know that I was ill for a long time.

I had to miss work ;

I am penniless."

And if I want peace

in my little house, then it is said: pay only six thalers for the rent !

And yet I don't have one!

What was the reason for that? What to do ?

I begged the Lord with tears: Give

me six Thalers now!

And when I pleaded with him ,

my sorrow touched him deeply ;

and to my earnest prayers, he kindly said to me: Yes!

The preacher asks modestly:

"Well! Tell me, how?" The widow exclaims joyfully:

" Certainly , the Lord says: Yes!"

ask and implore in my name

,

it shall be: Yes and Amen, as it is written in words.

It cannot be avoided ;

I hope so with joy,

and ask you to write to the dear authorities."

The preacher speaks gently:

"What you ask of me, even if I fulfill it, will not be granted from above."

The government doesn't send money to all poor widows . There

are many poor widows

in the world.

"I have often seen that

after the death of a man, help was given to

the widows in their great need ."

"Those were the Küstners' wives !"

replied the man .

" And the gentry takes such poor women under their wing."

"But it must not be neglected!"

the mother always urged ,

and begged to write: "I must be helped!"

Arguing was no use ;

he recorded what she had asked of him; and then concluded – "respectfully."

And read to her:
"The poor widow begged ,
and pressed on with word and deed, until I did so to her . "

Five thalers for the rent
she requests here, from your great kindness. Grant her request!

When he read it aloud , he asked: "Is that correct? Is that
the
meaning you presented to me?"

"No! It's not spelled correctly!"
said the mother: "You've stayed at five, and there must be six!"

"I made that mistake!
But I can't change it ,"
he explained to her , "because
I don't have the time. "

You drove me to write
with your stubbornness ,
now it shall remain as I have written it.

Thus spoke the pious man.
Then the mother
smiled and said: "I, however, will receive six thalers, bright and clear!"

the bells call to prayer
;
and at the altar steps the pious widow stands.

After the devotional service
,

she quietly approaches and asks: "Have you had any customers yet? Did anything
arrive for me?"

Nothing had come yet ,
but not long ago,
she also heard that the money was in the rectory.

Her faith prevailed : "It
has to be six Thalers !"
They were enclosed with a good receipt.

"The faith of this pious woman
must still be tested ,"
he thinks. He summons her and
hands her five Thaler notes .

"There's still one hidden!
Just tell me! I know no one is missing!" she exclaimed devoutly.

With true shepherd's joy
he adds the sixth ,
glad that for Christians faith
is so precious.

How You answer prayer ,
O wonderful God!
And gladly grant help
to Your people in their need .

The talking Span.

Far away in the South Sea Ocean
are many island groups ;
the mountains rise up with
their high peaks.

Narotonga – that's her name ,
the one I mean. She shines in her spring finery and glows in the sunshine.

people who live on the island never
know winter. But there is no peace; late and early is war that spares nothing.

But today it is no longer so.
The idols have fallen.
Now one hears there the songs of thanksgiving to the A and O.

There once worked a faithful servant ,
sent by God the Lord; he brought truth, light and justice, and averted many a
hardship .

What William did, suffered, and did ,
I must forgo. Only one thing that happened—I want to report on the Span.

At the workshop stood the faithful servant ,
to build a house for his master. He carefully laid the stones ;
he had the wood hewn.

There he stood, deep in thought ; then
he wanted to measure again, but he lacked his set square. He had forgotten it!

Then he took a chip of wood and wrote
just one short line
to his wife: " give the bringer
the square in haste."

Then he summoned a chieftain
and said to him these words: "Take this chip – it is not heavy. Carry it to its place ,
to my wife, there in my house; he himself will carry out the task!"

A great warrior that man was ;
and fought in many battles. And scars he had all around him ,
which warrior honor brought him.
In the battle's tumult, which is terrible - he lost an eye.

With his one eye now
he gazed quite strangely into it ,
and said: "I will not do that !
I would have to be out of my mind!
And her wife? She considers me one of those stupid fools... "

"Oh, believe me, she wo n't!
Go on, and carry it to my hut ,
and don't linger any longer, go, and make your steps fly!"

The chief noticed the seriousness of his actions ,
and said: "What can I say? He is only a dead splinter ; he cannot utter
a single word !"

Mr. William speaks: "The sparrow says
what needs to be said.
And my wife only looks at him ,
and doesn't need to ask you."

The chief expressed his contempt
and took the chip, and said: "He can speak? And has no mouth to make it known !"

Mr. William then kindly asked him:
"Go, take the chip and follow! Talking is of no use ;
but the consequences are often bad."

The chief now goes with the splint
to William's wife without rest.
She barely looks at the words,
so she takes the set square from the box, with a cheerful heart, and hands it to the
chief.

Now he stands there in astonishment,
- He had followed her - And didn't know what was happening to him ,
When he received the measure.

"O daughter! What tells you that
this is the right thing? What does your dear husband need? Explain that to me . "

"Where from?" she replied softly. "
Didn't you just bring me the shaving? Then I immediately saw
which tool I should give."

"The sparrow didn't speak!"
said the astonished warrior .
"You just don't know its language!" she replied. "I do know it, warrior!"

"Therefore he also made known to me
the dear man's will. I have now done my part :
Go, fulfill yours!"

The chief took the magic chip ,
and held it up high, and ran through the village so that everyone could see it.

And she cried: "Look at the people
! What wisdom they have! They talk a mile a minute ;
O wonderful gifts!"

When he brought the tool ,
he was earnestly intent on learning how to make shavings talk.

Mr. William – as a teacher should –
tried to show him the art. But it remained a mystery to him ;
he could not grasp it.

He tied the chip to a string ,
as if it were expensive. A precious token,
and he put it around his neck. As if its worth were without equal.

Often the chief was completely surrounded
by a crowd of his brothers. He has often told of the Span ,
and he tells of the Span again.

And everyone was up and listening ,
and asked eagerly: "What happened with the chip? How did it go?"

,

an inconspicuous chip indicates the benefit of writing to the people on the island, to spur them on to diligence.

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