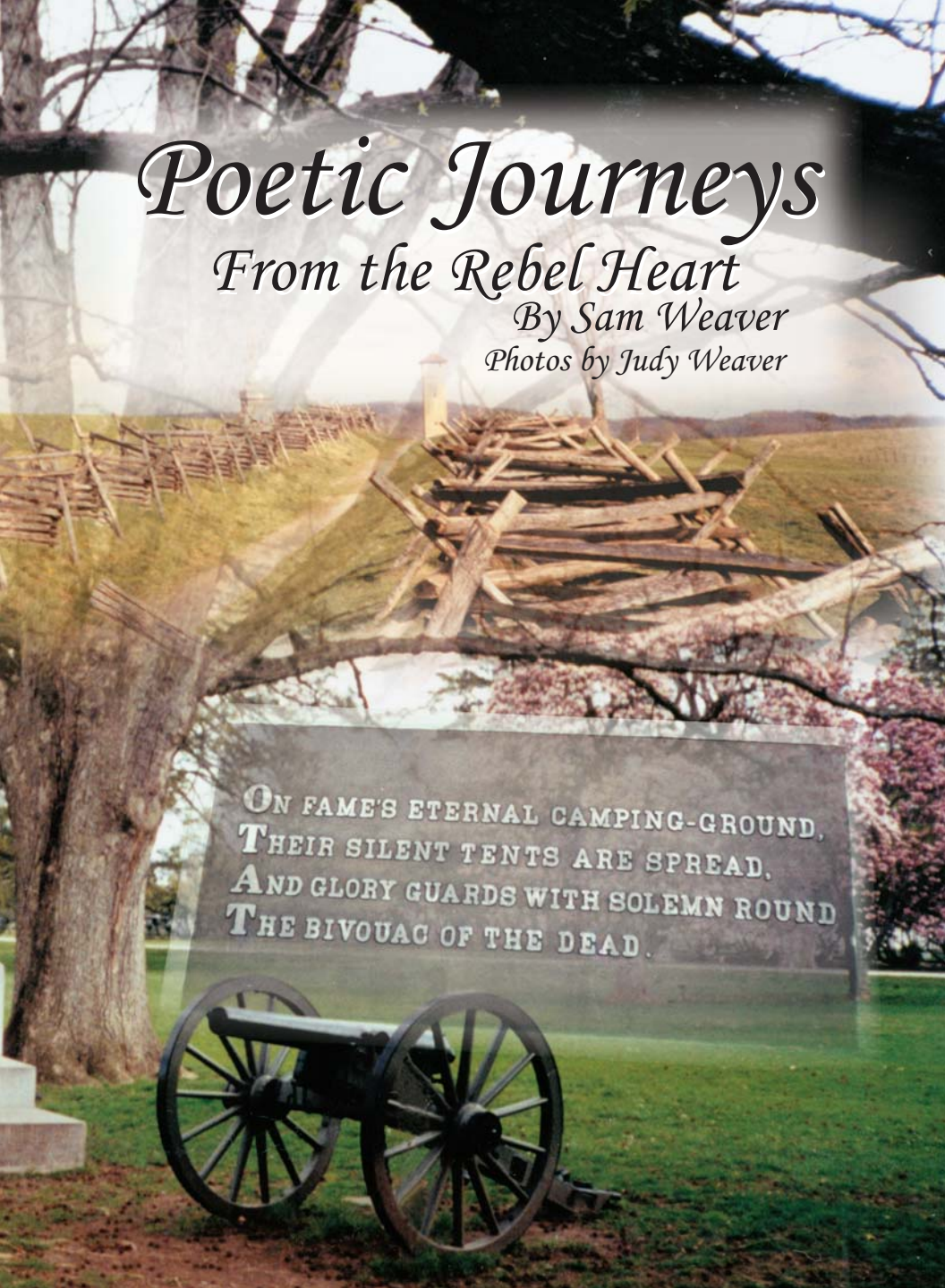


Poetic Journeys

From the Rebel Heart

By Sam Weaver

Photos by Judy Weaver

A historical site featuring a stone monument with a poem, a cannon, a wooden structure, and a fence. The monument is a large, rectangular stone block with a poem inscribed on it. In the foreground, a black cannon with large wooden wheels is positioned on the grass. Behind the monument, there is a large, rustic wooden structure made of logs and branches, possibly a fortification or a camp structure. In the background, a wooden fence runs across a grassy field. The scene is set in a park-like area with trees and a clear sky.

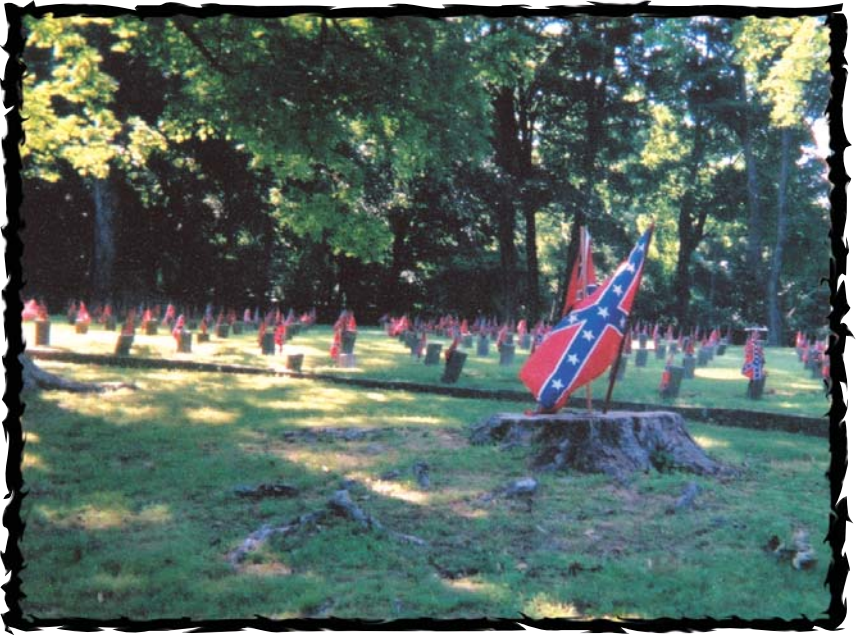
ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING-GROUND,
THEIR SILENT TENTS ARE SPREAD,
AND GLORY GUARDS WITH SOLEMN ROUND
THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

Poetic Journeys
From the Rebel Heart

By Sam Weaver

Photos by Judy Weaver

A Poem Cycle with Pictures



2 Corinthians Ch. 6, Verse 2

For he says, "In the time of My favor I heard you, and in the day of salvation I helped you." I tell you, now is the time of God's favor, now is the day of salvation.

Poetic Journeys

From the Rebel Heart

Introduction

Reader this writer is quite aware the American Civil War ended as far as the fighting almost a hundred and forty years ago; but when one traces the course of the American government through the years and where it has lead to, and compares the Christian beliefs of the Southern people during and since the Civil War to the victor of that war, one has to wonder if that government was what it professed to be.

In the years I have been writing poetry, I have had many objects of inspiration. Always Jesus Christ is at the center of that inspiration. Reader, I always pray for guidance before I begin writing, but once I start, I just listen to my heart and forget about human opinion. Once written, who believes or doesn't believe what ever I write is out of my hands. I can only promise one thing, I believe what I write. I could not be inspired to write it otherwise.

So it is with "Poetic Journeys From The Rebel Heart", I believe there is an anointing force that honors mankind's prayers, faith and hopes that's not limited to a life time or many life times. That force is in the blood bought covenant of Jesus Christ. I believe that covenant works around man's will until God's will is accomplished through prayer and providence.

Reader, these poems are a reflection of that belief.

Deo Vindice

Thanks and God Bless

Sam Weaver



*Daughter, Stephanie Harrod at the grave site
of her confederate veteran father, Steven Harrod.*

Bluff Cemetery, Springdale, Arkansas

Psalm 119, Verse 126
It is time for you to act, O'LORD; for
they have regarded your law as void.

Poetic Journeys (From the Rebel Heart)

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Rebel Hearts

Written September 3, 2004



God's truth can only
Keep a steady hand
When rebel hearts work
Throughout the land

The rebel heart knows
There's something not right
When darkness prevails
Where there should be light

But without truth
Before us to see
How can anyone
Ever be free

Rebel hearts come
Embrace in the tie
That separates
The truth from the lie

Look to and make
A covenant with
The one that can take
Away any myth

Even Jesus Christ
In whom truth makes free
The rebel heart that
Died, so we could see

John Ch. 8, Verse 30
And ye shall know the truth,
and the truth shall make you free.

1 Samuel Ch. 16, Verse 7
The Lord seeth not as man seeth:
for man looketh on the outward appearance,
but the Lord looketh on the heart.

God's Provident Ways

Written April 15, 2002

Providence not luck
Guides and directs man
Destiny not chance
Works throughout the land



Man enters into
God's provident ways
Every time he stands
And faithfully prays

And never was God's
Provident ways
Tested like it was
In Civil War days

Godly right and wrong
Was one confused mix
And it's taking time
For Jesus to fix

God's provident ways
Is what He works by
And once prayers go forth
They can never die

The North and South both
Believed and prayed through
And unanswered prayers
Still wait for their due

A Faith Declaration Straight From Dixie Land

History records
Their cause was star crossed
They fought with courage
But in the end they lost

Only in vain
Did they sacrifice
But history left out
Deo Vindice

A faith declaration
Knows no time or space
It depends only
On Jesus' timeless grace

This response to faith
In God's timeless word
Means this declaration
Was honored when heard

It can't return void
There's no way it can
Simply because
It's God's promise to man

A faith declaration
Straight from Dixie land
Says God will restore
By faith through His hand



DEO VINDICE
(God Will Vindicate)



2 Corinthians Ch. 5, Verse 7
For we walk by faith, not by sight.
Hebrews Ch. 11, Verse 1

God Never Lets Go

Written May 2, 2004

Many years have passed
Since the Civil War
And for the South
Here's where we are



We're up against
Well conceived lies
That confuses
And mystifies

We speak the truth
It's kicked in reverse
We try to defend
It only gets worse

Truth through time's obscured
But it's persistent
And God can bring time
Back in an instant

That's the beauty
Of God's word you know
Till His will's fulfilled
God never lets go

Not till the offense
In truth is revealed
And the hurt it caused
Through Jesus is healed

A Dream That Cannot Die

Martin Luther King A Poetic Journey Into the Past

Written January 15, 2001
(Part of a Birthday Trilogy)

A poetic journey
Into the past
Why Martin Luther King's
Memory will last

My race was an issue
Of the Civil War
But North and South is not
Where the real issues are

It's the militant heart
Then and now that hate
That tried to keep my race
In their fallen state

But Jesus chose me out
From the ages of time
And through me gave my race
Leverage to climb

I'm God's focal point
For freedom's cause
I'm God's door and voice
That opens separate walls

I'm black freedom's
Rallying cry
And I have a dream
That cannot die



Isaiah Ch. 43 Verses 5,6,7
I will say to the North, give up,
and to the South, Keep not back.

Unfulfilled Dreams

Written January 28, 2002

The Confederate flag
Of battle it was
Representing the hopes
Of the Southern cause

A cause embraced
By unfulfilled dreams
That evil perverted
Through lying schemes

God will not allow
Evil to stay
Or let it's cause
Keep having it's way

God's providence
Is moving along
Slavery was wrong
But now it's gone

That rebel flag
Never meant hate
From the start it asked
God to vindicate

Jesus is the one
Alone that redeems
He'll bring to past
Those unfulfilled dreams



As Though Lost In Time

From a June 14th Flag Ceremony

As though lost in time
It seemed to be
From a time gone by
In History

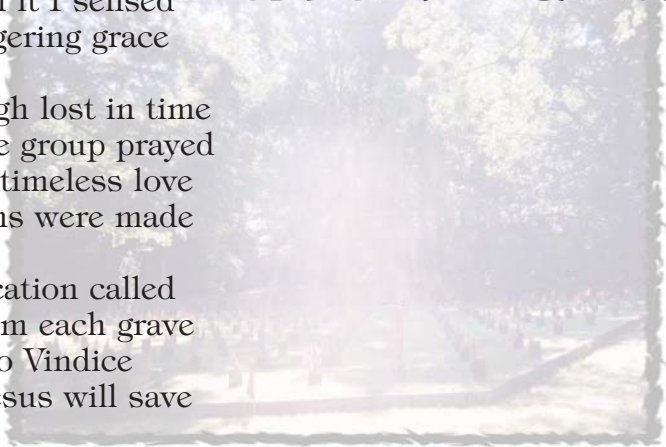
A Confederate
Cemetery
What messages
It seemed to carry

To some it is
A forgotten place
But in it I sensed
A lingering grace

As though lost in time
The little group prayed
With a timeless love
Petitions were made

Vindication called
Out from each grave
Deo Vindice
And Jesus will save

Jesus came in
And said, I'm time's door
I've not forgotten
Trust Me, there's more



America's Johnny Reb

Written June 16, 2003

America's Johnny Reb
His time's past and gone
So what's making
His memory live on

Korea, Vietnam
And two World Wars have
passed
Yet Johnny Reb's story
Continues to last

It's clear in our books
History has said
Johnny's cause is lost
Buried and dead

But history records
The letter of the law
And God's truth is in
The Spirit of the law

Johnny Reb's cause
In spirit's still there
Through a law that says
God answers prayer

When the slaves were freed
Jesus gave them their due
Now Johnny, it's time
To vindicate you



Confederate Widows

Written June 18, 2003

From Stonewall's Anna
Even till now
Confederate widows
Have honored their vow

Their faith goes beyond
The fortunes of war
It's answers to prayer
They're looking for

Unceasing prayers
Jesus Christ gauges
And constant faith
Down through the ages

The widows have met
Both of those goals
Through unyielding love
Deep in their souls

God's favors shifting
To the boys in gray
Because widow prayers
Are blowing their way

On the wings of God's
Providential winds
Till victory comes
And widowhood ends



1st Thessalonians Ch. 5, Verse 17
Pray Without Ceasing

God Is Colorless

Written June 24, 2003

How illusive
Black freedom has been
Man says they got it
But they're asking when

They were used to win
A war long ago
But true freedom's not
An ace in the hole

Black freedom in truth
Was but a token
A door that really
Never did open

But there is a door
To another sphere
That gives human minds
A spirit to hear

Once you let Jesus
Come and anoint
Race and color's
No longer the point

God is colorless
Jesus is too
And one simple prayer
Means freedom for you



John Ch. 4, Verse 24

God is a Spirit

John Ch. 10, Verse 7

I am the door of the sheep

Lee's Race Against Time

A Poetic Journey Into the Past

Written January 19, 2001
(Part of A Birthday Trilogy)

A poetic journey
Into the past
Why after Chancellorville
Lee moved so fast

I lost my right arm
Jackson is gone
But we can't delay
We must press on

The Northern army
Is a relentless foe
We'll be overwhelmed
If I move to slow

The North keeps building
We can't match their strength
If we're to win this war
We must shorten it's length

The North made the South
Bare most of the brunt
Now I'll take the offense
And move it to their front

Through God's kind providence
And His merciful hand
We can end this war
And bring peace to this land

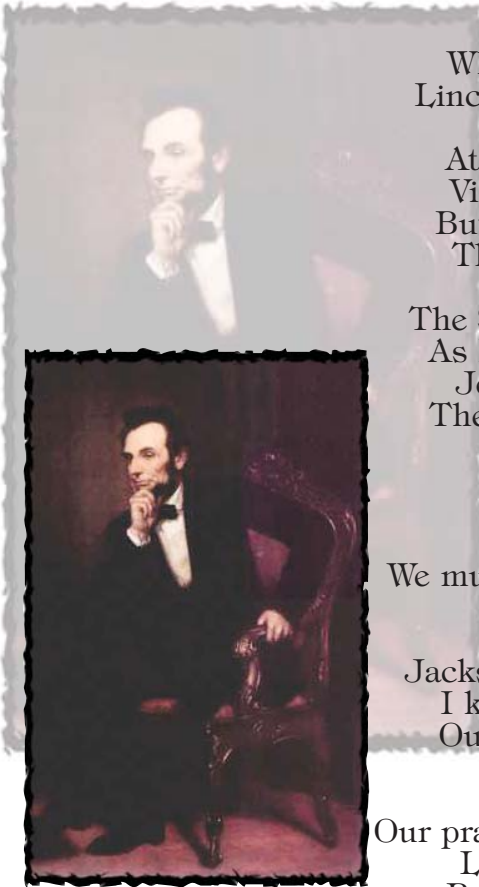


1 Corinthians Ch. 9, Verse 24
Run that you may obtain.

Lincoln's Prayer Fast

A Poetic Journey Into the Past

Written February 12, 2001
(Part of A Birthday Trilogy)



A poetic journey
Into the past
Why before Gettysburg
Lincoln called a prayer fast

At the outset I thought
Victory would be swift
But a curse hangs on us
That only God can lift

The South's winning battles
As Lee and Jackson pray
Jesus help the Union
The wars going their way

Lee is a Christian
Jackson is too
So for us to win
We must fast and pray through

I heard the news
Jackson was shot and killed
I know we can win now
Our prayers are fulfilled

Favor is ours now
Our prayers have turned the tide
Lee is heading North
But God is on our side

Psalm Ch. 35, Verse 13
I humbled my soul with fasting

Massachusetts You're At It Once Again

Written July 15, 2004

Massachusetts, Christ
You once would defend
So why have you thrown
His law to the wind

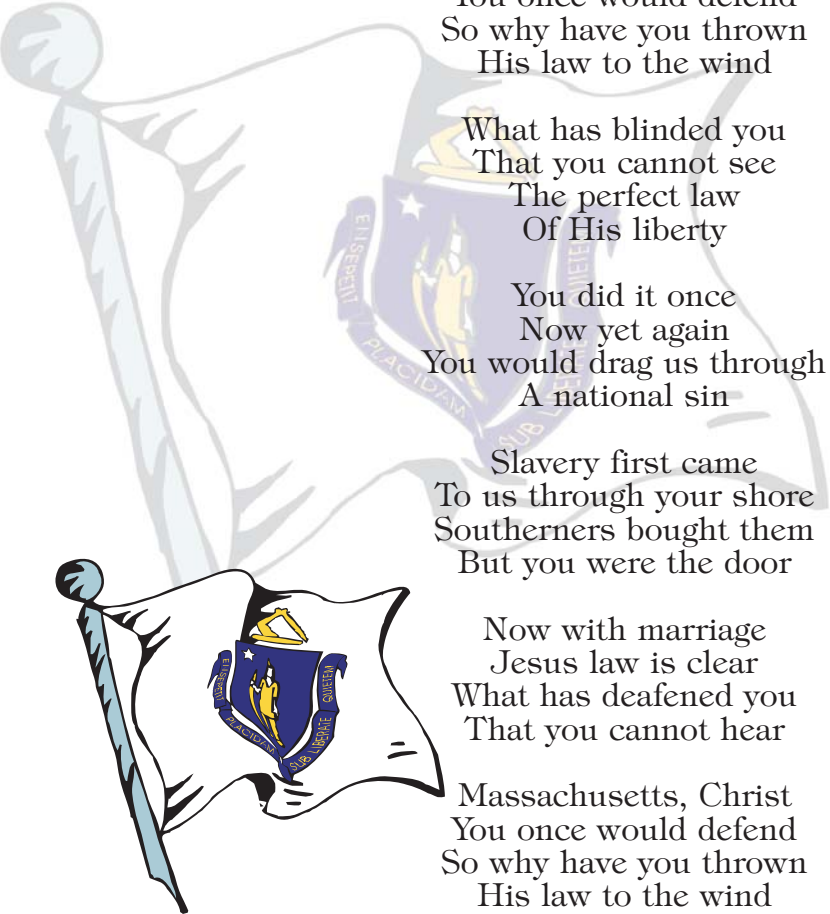
What has blinded you
That you cannot see
The perfect law
Of His liberty

You did it once
Now yet again
You would drag us through
A national sin

Slavery first came
To us through your shore
Southerners bought them
But you were the door

Now with marriage
Jesus law is clear
What has deafened you
That you cannot hear

Massachusetts, Christ
You once would defend
So why have you thrown
His law to the wind



Isaiah Ch. 5, Verses 20-23.

Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil;
who substitute darkness for light and light for darkness.
Who justify the wicked for a bribe, and take away the rights
of the ones who are in the right.

Jesus Waited

They used slavery
And God's law to win
And claimed to remove
A National sin

Now they say God's law
Has outlived it's use
And slavery was
One big excuse

The faith of Lee
Never gave way
At Appomattox
That heartbreaking day

For he knew God's law
Supernaturally
Was settled and
Always would be

They used God's favor
To remove God's laws
And shifted it back
To the Southern cause

Jesus waited
Through the law of grace
And through the years knew
Who would seek His face



Robert E. Lee



(Place of
Surrender
Ceremony
at Appomattox)



(Place of last shot
that was fired by
Army of Northern
Virginia at
Appomattox)

Psalm Ch. 119, Verse 89
Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.

The Real Civil War

Written May 13, 2004

Americans just
Listen and hear it
The real Civil War
Is in the Spirit

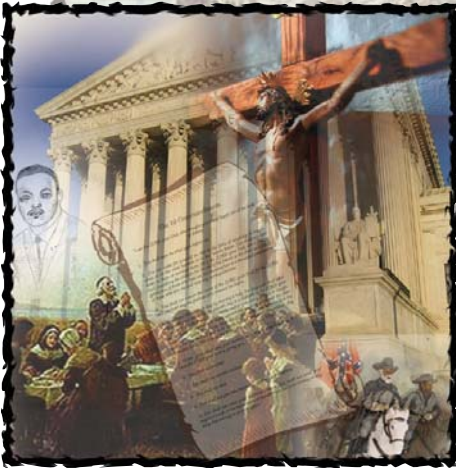
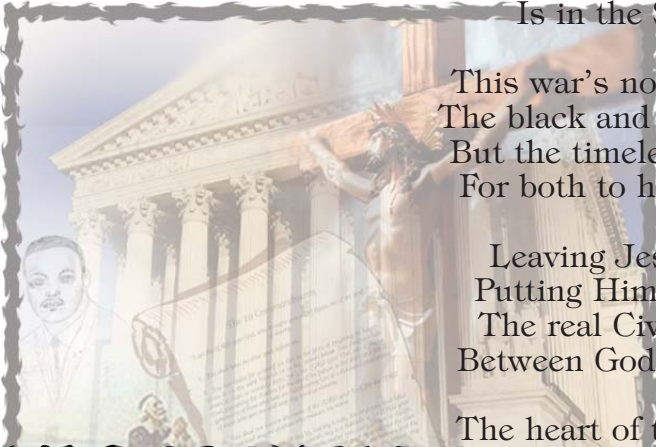
This war's not between
The black and white race
But the timeless search
For both to have grace

Leaving Jesus out
Putting Him back in
The real Civil War's
Between God and men

The heart of the South
Knows God's word is true
And never failed once
To give Him His due

But this government
Has removed all doubt
They want to take the
Ten Commandments out

Americans just
Listen and hear it
The real Civil War
Is in the Spirit



John Ch. 6, Verse 63
Ephesians Ch. 6, Verse 12

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