

His
ear
bends
low



THE POETRY OF JULIE PACK

*His Ear
Bends Low*

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His Ear Bends Low, E-Book

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my J-Pack family, aka
Joshua, Jared, and Jace.

May you always remember that you are seen,
heard, and loved by a LIVING GOD.

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PREFACE

Many years ago, I was part of a program called *Masters Commission* in Illinois. As a second-year student, I was placed on the mission team and learned a lot about sharing my faith with people from other cultures, backgrounds, and religions. My most memorable experience, however, did not take place within the walls of the school.

Each team member was given a religion to study. I was assigned the religion of Buddhism. I really didn't know much about this religion, so I began my research at a local bookstore. I quickly grew tired of looking through books on the subject. Instead, I began searching for Buddhist temples nearby. When I found one, I was a little bit nervous about going there. Before I lost my nerve, I knocked on the door. And a Buddhist monk answered. But unfortunately, he didn't speak English and no one else at that temple did either. Therefore, he sent me to a neighboring temple.

When I arrived at this monastery, I was met at the door by a delightful monk wearing a smile and a bright orange robe. He was well-versed in several languages,

spoke perfect English, and was extremely intelligent. I told him that I wanted to learn about the Buddhist religion and asked if he had time to talk with me. He was excited to do so! Apparently, he frequently spoke at the local colleges about Buddhism.

As we entered the temple together, I noticed a large golden statue of Buddha. There was incense burning, food offerings, and flowers lying all around the statue. I asked him if Buddha ever came to eat the food. He started laughing, almost to the point of tears! "No, no," he said. "Buddha is dead. We wait a few days, and then we eat the food." He then went on to tell me how many times a day that he and the other monks pray to Buddha. I asked him if Buddha ever hears his prayers. Again, he laughed! How silly he must have thought I was. "No, no, Buddha doesn't hear," he stated, "Buddha is dead."

I thought this was very interesting! So, I explained, "Well, I serve a living God, who not only hears my prayers but answers me as well." To this he replied, "I must know more about this God." This began a great friendship that lasted the rest of my time in Illinois.

I tell you this story because I want to make sure that you as a reader of my poems are clear about this: I know that the world has many versions of who God is but these poems are for the LIVING GOD. I do not

petition a deaf or mute idol. I call out to Jesus who is the way, the truth, and the life. There is no way to the Living God except through Jesus. (See John 14:6.) And as you read these poems, don't take my word for it - ask Him for yourself. Ask Jesus to reveal Himself to you. Cry out to Him, and He will answer you.

This book of poems is written for people who are seeking God, seeking the truth, and seeking the life that God has for you. Keep seeking and don't stop! You will find what you're searching for if you keep on seeking!

This book is for the prodigals who have wandered away from God. You know the truth but feel you've strayed too far off the path. It's okay. Come home. Many are waiting for your return but none more than Jesus. All of Heaven will rejoice over your return. It doesn't matter what you have done. Just come home.

This book is for the saints. No matter how deep your relationship with Jesus may be, you can always go deeper. He sings over you and has so much in store for you. Regardless of your age or ability, He still has marvelous plans for those who love Him.

Lastly, this book is for the children. The Father loves you and takes great delight in watching you grow, and He enjoys all the little moments of your life. You are never too young to take His hand.

For everyone who will read this book, I hope that you enjoy these poems and know as you read them that *HIS EAR BENDS LOW* for you the same way it does for me.

TODAY

The Presence is indeed a present if we live in the moment of now.

Too often my mind leaves my body, and I go off to another land...

Lost in the dreams of possibilities.

I long to be present in the everyday...

To fully feel the crunch of the fall leaves underneath my feet,

To take in the essence of the ebony tree,

To enjoy the laughter of small children.

Where do my thoughts take me?

Up the rivers of the past and light years beyond today.

Now it is healthy and quite beneficial to take time for proper reflection and surely there is no harm found in the hopes of future days;

But how much time is wasted in reminiscing or worst yet... fear and regret.

My grievances for untold desires; my pity for forsaken dreams; my tears for skeletons that no one will ever see; my sorrowful moans for the wounds I've created.

Let it lay buried deep... rise and take flight again.
My smile for tomorrow, my relief in being heaven
bound, my joy for the future... but what about now?

To feel every moment,

Here is where I am...

Where I'm meant to be.

As I walk, I look around and take in the fullness of
my stride.

Freshness upon face and a glow in the air,

The brightness of the clouds and the redness of the
trees...

Such beauty and wonder were almost passed by.

The morning almost tainted,

But I made the choice... the choice to be present...
the choice to enjoy.

Such contentment is meant for every creature...

The fondness of simplicity in an all too complex of
a world.

Somehow, I must hold on to this key of simple truth.

May it resonate deep within my being.

Tomorrow is not promised, and yesterday has gone
away,

But now is the time to live, to thrive, to bless...

Not in hopes or fears, but in praise and utter
adoration of today.

CARIBOU

While the complex tendencies of the everyday surround me, I cannot help but chuckle to myself. The wild roaming fields of peace are a delight and pleasure to much more than the caribou.

Sometimes, my feet long to take my soul on a journey beyond the borders and horizons that I have currently seen.

To feel the caress of the northern wind, to taste the spice of the eastern markets, to be enticed by the rawness of the south, to experience the latest trends of the emerging west...

To be civilized and proper, to be a merchant and a tourist, to be a blessing and a beacon of hope, to be poor and wild, yet completely content...

Whether bounding up a hill or sailing on smooth waters...

Whether in laughter or in mourning...

May my heart be content in the fact that it is His.

Freedom to roam and freedom to stay...

Whether in riches or in rags,

His love is still extravagant.

Whether in chains or roaming free,

In weakness and in strength,

It is still extravagant!

Love me as I fly

Love me as I land

Love me as I fail

Love me as I succeed

Accomplishment...

Definition...

It's all found here

In the rays of true light.

It can be experienced anywhere at any given time.

All you need is the desire, the heart, the cry.

Imagination is in vain if the motives are not pure...

My petition is one for purity: to remove any moldy condition.

After all, true amazement is not found in the rolling of any hills

Or in the beauty of any physical design.

It is found in the innermost place of intimacy with one's own Creator...

In the sheer wonder of being loved by such an incredible being...

Pour it out and shine it down.

The reward for seeking is a treasure found!