

# Odiours | Initiation

poems by Dianne J. Beale

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Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace  
in believing, that ye may abound in hope,  
through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Romans 15:13 (KJV)

It has become very popular for Christians to have "accountability partners." Although this is not, in itself, necessarily bad, it seems that this can sometimes result in unhealthy, unbalanced relationships.

As Christians, we are meant to grow to maturity. Just as parents should strive to encourage their children to eventually reach independence, mentors (and accountability partners) should teach and exemplify a spiritual maturity that relies, not upon them, but God. For each Christian will someday answer for the choices and decisions that he or she has made; we are each responsible for our own selves. So be careful whom you trust.

It is my desire that you will find renewed faith in God and His Word. It is easy to dismiss the Scriptures, especially those that have been twisted by man. My prayer is that the Bible will once again be a source of strength and understanding within your lives, as a whole, and that you will realize that true accountability is doing what's right because you wish to please God, because He is always watching.

In Christ,

**Dianne J. Beale**

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## Silence Is Golden

Extremes are rarely  
Good to hold  
Yet cursing one  
Makes yours so bold.

Condemning others,  
You will find,  
Your message clearly  
Dulls the mind.

As others add  
Restrictive laws,  
You expound  
In truthless flaws.

You rant and rave  
And call them judges  
While in your circle  
No one budes.

It's true the tongue  
Can be a beast  
But sometimes silence  
Feeds the feast.

## Paths We Choose

Where "Yes, Ma'am," and "No, Sir"  
Are mere formality  
And people must discuss  
What dictates authenticity,  
One begins to wonder if  
Bach, too, is but antiquity.

Where elders wear the badge of age,  
Yet move as wounded children  
Who seek acceptance by the young  
Despite what's in their caldron,  
One must fight the urge to scream  
To wake them from such doldrums.

Where Pharisee was said to pray  
Exalting self to others,  
Was he more guilty in his day  
Than those who hate their brothers?  
One questions your true motives in  
The deceptions that you utter.

Where ends are said to absolve means  
Despite the depth of ebb,  
Can the truth that Jesus loves  
Free them from your web?  
One soon marks the lies you've told  
And wonders what you've pledged.

## Outside Reality

It baffles me  
Whom you call friend.  
You must not care  
Whom you offend.

For friend that you  
Hold close as dear  
Is really fiend  
Who feeds on fear.

And those who offer  
Strength and love  
Are tossed aside  
Like worn-out glove.

For you prefer  
To swallow lies  
That change in shape  
And grow in size.

And you'll not falter  
From your path.  
For they've convinced  
You'll meet God's wrath.

## Shipwrecked

Anger—once a trickle—  
Now has carved  
A river bed.  
And though I fight  
Its current,  
I'm dragged along, instead.

The raging water  
Strengthens  
With every thought of you.  
For what I once called  
Friendship  
Was no more than morning dew.

And with each new day's  
Sunrise,  
Though I struggle to be free,  
I find I'm growing  
Weaker  
So must offer up a plea.

Yet in my feeblest moment  
Rises hope  
Beyond compare.  
It is here I meet  
My Savior,  
And breathe in the sweetest air.