

ASOM NOVEMBER 2011

And so, at the end of school number twenty
In year number fifty, with blessings a-plenty
Many have come, with Thamo to be
As this marks his year of jubilee

From north to south, from west to east
Many migrated towards the feast
From every colour, like a box of smarties
They came to enjoy the mother of parties

Although this idea seemed very cool
We first had to finish with the school
The introduction was the Sunday service
With a preacher who does make Thamo nervous

You're wrong if you thought it was Reggie John
(He's been so quiet, where has he gone?)
No, it was Ronald, the other one
Who showed us the profile of a son

He gave us the truth, no more and no less
Our growing in God is always in process
Raising the standard is a call to wake-up
While wisdom must be a part of our make-up

Then Monday came and **Thamo** started
With something that seemed very light-hearted
It sounded like words of congratulations
To people from the "down under" nations

It's something about sadness and tears
And someone who waited for twenty-four years
While we harbour no envy, grudges or malice
It may have to do with a lady called Alice

With that said and done, we could finally start
And Thamo shared straight from the heart
Concerning the reason for having the school
And how it's become an apostolic tool

To open the scriptures unto men
And also their eyes, but even then
Their understanding must be enlightened
So that nothing will ever leave them frightened

While reforming the church is high on the list
The real man inside is often missed
We need to walk between Gerizim and Ebal
Our journey directed straight towards Gilgal
The spiritual and the natural man
To know them apart, not everyone can
They look alike and dress the same
And both give the glory to God's Name

The one is under the Spirit's control
The other is governed by his soul
To get to the crux of what has been said
The question is easy: by who are you led

The bride has to catch the seed of the man
This is her role in the heavenly plan
It all has to do with producing his image
And the setting forth of his earthly lineage

Then there is also the fleshly man
He's always his own greatest fan
Living a life of sensuality
Thriving on lust and carnality

There is a choice that you have to make
This thing you simply cannot fake
Spirit or soul, where will you live
One will prevail and one has to give

God will never make children kings
Or give them command over spiritual things
The natural man can also live right
It's about righteous living in God's sight

God sees not the colour of your tan
In Christ we all form the one new man
We refuse to be, by the world classified
For Jesus removed all the things that divide

If you want to live as a spiritual man
You have to put your flesh in a can
Although your old man with Christ has died
He daily needs to be crucified

So if you are not led by the Spirit
Your claim of sonship has no merit
And if you are, you've traded your freedom
To be captured for the sake of the kingdom

Your position is known as justification
While your walk is called sanctification
And when the Spirit comes into your heart
To cry "Abba Father" is where you will start

If a woman said she carried your son
A court could make her claims undone
But when it comes to the case of adoption
No court would offer you that option

A son can never think as a slave
Although in function, he might so behave

As earth is for depth and heaven for height
To inherit God is what we have in sight

We, as God's sons, His habitation
Have to explain Him to all of creation
This God, who is so legendary
Has set Himself a boundary

This "prohorizo" of God is called son
Here ends His world, it's all said and done
The Spirit of God must come upon you
If you're His son, and remain there too

God's end determines His beginning
That is why, in Him, we're winning
So you're not a spirit that possesses a soul
And lives in a body, that's not your role

Man was made to comfortably live
In the two environs He did give
Heaven to be engaged by his spirit
To live in the earth, his soul given for it

Heaven would be his resource center
That is how Adam this world did enter
Fed from the spirit, he'd furnish his soul
So the heavenly man would be completely whole

When **Sam** came we knew we were going to hear it
He shared what it means to walk in the Spirit
In a 2D boat with a 3D ghost
You sure will be praying to get to the coast

You only can think of back and forth
To go up means you're going north
So in 3D you'll always have this tension
Of how to describe the fourth dimension

Now the new, from a place of maturity
Is a totally different reality
For a child, the view from heaven's perspective
Is foreign, and sometimes even deceptive

We took a peak from the throne with Sam
While you look for a lion, all you see is a lamb
The time has come to see God's suddenlies
And function as sons, from the heavenlies

We have to set forth our Father's rule
A merciful God who cannot be cruel
If you truly represent Him out there
You'll never need the sinner's prayer

Although, in the flesh, he was Paul from Tarsus
This man pressed on for the ek-anastasis
While living on earth in flesh and bone
He desired to be ruling from the throne

If you, as a son, want to bring God pleasure
You should be living up to the measure
Of what you have already attained
If you keep starting over, nothing's gained

So if you should ever visit the gypsies
You're going to need some traveling mercies
Here's some advice, keep your eyes in their sockets
Or let's make it plain, keep checking your pockets

This school has dealt with identity
From which then flows functionality
Now do you think there is any merit
In a golden street enticing a spirit

You can only work from a place of rest
If you already know the result of the test
So God had promised, His Son to save
That is why Jesus could not stay in the grave

Dry bones, a shortage of vitamin D
That is what **Sagie** helped us to see
And while we can all gain by some sunlight
Many pastors still only come out at night

We heard of a demon that makes you feel good
And that bones have a lot to do with your food
Like an owl in the desert, your habitat's wrong
If you think that to worship is singing a song

Not one of the pillars can be an event
But must be the lifestyle of someone sent
So don't think a prophet is very great
If he prophecies your number plate

Listen, God's soldier, saying "nothing can harm me"
Only the culture can produce God's army
Your car can rather miss a spare and a jack
Than have mamma in front and the wife in the back

If you do not do, you have not heard
This is how Israel treated God's Word
To hear is to listen, understand and do
That is what it meant to the Jew

God's favour was not a formality
They had to **do** His unity
In this there were four demands involved
That is how Gideon's problems were solved

We looked at the ark and the cherubim
At David, how God is restoring him
Be careful to see the King of Babylon
You might lose your eye if the meeting is on

It you build the temple you'll have your woes
They'll soon manifest as construction foes
But please don't stress or do a handstand
For God has an answer – it's called a lampstand

It all has to do with the king and the priest
The one through whom fresh oil is released
If you want a reason to dance and jabula
Just get connected to your spiritual gullah

Like Solomon I punished my soul
To sort out this thing about the bowl
Could the goulash be the wife of the gullah
If so, then his father must be Abgullah

The woman who built a room with a bed
Positioned the bowl above her head
If all of your labours have become static
God has a lampstand that's automatic

In the midst of psuchikos and pneumatikos
Sagie's sarkikos cried out for potjiekos
And when he began with the szit-szit
Like manna we all said, 'what is it?'

Like Noah, who ordered the beasts one by one
Creation can only respond to a son
So when there is chaos that God wants to fix
He places them right in the midst of the mix

Whenever God's son in the earth would rebel
Creation's chaos would reach a new level
This led to the teaching about the tassel
And how it would solve the Messianic hassle

Although the Messiah could seem disguised
There is a way He could be recognized
So the Jews, who searched in so many things
Failed to see the healing that was in His wings

But now there's a problem facing Jairus
It's Jesus who could have picked up a virus
The Messiah has really become unclean
When somebody touched him, you know who I mean

But meanwhile his daughter had also died
And his house had become unclean inside
On the same day the lady overcame her rejection
Rabbi Jairus received his child's resurrection

Now Jesus was claiming His deity
When He said to the child, "God healeth thee"
The One with the healing will be the Messiah
And He could have become their Jehovah Jireh

Steve said God told him that he should see
The whole tabernacle much differently
That's when he realized it's all about
Not going in but coming out

While God has always been coming to man
The enemy's tried to mess up the plan
He got us to think we can go to God
That's why, for ages, we've been trying so hard

God sought to relate as a father to son
But of that the people just would have none
Simply not moved by God sending roses
They traded His voice for the law of Moses

So the voice of God had stopped inviting
Moses would now have to put it in writing
If the human nature likes to play second fiddle
Then who is the bishop with the bubble in the middle

So if a man is born from above
He ought to walk in unconditional love
And if, on earth, we go through some training
It's only to get us ready for reigning

Mature sons are those who will always be willing
To be taken back to the place of their killing
If we do not hear, we have to revisit
Like when wife wants to talk, and you say: 'what is it?'

God raises up voices in your life
Like your children, oh yes, and also the wife
And when you realize it's all one big set-up
You know that you simply cannot mess up

Once we were hooping and pulling the chord
But we have been delivered, praise the Lord
Like the city, the church has run out of stock
Don't worry, just watch for the supply shock

And so we arrived on Friday night
Like stars in the sky, shiny and bright
With speeches and food, and even a band
Oh man, this thing was really grand

And so, as one of the speakers stated
It's a special life that we celebrated
We came with our gifts, to Thamo to say
Congratulations on this special day

We thank you for all you mean to us
It's such a privilege to be on your bus
Your grace, your example, your life and your love
You must have been sent to us from above

Just a few comments to end this poem
Things you can muse on when going home
We're so glad that all the big guns came
Sporting a new and healthy frame

Howie encouraged us to bring our moolah
As a special offering for our gullah
Like a tennis player needs a racket
Sam cannot preach without a jacket

I have one very special ending
Before we start our homeward sending
If, on this poem, we should disagree
This too, God will make plain to thee