



Marti Berger

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# The Child Who Never Was

(Deuteronomy 30: 19, Ecclesiastes 3: 1-11, Isaiah 43: 7 and 21, Jeremiah 1: 5, Romans 9: 20-21)

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I'm the Pastor who inspired men to turn their lives toward Christ  
I'm the Teacher who enlightened minds, imparting wise advice  
I'm Apostle, Prophet, Minister who will not teach the Word  
I'm the Preacher and Evangelist who never will be heard  
I had both gift to edify and gift of prophecy  
But words can never come from one who's not allowed to be

I'm the Singer and I used my voice to praise the King of Kings  
I'm the Music Man who played the horn, bass, cymbals, drums and strings  
I'm the Actor with the gift to bring the written word alive  
I'm a Husband and a Father, though I never did arrive  
I'm the graceful Ballerina who praised my God through dance  
I'm a Daughter, Wife and Mother but I never got the chance

I'm the Lawyer filled with passion for defending Christian rights  
I'm the Counselor who encouraged children onto greater heights  
I'm the Scientist with gifted mind, researched to find a cure  
I'm the Statesman with integrity; my mind and heart were pure  
I'm the Doctor who had gifted hands, both used to heal and mend  
I'm the ordinary Child of God who no one would defend

I'm a righteous Judge who's standing strong in face of circumstance  
I'm a Soldier saving many lives if I had had the chance  
I'm a Shepherd but my flock is gone for I'm not there to lead  
I'm just One who would have prayed for you but I can't intercede  
And none escape the impact of this ugly travesty  
A hollow void replaces those . . . who weren't allowed to be

I'm your Soul Mate, Kindred Spirit, your Confidant and more  
And I'm unlike any other who has ever gone before  
Nor will there be one quite like me who's in this world again  
And a vacuum's been created caused by men's destructive plan  
This Holocaust continues to protect "The Right to Choose"  
Though I'm the one whose life is gone, you are the ones who lose

There's a multitude of others who have not been spoken of  
And countless blessings missing because they're not here to love  
How many brothers, sisters gone, how many trusted friends?  
How many other gifts of life experienced only end?  
So many roses tread on and our hands are stained with blood  
For the child who'll never blossom, no indeed . . . not even bud

I'm the Poet using written words to stir the hearts of men  
But my life was taken from me so I'll never hold that pen  
In every workplace, church and school rings silent urge to mourn  
An unaware yet bitter grief because I wasn't born  
I'm not there to help a wounded soul or heal a heart because . . .  
I'm the Child whose life was thrown away . . . The Child who never was

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# I'm Busy!

(Luke 2)

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In all these years it's such a crime  
I've never penned a Christmas rhyme  
I'll do so when I have the time . . . **I'm busy**

I'm quite ashamed I must admit  
But promise when things slow a bit  
I'll honor you when I can sit . . . **I'm busy**

But first things first so I must shop  
Then wrap and place the bows on top  
I cannot take the time to stop . . . **I'm busy**

And then I have to scrub the floor  
And place the wreath upon the door  
And string the lights on tree once more . . . **I'm busy**

And when I'm finished with all that  
Must clean the Christmas "Welcome Mat"  
And find out where my brain is at . . . **I'm busy**

The laundry's overwhelming here  
The tablecloths and curtain sheers  
Then windows shined and chandelier . . . **I'm busy**

The couch and rugs I must shampoo  
The stovetop's greasy residue  
The dust balls and the cobwebs too . . . **I'm busy**

The sinks and tubs and toilets then  
The tile and mirrors shined again  
The shower doors, **"These sloppy men!" I'm busy!**

Then make the cookies glaze the ham  
Stuff the turkey; bake the yams  
**Can I just send a telegram? I'm busy!**

I've showered and I've ironed my clothes  
With hair combed, powdered up my nose  
For 'company' who years impose . . . **I'm busy**

The Advent wreath is not out yet  
The dinner table's not been set  
So Christmas Service I'll forget . . . **I'm busy**

Now presents strewn . . . the wrap thrown out

What has this Season been about?  
Nativity Scene? We did without . . . **too busy**

Our day now gone the clock has chimed . . .  
Another Christmas left behind  
A tragedy I've been so blind . . . **and busy**

For what now would my life be worth?  
If on that night there'd been no birth  
No Savior to redeem this earth . . . **too busy**

And now my God I'm on my knees  
Not scrubbing floors or trimming trees  
But giving all my praise to **Thee . . . I'm busy**

For long ago in Bethlehem  
God sent His Son to save all men  
**That Babe in Royal Diadem** was busy

In future Christmas plans and plots  
His season will not be forgot  
The reason is . . . God's Son was **not too busy!**

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# The Maestro's Song

(Job 33:4, Psalm 39:4, Psalm 46:10, Psalm 139:14, Ephesians 2:10)

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A symphony of endless measure  
A melody so gently played  
A sonata made of varied tempo  
Arranged to fill His serenade  
A uniquely written composition  
An opus never heard before  
His certain signature upon it  
His mark distinct throughout the score  
His lyrics join to kiss the music  
And harmony grows greater still  
A concert with peculiar rhythm  
Conducted at the Maestro's will  
An orchestration so deliberate  
In specific meter, pitch and key  
The Maestro's Hand designed each note  
That forms the chords that make up me  
A lover's song that's like no other  
Surrenders all to His control  
A movement breathed on by The Father  
So pause and rest ---- be still my soul!

Marti Berger

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# I'll get by with a lot of help from My Friend!

(John 15: 5, Hebrews 12: 1-3, Ephesians 6: 10-18)

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**Oh Father, please help me, You know I'm a mess  
Before these dear people should catch me undressed  
Your Girdle of Truth has just dropped to my knees  
Your Breastplate popped off of my chest when I sneezed  
Your Shield full of Faith has now slumped to my side  
I stand here half naked and have lost all my pride  
With Your Shoes marked for Peace I still stayed in the race  
But I tripped over them and fell flat on my face  
Your Sword of the Spirit then shot in the air  
And Your Salvation Helmet? It got snagged in my hair!  
So Father please help me I'm down on my knees  
Please help me get dressed or I fear I might freeze  
With Your Armour in place I'll hold tight to Your Hand  
And then having done all, I will, therefore, stand!**

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# One Way to Stand

# What About Your Perfect Timing?

(II Chronicles 16:9, Job 37:16, Psalm 18:30, Psalm 19:7, Psalm 138:8, Proverbs 4:18, Ecclesiastes 3:1, Isaiah 26:3, Matthew 5:48, John 17:23, Acts 3:16, Romans 12:2, I Corinthians 13:10, II Corinthians 12:9, Colossians 4:12, Hebrews 9:11, James 1:4,17 and 25, I John 4:17-18)

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**Lord, I see it written in Your Word You offer perfect peace  
And the perfect love that You provide will cause all fear to cease  
And the perfect law of liberty shall bless me in my deed  
And patience has her perfect work states scripture that I read  
What about your perfect timing, Lord? That's a term that I don't see  
But right now would be the perfect time to send some off to me**

**Lord, You show Your strength on my behalf if perfect heart's towards You  
And there's perfect strength in weakness, it is written, so that's true  
And every good and perfect gift is sent from up above  
And to dwell in You and You in me produces perfect love  
What about Your perfect timing, Lord, that I search for presently?  
It's *that* elusive butterfly which has taken flight from me**

**But Your law, oh Lord, is perfect and it does convert my soul  
And Christ, the perfect tabernacle has healed and made me whole  
And You've given perfect soundness so that I may win this race  
And I know I can stand perfect by relying on Your grace  
Still about Your perfect timing, Lord, I haven't got a clue  
But You refine that which concerns me so I'll fix my eyes on You**

**I will renew my mind, oh Lord, to prove Your perfect Will  
For perfect knowledge comes to me when I am stayed and still  
And as Your light shines on the path unto that perfect day  
I'll trust my Savior, Jesus Christ who is the Perfect Way  
My time is in your hands, Lord, and You're Perfect, so it's clear  
Your timing's perfect and appointed every day I'm here**

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(Throughout Scripture there are specific words God used in reference to His Divine timing, for example: "The acceptable time", "The appointed time", "The set time" and "In Due Time", the term perfect timing is never used but He is perfect and everything He's made is perfect; His timing is no exception.)

# And This is Life

(Ecclesiastes 3:1-8, Isaiah 26:3, Malachi 4:1-3, Matthew 13: 24-30; 24:6-8, John 1:5; 3:16-21; 4:37-38; 12:35-36; 16:33, I Corinthians 10:12, II Corinthians 6:14, Ephesians 6, Hebrews 1:5-8, 9:27, I Peter 1:18-19, Revelation 7: 14-17; 17: 14; 19: 5-16; 20:3-7; 21:4; 22: 4)

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The sound of life, a baby's cry  
Surrendered breath, the aging die  
And in-between both ebbs and flows  
And this is life and so it goes

An anguished cry, nobody hears  
Then one arrives to wipe the tears  
One day the sun, one day the rain  
As is the joy, as is the pain

And this is life and so it goes  
While one man takes another sows  
From breath to breath we fight the fight  
But darkness is no match for light

For True Love came, He came to give  
His Life exchanged so all may live  
His Blood poured out, redemption done  
And **This** is life, **God's Only Son!**

Both evil deeds and helping hands  
As one man falls another stands  
Though wheat and tare grow side by side  
Our minds on Christ, in Peace abide.

A time for war, a time for peace  
And seasons change 'til this age cease  
Then Christ returns to close this case  
And **This** is life, **My Fathers Face!**

Marti Berger

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# Counterfeits and Fakes

(Matthew 16:26, John 14:6, Romans 1:21-28, II Thessalonians 2:7-12, II Timothy 3:1-7, I John 2:15-22)

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I am lookin' for a diamond, not a stone that's cut from glass  
And gold is much more valuable than highly polished brass  
I want the real thing! Yeh, I gotta' have the real thing!  
I'm not buying what you're selling, made enough of those mistakes  
And I'm sure not in the market for more counterfeits and fakes!

I'm not lookin' for a world that is less than genuine  
Virtual reality is a state of mind where I've already been  
I want the real thing! Yeh, I gotta' have the real thing!  
Imitations wind up costing more; they're cheap and so they break  
And there is no satisfying me with a counterfeit and fake!

See, I'm lookin' for the whole truth; I'm not interested in lies  
And I want the real Messiah not the devil in disguise  
I need the real thing! Yeh, I gotta' have the real thing!  
I went searching and I found Him; what a difference that it makes  
See, I just refuse to settle for more counterfeits and fakes!

No I don't want artificial when it comes to whom I serve  
'Cause if he's not authentic then I'll get what I deserve  
I need the real thing, Yeh, nothing less than the real thing!  
This is not a little matter; my salvation is at stake  
And the road don't lead to heaven through a counterfeit or fake!

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# I'm Talkin' Turkey!

(I Kings 19:12, Psalm 8:2, Psalm 27, Psalm 35: 11-28, Psalm 37, Psalm 42: 9-11, Psalm 45:6, Psalm 91:3, Psalm 95:2, Psalm 100:4, Psalm 119:110, Proverbs 3:5-6, Proverbs 6: 16-19, Proverbs 12:17-19, Matthew 5: 11-13, Matthew 19:18, Mark 11: 25-26, Mark 14:38, Luke 6:37, Luke 18: 7-8, John 14: 16-18 + 27, John 17:13+26, Acts 2:34-35, Roman 1:17, Romans 5:1-5+ 20, Romans 8:37-39, Romans 12:12+ 19-20, II Corinthians 12:9-10, Galatians 5:22, Ephesians 6:16-17, Philippians 4: 6-8, Colossians 2: 6-7, Colossians 4:2+6, I Timothy 4:4-5, I Timothy 6:12, Hebrews 4:12-16, Hebrews 11:1, James 4:6-7, I Peter 1:6-8+13, I Peter 2:20, I Peter 4:12-13, I John 2:10, I John 4:17-21, Revelations 7: 12)

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I was minding my own business as I traveled down the street  
And pondering my chores ahead and what I'd fix to eat  
Then I figured in my laundry and the time I'd get to bed  
When an obstacle appeared in view and reared its ugly head  
I slammed my brakes and skidded to avoid a certain crash  
But feathers flew like fireworks as forehead hit the dash  
Then crossed eye's staring back at me just as I saw him smash . . .  
It was a turkey, I'm talkin' turkey!

Shocked, disoriented, I stumbled from the car  
As wagging tongues spread gossip of my day spent in a bar  
There goes my reputation, my name dragged through the mud  
My head's up on a platter, they all but want my blood  
"This isn't fair, defend me, Lord; relieve me of this fault.  
Avenge and still my enemy and bring their roast to naught  
My God, they're out to cook my goose; they've snared me and I'm caught . . .  
Those lying turkeys; I'm talkin' turkey!"

As I lay there in a stupor I heard His still, small voice  
"Get up, My child and praise Me now; decide that you'll rejoice  
In life these turkeys happen but I still am on the throne  
I do not leave you comfortless or standing all alone  
Though trials and tests will come your way, don't let them steal My peace  
Just watch and pray and do not fear when gobblers increase  
And trust and keep your faith in Me, I'll cause these foe to cease . . .  
They're only turkeys, I'm talkin' turkey!"

I grabbed the bird; I'd make a meal out of de-feathered friend  
God's sword would carve this happenstance into a tender end  
I cut away its useless parts, preserved the rest with salt  
And basted 'til the Grace of God consumed my every thought  
And love flowed, without measure, as forgiveness was released  
The recipe of hope and joy then trimmed the savage beast  
And patience turned that sorry fowl into a fettered feast . . .  
**Thanksgiving turkey, and I'm talking turkey!**

Marti Berger  
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(Inspired by Elaine Leader)