

Volume

1

THE WORKS OF BILLY J. SNIDER

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All honor and glory to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ,
now and forevermore. Amen

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God has been painting again

When I look, out my window, the world, before me flows.
Trees dotting the landscape, among the buildings grow.
Hills lying in the distance, birds flying in the air,
Clouds passing overhead, hiding mountains from my stare.

For God in all his glory, with a paintbrush in his hand,
with love and great patience, has been, painting, again.
All glory is his canvas, his easel and his stand.
The twinkle of a child's eye, or couples hand in hand.
The pain, and the laughter, and things, we don't, understand.
For God in all his glory, has been, painting, again.

A flag flaps in the distance, people walking right on by,
children playing and laughing, trees swaying as if they sigh.
The sun sets in the distance, the sky is all aglow,
with radiance and great beauty, never before seen or known.

For God in all his glory, with a paintbrush in his hand,
with love and great patience, has been, painting, again.
All glory is his canvas, his easel and his stand.
The twinkle of a child's eye, or couples hand in hand.
The pain, and the laughter, and things, we don't, understand.
For God in all his glory, has been, painting, again.

As I wake with the sunlight, creeping on my bedroom wall.
And I look and our eyes meet, and you smile, and blink, and yawn.
And I wonder and I ponder, what I did, to see this dawn.
With its wonders and its glory, its sights, and views, and songs.

For God in all his glory, with a paintbrush in his hand,
with love and great patience, has been, painting, again.
All glory is his canvas, his easel and his stand.
The twinkle of a child's eye, or couples hand in hand.
The pain, and the laughter, and things, we don't, understand.
For God in all his glory, has been, painting, again.

Don't draw the shades

Lord please, forgive me, of these my sins,
Make whole in me this soul, for you to live in.
Fill me with your sprit, Emerge me in your Light
Don't draw the Shades, Because your Son's so Bright.

Oh this Conviction that you are giving me,
Bathe me in your Light for all eternity.
Thank you oh Lord for answering my prayer,
Before I even ask it, you were there.

The Son of God hung on a cross to make a way for me.
The blood of Christ paved the way for all eternity.
My debts been paid, my life remade, my sins forgiven,
For the sprit of the risen Lord lives within.

Lord please bless this soul to do your will.
This sinner needs some cleansing, and some scrubbing still.
I've been asleep in the lord for way too long,
Jump start this body, wake up this soul, move it along.

So Lord please forgive me, of these my sins,
Make whole in me this soul, for you to live in.
Fill me with your sprit, Emerge me in your Light
Don't draw the Shades, Because your Son's so Bright.

God's Creatures

God's Creatures, do you know, The Power in Prayer,
Just Ask, and He will Show us, Great Things beyond Compare.
Great Things He will Show us, That's asking a Lot.
God, Please Show Us, Great and Mighty Things, Which We Know Not.

I ask for Peace, I ask for Love
I ask for Patience, and Hope from Above.
I ask for Wisdom, and Faith of a Mustard Seed,
So I May Move a Mountain, that was put before me.

Lord I Thank You, for Answering my Prayer,
For giving me, a Peace beyond compare,
For Faith and Wisdom, and Dreams of the Time,
That the Mountain, has been Climbed.

So I climb the Mountain, alone and unseen.
Facing a bitter wind, freezing and mean.
Clinging to the rock, that faith has given me
Guided by your light, through all eternity.

You see the Mountain, should not be moved.
I needed to experience it, to be tested and proved.
To know this rock, that was put before me,
Could not have been scaled, Lord without thee.

Thank you Lord, for giving me
Faith, Hope and Wisdom, and the strength to succeed
For Blessing me, Holding me, and Loving me so
For this prayer was answered, before I even ask it I know

So the Mountain, is now in my past
I survived it, scaled it at last
I now look back, to see this Mound
And discover, the Mountain's no where to be found.

For the Mountain's just a memory to me
A trial and tribulation, that was meant to be.
Thank you Lord, for answering my prayer
I had made a mountain, out of something that was not there.

God's Creatures, do you know, The Power in Prayer,
Just Ask, and He will Show us, Great Things beyond Compare.
Great Things He will Show us, That's asking a Lot.
God, Please Show Us, Great and Mighty Things, Which We Know Not..

He Is

He is, all that I need.
He is, my strength, my will to breath.
He is, my life, my all.
I am, is what, He is called.

I am, is the name of my Lord.
He is all I am, and more.
He is, everything to me.
I am, I'm here to serve thee.

Your son, died for me,
Hung on a cross, shed blood for me.
Was buried, in three days arose,
Conquering death, Christ arose.

Christ Gift, saved me,
from Hells Fire, for Eternity.
Christ love, showed me the way,
Christ peace, Is here to stay.

So Lord, here I am,
I am yours, I am.
Use me, for your will,
Fill me, Guide me still.

He is, all that I need.
He is, my strength, my will to breath.
He is, my life, my all.
I am, is what, He is called.

Just Eternity's Beginning

When my soul gets to Heaven, I will see my Brother Blue.
My Dad and My Mom, Wife and Children will be there too.
We will Sing and Dance, and Celebrate anew.
What a Reunion, of Christian souls its true.

O Death where is thy Victory, O Grave where is thy Sting
There souls are up in Heaven, Up where the Angels sing.
All Glory to his Honor, Let's Hear His Praises Ring.
For Death to a Christian, Is just Eternity's, Beginning.

O Satan you just turn around and get behind me.
The Son of God is Driving, The soul that's within me.
Now I'm the first to admit my own shortcomings.
But with Prayer and Faith and Trust in the Lord, Forgiveness is anew.

O Death where is thy Victory, O Grave where is thy Sting
There souls are up in Heaven, Up where the Angels sing.
All Glory to his Honor, Let's Hear His Praises Ring.
For Death to a Christian, Is just Eternity's, Beginning.

Now don't get me wrong, I am not looking forward to Death.
For God put me on this Earth, and he's not finished yet.
He has a job for me to do, while I live upon this Earth.
To spread the news of his return, and of my own, rebirth.

O Death where is thy Victory, O Grave where is thy Sting.
There souls are up in Heaven, Up where the Angels sing.
All Glory to his Honor, Let's Hear His Praises Ring.
For Death to a Christian, Is just Eternity's, Beginning.

Cloudy Sea

Fog settles around the rooftops, of the building's of the City.
Cushioning, Caressing, Comforting, the many.
A lone spire sticks up, beckoning to me,
The cross of Christ is calling, from across a cloudy sea.

The steeple of an old church, high on a hill,
Poke's though the blanket of fog, that there lying still.
The sunlight glistens off, the cross making it glow
Enhancing that one spot, of the lone spire in the snow.

Nothing else shows through, nothing else around,
just a Cross, floating, on a sea of white fluffy mounds.
Glistening, sparkling, calling to me,
That one lone Cross, from across that cloudy sea.

God's son hung on a Cross, Two thousand years ago,
He hung there, died there, paid my penitence you know.
He paid the price, the penitence, the toll if you will,
To wash the stain of sin away, and cleanse my soul still.

That cross is there to remind me, of the price he paid for me,
That day he died upon that cross, on a hill called Calvary.
The love he showed by his death, washed away my sins,
But the glory of the risen Lord, allows them to be, forgiven.

The Smoke is Thick

The smoke is thick, the scene is bleak, the population stands still.
All Hearts are aching, all thoughts are racing, the people fill ill.
The worst has come, were feeling numb, were angry and were mad.
How can this be, in the land of the free, to be so hopeless and so sad.

Planes have crashed, buildings fell, thousands have died.
Rescue workers, search round the clock, through the rubble piled high.
Prayers are said, we've sweat and bled, we've cried and cursed and stomped.
The land of the free, has been knocked on its knees, so lets pray, then stand back up.

It's one thing to stumble, and then to fall, or get knocked flat on our back.
It's another to get back up, and face adversity, and the facts.
The sun still shines, the birds still sing, life does still go on.
The Lord above, does still love, and his peace will reign on.

The Spirit of the Dove

Reborn, rebirth, to be born again,
to live, your life, over again,
to clean, your plate, to start anew,
to be, reborn, clean through and through.

Forgive, forget, start all over again,
to put, your past, behind you and then,
A dream, a chance, to be forgiven,
he gave, his life, please let him in.

God's Son, died on, that cross on Calvary,
he then, arose, to set men free,
to give, mankind, a second chance,
receive, his love, give him a chance.

His gift, of love, he freely gives,
just ask, of him, to forgive,
to fill, your heart, with his love,
ask, receive, the spirit of the dove.

The Fire Inside

One day while tending some sheep out in a field, Moses saw a wondrous site. A bush on fire, totally consumed by a flame, yet the bush did not burn. Now the mountain side that this bush was on had hundreds of bushes. Why did God pick this particular bush? Maybe this bush had been a true disciple of God. Following his every command. Producing abundant fruit.. Not a sinner like those ugly thorn bushes, You know the ones, they drink or smoke or do drugs. The ugly ones, the dirty ones. The ones from the other side of the tracks. The different color bushes. The outsiders, the strangers, not like us.

No that's not it, this bush, was just a bush. Nothing special, because any bush would do. Because the miracle wasn't the bush, it was the fire inside.

Now if that bush had been too busy working, or going here and there shopping. God would have just chosen another bush to do his will. For when it comes to his will, it will be done. So God just picked a bush, any bush, and filled it with a miraculous flame that did not burn. Remember it wasn't the bush it was the fire inside.

So be the bush, except the gift of salvation. Confess your sins. Let Gods love forgive you and cleanse you. Receive and accept the power, glory, fulfillment, and presence of his Holy Spirit. Let God use you as his instrument as he did the bush. It doesn't matter if you have thorns, or weeds.

Any old bush will do. That kind of power and love can wash away any thorns or weeds. Just let him use you as his bush, and allow his glory to fill you for his purpose.

Have you ever noticed the side of a mountain at falls color peak, or during the full bloom of spring. From a distance the scene is fabulous. All bushes cooperating, working together for the glory of God. What would it look like with a mountain side of people, filled with his spirit, all working together under his guidance, toward the glory of the Lord.

4 Souls

4 Souls sat round a table. 4 empty souls each staring at another. Their cold blank faces emotionless, containing no heart, no life. Yet here they sat, alive yes, but only physically. Emotionally worn, physically torn, each aged beyond their years.

A Carpenter, Plumber, Electrician, and a Mason, each masters of their trade. 4 Souls well respected in their field. Yet each seeking fulfillment, enrichment, joy. Trying as they might to find what they were seeking through their craft. Throwing all they had into their work. These dedicated professionals. These 4 souls.

To these 4 souls came one day a stranger to meet. I wish to build a church the stranger said politely.

You start with a solid foundation, The Mason said. Ill dig extra wide and deep footing to shore up any building. Pour a solid concrete foundation to hold up through the years. Build solid mason block walls to stand against any wind and rain. Why I could use brick or natural stones of such beauty that would attract parishioners like nothing else.

I could build a steeple so majestic it could be seen for miles the carpenter said. You could have exposed beams in your sanctuary. Hardwood floors, pews made from gopher wood, a beautiful cherry or mahogany pulpit and choir loft to excite every one senses.

Why I could build you a baptismal to rival all others said the Plumber. Beautiful Marble and Ivory Basins and Toilets. Why I could use all copper pipes for durability and function. How about some elegant drinking fountains.

The Lights could be glorious chandeliers the electrician said. With spots for the alter, baptismal and choir loft. A sound system to rival all others in quality, tone and clarity. Spotlights out side on the sign, church sides and steeple. A fabulous heating and air conditioning system for complete comfort year round.

The stranger sighed and said my dear souls you miss understood my meaning. I do not wish a church building for that is just a container. I want the fire that is inside each of you to spark a blaze that is all consuming.

Mason the faith you place in stone, mortar, and concrete could be a foundation if placed in Jesus Christ.

For such faith is the foundation on which he is building his church.
Carpenter the passion you place in wood and beams and structure could shore up anything if placed at Jesus feet.
Plumber the trust you place in copper pipe could be glorious if placed in Jesus.
Electrician the excitement you find in lights and sound can be found 10 fold in Jesus.

Don't you see, its not the church building that makes it great, Its the fire inside. Just like any person is not complete without the fire created by Excepting the gift of salvation offered to each and every one of us by God. By excepting Christ as our personal savor and being filled with his Holy Sprit you could spark a flame of such faith, passion, trust and excitement the like of which you have never seen.

So spark that fire, light that flame, be engulfed by the non consuming fire. You see when Moses saw the burning bush. It was engulfed by a fire that did not burn. The bush was just a bush. The true miracle was not the bush but the fire inside. So Repent of your Sins, ask for and receive forgiveness. Accept Christ as your personal savior. Receive the gift of salvation and be filled with his Holy spirit. By letting God's spirit fill you and work through you, allowing yourself to be truly, totally an instrument of God's peace.

In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Be all honor and glory to thy name, forever and ever. Amen.