



PAROUSIA

Parousia Christian Poetry Chapbook

WALKING
WITH
GOD

An Abigail Tydale Book

Walking With God | Abigail-Tydale Bassey

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Walking With God

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Published in Nigeria by

Parousia

(Parousia Reads and Magazine)

Address: 138, Ext II, by DLBC Pipeline, Kubwa, Abuja, FCT, Nigeria.

Correspondence Address: 1, OSS Ltd, Rufai Olayiwola Complex, Benjamin Bus Stop, Eleyele, Ibadan, Oyo State, Nigeria.

Phone No: +2347030874764, +2348128406752,

Email: publishing@parousiareads.com

Website: www.parousiareads.com

Cover Concept and Design: www.dabrandcity.com

Book Design: Tola Ijalusi

Parousia welcomes the submission of literary works for free publication

Email: submissions@parousiamagazine.com

Website: www.parousiamagazine.com

Contents

Acknowledgements	4
Foreword	5
Blurbs	7
1. Through Heaven's Street	9
2. I Don't Believe	10
3. The Good Samaritan	11
4. Very Little Faults	12
5. The Faithful's Hope	14
6. That Place Called Calvary	15
7. Ode to King Jesus	17
8. These Little Everything	18
9. The Misconception	19
10. Until I Reach My Home	20
11. Moral	22
12. Whispers	23
13. Life is Short	24
14. Bethlehem	25
15. Faith	26
16. Naomi	27
17. Earth's Last Day	29
18. Walking With God	31
19. Women of Faith	32
20. Moses' Old Sandals	34

Acknowledgements

To mum,
for her faith;

To Emediong,
who never stopped listening;

To Daniel,
who stayed true amidst the anxiety-ridden times;

Thank you!

Foreword

*Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:
And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way
everlasting.*

~ Psalms 139:23-24 (KJV).

The human mind is not an organ to be found in our bodies. It is a vortex of consciousness from which our decisions, abilities, intent and capabilities are created or given a thrust.

One of the many beautiful things God gave to us is the gift of a beautiful mind. When our mind is beautiful, we bring beauty to the world in deeds, exploits, and yes, words. To have a beautiful mind, we need the mind of Christ. To have the mind of Christ, we need to walk with God.

In this chapbook, *Walking with God*, Abigail explores succinct scenarios and realities that trails our quest for God and the search for depth through a walk with Him. She served it with poetry.

I have always seen poetry as refined communication - a refined form of expression. It appeals to refined minds and also has the potency to refine minds.

As you enjoy these poems from Abigail, take out time to pause, reflect, meditate as well as share with others. Let these beautiful lines from a poetic mind help you enjoy your walk with God.

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At the end of it all, may you find reasons to grow in depths in Christ and may His mind refine yours deeper and finer so you would have a finer walk with God.

Philip Asuquotes

Blurbs

"If this Gospel were a wonderland;
full of sweet enchantments;
the end of a lonely walkway_
and if my poetry were a compass,
I'd tread.

Wouldn't you?"

~**Abigail-Tydale Bassey**

"In a world full of uncertainties, Abigail carefully knits words of hope through her collection of poems *Walking with God*. She is a prolific writer and her works are really captivating. Reading one of her poems means reading the entire collection as there is a driving force that locks you in once you initiate reading. With all the challenges people have been struck with due to the pandemic, what we desire is a soul-lifter and a reminder that there is hope for tomorrow. That, Abigail has provided to us through this collection which has personally given me healing and encouragement."

~ **Queen-Carol Jones**

"Musical, smooth, and durable use of words; devoted to devotees, and super engaging."

~ **Tobi Salami**

"Abigail-Tydale has simplified core Christian themes with such literary finesse and prowess that could only come from those who know their onions.

Indeed, *very little faults will bring surprises on the final day.*

A great work, I must admit."

~**Akaninyene Eteka David**

"What Abigail has done in *Walking with God* is like taking one's soul to church while reading her simple sermoned poems with a visceral emotion that rings throughout the mind like a personal conversation with God. This is arguably an awakening to our being from getting lost to getting found_ *The Good Samaritan* and *Moses' Old Sandals* are my favorite."

~ **Babafemi Babatunde**

"Jesus calls out for a walk with him. Using parables and stories, there comes a total peace of mind in this journey. In the same way, Abigail shows you the beauties of such a life. Reminds you of the glory ahead as it continues after death.

*Child, lay your heart
Not in tears and wants
Not in sorrows;
In every little thing,
Touch me, hail me,
Like a music that touches the soul,
The little heart can worship and praise.*

Inspiring!"

~ **Mercy-Hezphibah Essang**

"Abigail is about the most talented young person I know—*Walking With God* is prove to that.

The bravery of this chapbook is that, it does not look away from anything; the miracle is that wherever it looks it finds poetry, spirit and God...having christian forms of imageries buried deeply in doxology, music and hymns."

~ **Younglan Talyoung**

1. Through Heaven's Street

When you walk through Heaven's Street,
Beyond the sea, on a beautiful day,
Take one step at a time, if you may,
There are a hundred thousand sailors in Jesus' fleet.

Men, women, boys and girls, they'll greet:
'Welcome to a home that'll forever stay';
When you walk through Heaven's Street,
God's glory will never pass away.

Neither the sun nor moon you'll meet,
'Cause His Word will hold sway,
To be the Light, and keep the people gay.
Whatever thing it'll cost, aim for this feet,
When you walk through Heaven's Street.

2. I Don't Believe

I don't believe in penury
For Jesus' blood is luxury,
The Word He gives means life to all
If you believe you'd never fall,
So, I'd think of Him as the only way
To life as I live all my days.
I believe His sufficiency,
And would never trust the world's expectancy.

I don't believe in human fame
For Jesus Christ is the greatest name,
The call of Him gives liberty
When you can live in purity,
So, all He wants is an open heart
Where His Word can grow just for a start.
I believe the peace He brings,
And would never trust what the world sings.

I don't believe in falsehood's growth
For Jesus Christ Himself is Truth,
Crucified on the Cross in humility
The only hope of eternity,
So, His grace to man makes provision
For joy and tears' resolutions.
I believe His salvation,
Is an escape from the world's condemnation.

3. The Good Samaritan

A man from Samaria came passing
Through Jericho while he was hearing
Groanings by the road side_
Stopped near the wounded's ride;
He took him to a place of healing.

4. Very Little Faults

A wealthy farmer
reared goats, cats,
dogs and rats,
in different barns.

He gave them each
an instruction to follow;
'you can eat all other vegetables,
but the ones on the farm',
he said to the goats.

'There's a pooh I've dug for you;
do not go poohing everywhere' _
the cats had heard.

'Never see through the bones of your fellow men, little dogs',
'and take no thing that's not yours' _
echoed his voice to the rats.

Days passed,
and the animals followed his words
until one day, the farmer travelled;
a stubborn goat looking out of his barn said to himself
'those fresh cabbages would taste so sweet'.

He took a leaf of them,
ran back to hide,
but a cat saw him and
went poohing by the farmer's truck _

Two dogs heard him crashing down;
and rushed for his bones.
That got five more rats
stealing fresh meat from the dogs' pen.

When the farmer returned,
his eyes sore,

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biting his lips bitterly,
his fury was kindled_

So, he dashed into the barns,
caught hold of every goat, cat,
dog and rat_
had them butchered;
roasted away their fur
and ate them all.

*Very little faults
will bring surprises on the
final day.*

5. The Faithful's Hope

Purity

Liberty

Destiny

Eternity

We know, purity brings liberty
of destiny for eternity.

6. That Place Called Calvary

That place called Calvary
built of fresh wounds
and rushing blood
thick and warm
once lived by my Lord,
kneads so much hopes in me

It tastes of vinegar
and wears the sorrows of dark clouds
without rain

That place called Calvary
reeks of the Saviour's smell;
His sweat so much for my towel to wipe
stumbled and fell
with tears like a river_
people laughed at the Lord
that I may live in glory

That place called Calvary
bears my King's words:
"It is finished";
knows the thousand tears on His cheeks
the weight of His Cross
such beautiful ugly Crown of Thorns
and the piercing nails
in His hands and feet
There, I found my pardon

That place called Calvary
is gateway to life
light in the dark
salvation to the lost
and freedom to the soul

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that place called Calvary
is God's right hand reaching for me
to live eternally.

7. Ode to King Jesus

Timeless Ancestor, living in fair clouds/
Son of the Living God, Heir of Heaven/
Your crown of gold glitters brighter than the sun//
Live forever, O King!

Beautiful Angels, with their many wings/
Sweep clean your orchards and bow at your feet/
Creation sing your praises on earth below//
Holy is your name, O Lord!

Power, majesty/
Dominion/
Adorn your throne above//
O Ancient of days!

8. These Little Everything

I have prayed to God myself
To show me what's good
And righteous
Of every little thing
My hands can do,
His words;
The little hands can clap in praise.

Child, lay your heart
Not in tears and wants
Not in sorrows;
In every little thing,
Touch me, hail me,
Like a music that touches the soul,
The little heart can worship and praise.

I have travelled to many lands
To hear the living sing
Of trees and stones and works of men
Of heroes and heroines
Young and old,
And I'd ask God
What can my lips do?
The little lips can sing in praise.

And to the mouth
Whose walls are elastic stones
Measurements; rotten wood
Furnishings; unfired gold
Adornments; friendly baits;
Of every little thing,
The little mouth can pray and praise.

9. The Misconception

Sinners say sin is sweet_
lie, lust; live lascivious lives,
party, play, perambulate,
row right and round
in the world's wide web,
think there's time to
flex, flirt, forge
God's good goals,
not knowing
sinning souls stink;
bearing bulky burdens by and by,
depreciating dearly daily,
weary, wretched, worn,
lacking, lame, lost.

Hope Heaven heals their hearts;
greet them, gather and groom,
sort, save
and establish eternity.

10. Until I Reach My Home

Refrain:

Journeying to the Kingdom at last/
Breaking out of this dome/
Never going to stop halfway/
Until I reach my home//

(I)

This world to me is a deep sea/
Causing people to drown/
Who neither understand the truth
That soon/ earth shall sink down//

(II)

But if you want to swim and swim/
Having pleasure alone/
Thinking not that death lurks around/
Your soul is danger prone//

(Refrain)

(III)

Beauty/ money/ fame will fade
Away into the pits of Hell/
Very little faults shall arise/
Great Horror/ difficult to tell//

(IV)

Shadow/ shadow/ is life in here/
Reality now lost/
Like a flower/ all will wither/
Until at last/ they'll rust//

(Refrain)

(V)

My mind is set on things above/
Knowing there's a home for me/
Striving in sorrows and pains/
Glory/ glory/ is all I see//

(VI)

Stumbling/ falling/ I'll rise again/
Travelling/ not stopping to roam/
'Cause Jesus for me/ will wait/
Until I reach my home//

11. Moral

Hasn't the Bible told you about
the rich man on a certain layout
maltreating Lazarus;
landing in Hell versus
crying of thirst in a land of drought?

12. Whispers

Gazing at those brilliant stars in the finely night sky
Convincing me to lose thought of a lonely night sky.

Seeing little kids drawing various sizes of stars,
Reminding me of traveling through a comely night sky.

Sleeping on this soft couch; sleeping on grasses also,
Sweet memories will come, watching a fairly night sky.

Perhaps, traveling to a special place like Golgotha,
There would be stories written on a lovely night sky.

And Abigail seeing Jesus will ask Him about
Why on some nights, dark clouds cover the lowly night sky.

13. Life is Short

A boy hears screamings down the hall
Once someone had the guts to question
What their noises meant
He'd say
They're crying / dying / just five minutes left.

He laments
Something is gradually sinking into the ground
Teeth gnashing inside mouths / empty stomachs traveling to
the gullets without hope /
Even the stout politicians from our country could not help
him.

Every five minutes, after day break, distressed children run in
front of moving cars, attempting suicide.
Even on Sunday mornings before Mass / fateless laities
dressed in bright color gowns / hair dancing in the wind
Life will not show them mercy at all.

A little girl's boyfriend killed her in five minutes.
Mourners came / thinking he was innocent / comforting him
Shrugged among themselves that life is short / in five
minutes / one lives or dies.

14. Bethlehem

Let us talk about one winter night
In the little town of Bethlehem;
Some say, it must have been full of fright.

Shepherds hearing near the mountain realm
Whispered their fears on that silent night
In the little town of Bethlehem.

If on the boulevards shone street lights,
Some, seeing the Angels wouldn't have
Whispered their fears on that silent night.

But as it snowed and snowed with great waves,
Angels singing made them believe yet,
Some, seeing the Angels wouldn't have.

Bethlehem, like a virgin bride let
Her groom kiss away her fears, same way
Angels singing made them believe yet.

Goodnews! goodnews! The Saviour is born.
Let us talk about one winter night
Aeons ago, before the break of morn;
Some say, it must have been full of fright.

15. Faith

Faith
in God
gives me hope
through thick and thin;
I believe, I can do all things through Christ.

Faith is my shield as I work through this world _
I'm not afraid
inspite of
death.

Faith
will build
a new life
in Heaven, where sickness and tears shall cease.

16. Naomi

I'm thinking
of an old mud bungalow
fallen on one side:
the roof; raffia_
tearing apart on the floor,
some very stubborn wild grasses
sprinkling at the entrance,
a large molten water pot
sitting outside
at the yard,
an almost empty kitchen
with broken earthen vessels;
there are a few other thatch homes along this path.

Sitting at the tiny porch
is an aged woman;
her name _Noami.

She's calling two names;
Ruth and Orpah.
On their faces,
tears run like rivulets,
arms wrapped in sorrows,
but Naomi mourns more;
she's widowed,
got two sons living in the grave.

Here, people keep faraway from her.
They maybe wondering;
is she a witch?
Or she's ill-fortuned.

Naomi losses Orpah again;
she does not want to live in poverty _

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everyone knows Naomi is a loser
yet,
Ruth stands by her_
although they reek of shame and tears,
Noami travels
from her dilapidated mud home.

In her childhood country,
relations say:
'we've missed you'
others say:
'you're welcome back'.

She wears a smile
like an uncomfortable garment
and makes weeping her song.

When Ruth remarries
and Noami smiles again,
joy returns to her home.

17. Earth's Last Day

A builder said,
on earth's last day,
he would love to be on the last floor
of a two million metres high sky scrapper
somewhere in New York;
perhaps, Jesus would see him early enough
and take him to Heaven.

When I moved to the big market,
one fat dark woman,
struggling through the crowd
shouted;
'on earth's last day,
I'll be at the market office,
perhaps, Jesus will meet me first and take me to Heaven'.

At the college,
a renown physics lecturer
murmured that
he would like to
wear a security officer's uniform,
stand at the gate,
so, he'll open the gate for Jesus
to take him to Heaven
on earth's last day.

A Reverend knows;
on earth's last day,
he mayn't see Jesus
if he does not sleep at the altar.

It was my grandmother who said,
earth's last day is everyday,
and Jesus would come any day _

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He will neither take me to Heaven
for being very intelligent or smart,
but He will take everyone there
if we live in true holiness
and love.

18. Walking With God

If traveling a long distance,
one must prepare,
then walking with God,
you must count the cost
'cause as check points on the highway,
so are temptations in Heaven's way.

You will need light
and wool
a piece of bread
and a skin of water
for so many days.

If beautiful friends
will see you hungry and worn out,
they'll laugh_
make fun of you.

But will you stop halfway
because of shame?
I'll hope, no!
And although your tears
will run deeper than oceans,
I see you with a golden crown.

Walking with God,
one must be patient
'cause God who sees the heart,
rewards just bountifully.

19. Women of Faith

There must be so much laughter
in Heaven
as I write this script to God
'cause I know
He'll read it
and pass it unto Angels Gabriel and Michael _
He'll ask them to set the stage
while I unveil the curtains:
'Dear God,
please, let Miriam lead in worship';
every moment her songs past the Red Sea comes to mind,
my heart leaps for joy_
when she's finished,
I'll want Deborah to be our compere;
she's such a charismatic leader _
partnering with Queen Esther
who's blessed with alluring beauty and
seasoned words _
and while waiting,
remember, Lord, your daughter, Abigail;
she'll serve the workers lunch _
Sarah will sit at the table
Hannah will sit next,
the third, Elizabeth:
they're wonderful mothers _
it'd be a great pleasure
to have the Lady Ruth take a lead role,
everyone knows,
she's the Saviour's ancestor;
we'll show some respect to Naomi also_
her mother in law _
there'll be nothing to worry about, Lord,
'cause Rahab has got a safe place
for our official guards_

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but if enemies prey closely by,
we'll have Jael smash their skulls in minutes'_

'Dear God,
I hope you consider this prologue of our play;

while a complete season will unfurl,
we'll welcome
the blessed Virgin Mary to
lead us further'_

'Thank you!'

20. Moses' Old Sandals

It all started when God hid in the burning bush/
Spoke to Moses in a flame of fire said/
'Hebron is holy/ put off your sandals/ you mush'/
Worshipping Him/ he knew it had really paid//

Spoke to Moses in a flame of fire said/
'Your sandals/ old/ reeks of blood/ anger and hatred'/
Worshipping Him/ he knew it had really paid/
Those old sandals/ now/ like sin/ would make us
wretched//

'Your sandals/ old/ reeks of blood/ anger and hatred'/
For us/ business/ pride and fame would hold our feet
bound/
Those old sandals/ now/ like sin/ would make us
wretched//
Ashamed/ we'd run out of God's presence/ round and
round//

For us/ business/ pride and fame would hold our feet
bound/
'Hebron is holy/ put off your sandals/ you mush'/
Ashamed/ we'd run out of God's presence/ round and
round//
It all started when God hid in the burning bush//



Biography

Abigail-Tydale Bassey believes that all things shall pass away, but the Word of God. She's a teacher, historian, caterer, salonist and fine artist. In 2018, she was recipient of the Chinese Ambassador's Scholarship Awards for best students in the University of Calabar, Nigeria where she studied History and International Studies.

Abigail's poetry has provided an opportunity for her to write to heal the world. *Daniel 12:3* is her favorite scripture. She lives in Uyo, Nigeria.

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You can also access her poetry online at:
Facebook Page- Tydale House
Instagram- @tydale.abigail
Twitter- @tydaleabigail

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