**April 17, 2013 - April is National Poetry Month**

**Myrna issued a bit of a chaollenge when she asked us to consider the influence of a poet who has had a lasting effect on us? What poem inspired us?**

**I thought about it for some time. How can I even begin to single out one? I have been thinking about this for awhile, since the beginning of National Poetry Month. I would think of one poet, or one poem, and would say to myself, “this one is it!” But something was not quite right, so I would continue to contemplate the many writers I have loved over the years. I taught a wide assortment of poetry courses over my years as an English Professor – how to choose which one is the most influential to me?**

**Finally, last night, in a conversation with another writer it came to me – in an instant, I knew for sure the one key source of my own writing, from a very early age.**

**My source is an ancient one – the Psalms of the Bible. King David would be my earliest source of creative writing, and I would always connect poetry with singing.**

**I would have heard them read in church from the time before I could speak. The various Psalms have been at the core of my life.**

**When my younger brother was dying on New Year’s Eve our entire family was there surrounding him in his home as he lay unconscious. My brother departed from this world at dawn on the first day of 2007. We said the 23rd Psalm to him while he was in his final minutes that night.**

**Three months later, my sister, youngest brother and I were tending to our Mother as she was beginning her final journey to the next world, I sat beside her with my Bible and I began to read her a number of Psalms because I knew those words would bring her comfort and peace. I sang to her, and I read to her that afternoon.**

**Last year, once again, I was with my Aunt Bettie, in a hospice, watching over her and holding her as she was getting ready to leave this world. Again, it was the songs of faith, and the Psalms that I shared with her. This time, my sister Patti was there with me again, as she had been the other two times. My two granddaughter’s were there, and our little 3 year old great-granddaughter was there as she gently slipped away.**

**For several years, I had been writing my own personal “Meditations on the Psalms.” It was a way of worship for me. I would read a Psalm and then keep it in my heart during the day. Throughout the day, I would jot down notes, little meditations, on that Psalm. Many of the Meditations were published by a gallery in New York. They appeared in the gallery newsletters over several months. I had not thought about them for quite awhile, until I began working on my writing archives and came across them once again.**

**Below is one of my “Meditations.” It is from Psalm 138. And, I will attach a site where you can read the original source if you want to compare my meditation with the original that inspired me one day in 1998.**

**You can listen to this Psalm on the voice recording at this website:**

<http://www.biblegateway.com/audio/mclean/niv/Ps.138>

**“An Interpretation on Psalm 138”**

**by Lynda McKinney Lambert**

I am standing here, Lord

my heart full of praises for you

I am sometimes aware

that the angels of heaven

surround me as I sing.

In my imagination

I stand against a gentle breeze

still on the mountain top

looking at your Holy Temple.

The sun warms my face.

How could I refrain

from singing today

as I think about your faithfulness

and the promises you keep?

Your trust is guaranteed.

You know there’s been days

when I’ve been weak -

my condition has been shameful

yet you respond to me

with encouragement and new dreams.

Wouldn’t every person in this world

like to hear your voice today?

Surely they would give you thanks

because you know them personally.

They will see that you are great.

Through the greatest dangers

we have come hand in hand.

You cleared the way before us

and quietly rescued me.

Is it because you have plans for me?

The vitality of life passes before

the presence of your glance.

Let this day develop as you say

and for only one reason -

I am your creation!

Lynda McKinney Lambert. Copyright 1998. All Rights Reserved.