

The Book
— of —
Worship



By
Kenneth Oodee

SYNOPSIS

These poems are filled with the cries of a soul determined to worship through weakness, through silence, and through the battles of both the heart and the world. It is a collection that transforms pain into devotion and exhaustion into hallelujahs.

Each poem stands as a spiritual confession, revealing that true worship is not only found in joy but also in endurance. Whether through broken words, trembling faith, or silent groanings, this collection speaks of a love for God that refuses to die. The Book of Worship is for every soul searching for light in dark seasons. This is a reminder that even in our final moments of strength, worship still remains.

Blending vulnerability with spiritual resilience, The Book of Worship speaks to anyone who has battled pain while trying to keep their faith alive. It is both a cry and a confession, A reminder that sometimes the purest form of worship is the song that rises from brokenness.

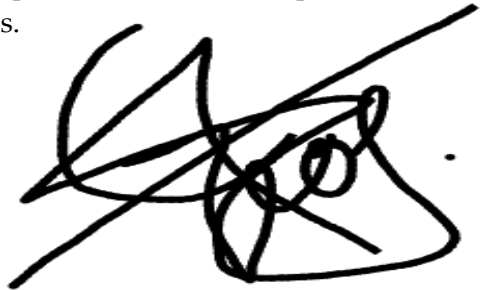


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INFINITE ABOVE ALL

The desert cannot drown your rivers of living water
Nor can any spirit take away from within us your altar
In moments when we have no words, you become our voice
In times of sadness and hopelessness, you cause us to rejoice

How pleasant is your wind that whispers revelations in our ears
How glittering your light that makes our darkness disappear
A ray from your light is more beautiful than all precious stones
An echo from your voice produces finer sound than ten saxophones

Even in bad situations, you remain good
Your authenticity can never be altered by human moods
As vast as the world is in length, breadth, and width
It is like a mustard seed beneath your feet

My dearest beloved Father
None is like unto you, past, present, and in ages to come.

CREATION KNOWS HIS NAME

The clouds move at His command,
Even the wind, in shivers, runs to know His demand.
The brightness of the sun and the stars
Echoes from His reflection
Authority expressed through motion in affection

The sound of His silence frightens the thunder,
His beauty is a billion times more than the seven wonders.
Mountains crack in humility as they prostrate,
In waves, the rivers worship;
They do not hesitate

The beasts of the field draw strength from His weakness,
In His being and beauty, the old remains ageless.
Darkness bows to His light for vision and direction,
And our flaws are made whole in His perfection

His second births eternity into longevity,
In our sinfulness, we are clothed in acceptability.
The One who was, and the One who is
The All-sufficient,
Immortal,
Eternal.

THE PURPOSE OF ALL THINGS

Through the wind, we feel Your love
Across all creation, your presence moves.
The sun and the stars express Your brightness
With chants, the rain and dew sing their duet in gentle reverence

Your breath unsettles the volcanoes
Thunder echoes in trembling awe
Even the leviathan cries day and night for Your mercy
And this is, but the least of Your mighty works we see

Is it the clouds that run to meet Your command,
Or the mountains that bow, turning to plains at Your hand?
Vast as the earth is, it cannot contain even the edge of Your shadow
The ocean waves rise and fall reflecting Your glory

Creation joins in unity to serve You
For the purpose of life is to live for You.

THE SYMPHONY OF CREATION

“Holy, Holy, Holy,” the birds sing in a crowd.
“Are You, Lord,” the cricket responds beneath the cloud.
Perfect poetry moves without commotion
For all creation worships at once, yet without confusion

The frogs and toads lead the mass choir,
On nature’s red carpet of sacred attire.
Flowers bloom in garments bright,
Dressed in colors of pure delight.

The grasses rise, stretching to see His feet;
The snail’s queue in silence, in worship complete.
Even in stillness, reverence flows
From the smallest seed to the tallest rose

The stars assume their given role,
Spotlighting creatures, one and whole.
True worship has never been a chore,
But joy that opens heaven’s door.

Effortlessly, pride descends, humility ascends;
Gravity trembles where His greatness extends.
Creation pauses, held in suspense
Overwhelmed by divine magnificence

The lions roar of His mightiness,
Echoing strength in their wilderness.



THE ONE WHO IS TO COME

The One who was, who is, and who is to come,
Generation after generation, your glory still hums.
Creator of time, yet You live beyond measure,
Giver of riches and wealth, yet You remain our treasure

Our life in the face of death,
Our strength in seasons of failing health.
Our stream, our ever-living water,
Our defender before every accuser

The trees dance, proclaiming their freedom in Christ,
Sunlight and water alone could not have paid that price.
In His strength, the mountains stand in pride,
In Your secret place, night and day, we abide

You are full of mercy, love, compassion, and affection,
We rest in Your solace as a hen shelters her young with protection.

IN YOUR MERCY WE GLORY

And in Your mercy, we glory,
Carrying us and perfecting every story.
In Your grace, we excel, we flourish,
For we triumph even when defeat would nourish

In our errors, your anger is still kind,
With all Your authority, you remain within reach of humankind.
Each passing day is a gift of love,
Every breath, a purpose from above

In Your unseen presence, we are protected
Without merit or effort, still we are selected
As if that were not enough, you let Your Son die
Resurrected, yet even in death, He was glorified

Breaking every barrier, every protocol,
At Your feet in worship, our praises will fall.

THE MINISTRY OF HIS MERCY

In His shadow, I find shelter,
His Spirit within me has made me a minister
To proclaim His endless love and care,
To mend every broken heart and repair

His unquenchable mercy upon our infirmities,
His power within us against every principality.
His weakness strengthens us,
His resurrection liberates us

This is the capacity and the power of El Shaddai,
Who in His might humbled Himself to die,
That we may find life and live beyond time,
If only we accept, confess, and express Him in rhyme

This is the only order of salvation
There is no shortcut, no abbreviation.

EVEN THIS IS NOT ENOUGH

In prostration, I worship in pure adoration;
In abundance, I express my gratitude in admiration.
The highest riches of humanity
Is poverty beneath You.
A drop of water from Your hand
Brings the rain and the dew

You are infinite in expressions of power and might;
Mountains turn to dwarfs
At the sight of Your height.
Nothing remains the same
In the experience of Your presence;
Nothing has life
In the court of Your absence.

You give purpose to life and to the earth;
In return, we give You glory till death.
Even when it is never enough
Confessing Your glory,
You love all
Plants and animals alike,
Never discriminatory

You are a Father, a mother, a friend, and a God;
Words cannot define You
You are altogetherly beautiful.

THE SOVEREIGN LISTENER

Your beauty is expressed in every creation
In reverence, the palms worship in adoration
Every motion aligns with Your command,
Creations in the air, the water, and the land

The earth is Yours and the fullness thereof;
You give, you take, none questions Your authority above.
Yet in that mightiness, you listen patiently;
Even the little we ask, you supply abundantly.

The Lily of the Valley,
Our satisfaction, our desire, our very being
Ever glowing in love and in mercy
In You, there is ultimate freedom

How can we not serve You,
When even a slave in Your kingdom lives like a king?

THE WEIGHT OF HIS GLORY

In His presence dwells a joy sadness cannot comprehend
Moments of intimacy bring all tragedy to an end
We are healed by His bruises and pain
Yet we shine like the sun beneath the rain

May His name be highly exalted
Even the greatest sinner before Him has never been faulted
A God, a Father, a Lover, and a Friend
Why then will our praise not ascend?

He made the sun in beauty stand still
We are His servants, yet endowed with free will
He parted the sea for unbelievers to see
Proving He owns the sky, the land, and even the sea

If this is not enough reason to be overjoyed,
Then the earth is still without form and void.

FROM VEIN TO VOICE

My heart will beat Your glory, O Lord
Melodies from every vein like a cord
My blood is ever flowing from Your stream
Your praises, every organ in me, screams

My eyes, in dependence, look unto You
And my testimony rejoices anew
My mind thinks of Your greatness
Yet in that thought, I can't comprehend Your mightiness

Your love surrounds me day and night
In my pain, you clothe me in delight
You wash me with the dew of the morning
You place on my lips songs that silence all mourning

Let my being forever be anchored to Your mercies,
That I may abide under Your shadow day and night
And the declaration of my worship shall arise from glory to glory
Amen.

CHOSEN IN MY BROKENNESS

And my Lord called me even before I became an infant,
When my existence, burdened by sin was far from convenient
My soul was lost, dead in ignorance, gone astray,
Not even silver nor gold could bring deliverance my way

He called me for years
Through seasons where I lost count of days
Yet He never gave up on me;
His gift of life and blessings never ceased

The relentlessness of a father
The unmatched love of a mother
Bringing peace through His own discomfort
Bringing salvation through His suffering

Bleeding on the old, rugged cross,
Just to heal me from hell and ignorance.

MY TONGUE FALLS SHORT

My heart is heavy with words I cannot express
His glory at times, words elude us to confess
His goodness comes with surprises and doubt
Causing the sons of men to debate and talk about

His words are greater than mere small talk
His actions leave the world in shock.
His allure transcends aesthetics and colour
His guidance outweighs a thousand counsellors

His love is as spotless as Christ Himself,
His mercy is mysterious, like that of an elf
His truth endures, both day and night, consistently
He is my rock, my shield, my source, my dependency

Who shall not fear Thee?
Who shall not fear Thee?

THE EARTH KNOWS YOUR NAME

My triumph in war and in trials,
My truth when the world clothes me in lies
My refuge in displacement
Hidden from life's troubles like a basement

Your voice, a beautiful melody, pleasing to the ears;
Your breath, armour, and a shield from my fears
The trees celebrate you without ceasing
All creatures proclaim your glory without needing

Flowers glow with beauty from the rays of your shadow
History remembers your kindness from years ago
When you smile, the earth harvests her blessings
Even in wrath, you never frown, you are loving

Every new life is an opportunity to worship you more
Every new height, a humble chance to honor you more.

ANCIENT FATHER OF SPIRITS

The God of all gods,
Ancient Father of spirits,
Your breath commands the wind,
And Your wisdom sustains our minds

Time after time, your words remain the same;
Our very identity rests in Your name.
Eternity is but a second before You,
And the oceans fade like vapour in Your view

You stretch out Your hand, the universe cannot contain
Even a fragment of Your wisdom; no mind can explain
A fraction of Your mystery, no memory can retain;
Beneath Your feet, no fame can ever attain

The earth rises in dust to glorify You,
And the whispering pines sing their psalms day and night.

A MYSTERY OF LOVE

That I am preserved by Your mercies
Does not mean I possess many abilities
Your grace upheld me at my lowest
In times of trial, you have been my closest

Nothing could match such depth of love,
Nothing could equal that blessing from above.
As a hen covers her chicks with care,
So are we kept in Your sheltering care

Your heart knows no color, nor face;
You love all. every tribe, every race.
“The earth is Yours and the fullness thereof,”
Every creature, Lord, is Your beloved

Your love knows no boundary
A mystery vast, beyond discovery.

THE GOD OF ALL FLESH

Ancient songs have been sung,
hymns have dripped upon our tongues
Words have been uttered,
exhortations rendered

Still, it is nothing compared to Your glory yet to come
Day and night, in our lungs, we hum in worship
The beauty embedded in Your mysterious nature,
the mightiness of our Trinity, our judge, our King, our Lord

I can never run out of words worshipping You,
even though words are never enough to describe You
Your love is evergreen
though we are Your servants, you still treat us as kings and queens

You hear all our worship and praise
truly, you are the God of all flesh.

THE ONE WHO MADE THE STARS

“The One who made the stars calls me by my name,”
Who am I not to answer?
How pleasant Your voice sounds through the wind,
How loving Your heart is to seek me

From darkness, you have delivered me.
Upon Your breast, I will dwell forever,
Drawing the care the world cannot give,
And feeding from the fountain of Your grace

Your eyes see me even in my closet
You hear my cry when my voice is unheard
Your blessings are never-ending, even when my hands are already full

No creation is left out of Your love
Everything lives in You
Everything lives for You.

UNTIL ADIEU

And Your Spirit, the very life of creation,
Our service is an emblem of humble appreciation.
Everything is made from love;
Why then should our songs not evolve?

It is a privilege that our greatness lies beneath Your feet,
A grace to witness each passing day beneath Your mercy seat.
The stars shine brightly by Your ability,
Worshipping day and night in their eternity.

All creation lives in gratitude,
Whether in solidarity or solitude,
Whether in abundance or in nothingness,
Whether in doubt or in absoluteness.

For we glory in nothing but You,
All the days of our lives, until adieu.

THE BOOK OF WORSHIP

Even when my voice seems lost,
As my throat is torn and exhausted
When my strength fails in trials
With my last breath, I'll sing Hallelujah!

When my soul feels weary,
In tribulations, my spirit bleeds
And my body can no longer carry on,
With my last strength, I'll sing Hallelujah!

When words fail me
When melody eludes me
And silence screams louder than my voice,
In my groanings, I'll hum Hallelujah!

When the world is against me
When their noise tries to silence me
And they fight to pull me from the spotlight,
Until my time on earth is done, I'll sing Hallelujah!