

Anthology of **JENNY M GUERRIER**

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

This book is dedicated first to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, the One who gives breath to every poem and purpose to every calling. May these words minister life, hope, and truth to every heart that receives them. To my family, whose love and support anchor me, and to every soul walking faithfully with God ? this book is for you.

Acknowledgement

I give all glory to God, who continues to pour revelation, creativity, and spiritual insight into my life. Without His grace, none of this would be possible. I also acknowledge every reader who has supported my previous works ? Hybrids, Genesis: First Book from the Bible, and A Christian Marriage: Walking Together with God. Your encouragement fuels my passion to continue writing and teaching. Finally, I thank every friend, intercessor, and quiet supporter who lifts me up in prayer. Your love and faithfulness strengthen my ministry more than you know.

About the author

Pastor Jenny M. Guerrier is a minister of the Gospel serving faithfully at Living Word Congregation in Port Saint Lucie, Florida. Known for his passionate preaching, clear teaching, and deep commitment to God's people, he also ministers across various non-denominational churches in his region. His heart is always ready ? ready to preach, ready to teach, and ready to spread the living Word of God wherever the Lord opens a door.

Pastor Jenny is also a published author and poet. His works include *Hybrids*, *Genesis: First Book from the Bible*, and *A Christian Marriage: Walking Together with God*, all available on Amazon under Jenny Mathusalem Guerrier. His writing blends biblical truth, spiritual reflection, and poetic expression, offering readers inspiration, encouragement, and spiritual growth.

His ministry extends online through his website, where he shares teachings, resources, and updates:
<https://sites.google.com/view/pastor-jenny-m-guerrier/home>

Pastor Jenny's mission is simple and powerful ? to lift Christ high, to strengthen families, and to guide believers into a deeper walk with God. Every sermon he preaches and every poem he writes is an offering to the One who called him.

summary

Created for Love

The Balance of Money

Never Give Up on Souls

Whispers of Light in the Thorns

Workhorse Redeemed

A tribute

My wife and daughter

In the halls of learning

My reflection

Imagine

The Kiss

Grief

I Dream

Here's To Those

Finding Hope In the Darkest Moments

Thoughtful awareness

Created for Love

We were created with love, By Love Himself, and to be loved. Fashioned in the image of the Divine, Breathing purpose from the very start. Love for God who formed us from dust, Love for our parents who guided our steps, Love for our neighbors in need of grace. Love selflessly given, poured out like rain, Freely offered, never kept in chains. Love without blemish, pure as the morning light, Unstained by pride or hidden spite. Love that uplifts the weary soul, Encourages the broken to rise and be whole. It is the thread that binds heaven to earth, The quiet strength in moments of trial, The gentle hand that restores what was hurt. In giving this love, we reflect the Father's heart, And find the truest joy He meant from the start. So let us live each day in this holy design ? Loving without measure, selfless and kind. For we were created with love, By Love, and forever to be loved. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

The Balance of Money

It is easy to miss the small things In the hurried pursuit of money. Yet we need it to survive and to thrive, A reality none can deny. It swallows our time, which cannot be reclaimed, And is often called the root of all evil. Though money itself is a necessary tool, It is the love of it that leads us to greed, Harming our hearts and the lives that we lead. Remember this truth and hold it near: Money is simply a tool in our hands, Meant to improve our lives and the lives of those near. We entered this earth with nothing at all, And when called to the Father, we leave it behind. So while we work to make it, let us also make time ? For the small joys of life, for family moments, For helping our neighbors with open hearts kind. In this balance we find what truly matters most. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

Never Give Up on Souls

People can change. They evolve with every dawn, Shifting, growing, becoming new. The ancient saying?that a leopard cannot change its spots? Does not apply to souls made in His image. Nor can we claim an old dog cannot learn, For grace rewrites what once seemed fixed. Like time itself, we press forward, Transforming in seconds, minutes, and hours. What once was broken can bloom again; Yesterday's shadows yield to tomorrow's light. Never give up on people. Hold space for their becoming. You may be joyfully surprised By the beauty that unfolds. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

Whispers of Light in the Thorns

Beauty blooms in the midst of chaos, Unfolding petals where storms collide. Scented flowers push through thorny bushes, Their fragrance lingering, soft yet undenied. A single light pierces vast darkness, Steady and small, yet bravely bright, Reminding every weary heart this: Where there is a will, there is a way through the night. So be that whispered light that gently strays, Shying the shadows with quiet grace, Turning stumbling blocks to stepping stones, And making ordinary moments a warm embrace. Imagine the humor in the grand design? How thorns defend the rose's hidden art, How one small spark can realign The heaviest burdens of a troubled heart. In chaos, beauty finds its clever stage, A subtle victory, never loud or grand, Where even darkness yields to quiet rage Of hope that blooms and takes a stand. Hold fast, for every trial has its end, And you, dear soul, can be the light that bends The darkest hour toward a brighter bend? A whispered glow the whole world comprehends. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

Workhorse Redeemed

A villain is a tireless workhorse, Endlessly plotting through the night, With schemes that twist and turn, of course, Each detail honed to sheer delight. His intellect stands sharp and rare, A mastermind in every glance, Unraveling minds with subtle care? A psychological elegant dance. He wields his gifts with cunning grace, Turning chaos into high art, Building empires none can erase, Yet always playing the shadowed part. If only he would pivot toward the light, Channel that brilliance for the good, Imagine worlds both fair and bright? Where villains host the neighborhood. They might devise the perfect plan For flawless gardens, neat and grand, Or orchestrate a traffic jam That somehow leads to helping hands. No grand explosions, just quiet wins, A world where heroes rest at ease, And every scheme at last begins With kindness wrapped in mysteries. What wonders then would greet the day, When even darkness learns to play. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

A tribute

To serve is a blessing, yet also a burden, A quiet weight worn beneath the uniform's pride. A sacrifice forged in the deepest love of country, And for every citizen who sleeps safely at night. A heavy duty embraced by the willing few, To safeguard the freedoms and blessings the many hold dear. They stand as shields through storm and silence, Guardians of tomorrow, born from yesterday's call. All citizens should be grateful, All citizens should show respect, All citizens should offer support, And celebrate their lives while they still walk among us? Breathing, laughing, carrying stories untold. For all soldiers become veterans The moment they first don the uniform, Swearing an oath that echoes across time. They are the brave who answered when others turned away. We should always salute them, We should always pray for them, We should always show our appreciation? Not just in parades or polished words on a single day, But in the everyday grace of a nation that remembers. From the battlefields they left behind To the quiet streets they now call home, Their service never truly ends. Let us honor the uniform, in service and out, The living legacy of courage, sacrifice, and love. Thank you?for standing when it mattered most. We see you. We salute you. We carry your light. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

My wife and daughter

My heart overflows with love for you both, My wife, my partner, my rock of both. In you, I find my home, my peace, my rest, My love for you is truly unsuppressed. My daughter, my angel, my joy, my light, You fill my days with pure delight. Your smile, your laughter, your sweet innocent ways, Bring joy to my heart and brightens up my days. God, in your wisdom, you've blessed me so, With a wife who loves me, and a daughter I adore. I thank you for your love, and for watching over us, For in your care, my family finds true happiness. My wife, my partner, my love so true, With you, I know life will always see me through. Your love, your support, your kindness so kind, Makes my life complete, and leaves me feeling so aligned. My daughter, my little one, my heart's delight, You are the joy of my life, my shining star so bright. I promise to guide you, to love you, to be there for you, Through every step you take, and every challenge you pursue. To my wife and daughter, my heartfelt embrace, I love you both more than words can ever replace. In your eyes, I see a love that will never fade, A love that I cherish, and a love that will always sustain me. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2024

In the halls of learning

In halls of learning, where young minds ignite, A symphony of guidance, shining ever bright. Not just the teacher with lessons planned, But every soul contributes, with loving hand. The janitor's care, a clean and welcoming space, The lunch lady's smile, a warm and friendly face. The principal's vision, a steady, guiding light, Each plays a part, in shaping futures bright. From bus driver's greeting, to librarian's lore, Each interaction plants a seed to grow. A tapestry of influence, woven with love, Nurturing dreams, sent from up above. They mend scraped knees, and listen to fears, They celebrate triumphs, and wipe away tears. A labor of love, though often unseen, Their dedication profound, a vibrant, hopeful scene. Sometimes thankless, yet they persevere, With passion and purpose, banishing all fear. For in each child's growth, a reward they find, A future they build, with heart and with mind. So let us acknowledge, with gratitude and praise, These unsung heroes, in countless ways. Let pride swell within them, for the work they embrace, Shaping tomorrow's leaders, with love and with grace. For they are the guardians, of dreams yet to bloom, The architects of futures, dispelling all gloom. In every child's success, their legacy resides, Educators all, with hearts open wide. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2025

My reflection

When I gaze upon the cross where Jesus stands eternal, I yearn to witness a mirror of myself within His light. Should no reflection rise to meet my searching eyes, I know I am not there yet, and the path still calls me higher. This is the fire we must always embrace and thrive upon? to become the best that we can be, a living reflection of the best human that has ever existed. Though we cannot claim a perfect copy of His flawless grace, we rise each day to forge a carbon one, etched deep in courage, love, and unyielding strength. In every breath we claim our power, in every trial we polish the image, until the cross no longer shows a stranger but the truest version of who we were always meant to become? empowered, whole, and radiant with His glory reborn in us. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2026

Imagine

... Just imagine, A world where everything Is a wish away and Every day is christmas day... Imagine a world, where your most sacred and secret dream comes true and your most precious fantasy become reality... Imagine, just imagine a world where love is everything and war is a very distant memory. if only one can imagine, the world would be a better place for it... if only one can imagine.
Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2015

The Kiss

There was a man walking around with a mistletoe. But all he sees are guys near him, so he kept the mistletoe hidden. He turned around and saw a girl. A smile on his face he approached her. 'Too late!' she said, 'the time is past. Your mistletoe is still hidden and it's one past twelve on the next day.' He became so sad he hung his head. She took pity and said, 'Well we can always wait for the thirty first because at midnight it will be the first. You'll get your kiss even if your mistletoe is still hidden. By Jenny M Guerrier. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2015

Grief

In the depths of grief, we find A force that shapes the heart and mind It can drive us to extremes untold Leaving us in a world so cold To escape the pain, we push away Those who care, who want to stay Isolation becomes our shield To protect the wounds that never healed Grief, a power both dark and bright It can lead us to the darkest night Or guide us to a place of peace Where healing starts and pain may cease When we let it out, it sets us free To embrace the pain, to let it be But when we hide behind a facade Grief becomes a weight, a heavy rod So let it flow, let it be expressed For in its release, we can find rest Grief, a force that tests our will But in its embrace, we find strength still Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2024

I Dream

i dream of a place full of laughter, a place of beauty and happiness. where every dreams become reality. i dream of sorrow, of shattered dreams. where the imagination is limited. where people become shell of their former self. i dream of silver lining, of barriers being broken down, of encouragement... i know that it is only a dream. but the thing about dream is sometime they do come true. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2015

Here's To Those

Here's to those who stayed behind. To those who, even without weapons, Serve for the FREEDOM of his or her neighbors Here's to those with the courage to say: 'Go and be valiant' Here's to those who laid awake, And prayed for the safe return of their love ones. Here's to those who know that to safeguard our FREEDOM, Is to have the courage to serve for those who cannot. Here's to those who have the courage to live, In the memory of their departed love ones. They truly are the heroes of our story It takes courage to pick up arms, And go to fight for FREEDOM. But it is a lot more courageous To let the ones who do go knowing they may not come back, Or may come back broken. Here's to you. May the Lord our God, continue to bless you and yours always. Thank you for your service. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2015

Finding Hope In the Darkest Moments

"There cannot be light without darkness. There cannot be joy without sadness. There cannot be beauty without ugliness. There cannot be a silver lining without clouds. Sadness does not last because joy is just around the corner. Darkness is not all-encompassing because light always shines through. The ugliness of this world can never keep us down because God's love reveals the beauty in all creation. Therefore, let us not allow the clouds of life to obstruct our view of the silver linings. Even amid chaos and despair, hope remains steadfast. It is in our darkest moments that we discover our inner strength and resilience. Just as the sun rises after the darkest night, we too can rise above any adversity and find solace in the beauty that surrounds us. Let us embrace the challenges that come our way, for they are opportunities for growth and transformation. With unwavering faith and a positive mindset, we can navigate through life's storms and uncover the hidden blessings that await us." Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2023

Thoughtful awareness

Being thoughtful is being aware, Recognizing the world beyond our stare. It's understanding, with empathy and care, That what we see might not always be fair. Being aware is being in sight, Perceiving the struggles, both dark and light. It's opening our hearts, removing the blight, And embracing differences, day and night. Being in sight is being in mind, Acknowledging perspectives, diverse and kind. It's seeking understanding, taking the time, To listen and learn, leaving judgment behind. For many, out of sight is out of mind, But let's break those barriers that bind. Let's extend our thoughts to all humankind, Embracing unity, leaving no one behind. Remember, in this world, we're all intertwined, So let's be thoughtful, aware, and always kind. Copyright © Jenny M Guerrier | Year Posted 2023