



My Portion *forever*

A Collection of Poems by
Lisa Marie Angotti

*"My flesh and my heart fail; but
God is the strength of my heart
and my portion forever."*

PSALM 73:26



Lisa

Marie Angotti has lived with severe complications from Lyme Disease and co-infections since the age of 12. During more than three decades of illness, she has developed a trust in Jesus Christ and a perspective on pain most people will never attain.

These poems are a gracious gift from Lisa Marie to those who live with chronic illness and to all those who seek to grow their faith, especially in difficult seasons.



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Why me?

A Teen's Lyme Story

An active, healthy girl was I,
Until I had to kiss my health goodbye,
'Cause a little creature named a tick,
Bit me and made me very sick.
My joints started aching and then my head;
It hurt so bad I had to stay in bed!
We went to many doctors who found nothing wrong.
I wanted to know why it was ataking so long.
We found Dr. Masters who could see my needs.
I was tested, and we found out I had Lyme disease.
Immediately, I was put on Amoxicillin.
And when I was unable to walk, we tried I.V. Penicillin.
I was admitted to the hospital where I didn't improve,
And my pain kept increasing and nothing could soothe.
My poor Head moaned at the hospital din,
And my joints screamed in agony again and again.
It got to the point where I couldn't raise my head.
My stomach hurt and I had to be fed.
Then I was air-ambulanced out East.
I wondered, "Why can't they stop this spirochetal beast?"
I was then desensitized to a drug named Claforan.
And became very hopeful that I'd be going home soon.
My hope was short lived when I got worse again.

This time I was worse than I'd ever been.
Knives pierced my head causing awful misery.
My skin was very sensitive, and I was also dizzy.
Chest pains racked my body day and night.
Hallucinations, tremors, chills – are what I had to fight.
Intense and awful was my joint pain.
No drugs, not even morphine, could restrain.
Many tests did I undergo,
EEGs, a spinal tap, EKGs – and many more.
Needles and shots didn't hurt any more.
My other pain was so great that those I could totally ignore.
When it seemed that my body was nearly spent,
My pain, just a little, started to relent.
We were able to go home, after a time.
I hoped to soon be rid of this terrible Lyme.
After a couple months or so,
I began to walk and to church to go.
After two years, I still have a headache
and joint pain that NEVER goes away.
I have bad relapses and terrible days.
Now, I don't know why all this happened,
But I know that God has everything planned.
Maybe He wants me to learn compassion,
Or patience or for others to have more concern.
One day I'll know why, and someday I'll see.
But all I know now is God is still working on me.



Broken shells

One morning as I walk upon the shore,
I see broken shells scattered on the sand.
I pause for a moment just to think
And take one broken shell in my hand.
I caress it and turn it, this little shell,
That the waves have tossed and battered so,
A flash of purple, a glint of white –
A remnant of beauty from long ago?

Startled, I realize how much like that shell,
I'm broken and scarred by life's seas.
But, just as I hold this little shell
There is One who gently holds me.
Yes, He chose me with all of my failings,
Little beauty of mine left to behold.
Nothing, but weariness and sorrow to give,
Yet He said, "To me, you're more precious than gold."

He smiled a smile like a dad to a child,
As I said, "I cannot understand!
Why would You want or use one like me?"
Then He gently took hold of my hand.
"Precious one, those who are lovely and whole
Think they have no need of Me.
So, I've chosen the weak and crushed of this world,
To help them realize and see:
There is no strength, except through Me,
No beauty, but only My face,
Nothing strong aside from My might,
And nothing pure, but My grace."

So, if you are crushed, battered, and bruised,
If you're discouraged, take heart; all is well.
You've been chosen in love, never forget –
Just remember the broken shell.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, Age 17 © Lisa Marie Angotti

... And God hath chosen the
weak things of the world to
confound the things which
are mighty.

1 CORINTHIANS 1:27




Cup of anguish

Sometimes it all seems too much,
This overflowing anguished cup.
I say, "I can't; I'm not this tough."
But then I see upon that tree
The Man of Sorrows slain for me –
Unshakable even to death.
And though my strength has nothing left,
I feel a deep, steadying Breath.
For a sacrifice so infinite,
May my gratitude be evident.
In Your strength, I know I can,
So, precious Lord, with all I am,
I surrender to Your perfect plan.

*Trouble and anguish
have taken hold on me;
yet Your commandments
are my delights.*

PSALMS 119:143

By Lisa Marie Angotti, October 2018 © Lisa Marie Angotti
Dedicated to Joni and the Pain Pals





enough

When the mountains fall into the sea,
When life's waters overwhelm me,
You, Lord, are all that I need.
Your Grace is enough.

Though my body is failing
And my courage is paling,
Your Strength is staying.
Your Power is enough.

Though my heart keeps breaking,
Each day I'm awaking
There's no mistaking
Your Mercy is enough.

Rocks may be silent, but I won't be.
Let all men sing praise to the King.
My God is faithful, good and kind.
Seek Him and you will find
His promises are enough.

When the future seems wearing
Far too heavy to carry,
You remind me that You are leading
And that this life is fleeting.
For there's no comparing the riches awaiting
The soul that is waiting without fainting.
This world could never satisfy
Because You alone are enough.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, February 2020 © Lisa Marie Angotti

*And God is able to make all grace
abound toward you, that you,
always having all sufficiency
in all things, may have an
abundance for every good work.*

2 CORINTHIANS 9:8



God is still on the Throne

When the tide turns against us
And the winds swiftly change,
We are assured of one constant:
The Lord is always the same.
God is still on the throne!

War threatens and swirls about;
Evil seems to have conquered the land.
Right appears to be losing, yet recall:
Nothing is above God's hand.
God is still on the throne!

As thunder crashes and fierce storms rage,
Floods are rising and the dark night long,
Hold on to Jesus – our Anchor is sure.
Our unshakable foundation is strong!
God is still on the throne!

*The LORD has established
His throne in heaven, and His
kingdom rules over all.*

PSALM 103:19

By Lisa Marie Angotti, November 4, 2008 © Lisa Marie Angotti





Sweet
sixteen

The years have passed so fast now,
'Tis hard to comprehend
The birthdays that have gone and how
My childhood's at its end.

My early birthdays I've no memory of:
The hugs, presents, and the cake,
Only a sense of overwhelming love
That only God could make.

Now the birthday that I have today
I've only dreamed about.
The precious age I've reached, I pray,
Has only hope not doubt.

The pale pink roses I've received this hour,
I hope may signify
The sweetness of the precious flower
Of life as God draws nigh.

When I'm much wiser, old, and gray
With the life that I'll have seen,
I'll look back with priceless memories and say,
"I once was 'Sweet Sixteen.'"

By Lisa Marie Angotti, 1994 © Lisa Marie Angotti



Forever free

Twenty long years bound to my bed,
No visible chains, an illness instead.
Not one step taken in all of this time –
My jailer laughs; his name is Lyme.
Mind, body and soul ravaged by pain,
Nystagmus and dizziness that never wane.
Twelve years without music of any kind
Broke my heart and tortured my mind,
Rendering deafening silence all day long
For one who longed to sing life's songs.
Visitors can enter, but I never can leave.
I've missed so much; my heart just grieves.
The treasured few visit with smiles on their lips,
Reaching their hands through the bars and slits.
Do they know their caring smiles are light?
And their love gives me strength for this fight?

Where is the sun? The rain and the wind?
The starry night sky and long ago friends?
Where are the butterflies emerging in spring?
Leaves changing, snow falling, or birds taking wing?
What year is this? How old am I?
How many tears can someone cry?
I've known darkness blacker than night.
I long for sunshine and cling to the Light
Of the world, since He is the reason
My heart doesn't fail in this heartrending season.
You see, though my body is bound, my spirit is free,
And the blessed hope of glory brings joy to me,
For one day when the Word speaks I'll be set free
This mortal prison will be a faint memory.

My soul will be loosed from the bars of this earth
And fly to the One who knew me before birth.
I'll kneel at His throne and look at the face
Who went through such agony to save me by grace.
In an instant all loss and suffering will fade
When compared with the price He so willingly paid.
He will say, "My child, welcome Home!
You never spent even one moment alone."
His nail-scarred palm will take my hand
And show me His gloriously perfect land!
"No more sorrow, tears, grief or pain;
You're where nothing of sin can ever stain."
My feet will leap on stunning streets of gold;
My eyes will see the skies from views that can't be told.
I will sing, I will praise, I will shout, dance and run
As my Savior smiles brighter than 10,000 suns.
All pain forgotten, all trials swept away;
No more darkness, just unending Day.
Unspeakable joy at my release from captivity,
I will forever be free throughout all eternity.

By Lisa Marie Angotti © Lisa Marie Angotti

*The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon Me,
Because the Lord has anointed Me To
preach good tidings to the poor; He has
sent Me to heal the brokenhearted,
To proclaim liberty to the captives,
And the opening of the prison to those
who are bound;*

ISAIAH 61:1





His hands

*His Hands sculpted regal rocks and rivers,
Majestic mountains and flowered fields,
Painted stunning skies to shame the masters,
Coiled roaring seas, a glimpse of the might He wields.*

*His Hands were a Baby's, innocent and soft
But with one destiny, that of the Cross.
The Joy of His Father, the Light of the World
God's plan of redemption at long last unfurled.*

*Nailed to a cross, His Hands bore the weight of my sin,
Pierced and torn by unfathomable pain,
The highest Name paying the greatest debt ever paid,
Willingly bathed in the blood of my stain.*

*The Hands who created Life itself lay lifeless.
The Word in the tomb lay strangely silent and still
Until blazing Light split the dawn sky
As Jesus conquered death on Calvary's hill!*

*His Hands breathed and molded my soul.
He made me perfectly whole in His sight,
Planting an eternal seed in my heart
That would only bloom in His unclouded Light.*

*His Hands mapped out every detail of my life –
Birth, death, and each moment between,
Planning the steps of the journey I would take
Before one second had been seen.*

*One day His Hands will open the scroll,
The Lamb who is worthy, slain for our souls.
His Hands are beckoning, His Voice calls, "Come!
Join the throng of every kindred and tongue!"
See the crimson scars upon His hands and side?
What is your answer to the One who bled and died?
As countless names ring out from the ages and years,
Will your name be called in the Place of No Tears?*

By Lisa Marie Angotti, 2021 © Lisa Marie Angotti

*And He said to me, "It is done! I am the
Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning
and the End. I will give of the fountain
of the water of life freely to him who
thirsts. He who overcomes shall inherit
all things, and I will be his God and he
shall be My son . . . But there shall by
no means enter it anything that defiles
. . . but only those who are written in
the Lamb's Book of Life. And the Spirit
and the bride say, "Come!" And let him
who hears say, "Come!" And let him who
thirsts come. Whoever desires, let him
take the water of life freely.*

REVELATION 21:6-7, 27, 22:17



Hold my hand

Lord, life sometimes is oh, so hard
With mountains high and valleys low.
Please hold my hand with gentle strength.
Oh, never let me go.

Lord, at times I feel like giving up;
The road is rough and long.
But if you'll hold my hand real tight,
My heart will always sing Your song.

Lord, some days I seem to want my way,
To do what I think's best.
Instead, please lead me by the hand
Into the perfect will You've blessed.

Lord, I know You said You'd never leave me,
Yet now and then I feel alone.
Clasp my powerless hand in Yours
For I am never on my own.

Lord, what do You think when I'm afraid
When I've no cause for doubt or fear?
It must cause You unfathomed pain
When you are standing there so near.

So, Lord, when I start to cry for You
Begin to wonder if You understand,
May I always know with a perfect peace
You are there – waiting – to hold my hand.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, age 16 © Lisa Marie Angotti





Let the Light shine in

I know that there's a purpose in the pain
And that sunshine will follow rain,
But right now my heart is broken
With so much left unspoken.

Why is the world so blind?
Why can life feel so dark,
A landscape shadowed and stark?
And as my tears are falling,
I hear my Savior calling:
"Let the Light shine in!"

We live midst a world plagued with sin and hate
That's exchanged Almighty God for something called fate,
Grasping at some passing emotion they feel
Instead of the Truth that's everlasting and real.
Oh, Lord, let Your Light shine in!

For lives whose skies have turned to gray
And who seem to have lost their way,
Shine Your Light, Your love, Your peace;
Blaze the path to the "Least of These."

For the tears that are falling
May be Your Voice calling, "Child, look to My face,
I will shine down My grace."

For souls who live in pits of despair
Searching for something or Someone to care,
Shine through the darkness, Lord, shine through the rain;
Display the difference, the reason You came,
That life will never be the same
Once we let Your Light shine in!
Oh, Lord, we praise Your Name!

By Lisa Marie Angotti, June 2020 © Lisa Marie Angotti

Then Jesus spoke to them
again, saying, "I am the Light
of the World. He who follows
Me shall not walk in darkness,
but have the light of life."

JOHN 8:12





Look to the cross

At the foot of the cross mercy and pardon run free
For Christ's blood paid the ransom for me,
Hopelessly lost, sin-sinking fast,
Searching for Someone to save
Heaven reached down and rescued my soul--
Delivering from the dark of the grave.

Oh, sin-sick heart and battered one,
Do you know God's only Son?
Have you heard His sweetest voice
And have you made your final choice?
Do you sense within your soul
The One from whom all blessings flow?
Heaven's King, wrapped in flesh
Filled with love and righteousness,
The Healer of all sin and strife.
Oh, friend, how He can change a life!

When despair destroys your courage and might
And the world's eclipsing your ember of light,
Though the way is dark and all seems lost
With gaze unwavering - Look to the cross!

When your heart is full and the Joy runs deep,
Or you climb uphill, but the path is too steep -
Look to the cross!

When enemy wounds you and friends depart
And nothing can soothe your breaking heart,
Look to the cross!

Oh, the cross that gives salvation's light
And fills my heart with strength to fight,
The cross on which my Savior died
Where all my sins were crucified.

Where burdens fall and chains release
Darkness ends and prayers increase.
And as your knees drop to the ground
You will hear a sweeping sound,
For grace will flood your heart and soul,
Mend each part and make you whole.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, 2023 © Lisa Marie Angotti

*For it pleased the Father that in
Him should all fulness dwell; By
Him to reconcile all things unto
Himself; by Him, I say, Whether
they be things in earth, or things
in heaven, Having made peace
through the blood of His cross.*



Looking unto

jesus

Looking at the face of Jesus
Brings me perfect peace,
For all my troubles seem to fade
And all my worries cease.

Speaking the name of Jesus
Grants instant awesome power:
With just one word, He's holding me
Secure within His mighty tower.

Praising the King of Glory,
Bathed in love and light,
I leave behind earth's fleeting pain
And joyfully enter eternal life.

Kneeling in the Throne room
I tremble in breathless awe.
But one look from His eyes of grace
Eclipses the dreaded law.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus
With Heaven all around
His words are life; I drink them in
And hear no other sound.

Being in the arms of Jesus
Is a place beyond compare.
I'm safely held next to His heart,
Forever cradled in His care.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, August 2016 © Lisa Marie Angotti

Looking unto Jesus the author
and finisher of our faith; who for
the joy that was set before Him
endured the cross, despising the
shame, and is set down at the
right hand of the throne of God.
For consider Him that endured
such contradiction of sinners
against Himself, lest you be
wearied and faint in your minds.

HEBREWS 12:1-3




My Graduation

prayer

Lord, today I'm graduating.
I can't believe this day is here.
Thank You for bringing me this far,
Drawing me closer to You year by year.
Thirteen years of school have come
And quickly they have fled,
Yet looking back on everything
I know that by You I was led.
From kindergarten to twelfth grade
It was in You I could confide.
I could constantly feel Your presence;
I knew You were by my side.
You even helped me in chemistry,
Not by easing the subject I disliked the most,
But, instead, You taught me to rely on You,
So that in myself I would not boast.
Then, You brought me through many painful trials
Where I grew up, oh, so fast,

Yet in that time I learned to focus
On the eternal things that last.
No, these years have not been easy,
But because of You I've reached this day.
You were always there for me to lean on,
And You held my hand the entire way.
Lord, as I embark on Life's journey,
My prayer as I graduate this hour
Is not to have success in life
Or to obtain great money or power,
But instead, this is the prayer of my heart:
Lord, I ask You to guide me in all that I do,
So that the words I speak and the life I live
Will always honor and glorify You.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, On my graduation
from high school, May 4, 1996 © Lisa Marie Angotti





The Love That Never dies

Sometimes life is harsh,
And the world is closing in,
Spinning with a confusing blur,
But there's a Love that's always been,
A Love that never dies.

The rain is pouring down;
Grey clouds are looming low,
Yet look up, oh soul, remember
The promise of the rainbow
From a Love that never dies.

Winter's chill has fallen.
The garden's bleak and bare,
But spring will come again.
Sweet roses will bloom there.
Blessed by a Love that never dies.

People falter, trip, and fall,
Causing fear and hate to reign.
Still, Jesus died and lives for all,
And His perfect love won't change.
He is the Love that never dies!

In Loving Memory of

Whitney Rose Law
November 8, 1994 - February 10, 2008
One of the sweetest roses ever
Who continually showed me God's Love,
The Love that never dies.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, © Lisa Marie Angotti



True friends

*“Friend,” a word spoken casually by most,
Uttered not with commitment, but just as a boast.
When things are going well people tend
To seem quite eager to be someone’s “friend.”*

*Time passes quickly and things get tough.
Most so-called “friends” have had quite enough.
In blows life’s harsh, knock-you-down wind.
You find, now folks aren’t so anxious to be called your “friend.”*

*When you recover enough to look around,
Very few shadows are even left to be found.
Suddenly, the opportunity has descended
To learn which friends their extended hands have rescinded.*

*True friends, in a lifetime, you will have but a few.
We should try to be one using God’s point of view.
Just who is your friend will be known in the end.
With God’s help, focus on others and become a true friend.*

By Lisa Marie Angotti, age 15 © Lisa Marie Angotti

A friend loves at all times . . .

PROVERBS 17:17





Who you are

Lord, You are **Unspeakable Joy** when I'm sad.
You are **Goodness** when all else seems bad,
Dispensing **Medicine** that makes the heart glad.
You are a **Blessing** when my body seems cursed.
You give me **Water** when my soul is a-thirst.
You are the **Foundation** when my feet are sliding.
You see me **Clearly** even if darkness is hiding.
You are my **Healer** when I am in pain.
You hold me **Steady** when the world is insane.
You are my **Peace** when my soul is striving
And **Life Eternal** to a world that is dying.
You are my **Spring** through unending winter,
Making me **Sweet** lest I should turn bitter.
You are my **Hope** in the midst of despair.
You are my **Comforter** when no one is there.

Lord, You are my **Song** in the silence of night.
You are my **Shield** in the thick of this fight.
You are my **Lighthouse** when I'm lost at sea.
You teach me life is about **You**, not me.
You are my **Friend** when I feel all alone.

You are my **Strength** when I have none of my own.
You are the **Beauty** brought through ashes and fire
And the **Summit** that draws my gaze ever higher.
You are my **Surety** when nothing is certain,
My **High Priest** and **Divider** of the curtain,
The **Righteousness** who paid the debt for my sin.
You are the **First, Last, Beginning and The End**.
You are my **Defender** when the foe assails
And the **Measure** by which everything pales.
You are the **Rock** in an ever-shifting sea.
Whatever may change, You are the **Constant** for me.

By Lisa Marie Angotti, September 2019 © Lisa Marie Angotti

*This hope we have as an anchor of
the soul, both sure and steadfast,
and which enters the Presence
behind the veil, where the
forerunner has entered for us, even
Jesus, having become High Priest
forever according to the order of
Melchizedek.*



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