



POEMS

About LIFE

PERSONAL POEMS BY:

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THE HAND OF A LIVING GOD

I do not know why ocean tides,
roll on their ceaseless ways,
Or why the beautiful snow capped
waves, rush about in play,
Nor why the sea gulls like to
fly, as they weave and nod,
But this I know, each shows
the hand of a living God.

I do not know why some can live, their lives in
reckless sin
Or why they feel so dangerously wrong, that life
will never end,
Nor why they store treasures, in this earthly sod,
But this I know, they need the hand of a living
God.

I do not know why death comes, and leaves our
hearts so drear,
Or why it stops our plans of work, and fills our
souls with fears,
Nor why we have to rest our flesh, beneath the clay
and sod,
But this I know, we need the hand of a living God.

MAKE ME STRONG

Lord, when I'm weak, make me strong
When I hold back, help me press on
When I'm tempted, let me not yield
Guard and protect me, with your shield.

WHERE IS YOUR ANCHOR?

Each child that's born to breathe the air,
Who grows through the innocent years
Comes to a crossroad in his life
For adulthood is drawing near.

These roads are called, the narrow and wide
Which direction will it be?
Faith or faithlessness one must choose
In life's ocean tide.

Many snip loose the anchor of their faith
Cutting the cable of belief
Allowing their vessels to drift in the wind,
Into rocky reefs.

Others let faith take over the helm
Steering them straight to God
Casting their anchor on Calvary
Mooring far from earth's sod.

TRAVELING WITH THE WIND

If one could wrap himself within the wind,
And travel over land and sea
Flying through populated cities--
Above mountains steep,
There would be found great beauties
Wherever one might roam,
But none so bright with splendor
As the sight of a happy home.

IF WE



If we can be content
when all's deranged,
If we can learn success
is more than fame,
If we may feel that God
is always near
Then happiness we'll
find from year to year.

If we may stand when friends have let us down
If we may wear a smile and not a frown,
If we will search the Bible for the way,
Then with this strength, we'll never go astray.

If in our beds each night before we sleep
If we will lay our cares at Jesus' feet,
If we will pray for guidance from His light,
Then day by day we'll win each trying fight.

If we can face our problems with a smile
If happiness we know by going the extra mile
If followers of Christ we learn to be,
Then joy and love we'll find eternally!

TO SEE

To see the awakening of a new born day
As sunlight filters its graceful rays--
Across outstretched meadows of curing hay--
To see the swelling buds of spring
Filled with blossoms from mountain to plain
Is a great sight.

MOTHER

There is a word that sounds so sweet
In every human ear
It is the word Mother
Because she is so dear.
Perhaps we often wonder
What makes her love so true
What makes her give faithfully
Her whole life through?

These questions must be answered
With a word from heaven above
The word that makes a Mother
Is the little word LOVE!

A GIRL

God gave us--the birds that sing, slow falling
rain

Then He gave our hearts a whirl--
With a precious baby girl.

God gave us--hours of joy, rattlers and toys
Truly gave a priceless pearl
With an active little girl!

God gave us--the passing years, school yells and
cheers

Enriched our lives--filled our world
With a lovely teen-age girl!

God gave us--a college queen, with laughter and
gleam

A daughter sweet, with flowing curls
God knows, we love this girl!



A WINTER WONDERLAND

When speaking of beauty, some
prefer
Cities where buildings reach
the sky
Where man is designer and
builder combine
That these have beauty--none
can deny.

Others see beauty in framing of art
Skillful colors laid by hand
Viewing nature's various scenes
Of the heavens, ocean, and land.

May I inform you of beauty rare
Displayed brightly upon the sod
This beauty cannot be made by man
Such only comes from God.

During wee hours of a cold dark night
Snowflakes glide from the sky
Lodge themselves gracefully on every tree
Leaving a beauty for all to see.

While strolling through country--viewing
each scene
The trees model their brilliant arrays
Some slender and graceful, others snowcapped
green
Masses of crystal--bright and clean.

Some prefer beauty from human hands
Summer and beaches with miles of sand,
But give me a country side, changed by God
Into a Winter Wonderland.

GOODBYE OLE YEAR

Goodbye ole year, you have spent your time
Fifty-two weeks you gave
Summer, autum, winter, and spring--
Sunshine, frost, snow, and rain
Now you must pass away.

What has been your worth to all mankind--
Are all things just the same?
As when you began your span of time,
January, February, down the line
To the very last single day?

Now I can hear your echo cries
Speaking loudly, strong, and clear
Telling of the vast, frightening change--
Speaking as if one ordained
Of all that has come to human kind!

GOD AND FALL

I paused to see some beautiful flowers
With colors all aglow,
And asked this age old question--
What gives them life to grow?
Each color blended soft and rare
Beyond an artist's stroke,
They breathed perfume into the air
Above their grassy coat.

I gazed across the wooded hills
Where the horizon met the ground,
Saw colors of red, yellow and green--
Blended with auburn brown.
Coming to life was a blowing breeze
Dancing leaves moved across the ground
Two things were present for me to see:
The season of fall, and God were found.



HOLD A ROSEBUD

Hold a rosebud with your fingers
See its diamond dewdrops rare
Know that it will fade and wither
Within a few short hours.
Let your eyes of faith view heaven
With its precious stones arrayed
See the tree of life there blooming
Where its blossoms never fade.

A BLESSING IN RAIN

In the western skies of rolling black
Trimmed with streaks of lightening flash--
Thunder rolling
Tree frogs scolding
Perhaps it will rain at last.

On a little clay farm on Cooper Flat
Live a man and wife named Joe and Mat--
Windows are down
They sit around
To watch nature empty her eyes.

Joe has worked so hard on his little farm
To raise the best hay and corn--
His crop all plowed
He watches the clouds
For God to do His part.

In a little while the rain descends
Accompanied with lightening, thunder, and wind--
Corn and hay
All growing away
As they kneel to thank God in prayer.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE

There is music everywhere, if we'll only listen
The mockingbird sings to greet the day
The thrush sings still, when clouds are gray
And even the breeze-- rustles the leaves
Adding a melody.

There's a song to be sung, if we'll but try
Whether skies be dark or fair
If we'll only listen our hearts will hear
Sounds of joy, and sounds of cheer
Whether day or night.

There is music in the air, in all the seasons
The blossoms may glow, as spring winds blow
But whether there be sun, rain or snow
There is music somewhere
If we'll only hear it.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Is life some mixed and constant fear,
Or hopelessly at sea,
With destiny sod--No hope of God,
Living from year to year?

Is life a cloud of rushing wind,
Speedily blowing on,
Man's only dreams--Being earthly things
Ceasing as death descends?

No, life is more to those who see,
By faith beyond the skies,
Hope without fear--Living countless years
With God forever to be.



A WORLD OF MANY SOUNDS

Life is made of various sounds,
Which help make all worthwhile--
Sounds that are heard year by
year,
And never go out of style.

In spring we hear the songs of
birds
Busily making their nests,
And hear the rustling evening breeze
While the sun sets in the west.

In summer there's the joyful cries,
Of children in the lake--
By night the perfect har-mony
Of creatures wide awake.

In fall we hear the crackling sounds,
Of falling wind-born leaves,
Enjoy the sound of a slow cold rain
As we go to sleep.

In winter there's the whistling wind,
That whirls the snow around,
The crackling sparks in the 'ole fireplace
Giving forth a pleasant sound.

Add to these seasons the common sounds,
Of a baby's coo where love abounds,
The children's call for Mom and Dad
The smack of a kiss for a lad with a frown.

Open your ears to the many sounds,
Heard each year where all about
Happiness and joy will then be found
In this big world of many sounds.

A CUP OF LOVE

A cup running over with love,
A joy each of us should feel
Toward comrade and brother,
If Christ to us be real.

Hate cannot bring us glory,
Nor solace for the mind
Such pangs will only destroy,
And be a waste of time.

LONELY WATERFALL

By a waterfall near a village town
Sat a young boy all alone
Watching the water from the waterfall
Come tumbling to the ground.

Remembering hours near the waterfall
With the girl that stole his heart
By a love as bright as the morning star
And the sparkle of the dew.

Now she never comes to the waterfall
Death keeps them apart
But though she's gone this lonely boy
Keeps her love within his heart.

He sees her face in the waterfall
Hears her voice from the rippling sound
Sheds a tear from his lonely heart
Then returns to the village town.



TREASURED MOMENTS

The date was late November
When leaves were on the ground
Pine needles, like woven carpets
Could everywhere be found
A chilly breeze was blowing
Which set the stage for fall
Across the hills of Tennessee
At good old Chickasaw.

With friends we found our cabins
Nestled near the lake
Where fire with dancing colors
Graced the stone fireplace
Friendship flowed with laughter
Within the cabin walls
The grill was filled with burgers
At good old Chickasaw.

The night brought pleasurable moments
While country music played
Singing songs of yesteryears
Until the night had fade
The morning found us hiking
Gathering plants and sweet gum balls
A strong wind roared above us
At good old Chickasaw.

The hours were treasured moments
With friends and nature's ways
A time to long remember
Bright and happy days
Although the days have ended
At times we'll hear a call
To spend some time of leisure
At good old Chickasaw.

READY FOR GOD .

Death, like the thief, unheard, unseen
Steals through night's dark shade
Perhaps, as here I stand and rudely speak
Of these dark, hidden things
Soon may the hand be stretched,
And dumb the mouth that lisps the faltering
strain.

Oh! God that dwells in heaven
Such power supreme, everlasting King
May it find me rapt in meditation now and later
Hymning songs of my great Creator--
So that in the last moment of my life
I will hasten beyond the azure,
To bathe the wings of this my spirit
In their native elements to dwell with You
forever.

Far from a world of grief and sin,
With you, God, eternally shut in.

A REQUEST FROM GOD

I do not ask, Dear Lord, that life may be,
Always a pleasant road beneath my feet
Nor paths to walk where thorns prick not my feet.
I do not ask, Dear Lord, for flowers along the way
Where only shines the sun in soft array.
But this I ask, and pray that it may be,
That when I walk in storm or calm,
That YOU, Dear Lord, will walk with me.

MEMORIES



In almost every city, a garden
can be found
With beautiful flowers, lofty
trees, and colors of renown
Admired for peaceful calmness,
with nature on every hand
Landscaping designs of mossy
hills--all for the thrill of
man.

But not all beautiful gardens can be seen by
psysical eyes
Or harmed by frosty winters--snowing, sleetng
fromthe skies
There is a garden of memories, where mortals
often stroll
Which lingers bright and beautiful, even after
growing old.

We plant these gardens gently, and tend them oft
with care
Weeding out the deeds of evil, that cause us to
despair,
But cultivate the precious ones, that fill our
hearts with joy
When tide is high with stormy gales, on life's
ocean voyage.

Ask yourselves this question, how does our garden
stand?
Have we forgiven and forgotten, when wronged by
our fellow man?
If we've lived our lives for Jesus, while through
this life we roam
Someday we'll trade our earthly gardens, for a
heavenly home.

MY LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY!

Please my little girl don't cry! Don't cry,
Your troubles are real, I know.
But so many things that shake our lives
Making us question - what is right,
In time will pass on by.

And like a dream in the stillness of night,
That makes its flight at dawn,
These things that are heavy to your heart,
Will vanish - moving on,
And it's true that I love you so.
Please, my little girl,
Don't cry! Don't cry!

FULL GROWN

You gave us our children for such a little while
To enjoy their tender youth and smiles
Infants, toddlers, children, and teens
These years were so short it seems
Until they were full grown!

Yet, you gave us time to mold them strong for life
To teach them what is wrong and right
Laughter, problems, hugs, and tears
Love aglow through the years
Until they were full grown.

One by one they went from parental nest
To build their own treasured homes
Marriage, laughter, problems to meet
And the sound of little feet
Now that they are full grown.

AUTUMN TRAIL



The summer days are over, autumn
has begun
A breeze is rattling fodder across
the fields of corn
The cotton rows are laden, with
locks of snowy white
Like rolling clouds across the sky,
or slender beams of light.

A country road is winding--through
miles of perfect art
With colors of the rainbow, beauty near and far.
Cattle are busy grazing--hillsides full of charm
While black birds flying over, with serenity, peace
and charm.

Showers of leaves are blowing--whirling and tumbl-
ing down
Some are chasing others, rushing o'er the ground
The smell is country freshness--away from city smog
It all awaits our bidding, such treasures are from
God.

I PICKED A ROSEBUD

I picked a rosebud soft and rare
From where it grew today
Laden with diamond dewdrops,
Colored by bright sun rays.

I smelled the perfume--none compared
From between its petals lay
And felt its velvet special touch
This helped to make my day.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF SPRING

How many times at the peak of spring,
Or at the end of an April rain
 When newness, beauty, and color abound
 With raindrops--diamonds all around
Have you felt joy unspeakable?

Have you seen the bees working their way
From blossom to blossom all the day
 Butterflies fluttering their lucid way
 Out of the sunshine into the shades
While birds sing melodies of cheer?

Do you answer yes to these rhythms and rhymes
That you have experienced many times
 Nature's birth from earth and sod
 A present from the hand of God
The sights and sounds of spring!

DARKNESS INTO DAY

I'll trust in him, each fleeting day-
I'll share my life along the way
The world will know, I trust Him all the way
He'll change my nights, of darkness into day.

No other one can take His place--
He came to earth, to show the way
Of happiness--forever and today
He'll change my nights, of darkness into day.

When this my life, on earth is done
I'll trust His power, to take me home
Where angels dwell, and glories never fade
He'll change my nights of darkness into day.



PA, THE MAN OF VELVET AND STEEL

It was in the silent hours of
darkness

When his spirit slipped away
After fighting life's long battle,

In a strong courageous way,
Ninety-five years of toil and
struggle,

Crossing valleys - climbing
hills

He went home to the God that made him.

"PA"

The man of velvet and steel!

He left behind the wife that loves him

Joined together seventy-five years

By her side to the last moment,

Serving her faithfully, bringing cheer.

Remembering the years they spent together

Side by side within God's will--

He'll live on in the hearts that love him.

"PA"

The man of velvet and steel!

He touched the hearts of all his children

With his kind and loving ways

Yet was a man both strong and rugged,

Working hard was his only way.

Kept his grandchildren always laughing,

With his jokes and making deals--

He'll be missed--we long to see him.

"PA"

The man of velvet and steel!

A DARLING WIFE

Dear Wife, when you are turning over relics of the past,

And I have passed away forever from your sight
When the cold stone shall keep its lonely watch

Over lips you have often pressed day and night,
When the sod of growing green hides me from this life

Here is a man that had a darling wife.

When you see the mellow sunset glancing o'er my grave,

And feel the cooling breeze pressing on your face

Let this bring to your remembrance the many times

That we were nestled close to each other's heart--sublime!

Instead of tears, please feel the joys of life

For here is a man that had a darling wife.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD

Come unto me the Lord has said, you have a cross to bear

Set your goal on Calvary, leaving worldly cares

Be not conformed unto the world, you have a life to share

Let it be a life to see--changed eternally.

One day the Lord will come again, meeting saints in the air

Taking home His faithful ones, mansions He's prepared

Love not the world, neither the things of the world

If any man loves the world--he's not of God!



A COURAGEOUS WOMAN

It was in the time of spring--
She slipped away
The time of flowers and butterflies
A season of joy when robins sing
In trees adorned in green.

Her life was filled with colorful rays
Within the paths she walked
Laughter, service, love so rare--
Showing others that she cared
About their problems and dreams.

Even when life was heavy to bear,
She carried on
Battling each storm with courage still
Helping those around her feel
That life is all God's plan.

It's true, that in the time of spring--
Her lips are stilled
Yet we can say, even today
And in the coming years
That Joyce will always live.

ONLY A GLIMPSE

Could I but reach my hands into the sky
And touch the stars like diamonds aglow
Or wrap the blanket of the night about me
As if to feel and know--
All the great wisdom, hidden there since
creation's morn
Then I would still catch only a glimpse
Of the power and brightness of God.

SINCE JACK FROST CAME TO TOWN

There's a change of scenery outside our house
That took place over night,
 No more the greenery all around
 Mixtures of colors now are found,
Since Jack Frost came to town.

The air is filled with a fallish smell
Along with a chilling breeze,
 Leaves are flying to the ground
 Colors of yellow, orange, and brown,
Since Jack Frost came to town.

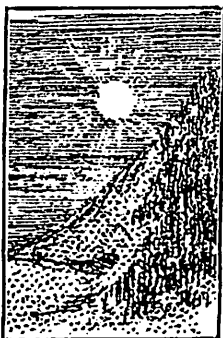
Winter is coming is the whistling cry
For snow is on its way,
 Trees will be stripped of color renown
 Standing cold and bare on earthly mounds,
Since Jack Frost came to town.

A MELODY OF SPRING

Spring, say the chirping birds,
 As they busy themselves at play
Spring, says the bright warm sun
 Shining forth its rays.

Spring say the weeping willows,
 Waving their slender arms
Spring says the babbling brook
 Sparkling as a charm.

Nature has a million voices,
 Singing a melody of spring
Giving joy to human hearts
 Filling our lives with dreams.



WHY I BELIEVE

Each time I see the swelling
buds of spring,
Matted across the earth in one
big chain,
Each time I see the robins on
their nests
Strutting forth their red
feathery breasts
Each time I smell the freshly

broken sod--

Then I believe there is a living God.

Each time I see the sun sink in the west,
Painting each cloud with a golden crest,
Each time I see a full moon big and round
Seemingly rising slowly from the ground
Each time I see the weaving goldenrod--
Then I believe there is a living God.

Each time I go fishing on a lake,
And see the fishes swimming wide awake;
Each time I feel a breeze upon my face,
And watch the ripples dance a rapid pace
Each time I see a little baby nod--
Then I believe there is a living God.

A BREEZE

It seems to me that only God can make a breeze
under a tree

Coming from out of the sun through the shade
Sometimes gentle and other times as though afraid
How pleasant it is to be happy and free
Knowing that only God can make a breeze under a
tree.

THE FARM BOY

Well I'm a farm boy and live on a farm,
When I go to bed, I set my alarm
Then in the morning when it begins to ring,
I just turn over and begin to dream.

I dream of my breakfast being brought to my bed--
I dream of silk pillows under my head
I dream of a maiden with teeth so white
That sings me songs from morn til' night.

With hair so black and eyes so blue,
When she looks at me, it thrills me through.
I ask her if she's married, she says, "No, why?"
I say, "With your consent, a ring I'll buy."

She says, "I love you, so buy me a ring,"
But of all the luck, it is only a dream!

ALMOST CHRISTMAS

The skies are dark with rolling clouds,
As black birds cover the ground;
 Snow flakes gliding through the air
 While nature beautifully declares--
A few short days til' Christmas.

Crowded sidewalks--busy streets
Shoppers all in town;
 Buying dolls and wind-up toys
 Bringing fun to girls and boys--
Throughout the coming years.

Not every child will laugh with glee,
When Christmas day appears;
 Their homes are broken, cold and bare
 They have no one who really cares--
To show them love on Christmas.



TRIBUTE TO A ROSE BUD

Rose bud, little rose bud--
Sparkling bright with early dew,
You're the freshest and purest
What a thrill to hold you.

Rose bud, little rose bud--
Layers of petals neatly arranged
Though I should work a lifetime
Never would I want you changed.

Rose bud, little rose bud--
Beauty is only one of your charms,
Joy you bring when you're chosen
Then when given, friendship warm.

Rose bud, little rose bud--
A fragrance sweet and true,
You're beyond man's art of forming
Only God could have made you.

A NEW CALENDAR

I just unwrapped a new calendar
Three-hundred-sixty-five pages smooth and cold
I fanned them through my fingers
Wondered what each day would hold.

Joy, happiness, death--the sod?
There's no way I can know
But the answer lies in walking each day,
By the side of my living God.

THE BIG RACE

The ticking of the clock--the shorter days
Remind us that autumn is on its way
Seems only a short moment ago,
 Spring melted away the last of snow,
And the earth gave birth to its array.

The turning of leaves--frost bitten and fray
Speak forth that winter is closer today
One morning we'll awaken to bitter cold,
 The glazing of ice with a wind that scolds,
While nature lies dormant and gray.

The passing of years, some sad--some gay
Tell us that life is slipping away
Birth, childhood, full strength, old age,
 Speed us closer to death and grave,
To await an endless day.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

The brilliant hues of autumn
 Sparkle brightly in the sun
As the shades of evening gather
 O'er a land compared to none.

Through the trees a breeze is stirring
 Cold and frost fills the air
In the morning a great white blanket
 Will be sparkling everywhere.

Down the streets with rows of houses
 Where children dwell--snug and warm
While they sleep through nature's coldness,
 God will keep them from all harm.

The season of fall, and God were found.

THE CRUEL SIDE OF LIFE



Write on! Write on! you cruel
hand of life
How often do we see you dark and
cold,
When you carry away in death
those we love
And rapidly change youth from
bright to old.

Just think of all the human hearts you've torn
And all the tears and cryings in the night
The longings only to touch a vanish'd hand
Or hear the sound of voices ghostly quite.

How often do we gaze upon your fallen prey,
One who is lying still in silent death
And think of all the laughters along the way
That have ceased because of your request.

No more to smile and greet the morning light
Nor lift the burdens from those hearts forlorn,
Asleep, Asleep! til' heaven and earth shall pass
And Christ appears the righteous to adorn.

FOOTSTEPS OF TIME

Footsteps of time--what an awesome sound
Never broken by passing time
Millions have marched before us
And multitudes behind.

This marching human procession
Most all too blind to see
Months passing into years
Each step closer to eternity.

TAKE US BY THE HAND

The stars up in Your heavens, the moon that shines
by night,
Declare Your power and glory, by turning dark to
light,
The flowers and grassy meadows, give beauty to the
land
All things were planted, by Your loving hand.

Man here on earth, with his foolish pride,
Turned against You, by rejecting Your great light,
What will his answer be at the Judgment Day,
When the dead arise, from their beds of clay?

Take us by the hand, lead onward in Your way
Help us again to stand, should we fall today
Only in You we'll find, a God that understands
Guide onward in Your pathway, take us by the hand.

SERIOUS MEDITATIONS

The night was dark and fog laid frosty gray
Over the graveyard mounds of mirey clay
Where hundreds slept from life's echoing tones
Finished with earth where mortals love to roam.

What is the state of these who quietly sleep
Aged, youth, middle age and infants sweet?
Buried there are dreams so neatly spun
That were never reached because life was done.

Eternity, yes, eternity each must face
Before a God that has ever been awake
Heaven, for the righteous--a place so sweet
Hell, for the wicked--ruin and defeat.



YOU'VE GOT A BOY

They tell us words make pictures,
Describing all sorts of things.
From the fury of snow capped oceans
To the gentle falling rain.
From the tiniest crawling creature,
To the towering giraffe's head
From all forms of active living,
To the quiet and sleeping dead.

There's one word that comes to fathers,
Swelling their hearts with pride and joy
When the doctor smiles and echoes,
"Mr., you've got yourself a BOY!
Then he gives his thanks to heaven,
For such blessings of this life
Thanking God that He has given
Such a precious darling wife.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

Within this world of cares and woes--
As tides return their ebb and flow
We may not know it
Our lives may not show it,
But God is everywhere!

God travels with the chilling winds
The trees with ice and snow He bends
We may not greet Him
Our souls may not seek Him,
But God is everywhere!

(Continued)

Still, time will come for life to end
When every soul will need a friend
All knees will bow
And will cry aloud
That God is everywhere!

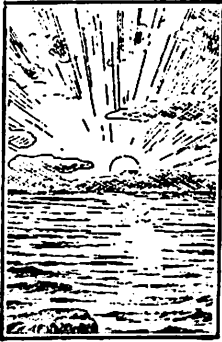


IT MUST BE FALL

There's a strange feeling in the air,
And it happened all at once
The chilling breeze--the rattling of leaves
Red berries on the dogwood trees
Wild geese flying to nature's call
Once again, it must be fall!

The grass is adorned in a coat of brown,
Like the color of spring cured hay
Wasps are flying - to their hiding
As low clouds hover the sky
Bumblebees making their last call
Once again, it must be fall!

Are we too busy with work and play,
To feel this pleasant change
Relaxing the mind - seeking to find
That God's handiwork is sublime?
Open your eyes, you'll enjoy it all
Once again, it must be fall!



THE SUN WILL SHINE

The rain is steadily coming down,
While dark clouds hover over land
The sun with bright golden strands
Is now hidden from our view.

Within our minds, we can know
That whether rain, sleet, or snow
There can be at the dawn of day

A glowing world with bright sun rays.

Into our lives dark clouds may come
Depression bears upon our minds
Still with a hope of cloudless times
We can believe the sun will shine.

WHERE IS LIFE?

Life, how flippantly we say the word!
As though we were speaking of common things.
Yet, locked up within its limits and bounds
Are depths that we have never found.

God, who is the author of all existing life,
Set forth this motion of miracle art
Speaking into existence the need to survive
Bathed in both darkness and light.

Life, where in all places may you be found--
While you pursue your natural ways?
We need not search to see your face,
For you are hovering all around.



THIS DAUGHTER OF MINE

By the move of hand, and
the stroke of pen,
I find it difficult to
begin
To express my love in
rhythm and rhyme,
For this little active
daughter of mine

She makes our family come to life
Singing, playing from morn til' night
Talking and squealing at all her toys,
And finds it fun just making noise.

She hugs and kisses Mom and Dad,
And spankings always make her sad,
She's especially loving when seeking her way
And always delights in having her say.

One day she's a Doctor; the next a nurse,
While carrying her tools in a worn out purse.
All are made well by receiving her shots,
Regardless of anything they've got.

She combs my hair and paints my nails,
It's always a pleasure without fail,
With a happy smile and shining eyes,
We love her so I can't deny.

As weeks turn to months, and months to years
There remains in my heart joy and cheer,
She'll grow from a girl to a lady fair,
And will still be a jewel--precious and rare.

CLINGING TO YOUTH

My heart goes out today for those--
Who spend their hours with thoughts
Of all those days of yester-years,
And never enjoy their NOWS!

Life is to them, one big chain
Which links its way to youth
Where life was simple and care-free spun
Since all was joy and fun.

The sun rose brighter to greet each day,
As meadows smelled fresher with dew
Birds sang happily from tree to tree
To make life full of glee.

Nights were filled with quite and calm
Only whippervills across the way
Roosters crowed for miles around
To awaken every day.

Who can deny that such was great--
While in the bloom of youth,
But hands of time cannot return
To these gone-forever-days!

But we can accept today's new world
By reaching out to each hour
And making each day a hopeful one
Like seeking a fountain of youth.

A HOUSE OF LOVE

The month is June and spring's arrayed
Love, in young hearts is found
Plans are being made for wedding bells
Announcements, cakes and lacey veils
With laughter all around.

(Continued)

Marriage is like constructing a house
Three parts making it sound
A foundation of faith anchored deep
With sturdy walls of hope complete
Roofed with abiding love.

So build your house to stand the storms
That life will bring to bear
Make your vows from sincere hearts
Give your all until death do you part
And live for eternity.

SUCCESS THAT FAILS

You say that life has begun to treat you well
That blessings come each week without fail,
And life is beaming as the morning sun
Since all is pleasure, joy, and care-free fun.

At work your boss has given you a raise
You hardly work a day without his praise,
He even gives you a bonus--extra pay
So you can spend frivolously along the way.

And so your house is the finest in the town
With rarest and costliest furniture to be found,
You say that you would feel a weight of guilt
If one should find decorations less than silk.

One can't deny you have truly raised yourself
To heights where millions long to find their fate
Success is yours on earth where humans trod,
But, all is hopeless and vanity--without God!

Within the next ticking of the clock
Your life and valued riches--death could stop,
Away your soul would fly from earthly play
To the Hadian world awaiting Judgment day.



GOOD NIGHT TO MY GARDEN

The leaves on my vegetables are
turning brown
As one by one they cover the
ground
Seeming to know that fall has
come.
That the course of their time
has been run.

Now it was only a short time ago
They displayed their greenery in stately
rows
Filling the air with nature's perfumes
Attracting bees with their tempting blooms.

Then came their fruitage in clusters fair
Tender and juicy ready to share
Food for the gathering all summer through
Delicious and fresh as the morning dew.

Now that there're dying, should the gardener
weep?

No, they have earned their right to sleep
Did I say dying, I speak them wrong!
For though decaying they'll live on.

By nature's cycle a part they'll play
Making soil humus--instead of clay
Rising from sleep as God ordained
In a fresh new garden this coming spring!

TWO SPINNING WORLDS

When just a lad, those growing years
Ever so often I chanced to hear
Scientific facts which gave me a shock
Which were very hard to get through my knot.

The earth is spinning just like a top,
Hanging on nothing, believe it or not
Holding us snugly to the ground
While this big ball spins around.

Now that I'm older with experience and years,
Time and opportunity have let me peer
At a world spinning in two different ways
As years and decades melt away.

In addition to the scientific, gravity spin,
There is the rapid pace of men
Pushing and flying both night and day
Rushing their fleeting lives away.

But in a few years, this rapid pace
Will come to a halt--for the grave
He'll spin into eternity beyond this sod
To answer in Judgment to a living God.

GRACE, HOW SWEET THE SOUND

Grace, a word that echoes loudly
From this life to endless time
Giving hope to all the raaces
Who obey His will divine.



COMPARED TO THE ONE I LOVE

If I could have my choice in life
Of earthly things I see and know,
Would I prefer a fortune of gold
To ease my mind and reach my
goals?

Nay, all this seems so small
Compared to the one I love.

You could make me King on a glittering throne;
Dress me in silk with a crown of pearls
Have men to move at my command
To capture cities and miles of land
All this would be no thrill at all,
Compared to the one I love.

For show me wealth that has a heart,
To long and know when I am gone
That laughs and cries to joy and pain
And makes me feel, life isn't vain
Away, O wealth, you'll never be,
Compared to the one I love.

No silk or pearls can ever replace,
The warmth and thrill of one embrace
For nature has formed in a lovely way
A face that smiles to brighten each day
So, away with Kings, they have no place,
Compared to the one I love.

IT WAS LOVE

It was love, it's plain to see
That sent our Lord to Calvary
The pain, the hurt, the agony
Was faithfully born--for you and me.

