

I am not old though this old shell  
Of mortal clay in which I dwell  
Shall fall when trials of earth are o'er.  
Yet, I within shall upward soar  
And go on living evermore!

**I am not old!**

-Author Unknown.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **BUILDER OF BRIDGE**

An ~~old man~~ <sup>old man</sup> going down a lone highway,  
Came, at evening, cold and gray;  
To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide  
Thru which was flowing a sullen tide.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fears for him;  
But he turned, when safe on the other side,  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man", said a fellow pilgrim, near,  
"You are wasting strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending of day,  
You never again must pass this way;  
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide -  
Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,  
"There followeth after me today  
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm, that has been naught to me,  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

-Will Allen Dromgoole.

"OPPORTUNITIES ARE USUALLY DISGUISED AS  
HARD WORK - SO MOST PEOPLE DON'T RECOGNIZE  
THEM."

O sweet was the truth that was whispered,  
That mortals should never despair;  
For He Who takes care of an insect,  
Much more for His children will care.

And though to our short-sighted vision,  
No way of escape may appear;  
Let us trust; for when least we expect it,  
The help of "Our Father" is near!

-Author Unknown.

\*\*\*\*\*

### I AM NOT OLD

I am not old, though folks may say  
That I am aging every day;  
Though I am weak, at times, I know  
That in my weakness I can go  
To Christ who strengthens me, and so

**I am not old!**

I am not old though sight grows dim,  
I still can feel the hand of Him  
Who leads me o'er the darkest way,  
Still guiding that I might not stray;  
And so I still can safely say

**I am not old!**

I am not old though up in years,  
Life's twilight holds for me no fears,  
Because I know my destiny  
And that my Savior waits for me,  
To renew my youth, and so you see

**I am not old!**

(Con't) »

## In Sunshine or Rain

He walks with me in sunshine bright,  
When skies are blue + all is right.  
And when I tread dark valley deep,  
My loving Lord my steps doth keep.

In darkest night my Lord is near;  
He whispers, "peace," dispelling fear.  
And when my heart knows dark despair,  
He calms my soul, my sorrows share.

In joy or grief my Lord abides,  
And ever in my heart resides -  
How blest am I that Christ doth deign  
To walk with me, sunshine or rain!

## Prescription for a Laugh

Just a line to say I am living  
That I am not among the dead  
Though I'm getting more forgetful;  
And more mixed up in the head

For sometimes I can't remember  
When I stand at the foot of the stairs  
If I must go up for something  
Or if I've just come down from there

Standing before the "fridge" so often  
My ~~xxxx~~ poor mind is filled with doubts  
Have I put my food away  
Have I come to take some out

There are times where it is dark out  
With my night cap on my head  
I don't know if I'm retiring  
Or just got out of bed.  
So if it's my turn to write you  
There is no need in getting sore  
I may think I have already written  
And don't want to be a bore

So remember I do love you  
And I wish you were here  
But now it is nearly mail time  
So I must say "good bye dear"

There I stood before the mail box  
With a face so very red  
Instead of mailing you the letter  
I opened it instead

From The Collection Of:  
Dr. Jack D. Ellis  
552 W. Sun St.  
Morehead, KY 40351  
606-784-7473

From The Collection Of:  
Dr. Jack D. Ellis  
552 W. Sun St.  
Morehead, KY 40351  
606-784-7473

MY KENTUCKY HILLS -

*I'm like a fish that's out of water.*

*Like a bird without a nest,*

*When I am far away from you*

*These hills I love the best!*

*O, Kentucky hills, you've seen me happy,*

*Seen me laugh and seen me smile,*

*And when I have to leave you*

*I can only stay a little while.*

*You have also seen me crying*

*Tears of joy and tears of pain.*

*Your streams have caught my tears that flowed*

*And helped me live again.*

*You give me such security*

*From a world that doesn't care.*

*These hills are like a mother's arms,*

*An answer to my prayer.*

*No matter where I travel*

*And what beauty I may see,*

*It's back to my Kentucky hills*

*That I so yearn to be.*

*So when I shall get to heaven*

*One wish I hope God fills,*

*That I may be surrounded by*

*My beautiful Kentucky hills.*

BY  
JANIS C. ELLIS  
USED WITH HER  
PERMISSION

# WIT & WISDOM

## ADDITIONAL SAYINGS

### Wit

I'm going to stop putting things off  
Starting tomorrow.

A woman who tells you she won't be a minute  
Is usually telling the truth.

Ulcers are the result  
Of mountain climbing over molehills.

When in charge, ponder  
When in trouble, delegate  
When in doubt, mumble.

It's no longer a sin to be rich -  
It's a miracle.

When I works, I works hard;  
When I sits, I sits loose; and  
When I thinks, I falls asleep.

Please be patient -  
God isn't finished with me yet.

Home should be clean enough to be healthy  
And dirty enough to be happy.

Bless this mess.

When life gives you lemons,  
Make lemonade.

Keep smiling -  
It makes people wonder what you've been up to.

The best man for a job is often a woman.

Be sure brain is in gear  
Before engaging mouth.

I think I'm allergic to morning.

Eat, drink, and be merry,  
For tomorrow we diet.

My get up and go  
Got up and went.

Women's faults are many, men have only two  
Everything they say and everything they do.

Only Robinson Crusoe could have  
Everything done by Friday.

The only difference between men and boys  
Is the price of their toys.

If women wanted to dress to please men  
They'd do it much faster.

Politicians are very adept  
At answering questions that nobody asks.

Money is the root of all evil -  
And women need roots.

I know you believe you understand  
What you think I said -  
But I am not sure you realize  
That what you heard is not  
What I meant.

By the time a man gets  
To greener pastures,  
He can't climb the fence.

A husband is bound to be right  
When he admits to his wife that he's wrong.

### Wisdom

Genius is the ability to avoid work  
By doing it right the first time.

Lord, help me to remember that  
Nothing is going to happen to me today  
That You and I together can't handle.

God, grant us serenity to accept the things we cannot change,  
Courage to change the things we can, and  
Wisdom to know the difference.

The most important thing a father can do for his children  
Is to love their mother.

What you are is God's gift to you  
What you make of yourself is your gift to God.

O Lord, help my words to be gracious and tender today,  
For tomorrow I may have to eat them.

Don't wait for your ship to come in  
Swim out after it.

Today is the tomorrow  
We worried about yesterday.

Fear knocked at the door  
Faith answered  
No one was there.

The road to success  
Is almost always under construction.

There is no substitute for brains -  
But silence sometimes helps.

Be an individualist.  
He who follows another is always behind.

Performance is always preferred over promises.

Folks who can think straight  
Seldom run around in circles.

Count your blessings -  
Then recount them.  
You'll probably find you missed some.

Even successful men don't have enough fingers  
And toes to count their failures.

Confidence and respect  
Are things you can't buy.  
You've got to earn them.

Think like a man of action,  
And act like a man of thought.

In an argument,  
The best weapon to hold is your tongue.

Your children are only on loan to you temporarily -  
So enjoy them while you can.

To get more out of life -  
Put more in it.

Anyone can be a father  
But it takes someone special to be a daddy.

Mother is another word for love.

May the road rise to meet you  
May the wind be always at your back  
May the sun shine warm upon your face  
The rains fall soft upon your fields  
And, until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Trust Him, when darkest thoughts assail thee.  
Trust Him, when thy faith is small.  
Trust Him, when to simply trust Him  
Is the hardest thing of all.

# Don Herman's POET'S CORNER



**High Flight...John Gillespie McGee Jr.**

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies of laughter's silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, and done a thousand things you have not  
Dreamed of.

Wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.  
Hovering there, I've chased the shouting winds along  
And flung my eager craft through footless halls of air;  
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark or even eagle flew.

And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high, untrodden sanctity of space, put out my hand  
And touched the face of God.

**McGee was an American volunteer flyer with the Royal Canadian  
Air Force...and was killed in action on Dec. 11, 1941**

**[Back to list of all Poet's Corner](#)**

sfx

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## Footprints

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it. "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me."

The Lord replied, "My son, My precious child, I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

—Author unknown

**ALMA DELENE CORNETTE, 64, of Brandon died Sunday in Brandon. A native of Moorehead, Ky., she had lived in the Tampa Bay area four months, moving from Kansas City, Mo. She was a retired secretary for the E.J. Brock Candy Co. and a member of Dundee Hills Church of the Nazarene of Kansas City. She is survived by three brothers, Robert of Ashland, Ky., Harold of Shelby, Ohio, and Gil of Brandon. Hamilton Funeral Home, Riverview.**

01  
12

## LET US BUILD BRIDGES!

An old man going down a lone highway,  
Came, at evening, cold and gray;  
To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide  
Thru which was flowing a sullen tide.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fears for him;  
But he turned, when safe on the other side,  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

SANDY  
SUE  
CASSIE

"Old man", said a fellow pilgrim, near,  
"You are wasting strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending of day,  
You never again must pass this way;  
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide-  
Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,  
"There followeth after me today  
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm, that has been naught to me,  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."  
Will Allen Dromgoole.

"OPPORTUNITIES ARE USUALLY DISGUISED AS HARD  
MOST PEOPLE DON'T RECOGNIZE THEM."

WOM

I THINK THIS IS SO TRUE IN MY  
CASE - AND TO SOME EXTENT WE ①  
PERSPECTIVE  
211 WONDER ABOUT "THE ROAD NOT TAKEN".

As I paused to think of 1998, my reflections were stimulated by a poem by Robert Frost, *The Road Not Taken*. A traveler tells how he came to a fork in the road. Gazing ahead as far as he could see, he took one way. Looking back, he realized how it had affected his life:

*I shall be telling this with a sigh,  
Somewhere ages and ages hence,  
Two roads diverged in a wood,  
And I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.*

This mood comes to all of us. Another poet wrote:  
*Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: It might have been.*

As we reflect on the past, the road we did not take seems to contain all that we sought and failed to find on the road we took. Many of us brood over past choices, and vanished alternatives, and inwardly debate what might have happened had we made our decisions differently.

I know of one pastor who did so well in his first parish that, after seven years, he was called to a larger one. So firmly were his interests rooted in his work that he declined the tempting offer. *Then trouble began*. Whenever anything went wrong in his church, whenever he was tired or discouraged, his thoughts turned wistfully to the rejected opportunity. The other church, *the road not taken*, took on a golden aura in his mind.

Eight years later, the pastor accepted another invitation. Then after the excitement of the new venture subsided, the mood of regret came over him. Why had he left his former church, and the people he knew and loved, and who knew and loved him? These backward glances divided and distracted his mind.

has fewer resources to deal with the here and now where our lives are actually being lived.

Often our reflections on the *road not taken* come when we are in a restless or discouraged mood. One reason the road we did not take seems so alluring is that we know so little about it. How do we really know that our journey would have been more pleasant had we taken the other fork or the other job or settled in another place or married the other girl or made any different choice? Had we taken the other road, every subsequent choice would have changed, and we do not know where it would have led.

Nothing is so futile as resurrecting vanished alternatives. It leads to self-pity, a trait which will not endear us to those who have to live with us. It leads to envy which is an acid that eats away the soul's peace. It erects many barriers in our relationships. In short, this type of thinking puts us in a *No-Win* situation. In the words of the infamous Charlie Brown, it is the *crabgrass in the lawn of life*.

We do well to remind ourselves that, as far as commitment is concerned, the result would have been the same on any road. And all roads are alike in this: we pass through gloom as well as sunshine. There are stretches that are solid and smooth where we make good progress and stretches where our feet sink deep in mire. And for every foot of altitude we gain, we must exert ourselves. For whatever the road, climbing means effort. Furthermore, on all roads, when the thrill of adventure passes and the charm of novelty wears off, the future comes toward us wearing the gray robe of monotony. Life is largely made up of repetitive duties and routine tasks. These are not a defect of the road we travel. They are found on every road.

I have changed my circumstances more than once

ove  
the husband would say, "Not tonight, but tomorrow." He left the meetings without Christ, characterized by indecision and delay. One day, before he went to work, he said to his wife, "Honey, never since that meeting have I had the slightest urge, the slightest tendency to repent and get right with God." They determined that they would make time to think about their souls' salvation. But that day at work an explosion snuffed out that young man's life. He said "tomorrow" when God said "today."

Edgar Guest penned these words:

He was going to be all that a mortal should be  
Tomorrow.

No one ~~was~~ would be kinder or braver than he  
Tomorrow. . . .

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write  
Tomorrow. . . .

The greatest of workers this man would have been  
Tomorrow.

The world would have known him, had he ever seen  
Tomorrow.

But the fact is he died and he faded from view,  
And all that he left here when living was through  
Was a mountain of things he intended to do  
Tomorrow.<sup>1</sup>

I have found that the road marked tomorrow leads to the town called never. Tomorrow is the door that's been bolted, barred, boarded; it shuts people out from the mercy and grace of God. Tomorrow is not God's time; it is Satan's time. I would suggest you write that letter today, or make that phone call today. I would suggest that if you're not right with a fellow believer, you get right today. I suggest that you make restitution today. I would suggest that if a step of obedience is needed, you take that step. I would suggest that if you have never repented

the Arizona desert said not long ago, "The best way to see a thing is to see it for the first time or to show it to somebody else."

Both of these ways of seeing apply to the truth of Christianity. For one thing, to prevent our losing the wonder of the gospel, we should try to see it as though it was for the first time. Again, and again, we ought to try to look at it as though we had never seen it before. The habit of daily meditation will help achieve this greatly.

The second way of *seeing* a thing, the surest way of seeing it clearly, is to keep showing it to other people. This is why the regular work of teaching others is not only a fine thing for the others, but it is also a great thing for ourselves. It sharpens our own awareness and deepens our appreciation.

## **TITLE: LIVING IN DEPTH**

**TEXT: "Other seeds fell upon good soil and brought forth grain."  
Matthew 13:8**

Admiral Richard Byrd, who had done such thrilling exploration in the Antarctic Ocean near the South Pole, wrote in his book *Alone* the reason for his going there. He went to the most remote spot on the earth to "be alone and to sink his roots into a replenishing philosophy."

Is that now what we all need, to sink our roots into a faith that renews us, a replenishing philosophy? We read in Jesus' parable of the sower that those that had no root, withered away. That can happen to any one of us if our roots do not go down deep. The seeds that landed on the good soil went down far enough to take root and bring forth grain.

We are living in a time when so many people are choosing shallow experiences and fleeting pleasures. The

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,  
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while:

When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play  
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clear;  
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,  
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it—dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;  
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side,

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,  
And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for evermore.

JULIA CARROLL BORN

### THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while

To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile:

"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,  
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"

"A dollar, a dollar"; then, "Two!" "Only two?"

Two dollars, and who'll make it three?

Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;

Going for three—"But no,

From the room, far back, a gray-haired man

Came forward and picked up the bow;

Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,

And tightening the loose strings,

He played a melody pure and sweet

As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,

With a voice that was quiet and low,

Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"

And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?  
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?  
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice,  
And going, and gone," said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them cried,  
"We do not quite understand  
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply:  
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and scarred with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,  
Much like the old violin.

A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;

A game—and he travels on.

He is "going" once, and "going" twice,

He's "going" and almost "gone."

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd

Never can quite understand

The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought

By the touch of the Master's hand.

MYRA BROOKS WELCH

### JOHN MAYNARD

'Twas ON LAKE ERIE's broad expanse

One bright midsummer day,

The gallant steamer *Ocean Queen*

Swept proudly on her way.

Bright faces clustered on the deck

Or, leaning o'er the side,

Watched carelessly the feathery foam

That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,

That, smiling, bends serene,

Could dream that danger, awful, vast,

Impended o'er the scene—

Could dream that ere an hour had sped

That frame of sturdy oak

Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,

Blackened with fire and smoke?

"LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH!"  
(National Family Week)  
May 4, 1986

"I love you, Mother," said little ~~John~~;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell--  
"I love you better than tongue can tell!"  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went out to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little ~~Man~~;  
"Today I'll help you all I can;  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,  
And swept the floor and tidied the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said, ~~WHICH ONCE~~  
Three little children going to bed; ~~THE REAL MOTHER~~  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

These poetic lines by Joy Allison Craigin cannot  
be deemed great poetry; nevertheless, they point to  
an important idea. Love is more than verbal expressi

A pastoral article by Mason Willis, pastor of  
the Lakewood United Methodist Church, shared some  
provocative thoughts from an article entitled "Love  
is Not Enough:"

Love is not enough to make a marriage suc-  
cessful for to love someone is only the  
beginning point of a meaningful relationship.  
We must add commitment, intention, creative  
behavior, and hard work to make a marriage  
succeed. In brief, it is love at work that  
makes enduring relationships.

Love is not enough for children to have a  
healthy and supportive climate in which to  
mature. Children need discipline to discover

their boundaries of behavior. They need parental role models to discover what it means for them to be a person.

Love is not enough for friends. Friendship must be cultivated with acts of caring and concern. Friendship requires that we have a willingness to reach out to share in joys and be present to support in times of need.

Neither is it adequate to say we love our church. The church cannot live by our love unless we are willing to put that love into action. Just to say we love our church rings hollow unless there is some tangible evidence attached.

It would be more accurate to say: INADEQUATE VIEWS OF LOVE ARE NOT ENOUGH. We tend to be very reckless in our interpretation of great ideas. We have a knack for twisting issues and ideas. We fail to get the facts straight. An elderly man boarded the bus and observed a young mother holding her baby. In the spirit of a grandfather he commented: "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright and conscientious man." The young mother smiled and replied: "Yes, but I am afraid it's going to be a bit difficult, you see--" The kindly man interrupted, saying: "Oh, nonsense, as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." With a smile, the young mother responded: "I know, but the twig is bent on being a girl, and we're inclined to let it go that way."

Our erroneous interpretations of ideas are more serious. Many people recklessly interpret freedom to be an individual, capricious right which has no corresponding responsibility. We recklessly interpret success to be equivalent with the accumulation of wealth. The powerful religious experience of prayer is corrupted by making it synonymous with petition. The word prayer is so corrupted in interpretation that devout persons such as Gerald Heard suggest it would be better to eliminate its usage. In my own ministry I most often affirm that we will be remembering persons rather than

## "Resurrection"

For Jesus, His resurrection meant  
a victory,  
a vanquishing,  
a validation,  
a win--

A Walkover.

For Satan, the resurrection meant  
a failure,  
a fizzle,  
a flop,  
a bust--

A Washout.

For Believers, the resurrection means  
unlimited peace,  
undaunted joy,  
unspeakable love,  
accompanied journey--

Everlasting Life.

--Zola Troutman Noble

As Christ was raised from the dead by the  
Glory of the Father even so we also should  
walk in newness of life.

As Christ was raised up from the dead by the

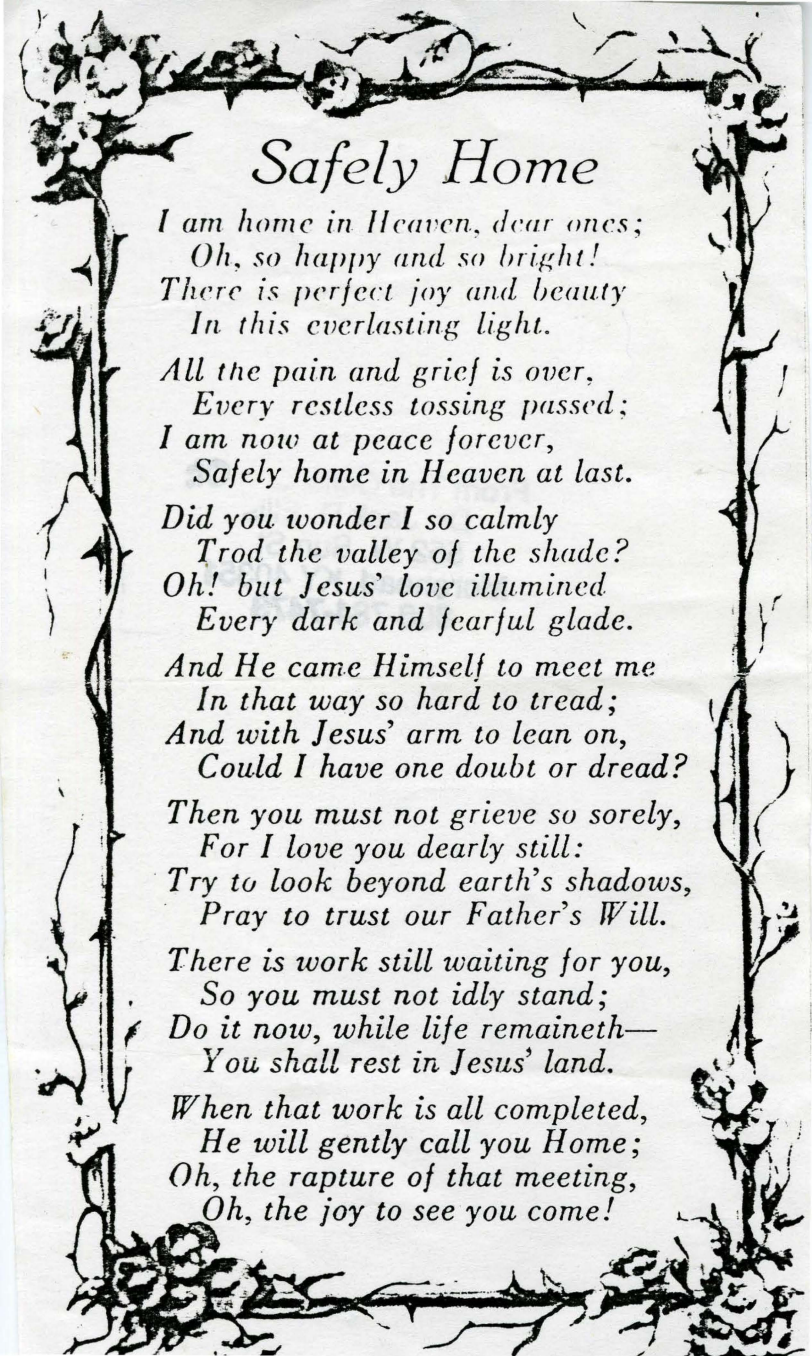
He knew the Need  
(MAMIE ODUM)

God knew the need of every man,  
He gave the world His noblest plan.

He took the softness of the sky,  
The steady roll of the sea,  
The soothing murmur of the pines  
The majesty of a Tree.

He took the beauty of rolling hills,  
The calm after the stormy air,  
The bright ness of a starry night,  
Fragrance from flowers bright and fair.

A Love beyond all knowledge,  
A creation like no other,  
We find God's greatest masterpiece—  
He simply called it Mother.



## *Safely Home*

*I am home in Heaven, dear ones;  
Oh, so happy and so bright!  
There is perfect joy and beauty  
In this everlasting light.*

*All the pain and grief is over,  
Every restless tossing passed;  
I am now at peace forever,  
Safely home in Heaven at last.*

*Did you wonder I so calmly  
Trode the valley of the shade?  
Oh! but Jesus' love illumined  
Every dark and fearful glade.*

*And He came Himself to meet me  
In that way so hard to tread;  
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,  
Could I have one doubt or dread?*

*Then you must not grieve so sorely,  
For I love you dearly still:  
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,  
Pray to trust our Father's Will.*

*There is work still waiting for you,  
So you must not idly stand;  
Do it now, while life remaineth—  
You shall rest in Jesus' land.*

*When that work is all completed,  
He will gently call you Home;  
Oh, the rapture of that meeting,  
Oh, the joy to see you come!*

## **'I KEEP FORGETTING THINGS'**

I keep forgetting things:  
Which letters I've answered,  
Whether I turned the stove off.  
But I keep remembering things, too:  
Faces, places,  
Sights, scents, sounds.  
It's annoying not to know where I  
left my glasses,  
But it's lovely to have always,  
right behind my eyes,  
A picture of my daughter at three,  
hair glinting in the sun,  
Looking up at me,  
Asking: "Do butterflies have puppies  
or is it the other way around?"  
I can recall perfectly the sound  
of a fog horn  
Off the coast of Maine,  
Though, as the family will tell you  
I sometimes don't hear the phone.  
I remember graduations and weddings and  
Picnics and parades,  
The way a fresh-cut lawn smells,  
The taste of apricot jam.  
Help me to be happy about  
what I remember  
Instead of fretting about  
what I forget.  
I'd rather relive love than  
find my glasses.  
(But, of course, Lord, I wouldn't mind  
if you want to give me a hint.)

The monument was erected. The day for its unveiling came. The sculptor had succeeded so well in reproducing the likeness of the schoolmaster that all looked upon the statue with hushed reverence and admiration. The teacher was shown looking down upon the kneeling form of a little child whose uplifted gaze focused upon the face of the teacher. *Rec'd 1-1-33*

Though the statue was a wonderful work of art, the schoolmaster's most intimate friends felt that the sculptor had failed to represent the dominant desire of the pedagogue — not to have those he taught to look with wonderment upon him, but to look upward to the challenging heights of goals as yet unattained, and to God.

So a change was made. At the second unveiling all were pleased to see a kneeling child, looking, not at the face of the teacher, but to the beckoning beyond.

Any Sunday-school teacher and preacher is an eminent success who so exalts Christ that all will see the One whose worthiness is extolled and whose praise ceaselessly sung in glory — "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence!" — W. B. K.

### The Mysterious Visitor

'Twas just before Christmas. A pastor sat in his study meditating upon the words, "The knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Looking out the window, he saw people scurrying hither, thither and yon, like ants disturbed on an anthill. He asked himself, "What knowledge of Christ do these hurrying people have? What knowledge of Him do the people to whom I preach have? What are their innermost attitudes toward Him?" As he pondered these searching questions, he seemed to see in vision a caller who asked, "Shall I tell you what Christ means to your people?" The caller spoke calmly and solemnly. "Can you?" asked the pastor; "and how did you know what I was thinking about?"

The caller began, "Some of your people think of Christ as they would think of a generous rich uncle. Ceaselessly they ask Him for things. Others think

of Him as a great teacher. They are stimulated intellectually to hear learned discourses about Him. Some think of Him as an errand boy whom they flip-pantly order to help them."

"Oh, mysterious caller, is this an accurate picture of my people?" asked the minister.

"Yes," said the caller sadly but firmly. Then he concluded, "But to some He is an ever-present, never-failing friend and confidant! To some, He is the fairest among ten thousands and the altogether lovely One!" As the caller said this, he receded and vanished, disappearing as mysteriously as he had appeared.

"Was I asleep?" asked the startled pastor, "or has an angel visited me, or has Christ Himself been here?"

—W. B. K.

### VISION NEEDED The Christian's Horizon *VISION*

What do I see as I look back?  
Millions of mercies along life's track;  
God's love shining where all was black;

That's what I see,  
Looking back.

What do I see as I look within?  
A heart by my Saviour redeemed from sin;

A hope, through His grace, heaven's joys to win;

That's what I see,  
Looking in.

What do I see, looking forth today?  
Blessings granted before I pray;  
A sheltering arm, a guiding ray;

This do I see,  
Today.

What do I see as I look on?  
Burdens lifted and trials gone;  
A light at even, surpassing dawn;

That's what I see,  
Looking on.

What do I see as I look above?  
God's own banner, whose name is Love.  
Love unspeakable, wonderful love;

That's what I see,  
Above!

—Mary Wardlaw in *The Presbyterian*

Living above with Those That we Love -

AH That would be glory -

But Living below - here with Those That we  
Know - AH - That's another story,

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George

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER

Someone asked me the other day, if I had my life to live over, would I change anything?

"No," I answered, but then I began to think. . .

If I had my life to live over, I would have talked less and listened more.

I would have invited friends over to dinner even if the carpet was stained and the sofa faded.

I would have eaten popcorn in the "good" living room and worried much less about the dirt when someone wanted to light a fire in the fireplace.

I would have taken the time to listen to my grandfather ramble about his youth.

I would have never insisted the car windows be rolled up on a summer day because my hair had been teased and sprayed.

I would have burned the pink candle sculpture like a rose before it melted in storage.

I would have sat on the lawn with my children and not worried about grass stains.

I would have cried and laughed less while watching television - and more while watching life.

I would have shared more of the responsibility carried by my ~~self~~. *Wife.*

I would have gone to bed when I was sick instead of pretending the earth would go into a holding pattern if I weren't there for the day.

I would never have bought anything just because it was practical, wouldn't show soil or was guaranteed to last a lifetime.

~~Instead of wishing away my nine months of pregnancy, I'd have cherished every moment and realized that the wonder growing inside me was my only chance in life to assist God in a miracle.~~

When my child kissed me impetuously, I would never have said, "Later - now you go get washed up for dinner."

There would have been more "I love you". . . more "I'm sorry"...but mostly, given another shot at life, I would seize every minute...look at it and really see it... live it...and never give it back.

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## THE SPLENDID SPUR

Not on the neck of prince or hound,  
 Nor a woman's finger twined,  
 May gold from the deriding ground  
 Keep sacred that we sacred bind:  
     Only the heel  
     Of splendid steel  
 Shall stand secure on sliding fate,  
 When golden navies weep their freight.

The scarlet hat, the laureled stave  
 Are measures, not the springs, of worth;  
 In a wife's lap, as in a grave,  
 Man's airy notions mix with earth.  
     Seek other spur  
     Bravely to stir  
 The dust in this loud world, and tread  
 Alp-high among the whispering dead.

*Trust in thyself*,—then spur amain:  
 So shall Charybdis wear a grace,  
 Grim Ætna laugh, the Libyan plain  
 Take roses to her shriveled face.  
     This orb—this round  
     Of sight and sound—  
 Count it the lists that God hath built  
 For haughty hearts to ride a-tilt.

*Arthur Quiller-Couch*

## INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced nor cried aloud:  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
 How charged with punishments the scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate:  
 I am the captain of my soul.

*William Ernest Henley*

## IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you  
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
 But make allowance for their doubting too;  
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
 And treat those two impostors just the same;  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
 Or watch the things you've given your life to, broken,  
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

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## The Lord Is My Creator

LORD, you created every part of me;  
you put me together in my  
mother's womb.

I praise you because you are to  
be feared;  
all you do is strange and  
wonderful.

I know it with all my heart.  
When my bones were being formed,  
carefully put together in my  
mother's womb,  
when I was growing there in  
secret,

you knew that I was there—  
you saw me before I was born.  
The days allotted to me  
had all been recorded in your  
book,

before any of them ever began.  
O God, how difficult I find your  
thoughts;  
how many of them there are!  
If I counted them, they would be  
more than the grains of sand.  
When I awake, I am still with  
you.

. . . . .

Examine me, O God, and know  
my mind;  
test me, and discover my  
thoughts.  
Find out if there is any evil in me  
and guide me in the everlasting  
way.

A LITTLE MIXED UP

*Aging*

Just a line to say I'm living  
That I am not among the dead,  
Though I'm getting more forgetful,  
And more mixed up in the head.

For sometimes I can't remember  
When I stand at the foot of stairs,  
If I must go up for something  
Or I've just come down from there.

And before the frig so often  
My poor mind is filled with doubt.  
Have I just put food away, or  
Have I come to take some out!

And there's times when it is dark out,  
With my nightcap on my head,  
I don't know if I'm retiring  
Or just getting out of bed.

So, if it's my turn to write you,  
There's no need in getting sore.  
I may think that I have written  
And don't want to be a bore.

So, remember-I do love you  
And wish that you were here.  
But now, it's nearly time for mail,  
So, I must say, Good-bye, my dear.

\*\*\*\*\*

There I stood beside the mailbox,  
With a face so very red.  
Instead of mailing you my letter,  
I had opened it instead!!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

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## CALENDAR AND COMMENTS

**GLASSES**—don't forget to bring your old discarded eyeglasses for the Lions Club.

**Monday, August 6 - LABOR DAY.** Have a safe Labor Day (Monday). But come to Church on Sunday.

**CHARGE CONFERENCE.** Thanks to all who attended and supported our annual charge conference. All went well and we look forward joyfully to the future of our Owingsville Church. God Bless You!

**September 11. LUNCHEON FOR RETIRED TEACHERS.** This luncheon will be prepared by the ladies of our Church. If you have not been contacted, volunteer to help.

### LET US BUILD BRIDGES!

An old man going down a lone highway,  
Came, at evening, cold and gray;  
To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide  
Thru which was flowing a sullen tide.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fears for him;  
But he turned, when safe on the other side,  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man", said a fellow pilgrim, near,  
"You are wasting strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending of day,  
You never again must pass this way;  
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—  
Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,  
"There followeth after me today  
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm, that has been naught to me,  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."  
Will Allen Dromgoole.

**"OPPORTUNITIES ARE USUALLY DISGUISED AS HARD WORK—SO MOST PEOPLE DON'T RECOGNIZE THEM."**

# **JESUS SPEAKS**

**I have given you special gifts:**

**In your mind I have given you the ability to understand the needs of suffering.**

**In your hands I have given you the strength to meet these needs by touching, soothing and comforting the sick.**

**In your eyes I have given you My sight that you may recognize when one of my people needs to talk, needs a hug, or just needs a shoulder to lean on.**

**In your speech I give you My words to comfort the ill, give courage to the fearful and encouragement to the one who otherwise would give up.**

**In your heart I have given you the full measure of My love that you may freely show how much I love My people and care for them in time of their distress.**

**In your whole being I give you the energy, desire and unfailing courage to open up yourselves to Me that I may heal My loved ones through you.**

**Go forward, unafraid and confident in the knowledge that I will always be with you, for with Me all things are possible.**

**I love you and I need you to share My love and healing with My people.**

**Welfare pay for baby feeding.  
Kids need dentist? Wife need pills?  
We get free! We got no bills!  
American crazy! He pay all year,  
To keep welfare running here.**

**We think America darn good place!  
Too darn good for the white man race.  
If they no like us, they can scam,  
Got lots of room in Pakistan.**

## **Illegal Immigrants Poem**

**I cross ocean, poor and broke,  
Take bus, see employment folk.  
Nice man treat me good in there,  
Say I need to see welfare.  
Welfare say, You come no more,  
We send cash right to your door."**

**Welfare checks, they make you wealthy,  
Medicaid it keep you healthy!  
By and by, I got plenty money,  
Thanks to you, American dummy.**

**Write to friends in motherland,  
Tell them 'come fast as you can.'  
They come in turbans and Ford trucks,**

**I buy big house with welfare bucks  
They come here, we live together,  
More welfare checks, it gets better!**

**Fourteen families, they moving in,  
But neighbor's patience wearing thin.  
Finally, white guy moves away,  
Now I buy his house, and then I say,**

**"Find more aliens for house to rent."  
And in the yard I put a tent.  
Send for family they just trash,  
But they, too, draw the welfare cash!  
Everything is very good,  
And soon we own the neighborhood.  
We have hobby it's called breeding,**

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# THE MAN BEHIND THE SMILE

I don't know how he is on creeds,  
I never heard him say;  
But he's got a smile that fits his  
face,

And he wears it every day.  
If things go wrong he won't com-  
plain—

Just tries to see the joke;  
He's always finding little ways  
Of helping other folk.

He sees the good in everyone,  
Their faults he never mentions;  
He has a lot of confidence  
In people's good intentions.

You soon forget what ails you  
When you happen 'round this  
man;

He can cure a case of hypo—  
Quicker than the doctor can.

No matter if the sky is gray,  
You get his point of view;  
And the clouds begin to scatter,  
And the sun comes breaking  
through.

You'll know him if you meet him,  
And you'll find it worth your  
while

To cultivate the friendship of  
The Man Behind the Smile.

—Author unknown.

*"Parting is such sweet sorrow" . . .*

### THE PARTING

I've spent so many hours with you  
And planned so many things to do,  
While bending over you, it seems  
You're part and parcel of my dreams.

I've stood by you down through the years—  
Sometimes with smiles, sometimes with tears,  
And countless are the little prayers  
I've breathed upon you unawares.

But you have changed! And, oh, how much!  
You shiver at my slightest touch  
And walk away from me, indeed,  
When pressing is my want or need.

Old ironing board, your day is done.  
I'll have to buy another one!

*June M. Yahraus*

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

No man is an island,  
No man can stand alone,  
He needs faith as his guide,  
To lead him to his throne.

No man is an island,  
He may have wealth untold  
But without peace of mind,  
What good is all his gold?  
A while ago my world was a  
stormy sea,

I learned to pray,  
And His hand reached out to me  
Don't you see?

No man is an island,  
No man can stand alone,  
So have faith and you'll find  
A love you've never known.

# An Old Table

By CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

*THIS was the family board when they  
Lived in the golden yesterday,  
The symbol of the life they knew  
When roses still were bright with dew.*

*By it the father took his place,  
And bowed his head, and offered grace.  
Around it, as the mealtime sped,  
Their bodies and their minds were fed.*

*It was the council table too,  
Where problems bowed to judgment true.  
It echoed laughter through the years,  
And sometimes bore the stain of tears.*

*The young grew up; the old grew  
And one by one all went away. <sup>Gray</sup>  
Now it stands as time takes wing,  
Like some old heart remembering.*

~~NEW~~  
POEM ABOUT A  
BYGONE ERA  
WHERE FAMILIES  
CAME TOGETHER  
AROUND THE  
DINNER TABLE  
FOR FOOD, ~~AND~~  
FUN AND  
CONVERSATION.  
NO T U L

Mrs. Farris Cost  
tims of paralysis.  
died on Monday.  
Wednesday morn-  
waite died.

Mr. Hardin, was  
rebed for 1

woodward and Porter Shi

Mrs. Woodward wore  
daughter's wedding a da  
crepe dress with gardenia  
bouquet. Mrs. Shields, m  
the bridegroom, wore a  
blue dress with shoulder bo  
red roses.

The bride is a student a

*The years have come and the spring of my youth has gone.  
My eyes grow dim and my body is weak, but I do not fear.  
Above, Jesus is patiently awaiting; the angels are rejoicing  
in the air around my bed, my beautiful daughters are near.  
I have follied in the fields of spring and smelled the flowers,  
played in the meadow and loved in the dew.*

*Oh, back then life to me was so new.*

*I married my love and then laid him to rest.*

*Those days with him were the best.*

*The kids were small and I felt like I was ten feet tall.*

*My home was always full and filled with joy  
with two special little girls and without a little boy.*

*They sit by my bed now, eyes filled with tears, waiting patiently for the call  
everyone hears, "It's your father, come my child and rest yourself."*

*My heart for them surely aches as I know theirs must truly break.*

*It's OK my girls as mother knows best,  
eighty-six wonderful years and tis my time to rest.*

*Soon my spring will never end and I once again will meet my best friend.*

*Your dad he awaits and soon, I will go through that glorious gate.*

*My loves, I bid you farewell as my angel rings the bell.*

*Swooped up in the angel's arms and carried away through the clouds,  
my eyes are no longer dim, as joy and peace fill me to the brim.*

*There is warmth on my face, pain and tears have all been erased.*

*Kiss my cheek and bid me adieu, as I go to heaven and wait for you.*

*A nurse who cares.*

For The Collection of:  
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Russell Doyle gave me  
2-12-91

TR1 BVLATION

THERE IS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING

Our Father knows what's best for us,  
So why should we complain --  
We always want the sunshine,  
But He knows there must be rain --  
We love the sound of laughter  
And the merriment of cheer,  
But our hearts would lose their tenderness  
If we never shed a tear . . . . .  
Our Father tests us often  
With suffering and with sorrow,  
He tests us, not to punish us,  
But to help us meet tomorrow . . . .  
For growing trees are strengthened  
When they withstand the storm,  
And the sharp cut of the chisel  
Gives the marble grace and form . . .  
God never hurts us needlessly,  
And He never wastes our pain,  
For every loss He sends to us  
Is followed by rich gain . . . . .  
And when we count the blessings  
That God has so freely sent,  
We will find no cause for murmuring  
And no time to lament  
For Our Father loves His children,  
And to Him all things are plain,  
So He never sends us pleasures  
When the soul's deep need is pain . . . .  
So whenever we are troubled,  
And everything goes wrong,  
It is just God working in us  
To make our spirit strong.

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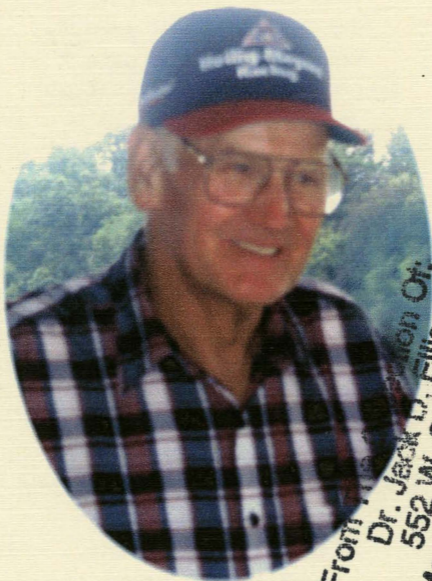
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Helen Steiner Rice

# *In Loving Memory*



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**Ott Cladwell**

**1926 - 2000**

## The Measure of Man...

Not "how did he die?"

But "How did he live."

Not "what did he gain?"

But "what did he give."

Not "what was his station?"

But "Had he a heart?"

And "How did he play his  
God-given part?"

Not "what was his shrine?"

Nor "what was his creed?"

But "Had he befriended those  
really in need?"

Not "What did the piece in the  
newspaper say?"

But "How many were sorry he  
passed away?"

Was he ever ready with a word  
or good cheer,  
to bring back a smile,  
to banish a tear?

These are the units to measure  
the worth of a man as a man,  
regardless of birth.

***In Loving Memory***



***Dr. John R. Duncan***  
***1938-2006***

## THE STORY OF THE PRAYING HANDS

In Germany during the early 16th century, two aspiring young artists, Albrecht Durer and Franz Knigstein, needed money to complete their art education. They agreed Durer would study while Knigstein worked to support both of them. Then, after Durer perfected his technique and sold enough paintings, he would pay for Knigstein's studies. However, when it was Knigstein's turn to go to art school, his fingers had become too stiff and gnarled from heavy labor to master the artist's brush. Shortly after Knigstein knew he could never become a painter, Durer came upon him unexpectedly and found him kneeling, hands uplifted in prayer, unselfishly praying for the continued success of his friend, since he himself could never be an artist. Durer was so touched, he immortalized these expressive hands in his world-famous painting.

6090

I have no hands but your hands  
To do my work today;  
I have no feet but your feet  
To lead men in my way;  
I have no tongue but your tongue  
To tell men how I died;  
I have no help but your help  
To bring them to my side.

You are the only Bible  
The careless world will read;  
You are the sinner's Gospel,  
You are the scoffer's creed;

You are my own last message  
Written in deed and word—  
Now will the line be crooked?  
Oh, will the type be blurred?

For if your hands are busy  
With other work than mine  
Who will tell them my message  
Of my great love divine?  
And if your tongue is busy  
With things my lips would spurn,  
Whom can I send to help them?  
Oh, how can they ever learn?

I have no hands but your hands  
To do my work today;  
I have no feet but your feet  
To lead men in my way.\*

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"I will Not Worry"

I will not hurry through this day!  
Lord, I will listen by the way,  
To humming bees and singing birds,  
To whispering trees and friendly words;  
And for the moments in between  
Seek glimpses of thy great unseen.

I will not hurry through this day,  
I will take time to think and pray;  
I will look up to the sky, where fleecy clouds  
and swallows fly;  
And somewhere in the day, maybe  
I will hear whispers, - Lord from thee.

As the moonlight makes a pathway across the river, so the  
sunshine of a loving heart bridges an ocean of pain.

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G.R.A.

## THINGS TO BELIEVE

Believe in yourself; you are God's creation.

Believe in your job; honest work is a form of worship.

Believe in this day; every minute contains an opportunity to serve God.

Believe in your family; create harmony and togetherness by working together.

Believe in your neighbors; friends are an important ingredient of a happy life.

Believe in the present; yesterday is gone and tomorrow may never come.

Believe in God's promise; he means it when he says, 'I am with you always.'

Believe in God's mercy; since God forgives you, you can forgive yourself and try again tomorrow.

## *Let Me Die, Working*

*Let me die, working.  
Still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone!  
Clean to its end, swift may my race be run.  
No laggard steps, no faltering, no shirking;  
Let me die, working!*

*Let me die, thinking.  
Let me fare forth still with an open mind,  
Fresh secrets to unfold, new truths to find,  
My soul undimmed, alert, no question blinking;  
Let me die thinking!*

*Let me die, laughing.  
No sighing o'er past sins; they are forgiven.  
Spilled on this earth are all the joys of Heaven;  
The wine of life, the cup of mirth quaffing.  
Let me die, laughing!*

**S. Hall Young**

Real joy comes not from ease or riches  
nor from the praise of men,  
Real joy comes from doing something worthwhile.

# Back To Old Kentucky

By James Tandy Ellis

I want to get back  
And I'm yearning today  
For the sweet scenes of old  
And the folks far away,  
I want to get back  
Where the blue grass grows,  
And the breeze whispers music  
And love as it blows,  
Where skies are the softest  
And sunlight steals  
O'er the golden tobacco  
And broad hemp fields,  
*Back in old Kentucky.*

I want to get back  
Where the women all are  
The sweetest and fairest  
Of earth, by far,  
I want to get back  
Just to hear the ring  
Of their voices again,  
I would give anything  
For the moonlight nights  
When we used to go  
To parties and dances  
And such and so,  
*Back in old Kentucky.*

I want to get back  
Where the swift-trained feet  
Of the race-horse thunder.  
Its music sweet,  
I want to get back  
To the old-time hills  
Where the juice once ran  
From the old distills,  
I want to get back  
To the old-time stream,  
To sit on the bank  
And fish and dream,  
I want to get back,  
Yes, the good Lord knows,  
I want to get back  
Where the blue grass grows,  
*Back in old Kentucky.*

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Edwin P. Mor-  
row, 1919,  
1923.

# At the Chapel

The man who lived in the apartment above his  
Said he was a real nice man  
Barbara told me she owed him \$10.  
And what did I want her to do with it

Then the man from the funeral parlor  
Motioned to me  
And called me into the private office

wood-panelled, linen-draped  
clean ashtrays, new books of matches,  
pens ready for the signatures


this air-conditioned office  
where all conditions  
are met and aired

I signed all the papers  
I nodded my head  
My brother was dead

I'll go home and this Sunday  
He won't call me to see  
If I've made it through the week

Tomorrow  
After the funeral  
I'll decide where the flowers should go

—Hannah Kahn  
(Spring 1983)



## *Safely Home*

*I am home in Heaven, dear ones;  
Oh, so happy and so bright!  
There is perfect joy and beauty  
In this everlasting light.*

*All the pain and grief is over,  
Every restless tossing passed;  
I am now at peace forever,  
Safely home in Heaven at last.*

*Did you wonder I so calmly  
Trode the valley of the shade?  
Oh! but Jesus' love illumined  
Every dark and fearful glade.*

*And He came Himself to meet me  
In that way so hard to tread;  
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,  
Could I have one doubt or dread?*

*Then you must not grieve so sorely,  
For I love you dearly still:  
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,  
Pray to trust our Father's Will.*

*There is work still waiting for you,  
So you must not idly stand;  
Do it now, while life remaineth—  
You shall rest in Jesus' land.*

*When that work is all completed,  
He will gently call you Home;  
Oh, the rapture of that meeting,  
Oh, the joy to see you come!*

*In Loving Memory*



*Mamie Sturgill Christian*  
*1902-1996*

## LEAVE IT ALL IN JESUS HAND

Do you wonder why the blessing  
that you prayed for is delayed,  
while others seem to get theirs  
before request is made?  
It's not for us to understand  
But leave it all in Jesus' Hand.

Do you wonder why your loved one  
was stricken down in pain,  
While other folks were left here  
Who are only in the way?  
It's not for us to understand  
But leave it all in Jesus Hand.

Do you wonder why you suffer pain  
While others are so healthy,  
Or why you have to skimp and save,  
While other folks are wealthy?  
It's not for us to understand  
But leave it all in Jesus' Hand.

Just lean upon the Savior,  
Just Rest at His dear feet,  
His strength will prove sufficient  
For the testing you must meet,  
It's not for us to understand,  
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But leave it all in Jesus' Hand.

A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED  
THE GENERATION GAP

Several people have requested a copy of the following prayer which was read last week at the memorial service for Charles Chumley:

Lord, Thou knowest that I am growing older.

Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject.

Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs.

Keep me from the recital of endless detail. Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. They are increasing with the years and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful but not nosey; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom and experience it does seem a pity not to use it all. But Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

*Janis*  
**And God Said No**

by Claudia Minden Weisz

I asked God to take away my  
pride,

And God said, "No." He said it  
was not for Him to take away,

But for me to give up. I asked  
God to make my handicapped  
child whole,

And God said, "No." He said  
her spirit is whole,

Her body is only temporary. I  
asked God to grant me patience,

And God said, "No." He said  
that patience is a byproduct of  
tribulation,

It isn't granted, it's earned. I  
asked God to give me happiness,  
And God said, "No." He said  
He gives blessings,

Happiness is up to me. I asked  
God to spare me pain,

And God said, "No." He said,  
"Suffering draws you apart from  
worldly

Cares and brings you closer to  
Me." I asked God to make my  
spirit grow

And God said, "No." He said I  
must grow on my own,

But He will prune me to make  
me fruitful. I asked God to help  
me love others,

As much as He loves me, And  
God said,

"Ah, finally, you have the  
idea."



*Ann Landers, Creators Syndicate,  
5777 West Century Boulevard, Suite  
700, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045*

CREATORS SYNDICATE

## SOMEONE, JUST ANYONE

She sat alone in an old people's home,  
Lonely and old and gray;  
She wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would call on her that day.

Did you?

He lay for days on his hospital bed;  
The hours were long and hard.  
He wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would send him a cheery card.

Did you?

He was far from home on foreign soil,  
Feeling homesick, lonely and blue;  
He wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would write him a letter, too.

Did you?


Her loved one died a few weeks ago  
And there alone in her home she sat.  
She wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would come to her house and chat.

Did you?

He hoped he had recited his verse well,  
That little fellow you know.  
He wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would smile and tell him so.


Did you?

That matter of Christian service—  
We are living it day by day,  
When we help someone, just anyone,  
As we walk along life's way.

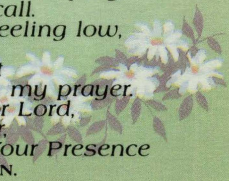


# A PRAYER

(For Those Who Live Alone)



I live alone, dear Lord,  
Stay by my side,  
In all my daily needs  
Be Thou my guide.  
Grant me good health,  
For that indeed, I pray,  
To carry on my work  
From day to day.  
Keep pure my mind,  
My thoughts, my every deed,  
Let me be kind, unselfish  
In my neighbor's need.  
Spare me from fire, from flood,  
Malicious tongues,  
From thieves, from fear,  
And evil ones.  
If sickness or an accident befall,  
Then humbly, Lord, I pray,  
Hear Thou my call.  
And when I'm feeling low,  
Or in despair,  
Lift up my heart  
And help me in my prayer.  
I live alone, dear Lord,  
Yet have no fear,  
Because I feel Your Presence  
Ever near. AMEN.



# HE IS WITH YOU

## FOOTPRINTS

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that this happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him, and he questioned the Lord about it. "Lord, You said that once I decided to follow You, You'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why, when I needed You most, You left me."

The Lord replied, "My son, My precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

Author Unknown

# Have You Taken It To Jesus?

Have you taken it to Jesus?

Have you left your burden there?

Does He tenderly support you?

Have you rolled on Him your care?

O, the sweet unfailing refuge

Of the everlasting arms;

In their loving clasp enfolded

Nothing worries or alarms.

Have you taken it to Jesus,

Just the thing that's pressing now?

Are you trusting Him completely

With the when, and where and how?

Oh, the joy of full surrender

Of our life, our plans, our all;

Proving, far above our asking

That God answers when we call.

Have you taken it to Jesus?

'Tis the only place to go

If you want the burden lifted

And a solace for your woe.

Oh, the blessedness to nestle

Like a child upon His breast;

Finding ever, as He promised

Perfect comfort, peace and rest.

— Mrs. E. L. Hennessay.

*How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant with the weak and strong, because some day in life you will have been all of these.*

—George Washington Carver



*Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always beyond your grasp, but which, if you sit down quietly, may alight upon you.*

—Nathan Hawthorn



*I do not ask to walk smooth paths  
Nor bear an easy load.  
I pray for strength and fortitude  
To climb the rock-strewn road.  
Give me such courage I can scale  
The hardest peaks alone  
And transform every stumbling block  
Into a stepping stone.*

—Gail Brook Burket

# WHERE BIRTH GOES ON FOREVER

Four months pregnant  
when you first leaped inside me;  
no small tremor  
but the acrobatics of a well-hooked fish.  
I held my belly, for the first time aware  
that I wasn't alone in my body.  
The strangeness of it distracted me for weeks.

In what a sea of forgetfulness  
I trolled for you, my minnow, my wily bass.  
You had hardly a memory left  
when I pulled you up from the school of the unborn,  
slippery and blue as the sea,  
stranded on earth almost against your will  
with such beginners for parents.

When the shock of air hit you,  
you thrust back your head, gasping,  
struggling to get away.  
Your voice, so high and piercing,  
surprised you into stillness again.  
What a wrinkled brow you had and trembling mouth.  
What did you lose by coming here, love?

I couldn't get enough of looking at you.  
Every whorl of your red-gold hair  
was a hieroglyphic begging to be read.  
And how finely you were made.  
Your ears, pressed close to your head  
by their long underwater confinement,  
showed the most intricate workmanship.

Some days I'd catch you watching me  
as though your curiosity equalled mine.  
And you slept with such pure abandon,  
chin raised, arms over head,  
as though to fling yourself into sleep.  
Can it be true we've lived in separate bodies  
these many years since then?

Or have you ever left my body at all?  
The other day I heard a child cry "mommy"  
in the voice you used to have  
and I turned without thinking,  
the untamed fish of you leaping again  
as though part of life can be lived outside of time  
and birth goes on forever.

**From The Collection of:**  
**Dr. Jack D. Ellis**  
**552 W. Summit**  
**Morehead, KY 40351**  
**606-784-7473**

Cons. Egemo  
(Winter 1994)

Fairies are dancing,  
Fairies are prancing,  
Fairies are singing to you.  
Fairies are the loveliest things  
That I ever knew.

## *"Fairy Land"*

ALICE PATRICK, III GRADE

Oh! little shoes  
Why do you quarrel  
All the time  
Just over the one  
That gets laced up first?  
You naughty little shoes.

## *"My Shoes"*

JACK ELLIS, III GRADE

# THE MONKEY'S DISGRACE

Three monkeys sat in a coconut  
tree

Discussing things as they are  
said to be

Said one to the others, "Now  
listen, you two,

"There's a rumor around that  
can't be true

"That man descended from our  
noble race

"The very idea is a great dis-  
grace.

"No monkey has ever deserted  
his wife

"Starved her babies and ruined  
her life

"And you've never known a  
mother monk

"To leave her babies with oth-  
ers to bunk

## ***"The Road Not Taken"***

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And looking down as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
And I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood and I-  
I took the road less traveled by,  
And that made all the difference.

Robert Frost (1915)

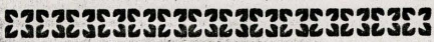
## THERE'S A REASON

for every pain that we must bear,  
for every burden, every care,  
There's a reason.

for every grief that bows the head,  
for every teardrop that is shed,  
There's a reason.

for every hurt for every plight  
for every lonely pain-racked night  
There's a reason.

but if we trust God as we should,  
all will work out for our good.  
He knows the reason.



PSALM 23  
AN INDIAN VERSION

The great father above a shepard  
is.  
I am his and with him I want not.  
He throws out to me a rope.  
The name of the rope is love.  
He draws me to where the grass is  
green  
And the water is not dangerous.  
I eat and lie down and am  
satisfied.  
Sometime my heart is very weak  
and falls down,  
But he lifts me up again and draws  
me into a good road.  
His name is wonderful.  
Sometime, it may be very soon, it  
may be a long, long time,  
He will draw me into a valley.  
It is dark there, but I'll be afraid  
not  
For it is in between these  
mountains  
The the shepard chief will meet  
me,  
And the hunger that I have in  
heart  
All through this life will be  
satisfied.  
Sometimes he makes the love rope  
into a whip,  
But afterwards he gives me a staff  
to lean upon.  
He spreads a table before me with  
all kinds of food.  
He puts his hand upon my head  
and all the tired is gone.  
My cup he fills till it runs over.  
What I tell is true.  
I lie not.  
These roads that are away ahead  
Will stay with me through this life  
and after;  
And afterwards I will go to live in  
the big tepee,  
And sit down with the shepard  
chief forever.

This is an Indian version of the  
23rd Psalm said to have been writ-  
ten by Jon Eliot, a missionary to  
the American Indians of the  
Massachusetts Bay Colony in the  
seventeenth century.

Sent in by Mr. & Mrs. Howard  
Schrader

# Babe of Bethlehem

PEARL LEE HOLMAN, BOWLING GREEN, KY.

**H**E CAME to earth a little stranger,  
And was born where cattle lay;  
There they laid Him in a manger,  
Laid Him on a bed of hay.  
In Bethlehem the inns were crowded  
With the worldly and the gay;  
"Not a place that He could enter,"  
So with cattle He must lay.

That night upon Judea's hillside  
Where the shepherds tended sheep;  
Angels sang their glad hosannas  
While the world was fast asleep,  
And they sang Heav'n's oratorio,  
"Peace on earth good will to men,  
For to you is born a Saviour,"  
Born this night in Bethlehem.

The Wise Men came afar to worship,  
From the East they saw His star;  
On the camels brought His treasures,  
Gold and frankincense and myrrh;  
In adoration bowed before Him,  
The Babe born "King of the Jews,"  
And the virgin Mary bare Him,  
Him whom Isr'el did refuse.

Some day the blue sky'll part asunder,  
"In the twinkling of an eye,"  
And we'll hear the trumpet sounding,  
Rise to meet Him in the sky.  
We'll all be at the wedding supper  
When the Bridegroom calls His bride,  
And that day we're going to crown Him,  
Ever with Him we'll abide.

## SOMEONE, JUST ANYONE

She sat alone in an old people's home,  
Lonely and old and gray,  
She wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would call on her that day.

Did you?

He lay for days on his hospital bed,  
The hours were long and hard.  
He wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would send him a cheery card.

Did You?

He was far from home on foreign soil,  
Feeling homesick, lonely and blue.  
He wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would write him a letter, too.

Did You?

Her loved one died a few weeks ago  
and there alone in her home she sat.  
She wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would come to her house and chat.

Did You?

He hoped he had recited his verse well,  
That little fellow you know.  
He wished that someone, just anyone,  
Would smile and tell him so.

Did You?

That matter of Christian service -  
We are living it day by day,  
When we help someone, just anyone,  
As we walk along life's way.

***"The Road Not Taken"***

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry ~~I~~ could not travel both  
And looking down as far as ~~I~~ could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
And ~~I~~ shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood and ~~I~~ —  
~~I~~ took the road less traveled by,  
And that made all the difference.

Robert Frost (1915)

# Celebration

So drugged her lips stick together,  
her words are blurred, and so thin that even  
her heart is transparent, could break at any moment  
like a wafer, Jane's mother imagines she's at a wedding  
not lying in a slat-sided hospital bed.

She believes someone named Lisa is  
getting married this evening. She'd like  
to fix her hair, put on lipstick, go upstairs  
where the crowd is, the drinking and kissing,  
but she can't find her new dress.

It had silver lilies on the hem.  
She is dreaming of a wedding with a cake  
big as Texas and a Stetson-hatted bridegroom who  
owns platinum and emerald mines. If only Jane's  
mother could find her dancing dress!

The violets by her bedside are the same  
shade as her eyes. She would wear them to  
the wedding, she would look like an angel, if  
she had her blue dress. Instead she rests her  
halo of hair on the hospital pillow.

She says, "Jane, you go upstairs,  
join in the dancing. The band, especially  
the saxophone, is out of this world!" Jane laughs.  
No, she is crying, as she waltzes with her weightless  
mother in her ephemeral ice-blue dress.

—Phyllis Janowitz  
(Summer 1981)

From The Collection Of:  
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# Quips, Quotes & Puzzles

## Grandma's Hands

Grandma's some seventy-seven plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. She didn't move, just sat with her head down staring at her hands. When I sat down beside her she didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if she was ok. Finally, not really wanting to disturb her but wanting to check on her at the same time, I asked her if she was ok.

She raised her head and looked at me and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking," she said in a clear strong voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandma, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were ok."

"Have you ever looked at your hands," she asked. "I mean really looked at your hands?"

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands, as I tried to figure out the point she was making.

Grandma smiled and related this story:

"Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots."

"They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life. They held my young husband and wiped my tears when he went off to war."

"They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were firm yet gentle when I held my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band, they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They replied to the letters written home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and watched as my daughter walked down the aisle."

"Yet, they were strong and sure when I grabbed my child and jerked her away from danger when a car was going too fast, and they clasped my children lovingly for stitches, broken bones, and measles. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in anger when I didn't understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body, and those the day a new baby was born, to the day I washed my first love's body and prepared him for his final viewing. They have been sticky, wet, bent, broken, dried, and raw."

"To this day when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of my life and the richness of my life."



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Author Unknown

## HUGS

It's wondrous what a hug can do,  
A hug can cheer you when you're blue.  
A hug can say, "I love you so," or, "Gee! I hate  
*to see you go,*  
A hug is, "Welcome back again!" and, "Great to see  
*you! ar*  
"Where've you been?"

A hug can soothe a small child's pain and  
bring a rainbow after rain.

The hug! There's just no doubt about it,  
We scarcely could survive without it.  
A hug delights and warms and charms,  
It must be why God gave us arms.

Hugs are great for fathers and mothers,  
Sweet for sisters, swell for brothers—  
and chances are some favorite aunts,  
love them more than potted plants.

Kittens crave them. Puppies love them.  
Heads of state are not above them.  
A hug can break the language barrier,  
And make the dullest day seem merrier.

No need to fret about the store of'em.  
The more you give, the more there  
are of'em.

So stretch those arms without delay  
and give someone a hug today.

## THE OPTIMIST CREED

### Promise Yourself --

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

Optimist International

## THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered and scarred, and the  
auctioneer

Thought it scarcely worth his while  
To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile:

"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,

"Who'll start the bidding for me?"

"A dollar, a dollar"; then, "Two!" "Only  
two?"

Two dollars, and who'll make it three?  
Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;  
Going for three---" But no,  
From the room, far back, a gray-haired  
man

Came forward and picked up the bow;  
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,  
And tightening the loose strings,  
He played a melody pure and sweet  
As a caroling angel sings

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"

And he held it up with the bow- **AND ALAN**  
~~But~~ held it up with a smile;

"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it  
two?"

Two thousand! And who'll make it three?

Three thousand, once, three thousand,  
twice,

And going, and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of them  
cried,

"We do not quite understand

What changed its worth." Swift came the  
reply:

"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and scarred with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless  
crowd,

Much like the old violin.

A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;

A game - and he travels on.

He is "going" once, and "going" twice,

He's "going" and almost "gone."

But the Master comes, and the foolish  
crowd

Never can quite understand

The worth of a soul and the change that's  
wrought

By the touch of the Master's hand

-Myra Brooks Welch

WRITING OUR THOUGHTS

173

FEET

I am a little boy.  
When I go walking with my mother,  
all I see is feet.  
  
I get tired of seeing feet, feet, feet.  
They make me dizzy.  
When anybody speaks to me, I have to look  
to see who it is.

Then my neck gets tired.  
But some day I will grow up and see  
faces.

HARRY

THREE CATS . . . IF

We have three cats  
If Thomas Aquinas comes back.  
There's Jane Sullivan  
And Baby Baker,  
But Thomas Aquinas went away.  
He may come back—  
We don't know yet—  
But we have three cats  
If Thomas Aquinas comes back.

JOHN

WHAT NANCY LIKES

I don't like faces that are crossish,  
I don't like people that are rushy,  
I like  
Medium-quick ones,  
Half-slow.

NANCY

MY SHOES

Oh! little shoes  
Why do you quarrel  
All the time  
Just over the one  
That gets laced up first?  
You naughty little shoes.

JACK E.

Jack Eder  
Age 8  
Bruck

WORMS

Some worms don't have any feet—  
They pull themselves out  
And they pull themselves in  
They pull themselves out—  
And that's the way they get along  
Because they don't have any feet.

DICKIE

BOOKS TO READ

COURTIS, STUART A., and WATTERS, GARNETTE. *Illustrated Golden Dictionary for Young Readers*. Illus. by Beth and Jo Krush. Simon & Schuster, 1951. This simple dictionary, copiously illustrated, may be useful to the young writer in his choice of words.

"Creative Writing in The Elementary Grades." Curriculum Department, Madison (Wis.) Public Schools, 1951.

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# A LOVE LETTER FROM JESUS

How are you? I just had to send you this letter to tell you how much I love you and care about you. I saw you yesterday as you were walking with your friends. I waited all day, hoping you would walk and talk with me also. As evening drew near, I gave you a sunset to close your day, and a cool breeze to rest you. Then I waited, but you never came. O yes, it hurt me, but I still love you because I am your friend.

I saw you fall asleep last night, and I longed to touch your brow, so I spilled moonlight upon your pillow and your face... Again I waited, wanting to rush down so we could talk. I have so many gifts for you.

You awakened late this morning and rushed off for the day. My tears were in the rain. Today you looked so sad, so alone. It makes my heart ache because I understand. My friends let me down and hurt me many times, but I love you. I try to tell you in the quiet green grass. I whisper it in the leaves and trees, and breathe it in the color of the flowers. I shout it to you in the mountain streams, and give the birds love songs to sing. I clothe you with warm sunshine and perfume the air. My love for you is deeper than the oceans and bigger than the biggest want or need you could ever have.

We will spend eternity together in heaven. I know how hard it is on earth. I really know, because I was there, and I want to help you. My Father wants to help you, too. He's that way, you know. Just call me, ask me, talk to me. It is your decision... I have chosen you, and because of this I will wait... Because I love you.

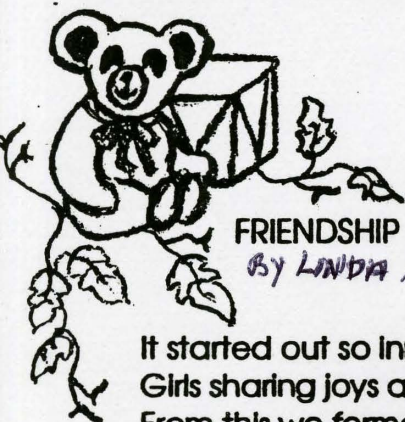
Your Friend,  
JESUS

Another example of a historic story-poem is by local author Mary Stewart (now lives in Morgan County), is entitled RASMAH AND MY EDUCATION. It is a moving tribute to Jason Hemphill, a beloved black man who lived and died at Haldeman. Jason had a very positive influence upon the lives of many of the young people in Haldeman. His memory is still revered today. A portion of that poem is as follows:

"I watched Rasmah as he knelt in the spring garden and touched the rich earth. I followed him, because ~~he~~ would name the flowers and trees and cared about what a child thought.

"He wanted me to be special, to learn early to name trees and flowers, to sing 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' to practice soul-thinking and silence. I asked him if I could be a 'heathern,' too, repeating what I had heard and wanted to be like him.\*

\*Entire poem published in Mary Stewart's *CIRCLE A BLUE MOON*, and in Jack Ellis' *KENTUCKY MEMORIES*. Used with permission.



# FRIENDSHIP

BY LINDA MCGAREY HOGGE  
1998

It started out so innocent  
Girls sharing joys and fears,  
From this we formed our friendships  
That have seen us through the years.

In the halls of dear ol' Breckinridge,  
Those years of school soon passed,  
Understanding of what makes us each who we are  
Formed the bonds that forever shall last.

The companions of our childhood,  
Hold places in our hearts,  
Th'o different roads we've traveled  
We're never far apart.

The years see changes for each of us,  
Through marriage birth and sorrow,  
But the friendships endure-  
Bringing comfort to each - today and tomorrow.

Oh - how fortunate we are,  
For friendships are a treasure  
What security is felt by having friends,  
It is something we can not measure.

Many travel life through -  
No friend to call their own,  
While we have memories to cherish  
Of the place we all call home.

# In the Bleak Midwinter

by Christina Georgina Rossetti

In the bleak midwinter  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter  
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him,  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away  
When he comes to reign:  
In the bleak midwinter  
A stable-place sufficed  
The Lord God almighty  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for him, whom angels  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore.

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air;  
But only his mother  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshiped the Beloved  
With a kiss.

What can I give him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb,  
If I were a Wise Man  
I would do my part—  
Yet what I can I give him,  
Give my heart.

---

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894) is regarded as one of the greatest English poets of the 19th century. She excelled in works of fantasy, verse for children and religious poetry. This poem is taken from "A Christmas Carol," in "The Poetical Works of Christina Georgina Rossetti," Macmillan and Co., Limited, London, England; The Macmillan Company, New York, New York, 1924.

### A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house

(1) Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
there;

(2) The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,

While visions of sugarplums danced in their  
heads;

And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my  
cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the  
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

(3) The moon, on the breast of the new fallen  
snow,

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,

(4) But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny  
reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they  
came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called  
them by name;

(5) "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer  
and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and  
Blitzen!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane  
fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to  
the sky;

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas  
too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

(6) The prancing and pawing of each little  
hoof—

As I drew in my head, and was turning  
around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a  
bound.

(7) He was dressed all in fur, from his head to  
his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes  
and soot;

A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,  
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his  
pack.



Artist Thomas Nast's version of St. Nicholas.

His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples  
how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a  
cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a  
bow

And the beard of his chin was as white as the  
snow;

(8) The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a  
wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full  
of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old  
elf,

And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of  
myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

(9) He spoke not a word, but went straight to  
his work,

And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with  
a jerk,

(10) And laying his finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a  
whistle,

(11) And away they all flew like the down of a  
thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of  
sight,

(12) "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a  
good night." □

A MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY

*"The Plan of the  
Master Weaver"*

Our lives are but  
fine weavings  
That God and we prepare,  
Each life becomes a fabric planned  
And fashioned in His care.  
We may not always see just how  
The weavings intertwine,  
But we must trust the Master's hand  
And follow His design,  
For He can view the pattern  
Upon the upper side,  
While we must  
look from underneath  
And trust in Him to guide...

Rev. Ellis

Sometimes a strand of sorrow  
Is added to His plan,  
And though it's difficult for us,  
We still must understand  
That it's He who fills the shuttle,  
It's He who knows what's best,  
So we must weave in patience  
And leave to Him the rest...

Sorry we did not hear about your Dad  
and Uncle's death until after the  
fact. Hope you and your wife will  
be able to get away for awhile and  
relax! Take Care  
Sr. Mary Helen

Not till the loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly  
Shall God unroll the canvas  
And explain the reason why--  
The dark threads are as needed  
In the Weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.

With Deepest Sympathy

Sister Kathleen  
H.

Shirley B.

Judy

CIRCLE

A

BLUE MOON

Mary Stewart

11 AUG 1971



CIRCLE

A

BLUE MOON

Mary Stewart

*LOCAL AUTHOR*

poems

Trillium Publications

1996

From The Collection Of:  
Dr. Jack D. Ellis  
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Morehead, KY 40351  
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## **A LIFE OR A POEM?**

**I**

measure my life in moonfuls,  
mounds of love awakenings.  
Children and flowers bloom.  
Stories and poems come.

**I**

circle a select society,  
savor the pleasure of being nobody,  
sing a simple song,  
imagine how the blue moon turns to gold.

## BEGINNINGS

I was born, they say,  
when I arrived a certain day.

I was not born.  
I was a slave  
mummied in blankets.  
A cradle? A grave.

I was born later  
when freedom was won  
and I kissed the grass  
and knelt in the sun.

## TREADLE MUSIC

"There is no friend like the lowly Jesus."  
Grandmother sang with the rhythm as her feet  
pushed the treadle back and forth, back and forth,  
generating the power into humming harmony.  
"No not one. No not one."

She was never tired. Back and forth, back and forth.  
She made dresses for a dollar and sewed from early light  
'til dark in the winter when there was no gardening.  
Once she made a Santa Claus suit for nothing.  
The red velvet pieces decorated the faded print  
couch and chair, and red strips and threads  
dangled on the sultana leaves until Christmas eve.

"Jesus knows all about my troubles."  
One Christmas, she made angel costumes out of white  
crepe paper for the children's choir. No one  
remembered where she got the gossamer for wings.

"Jesus knows all about my cares."  
The safe was never bare, always  
rich with biscuits and jelly.  
"There is no friend like the lowly Jesus."

Uncle Ivan said when he was a boy,  
he didn't need an alarm clock.  
He knew biscuits were ready  
when she finished the second verse.  
"No not one. No Not one."

A TRIBUTE TO JASON HEMP HILL  
BY  
MARY STEWART

RASMAH AND MY EDUCATION

His birth unmarked, he didn't know how old  
he was. Tall, black Rasmah  
kept the grounds of the man  
who owned the brick plant and  
lived close to the clay mine.

Across the road, past the fence  
and the great white gate,  
I, small and white, lived.  
I could climb the gate.  
My father kept the books.

I could wander, but no farther than  
the sound of my name,  
and not toward the railroad tracks,  
and not into the dark clay mine  
with the smell of gunpowder at noon.

I watched Rasmah as he knelt  
in the spring garden and touched the rich earth.  
I followed him,  
because he would name the flowers and trees  
and cared about what a child thought.

He wanted me to be special,  
to learn early to name trees and flowers,  
to sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"  
to practice soul-thinking and silence. I asked him  
if I could be a "heathen," too, repeating what I had heard  
and wanting to be like him.

We sat on the clay bank,  
listened to the noon dynamiting,  
practiced soul-thinking  
ate June apples -  
there, in Haldeman, Kentucky,  
safe in those dark green hills.

USED WITH  
PERMISSION OF  
THE AUTHOR

## SATURDAYS

15 cents and two transfers  
and the bus stopped in front of the house.  
I was allowed to go alone  
at 13, if the house was clean.  
The stopping and the starting of the bus  
at each block was soothing  
to my restless growing.  
The stopping was the air of  
20 balloons deflating,  
and the faces getting on and off  
a parade to praise surviving.

Frankfort Avenue.  
Change buses.  
Past the blind school.  
Past the Stock Yards.  
Down Main Street past the shops  
barely selling,  
still, surviving. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th.

Change buses.  
Down 4th Street.  
Past windows of riches and good taste,  
each window a new dream  
surviving.

Destination.  
Pull the cord.  
The balloons deflate.

Louisville Free Public Library.

A silence of choosing and dreaming  
and belonging.  
Halliburton, Dickens, Alcott,  
Cronin, Buck Scott,  
Dickinson,  
Limit: 5 books and a walk down Broadway to  
Sears Roebuck and Company.

10 cents for popcorn  
sitting in the lounge to read and dream and wait.  
Mother will finish work  
at 6:00 p.m.

Punch the time clock.  
The lights of the city sparkle with promises.  
15 cents and 3 transfers.  
Up Broadway  
Across 4th  
Up Market.

I touch the books of  
solid thought  
surviving.

## TO MY CHILD

I would not say to you,  
my child,  
that you should build  
a ship  
to make me proud.

I would not disturb  
your play  
with some secret  
psychological song  
about shipbuilding  
to fill my emptiness.

What do you know of voyages?  
You have too newly come to me  
to think of leaving.

Maybe I should charge into your space  
of sand castles and say,  
"Beware of sweet songs and  
guilt trips."

I can't.  
I'm frightened  
about promoting shipbuilding  
and tampering with sand castles.

I might trap you  
in an hourglass  
or send you out too soon  
to fight the dragon.

## ANY SIGNIFICANT WHEELBARROW

So much depends on  
the way you picked up that snake  
just as it was going into its hole  
under the wheelbarrow.

Three grandsons followed,  
reached out tentatively,  
dared to touch, tested danger,  
followed as if Pied Piper  
carried the snake to the barn to eat rats.

All creatures are for man's wise use.  
Some men  
carry briefcases  
into skyscrapers.

## ODD SOCKS

I save odd socks.

My grandmother was an Old Regular Baptist.  
who believed that waste makes want.  
So I have fifty socks that don't match  
anything and wait for a use.

My children used odd socks as gloves in the snow  
years ago. They'd put three on each hand,  
run outside to build snowmen, snow angels, igloos,  
run inside to exchange wet ones  
for three more and stand a minute by the fire.

I entertain myself with the mystery sometimes  
while folding clothes, or washing walls, or  
scrubbing the tub. I blame the white  
mouse that escaped from the cage so many  
years ago, running down the hall, never  
getting caught, perhaps building a soft nest of socks.

In Russia or Xanadu is someone  
who also saves odd socks.  
We could see what matches we could make.  
Yeltsin, of course, would think this a  
frivolous problem for one concerned with  
weapons and wars.

Or a C.E.O. whose time is worth thousands per  
minute could not use that minute to think about socks.

I could start a campaign to have  
everyone responsible for his own socks,  
have everyone wear white socks, or at least allow  
companies only one shade of each color.  
Or I could add them to them to the trash.

## MY SEPTEMBER SONG

This birthday month I give myself  
seven circles around the farm  
each day listening for my song,  
measuring my mind into September,  
keeping muscles limber for December darkness  
and cold.

I give myself the gift of white  
petunias in a final burst of bloom,  
old fashioned phlox cut back a month ago,  
flowering again,  
and white impatiens hovering against the warm  
red brick.

Safe inside woven wire we walk,  
the Cocker and I, away from cars and manufactured stress.  
I stop to give the horses apples from the tree  
and to pick the last tomato as we pass the patch.

I check each flower and bush.  
Next spring, I'll move the larkspur to the barn  
and the lemon balm to that place beside the porch  
where nothing else will grow. Next spring,  
I'll write about one woman's pilgrimage.

I give myself a future as I walk.  
Seven times I circle into song.

## BETWEEN SNOWS, JANUARY, 1995

I speed down 519 to Morehead  
between snows to gather necessities:  
books and bread,  
watch the low hanging clouds,  
analyze the first spitting liquid  
for ice crystals,

hurry to get down Debbie Hill  
through Clack Mountain  
to the University Library  
to sooth book mania,  
return *Feather Crowns*, borrow *One True Thing*.

I've been snowbound in Morehead before,  
couldn't get back across Clack Mountain.  
That was before it was blasted in half  
to make the new highway.  
Once stayed in Thompson Hall,  
once at the Holiday Inn with sick mother,  
once rescued by husband  
who likes to prove he can drive anyplace the timber's cut.

Now, drops blend white in the distance.  
At the library  
I scan the computer lists, give up,  
rush to the shelves, find the book.  
Then, dash in the grocery for milk and bread,

speed through Clack Mountain,  
pass Cave Run Lake,  
climb Debbie Hill,  
watch in the rearview mirror  
as snowflakes drift and cover the passageway.

## COMPENSATION

Late April and the hint of Frost is  
not enough to dim the surge of spring  
flowers. A touch of sun denies the white  
masked threat that never endures beyond

saying or remembering.  
Small and multi-colored threads  
make up the fabric of the day:  
each thread a smile, a touch, a tear,  
a sun, a storm, a hint of frost.  
A steady course maintains

the days and weeks and seasons,  
youth and age, love and death.  
Twenty-four hours will soon be gone  
whether wars are fought, or poets write,

or lovers love, or children are born.  
The threads must cross to make the cloth.  
Days and poets are the same,  
yet different. Pain can stretch  
an April minute into a cruel month,  
or love can race the days to years erased.

Frost lies lightly on the grass as  
words of poets lie lightly on the mind.  
A poet weaves patterned words,  
sprinkled with snow-dust surprises,  
knotted with colored strands of Stevens,  
Emerson, Eliot, Whitman, and a hint of Frost.

## HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

### A SESTINA

Home looms like a beacon in evening,  
lighting shadows as the sky streaks rich  
with purples and reds before the cold  
of black night settles silent in the snow.  
A Christmas tree and candles light the windows there.  
A top-lit star guides wanderers back to peace.

Returning children remember seasons of peace  
when love softened secret fears of evening  
shades and banished winter's sting there  
in the bright kitchen, air warm and rich  
with the smells of cornbread and beans, outside snow  
forgotten for a while, even the bitter cold

ceased to be bitter and became only cold.  
Unstructured hours eased worried minds to peace.  
Day's plans evolved only into patterns of building snow  
structures and sliding on sleds until cold or evening  
dictated other pleasures and emptied into hours rich  
with reading and dreaming or just being there.

How could Christmas be Christmas without being there?  
No warmth but love can shield a child from cold.  
Safety in a dormant state will lead to rich  
reflection and creation beyond the realms of peace  
and home. It generates the courage to move beyond evening  
loss and memories of silent mounds of snow.

The hope of spring hides under mounds of snow.  
Some life awaits its birth while sleeping there.  
A morning lurks within the shades of evening.  
No man creates a fire without the cold.  
Past strife and conflict shape the path to peace.  
The puzzle poses myriad ways to be rich.

With family, friends, and neighbors, home is rich.  
The sky breaks white with patches of new snow.  
The sounds of carolers sooth the night to peace.  
Forgotten are the trials and journeys leading there  
as family gathers, talks, and bonds against the cold.  
They eat and play as they unwrap the gifts of evening.

How truly rich are those whose home is waiting there,  
wrapped in pristine snow welcoming wanderers from the cold,  
blessed haven of love, peace, and joy on this Christmas evening.

## AN ETHERIZED CONTRADICTION

When I retired

I thought  
there would be time  
for Eliot, Plato, Emerson,  
and thinking,  
reading all of Dickens again  
and Jane Austen.

I thought  
each day I would walk  
over the hill through yellow leaves  
to the creek to wade  
to sit under a tree  
so silently the red-tailed squirrels would play  
and the deer would come to drink.

I thought  
I could make "visions and revisions" \*  
and dreams to leave my children  
and grandchildren so they would know  
they are not alone.

I thought  
I would meet friends  
at small cafes and we would  
talk about Welty and Whistler  
and laugh through a winter afternoon.

I thought  
I would build a new flower bed  
each spring, disturb each unbidden weed  
as it appeared and nurture each new flower.

I thought I could answer the question truthfully.

I thought there would be

enough

time.

*\*The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock by T. S. Eliot*

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*Circle A Blue Moon*

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**From The Collection Of:  
Dr. Jack D. Ellis  
552 W. Sun St.  
Morehead, KY 40351  
606-784-7473**

# Look At The Eternal Hills; Lift Up Thine Eyes To The Mountain

F. F. A. Hears  
Mrs. Ellington

Proudly the Foothills of Kentucky raise their heights around the City of Morehead, nestled in their midst. Like protecting sentinels they stand all about the fastest growing little city in Kentucky, lending their inspiration summer and winter to the citizenry of the town, and to the visitors who are here for a short stay or a more extended sojourn. Pine, oak, birch, poplar, rear their heads, in an eternal struggle with the rock-topped peaks that rise on either side, trees that give the mountains the color of rich green in summer time, a green which turns to a darker-hued blue-black as distance intervenes.

Trees that in the autumn of the year, furnish the rich reds, the crimsons, the scarlets, the brilliant yellow, the browns and the myriad colors that thrill the sight-seer and make of Morehead and its surroundings, the most beautiful spot in the entire world.

To the Indians of more than one hundred fifty years ago, of these hills were sacred, much more sacred than to the white man who came later to despoil the forests with the industry that all but ruined the future of Eastern Kentucky, and it was only in much more recent

years that the descendants of these white men learned the great lesson of conservation and converted this great section into the Cumberland National Forest.

No gold rush has ever marred the tranquillity of the Hills of Eastern Kentucky. Minerals there are in abundance, awaiting the magic touch to develop them. Coal and fire clay deposits have been developed, coal in surrounding counties, fire clay in abundance right in our own door yard. Yet the mineral wealth in this section of Kentucky is scarcely touched. Its industrial possibilities are still a matter for the future.

The Black Hills of South Dakota are thrilling and beautiful. The Yellowstone National Park is still one of the seven wonders of the world. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado and of the Yellowstone Rivers are majestic scenes of awe-inspiring beauty and sublime power. Yet, we who live in the Wonderland of Eastern Kentucky, know that we have beauty unsurpassed to offer to the visitor in our own Cumberland Hills.

The casual visitor will find much to justify the spending of at least a few days or hours to drive over the forest trails from

Morehead, up, up into the hills. The majestic rock formations are at their best. The carvings of the ages stand out, the work of the winds and the elements. Again the Black Hills of the Dakotas have their Needles, but the Needles are not more colorful, not more impressive than the age-worn rocks tumbled in reckless confusion, as though the mountain gods in anger had hurled them and left them as they fell.

Three or four hours spent among the hills are well worth the time and effort. The Forest Trails are excellent, while the glimpses the visitor catches of Nature at her tumultuous best will justify many more hours if one cares to spend them.

More than one hundred, yes one hundred fifty years have passed since this country was first taken into the Union of States. Many more years have passed since it was first settled by the white man. Yet in the far reaches, the hidden valleys, there are still places in which the white man as scarcely trod. There are still forests that are primeval; there are still beauty spots of a wild and unexpected sort.

And as a fitting close to a short visit if it must be short, wind up the trail to the Look (Continued On Page Three)

Mrs. A. F. Ellington, principal of the Morehead High School addressed the local chapter of the Future Farmers of America at their weekly club meeting on Thursday, December 4.

This talk based on the subject of thrift, was enjoyed by the members and the sponsor. In the talk Mrs. Ellington gave the benefits and advantages of saving, while she added to the popularity of the subject by telling humorous short stories. She also gave some excellent examples of the good as well as the bad side of thrift.

Also included on the program were talks by Billy Stidom and Charles McKenzie. Bill Stidom spoke on "Some things I would like to have 10 years from now, and mentioned such things as health, money, time, energy, talents, food, clothing, McKenzie spoke on "What Future Farmers are doing to promote Thrift. Eugene White led the group in a song before the newly organized string band including Hanson Carey, Charles McKenzie and Eugene White entertained.

## Chapel Proves To Be Rally

Sunday, December 7, dawned clear and bright. On my way to a church I met smiling, happy people, little dreaming that in just a few hours their smiles would be wiped away, perhaps for two years to come. It was about two o'clock when the ominous news came that WAR had come to our shores, that our ships had been sunk, that our own American boys had been killed, and that even while pretending to negotiate for peace, the Japanese leaders had been preparing and launching this sudden destruction.

Light-hearted college boys and girls, who had never known real responsibility, changed instantly into serious-minded, thoughtful Americans, all asking the same question, What can I do to help? They do not believe in war, these fine college boys and girls, but they are ready to fight and even to die that justice and freedom for all peoples everywhere may be realized. Japan has, through her dast-

## Puppet Show Reported Fine

Everybody loves a good Marionette Show, and that is what you will see when you attend the performances of the Rufus Rose Marionetts, coming to the college auditorium on January 14, 1942, at a 2:30 matinee and a 7:30 evening show. Rufus and Margo Rose are personally appearing with their company, and their sixty wooden actors which will enact the classics, "Rip Van Winkle" and "Snow White", as well as a modern "Revue" under the auspices of the Morehead College Beau Arts Club. When you see these shows you will be thrilled by the splendor and artistry of the productions, you will be transported by the great dramatic power of the

## Revival At Church Of God Going On

A two weeks revival is in progress at the Church of God. Reverend Ramah Johnson is the evangelist. The services start at 7:00 p. m. each evening. We invite you to attend some of these services. You will be welcome at any time.

## McFarland Get High Price

James McFarland of Big Brushy community sold 1154 pounds of Number 16 Burley tobacco that he raised on exactly one acre for \$26.39 per hundred pounds. The crop was sold on the Maysville market during the first week's sale. The acre of tobacco brought \$419.90. This is one of the highest prices yet

## Methodists To Have Candle Light Service

The young people of the Methodist Church will take charge of the Vesper Service for the church on Sunday evening, Dec. 14, at 5:15. A beautiful candle-light service is being planned under the direction of Miss Jean Fields. Mrs. M. E. George will be at the console of the Hammond organ to play the beautiful Christmas music so loved at this season of the year. This hour of the day lends itself beautifully to this type of service. It is an hour free from other public activities, so plan to attend this service Sunday eve.

The regular services will be held on Sunday morning. The Sunday School is well organiz-

## Golden Girls Lament

Just a line to say I'm living,  
that I'm not among the dead.  
Though I'm getting more forgetful  
and mixed up in the head.  
I got used to my arthritis,  
to my dentures I'm resigned.  
I can manage my bifocals,  
but, God, I miss my mind.  
For sometimes I can't remember  
When I stand at the foot of the stairs,  
If I must go up for something,  
or have I just come down from there.  
And before the fridge so often,  
my poor mind is filled with doubt,  
Have I just put food away, or  
have I come to take some out.

And there's time when it is dark  
with my nightcap on my head,

I don't know if I'm retiring, or  
just getting out of bed.

So, if it's my turn to write you,  
there's no need for getting sore,

I may think that I have written,  
and don't want to be a bore.

So, remember that I love you,  
and wish that you were near.

But now it's nearly mail time  
so must say goodbye, dear.


There I stand beside the mail box,  
with a face so very red.

Instead of mailing you my letter,  
I had opened it instead.


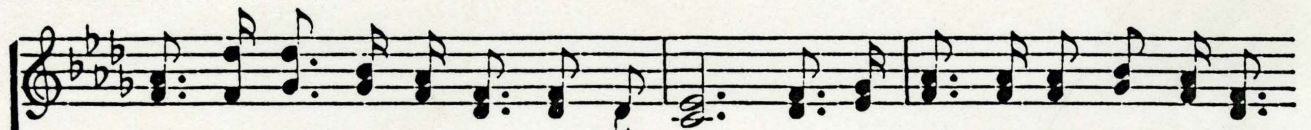
J. B. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO.


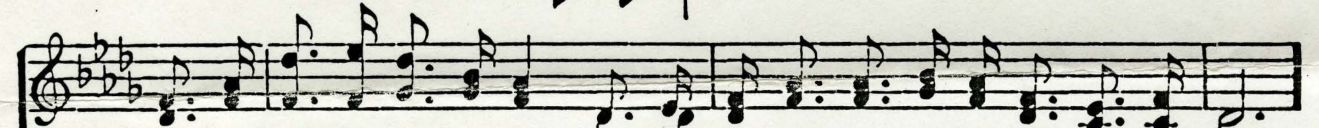
J. B. Mackay.



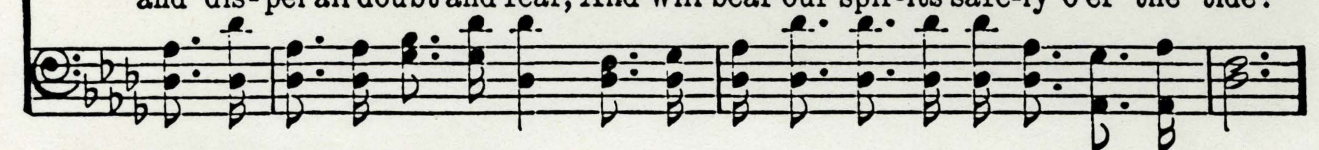
1. Is there an-y one can help us, one who understands our hearts, When the  
 2. Is there an-y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we  
 3. Is there an-y one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his  
 4. Is there an-y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz-es with us,  
 faint and fall be-neath it in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us,  
 heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par-don  
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us,

who in wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver-y blessing that we need?  
 and the heav-y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an ev-er-last-ing arm?  
 that af-fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?  
 and dis-pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide?



## CHORUS.



Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af-  
 Yes, there's One, on-ly One,




fictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.



*Attn: Jack*

**THOSE I WANT IN HEAVEN WITH ME  
SHOULD THERE BE SUCH A PLACE**

First, I want my dog Jack,  
Granted that Mama and Papa are there,  
And my nine brothers and sisters,  
And "Aunt" Fanny who diapered me, comforted me, shielded me,  
Aunt Enore who was too good for this world,  
And the grandpa who used to bite my ears,  
And the other one who couldn't remember my name  
There were so many of us;  
And Uncle Edd—"Eddie Boozer" they called him  
Who had devils dancing in his eyes,  
And Uncle Luther who laughed so loud in the church yard  
He had to apologize to the congregation,  
And Uncle Joe who saved the first dollar ever earned,  
And the last one, and all those in between;  
And Aunt Carrie who kept me informed,  
"Too bad you're not good-looking like your daddy."  
And my first sweetheart, who died at sixteen,  
Before she got around to saying Yes,  
And the one to whom I gave my love, wholly, unconditionally,  
And there was no return,  
Perhaps there, maybe then.

I want my dog Jack nipping at my heels,  
Suddenly gone when I was six,  
And tore my heart;  
And I want Rusty, my ginger pony,  
Who took me on my first journey,  
Not far, yet far enough for the time.

I want the playfellows of my youth  
Who gathered bumblebees in bottles,  
Erected flutter mills by streams,  
Flew kites nearly to heaven,  
And who before me saw God.

Be with me there.

*James Still*

# BEATITUDES

## For Friends of the Aging

**BLESSED** are they who understand  
My faltering step and nervous hand.

Blessed are they who know that my ears today  
Must strain to catch the things they say.

Blessed are they who seem to know  
That my eyes are dim and my wits are slow.

Blessed are they who looked away  
When my coffee spilled at the table today.

Blessed are they with a cheery smile  
Who stop to chat for a little while.

Blessed are they who never say  
"You've told that story twice today."

Blessed are they who know the ways  
To bring back memories of yesterdays.

Blessed are they who know I'm at a loss  
To find the strength to carry my cross.

Blessed are they who ease the days  
On my journey Home in loving ways.

*Author Unknown*

*"It is a wonderful thing to be alive. If a person lives to be very old, let him rejoice in every day of his life, let him also remember that eternity is far longer."*

*Ecclesiastes 11: 7,8 The Living Bible*

Poems that tell a story are very much a part of history. The following poem is by Ed Mabry, a young Rowan County teenager in 1939. It is his account of the Rowan County Flood. This poem expresses deep emotion and dramatic insight into the tragedy of The Flood of 1939.

Rowan County Flood  
By  
Ed Mabry

Twas in the hills of old Kentucky, in the year of thirty-nine.  
There was an awful flood, it was a distressful time.

You could see the lightening flashing, you could hear the thunder roar.  
While the water it was slashing, through many a home and store.

There were many people walking on the streets of Morehead,  
While others they were sleeping snugly in their beds.

It came all unexpected, many people had to die.  
That was a terrible flood, that fell on the fourth of July.

The storm could not be conquered, for hours it did last.  
Many people they were struggling, while the water was raising fast.

From the little town of Haldeman, through Morehead and Bluestone.  
Many people they were suffering, and left without a home.

The storm in all its fury swept across the mountain tops.  
It filled the valleys with water, and destroyed many crops.

It washed away 25 bodies, and covered them in the mud.  
I'm tellin' all you people, that was a terrible flood.

8/10

MOREHEAD MEMORIES: PEOPLE & PLACES

~~HISTORY AND POETRY~~

THE PAST IN POETRY + PHOTOS

BY

JACK D. ELLIS

"Ask now of the days that are past" (Deuteronomy 4:32)

The reason this writer continues writing this column is because I believe it is important to each of us to keep alive our memories of the past, even though life is always thrusting us forward. Time passes, changes occur, and we must change in order to stay alive and keep on growing. But even as we continue to grow and change, we need to hold tight to our heritage.

There are those who only want to live in the present. Their only concern with the past is how to escape it. Also, their only concern with the future is how to avoid it. But there can be no profitable present without powerful memories of the past. Also, there can be no hopeful future without a meaningful past. Every moment we enjoy in the present is a link between our past and our future. Those cut off from their past soon sink into spiritual stagnation and depression, and oblivion.

NOT JUST AN EXERCISE IN NOSTALGIA

This column "MOREHEAD MEMORIES" is NOT just an exercise in nostalgia, but allows the reader to look proudly at our past and look at the same time look

hopefully toward the future realizing that hope is made up of memories of yesterday along with our expectations of tomorrow. Remembering our heritage gives new meaning to our "today" along with greater expectations of tomorrow.

Ordinarily one does not associate poetry with history. But many historical tragedies, triumphs, and tribulations are recorded in poetry. Also, poetry is considered by many as the emotional language of the soul. It can run the gamut of human experiences, from the deepest sorrow or sadness to the ridiculous and *sublime*. From somber to frivolous, from profound to flighty; from grave to hilarious. In other words, historical poetry can cover the whole gamut of human emotions, as it evokes our own images of the past.

Over the years, this writer has collected many poems. Some are classics by well-known poets, others were written by local authors; e.g. *My People* by B.R. Oney. Bob Oney grew up in the Haldeman-Little Perry area of Rowan County. He moved away when he left for the Army in the 1950s but his heart is still in Rowan County. *that is evident by his nostalgic narrative "My People."*

Experiencing her childhood, growing up in Morehead, attending Breckinridge, and forming lifelong friendships is the poignant purpose of her poem FRIENDSHIP by Morehead native and Breck alumnus, Linda Pat McGarey.

# HERITAGE

I shall not leave these prisoning hills  
Though they topple their barren heads to level earth  
And the forests slide uprooted out of the sky.  
Though the waters of Troublesome, of Trace Fork,  
Of Sand Lick rise in a single body to glean the valleys,  
To drown lush pennyroyal, to unravel rail fences;  
Though the sun-ball breaks the ridges into dust  
And burns its strength into the blistered rock  
I cannot leave. I cannot go away.

Being of these hills, being one with the fox  
Stealing into the shadows, one with the new-born foal,  
The lumbering ox drawing green beech logs to mill,  
One with the destined feet of man

climbing and descending,

And one with death rising to bloom again, I cannot go.  
Being of these hills I cannot pass beyond.

James Still

© 1968

## POEMS THAT TELL A STORY

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,  
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while;

When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play  
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day.

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clean;  
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,  
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it - dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;  
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side,

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,  
And then softly sank to silence - silence kept for evermore.

-Julia C.R. Dorr

## JOHN MAYNARD

"Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse  
One bright midsummer day,  
The gallant steamer *Ocean Queen*  
Swept proudly on her way.  
Bright faces clustered on the deck  
Or, leaning o'er the side,  
Watched carelessly the feathery foam  
That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,  
That, smiling, bends serene,  
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,  
Impended o'er the scene -  
Could dream that ere an hour had sped  
That frame of sturdy oak  
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,

Blackened with fire and smoke?

From The Collection Of:  
Dr. Jack D. Ellis  
552 W. Sun St.  
Morehead, KY 40351  
606-784-7473

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And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for evermore.

JULIA C. R. BORN

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while

To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile:

"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,  
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"

"A dollar, a dollar"; then, "Two!" "Only two?"

Two dollars, and who'll make it three?

Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;

Going for three—"But no,

From the room, far back, a gray-haired man

Came forward and picked up the bow;

Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,

And tightening the loose strings,

He played a melody pure and sweet

As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,

With a voice that was quiet and low,

Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"

And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?"  
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?  
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice,  
And going, and gone," said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them cried,  
"We do not quite understand  
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply:  
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and scarred with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,  
Much like the old violin.

A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,

A game—and he travels on.

He is "going" once, and "going" twice,

He's "going" and almost "gone."

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd

Never can quite understand

The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought  
By the touch of the Master's hand.

MYRA BROOKS WELCH

JOHN MAYNARD

'Twas ON LAKE ERIE's broad expanse

One bright midsummer day,

The gallant steamer *Ocean Queen*

Swept proudly on her way.

Bright faces clustered on the deck

Or, leaning o'er the side,

Watched carelessly the feathery foam

That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,

That, smiling, bends serene,

Could dream that danger, awful, vast,

Impended o'er the scene—

Could dream that ere an hour had sped

That frame of sturdy oak

Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,

Blackened with fire and smoke?

# TRAINING SCHOOL

Once I saw a little duck;  
It had no neck or tail.  
It always said, "Quack! Quack!"  
When it went out to sail,  
And this is the end of the little duck  
That had no neck or tail.

## *"What Once I Saw"*

GEORGE BLACK, II GRADE.

I had a little kite,  
It flew up in the air.  
The wind stopped blowing  
Down it fell into my hair.

## *"My Kite"*

ZANE YOUNG, II GRADE

The gay petunias look  
Like ladies in a picture book,  
Little ladies in green dresses  
And colored hats.

## *"A Petunia Bed"*

RUTH FAIR, III GRADE.

Oh, Dinosaur,  
You are so large  
That the earth shakes when you walk.  
You could devour me  
At once—  
If only you were living.

## *"Dinosaur"*

ALICE PATRICK, III GRADE.

# POETS



Fairies are dancing,  
Fairies are prancing,  
Fairies are singing to you.  
Fairies are the loveliest things  
That I ever knew.

## *"Fairy Land"*

ALICE PATRICK, III C

Oh! little shoes  
Why do you quarrel  
All the time  
Just over the one  
That gets laced up first?  
You naughty little shoes.

## *"My Shoes"*

JACK ELLIS, III GRADE

*Later published in  
Child Craft Encyclopedia*



*Quill and Quain*

*Morehead College Publication*

## Local Trivia

### Early History

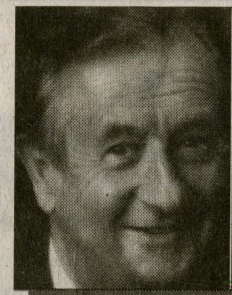
■ Another example of a historic story-poem is by local author Mary Stewart (now lives in Morgan County), is entitled Rasmah And My Education. It is a tribute to Jason Hemphill, a beloved black man who lived and died at Haldeman.

## D Section

# History

The Morehead News Friday, August 17, 2007

## About the Author



Dr. Jack Ellis is a retired Morehead State University Library director and a retired minister.

# Morehead Memories:

## People & Places

### The past in poetry and photos

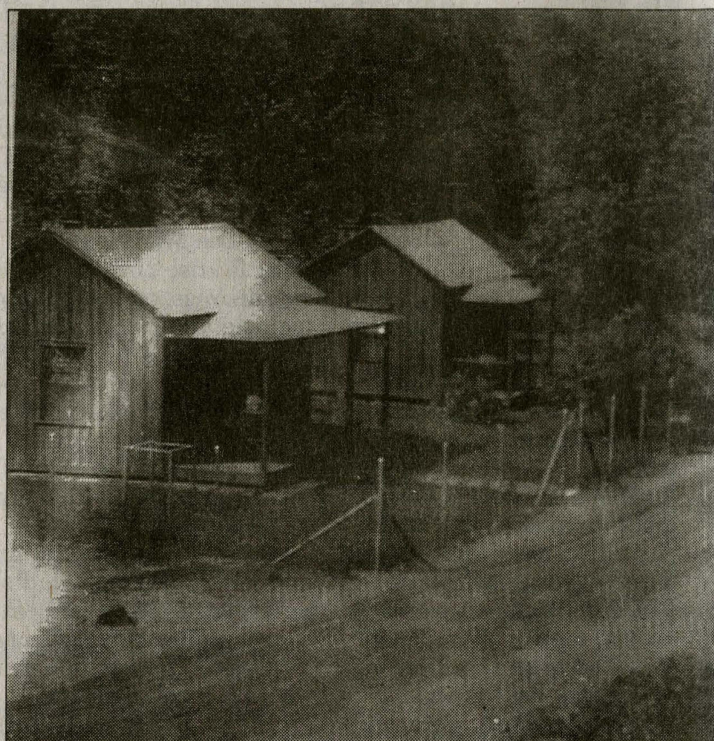
By JACK ELLIS

Special to The Morehead News

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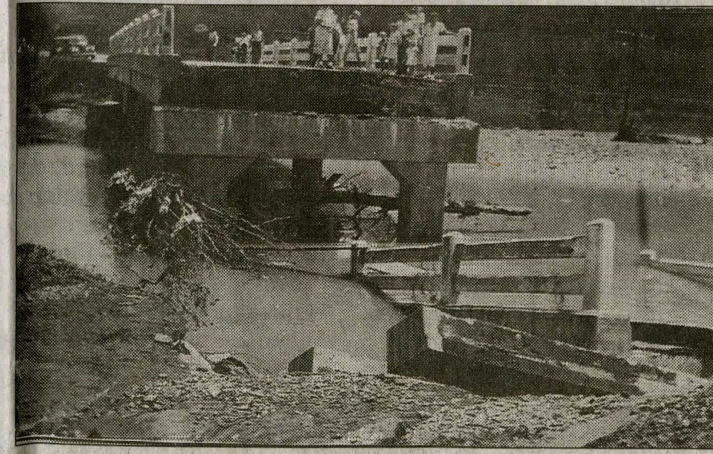
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Haldeman—where many of Rowan's early settlers lived. This view of Main Street in Haldeman shows housing for many key employees with the KY Fire Brick Company in the background, 1930s.



Former slave Jason Hemphill was brought to Haldeman by the Becker family and worked for them. He died in 1954 at age 104 in Rowan County. Photo: Vernita and Russell Becker family.



### An Old Dishpan

By GRACE HOUGHENS

The old battered dish pan  
Held the dishes every day;  
A job without a "future"  
I "nearly" heard it say.

Now that old pan was aluminum  
So it joined a million more,  
To help defend our country,  
And guard our peaceful shore.

soon sink into spiritual stagnation, depression, and oblivion.

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Homes were destroyed and 25 lives lost in the tragic flood of 1939.

1950s but his heart is still in Rowan County. That is evident by his nostalgic narrative "My People".

#### MY PEOPLE

By Bob Oney

They were descendants of those who had left the British Isles and Continental Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to arrive in our Atlantic ports, and move on to and through Virginia and the Carolinas, and on west through the mountain gaps, eventually following the Big Sandy and Licking Valleys into these foothills of the Appalachians. These descendants bore marks of that hard journey that encompassed three major wars and untitled skirmishes with the native population of which some were visibly blood relatives. Some words used by Chaucer were to be heard among them. A few were illiterate, more semi literate. Their surnames were Tackett, Purvis, Stamper, Sparks, Reeder, Oney, May, Fraley, Skaggs, Sturgill, Parker, Brooks, Messer, Turner, Hall, and White. They accounted for twenty-four households that nourished around one hundred and forty souls. They inhabited the agrarian community of Little Perry, Hayes Precinct, Rowan County, Kentucky, at the beginning of World War II.

Having recently come through the Great Depression, and a variety of troubles earlier in the century and at the close of the previous one, most of the elders were to live and see that war disrupt and change their long, accustomed way of life. No less than fifteen of their young men were inducted into military service, many seeing combat action. At the war's end in late 1945, most of these young men, upon returning home, moved permanently to northern cities for employment. This seemed to hasten the trend that nearly depopulated that community of its capable young. Today, but few of those original families are represented in Little Perry. Subsistence farming there is now non-existent.

Poems that tell a story are very much a part of history. The following poem is by Ed Mabry, a young Rowan County teenager in 1939. It is his account of the Rowan County Flood. This poem expresses deep emotion and dramatic insight into the tragedy of The Flood of 1939.

Rowan County Flood

By Ed Mabry

Twass in the hills of old Kentucky, in the year of thirty-nine.

There was an awful flood, it was a distressful time.

This bridge on US 60 East of Morehead was destroyed by the fury of the flood of 1939.

Read about early Rowan County and Morehead, "The City of the Hills" in one of Jack D. Ellis' Books

*Kentucky Memories: Reflections of Rowan County.*

450 pp; 200 photos; c. 2005. \$35.00 + \$4.00 S&H

*Morehead Memories: True Stories From Eastern Kentucky.*

592 pp; 100 photographs; c. 2001.

\$35.00 + \$4.00 S&H

*Patriots and Heroes: Eastern Ky. Soldiers of WWII.*

412 pp; 85 photographs; c. 2003.

\$35.00 + \$4.00 S&H

*Alpha M. Hutchinson: The Biography of A Man and His Community.*

160 pp; 65 photographs, c. 2003.

\$15.00 + \$4.00 S&H

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fast.

You could see the lightening flashing, you could hear the thunder roar.

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It came all unexpected, many people had to die.

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The storm could not be conquered, for hours it did last.

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From the little town of Haldeman, through Morehead and Blue-stone.

Many people they were suffering, and left without a home.

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It washed away 25 bodies, and covered them in the mud.

I'm tellin' all you people, that was a terrible flood.

Another example of a historic story-poem is by local author Mary Stewart (now lives in Morgan County), is entitled Ras-

That plain old battered thing,  
For it is bright and shiny,  
Out on a bomber's wing.

If it could talk, I'm sure  
We'd hear a thrilling story.  
To rise from lowly dishes,  
To fly on wings of glory.

Giving pans is lots of fun;  
Let's help all we can,  
For when a plane flies over,  
"There goes my old dish pan."

Many people think recycling in our culture is something new—but it began in dramatic fashion during WW II as this humorous poem says (1944).

mah And My Education. It is a moving tribute to Jason Hemphill, a beloved black man who lived and died at Haldeman. Jason had a very positive influence upon the lives of many of the young people in Haldeman. His memory is still revered today. A portion of that poem is as follows:

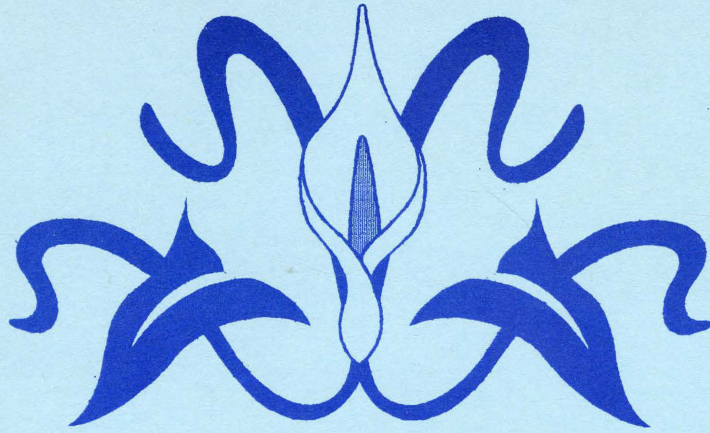
"I watched Rasmah as he knelt in the spring garden and touched the rich earth. I followed him, because he would name the flowers and trees and cared about what a child thought.

"He wanted me to be special, to learn early to name trees and flowers, to sing 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' to practice soul-thinking and silence. I asked him if I could be a 'heathern,' too, repeating what I had heard and wanted to be like him.\*

\*Entire poem published in Mary Stewart's Circle a Blue Moon, and in Jack Ellis' Kentucky Memories. Used with permission.

[www.themoreheadnews.com](http://www.themoreheadnews.com)

U N T T H E P E R I O D I C



# *A Collection of Poems*

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by

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IN MEMORY OF MY DAUGHTER  
DEVONA MARIE HICKMAN  
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ALSO WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO:  
MRS. LENA H. SMITH

FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT, BELIEVING  
IN AND SUPPORTING ME AND YOUR PATIENCE

MY PEARL

Once upon a time, not so very long ago  
God gave to me a gift, that I loved dearly so

Day and night I thanked God, for answering my prayer  
Oh how I loved dressing her up and putting bows in her  
long silky hair

She learned so quickly and was soon walking everywhere  
She was our pride and joy, and in our hearts beyond compare

The first girl, sister, grandchild, truly the apple of our eye  
Time moved so quick, first day of school, she was so happy,  
and I had a cry

Time seemed to go faster and faster  
With each new experience and her happy laughter

School friends, parties, and field trips, then basketball  
She looked forward impatiently, to do them one and all

With my heart full of love, I savored each moment, as I  
watched her grow  
Soon it was high school, invitations to dance with boys I  
didn't know

So beautiful she looked, in high heels and a long flowing gown  
I started to think of the day, when an aisle, she would walk  
down

Everything had to be just right, her clothes, make-up and hair  
A time of part-time jobs, and going everywhere

And she was very talented, sang and played guitar, songs wrote  
from her heart  
Little did we know then, just how soon we would have to part

That shortly, God would call her to come home  
To sing and play with His Angels, as they dance around His Throne

Oh how my heart is breaking  
Gone are the dreams we had been making

No wedding plans to make, no grandbabies to spoil  
Never to talk to her or see her, gone my life's toil

## MY PEARL (cont.)

Yes, God came and took back His Pearl  
My only child, my sweet baby girl

But wait, there is still hope, oh how could I forget  
Even in my darkest hour, God is still with me yet

For someday, we are going to walk hand and hand  
Down the streets of glory, in God's promise land

And there we will live forever in his beauty grand  
Maybe I too, can be a member of His Royal Band

Until then, I know that each day the sun is shinning  
That she is looking down, waiting, watching and smiling

Till then I know she will wait contentedly, for that special day  
When God will say, "Go my child, and show Mom the way."

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## THE MIRACLE

It was time, their taxes they had to pay  
So on foot, they set out for a town far away

Prodding along, the day slowly passed  
The wind was turning cold, and night was coming fast

Tired and weary Mary said; "Joseph, my time is very near  
I can't go on. You must find a place for us here."

Quickly he went and inquired among the men  
But there was nothing, not even at the Inn

Lord, What will I do, said Joseph as he knelt to pray  
Then he heard a kind voice, "Sir, come this way,

There is a stable, quiet, warm and neat  
And upon fresh sweet hay, you can soundly sleep  
If you don't mind a cow, a donkey and an orphaned sheep"

Said a young shepherd lad, with a twinkle in his eye  
Joseph was so happy, that he started to cry

Son, we would be grateful to share your stable  
Good!, I'll get you some blankets and food from our table

Soon they were quite comfortable and warm  
And there Mary's boy child was born

As the Angels shouted "Joy" from on high  
Mary softly sang a lullaby

The shepherds in the fields, were the first to know  
That the Christ Child, was born this night, in the valley below

Peace on earth, good will toward men  
Yes, Jesus was born to save us all from sin

Let us all take time, to thank God  
For this miracle, and say AMEN!

## A PRAYER

Dear Lord, as I bow my head and Pray  
I ask that you will always guide my way

For through trials that cause the heart to ache  
I may not always, the right decisions make

Or to see clearly the path, with my eyes full of tears  
But with you by my side, I will conquer my fears

And Lord, remind me each day as I stop to pray  
Not only for myself, but for all the others along the way

Lord guide and direct me, in all that I say and do  
For my life and others depend on you

So grant me, Oh Lord, as I humbly ask  
Strength and wisdom, to perform any task

Lord, all that exist you have made with your hands  
May I find favor always, and be a part of your plans

And as the years race by and time shall be no more  
I hope to find myself welcomed, through heavens door

By loved ones and friends, who have gone on before  
To shake my Saviour's hand, and in heaven to live ever more

AMEN

## WHEN ARE WORLDS FALL APART

Things don't always go the way we want them to  
But it's not our decision, it's for him to do

We work, play and plan ahead, build castles in the air  
And seldom do we realize, that it is all under His care

Most of the time, You must admit, we get our way  
But few are the times we stop to say Thank you or pray

For a while we are happy and gay, and things run smoothly  
all day

We take it for granted and have little to say

But let our world fall apart  
Then with tears we cry from the heart

Fear not, for the Lord of the light, is also Lord of the  
dark  
He doesn't leave you to take a walk in the park

Patiently, He waits to be included in all that we do  
So ask Him first, and your skies will mostly be blue

Do not despair, when your burdens become more that you  
can bare  
Just trust in Him, take hold of His hand, He really does  
care

He is always there and will safely take us through  
Just call on Him first, He's waiting for you

## A GIFT FROM ABOVE

A baby is a gift, sent from above  
For us to care for and tenderly love

A beautiful blessing, that fills our hearts with pride  
To teach, guide and keep safely by our side

We love them, nourish them and do our very best  
Try to prepare them for life's many test

Your time together may be short and sweet  
Or long, with precious memories to keep

Just remember make the most of that time  
For you never know when God will say, "It is mine."

I've come to take her home  
Time on earth has ended for her to roam

His spirit, He will leave with you  
To help you through the tears, doubts and times so blue  
He will not forsake you, but safely lead you through

And later, when He has healed your pain  
You will be able to praise His Holy Name

For giving you the memories and the honor of being a Mother  
Cause your baby was special, and like no other

## THANK YOU

Lord I thank you for the sunshine, you sent to us today  
For your presence beside me, to guide me along the way

For the many forms of beauty, we see in our great land  
Birds, trees, flowers, to babies reaching out a hand

For the green grass that sparkles, in the morning dew  
They are all signs of love, Lord, sent down by you

For mountains high and waving fields of grain  
For lush green valleys and soft summer rain

Thank you for the beautiful sunrise and sunset  
For the children playing in the creek getting all wet

For the moon and twinkling stars across the night sky  
They are sent from our Father on high

For the songs of birds in the tree tops  
To scampering squirrels and bunnies that hops

For long walks with someone who cares  
In the beauty of nature, we feel your presence there

For kittens and puppies that can give so much cheer  
To the love and smiles, of those we hold dear  
Thank you Lord for these things and more year after year

Amen

## BLESSINGS

Lord, I thank you for your many blessings, there more than I  
could name  
And yet without disrespect, you treat and love us just the  
same

You know that I am human, and many mistakes I will make  
But I put my trust and faith in you, for I know you will  
not forsake

Lord, you do not count or look for the worldly things  
As most people do and strive to in their lives bring

Of these things Lord, you know I could never compete  
I don't try to keep up with my neighbors up and down the  
street

I know that you look into the corners of our hearts  
To see if we put you first before we even start

Yes, I thank God for the plan of salvation  
And the gift, that brought it down to man

Your promise, you have given for eternal life  
If we ask for forgiveness, and walk in your light

So dear Lord, grant me wisdom and strength, I pray  
So that I may do my best and your will always, day after day

## TIME

Time waits for no one, as it quickly passes by  
No, not even a queen, let alone I, can slow it down  
or make it fly

I can't believe how much time has passed, since I saw you last  
While I am at a stand still, everything else moves so fast

One month, two, three, they all feel the same to me  
She was too young Lord, oh how can this be

But I must lay my thoughts aside  
And all of my tears, I'll try hard to hide

Lord its so hard to act like I have pride  
When I have this painful hole down deep inside

But I must leave it in my Master's hands  
All that has happened, is but one of His plans

With His help, and time, all wounds will heal  
And renewed hope and joy I will again feel

I know that God is with me in everything I do  
And with a steady hand, He will guide me through

Then one day, in the near future span  
We will be together forever in God's promised land

## THE PROMISE

Never more will there be tears  
In that land, we will over come fears

We'll have no use for crutches or canes  
For up there, we will feel no pain

There the sun will always shine  
And peace for ever will be mine

The flowers will forever bloom  
Filling the air with sweet perfume

In new bodies, of glorious sight  
Dressed in robes of flowing white

Just to be among those chosen few  
I long to be, "My friend, What about you?"

Why don't you make your plans today  
For a home in that city far away

Get down on your knees and pray  
Listen to what God has to say

For He is the potter and you are the clay  
Don't put it off my friend, do it today

It's a choice everyone must make  
And no one wants the fiery lake

For this is a promise He has made  
Through the pages of the Bible the path is laid

I know what I must do  
But tell me friend, What about you?

## HUSBAND DEAR

If only I could write a beautiful sonnet  
Take paper and with a pen, write pretty words upon it

Words of love and feelings true  
Wrote specially Hon, just for you

Of how I love you more today than I did yesterday  
And how we were made to travel the road of life together,  
all the way

I'd fill it with promises and dreams of all good things  
Something to make your heart feel like it was growing wings

I'd fill it with laughter and cheer  
Of all the good times spent with you dear

But try as I may  
I can't find the right words to say

But you would never take time to read my verse  
For you would have to see who's on first

For on these days no attention can you pay  
So go on, watch your old ballgame anyway

## HE PAVED THE WAY

He was caught and convicted in the valley wide,  
Never once, the truth, did He try to hide

God sent His only Son so that victory could be won  
Jesus was his name, and performing miracles is what He done

He healed the sick, the blind and the lame  
All that he did was in his Father's name

Many was saved because they believed in Him,  
While others continued to live in sin

So high, upon a hill, they called Calvary  
Jesus Died to save people like you and me

He was hung on a cross, made from a tree  
That people of all races, might live eternally

High so that all could see, they crucified a innocent man  
Not believing, He was part of God's great plan

What humiliation, pain and suffering, He bore  
Knowing that there was coming still more

They, spat upon him, pierced His side  
Then cast lots for His, cloak that was purple dyed

Two others, one on each side, were crucified too  
One asked; "Lord if I may could I come live with you?"

Jesus nodded, with tears falling from His eyes  
Then said, "Today you shall be with me in paradise."

"Father", He said forgive them, they no not what thay have done  
And then to His Mother, "Woman, behold Thy son."

Then He gave up the ghost and died  
While Mary hung her head and cried

To late the people saw, they had made a grave mistake  
The sky was dark as night and the earth did shake

HE PAVED THE WAY (cont.)

He was placed in a tomb, with guards on stand  
But on the third day, that tomb was opened by a unseen hand

Just as He promised, Jesus arose and He paved the way  
That through faith, we can all live again someday

He arose, He has risen, Yes He Lives  
Praise His name, new hope to us all He gives

MOM

They have set aside this date, to be your special day  
And God knows you are special, for He made you just that way

There are so many things I could say, I just don't know where  
to start

To tell you all the memories, I hold dear with in my heart

From the first day that we met  
The outpouring of love, I'll never forget

You seemed always to have the right touch or know the right  
words to say

No matter if I was sick, sad, or happy, your love showed in  
every way

You taught me Bible verses, songs, and stories, along with the  
golden rule

There was reading, writing, and arithmetic, before I even started  
school

I remember the wonderful times we spent together  
Wading creeks, berry picking, to sleigh rides, we were out in  
all weather

And it didn't matter if we worked or played  
In everything, a good example, you always laid

You were always so patient, kind and true  
I knew no matter what, I could always depend on you

And as the years have past and I have grown  
Just how special you are, has made itself known

I just want to say, "Thank You Mom", for all your love and care  
And to let you know how grateful I am to have you there

For your presence is still as comforting today  
As it was through the years and along the way

I thank God that I have you for my Mother  
For you are truly special, and like no other

Happy Mother's Day Mom, I Love You !

## MY LEGACY

For others, people often leave them behind  
But is there anything, that will remind them of mine

But how can it be, for most people have never known me,  
then or now  
Will anyone take a minute, and think of me, with their head  
in a bow?

I hope so, may they see the good in me and my light always  
show  
May love, wisdom and grace continue to grow

We are put here, but for a season  
And to every one, there is a reason

My reason is yet to me unknown  
Many changes I have went through, like the wind has blown

And when my race is run and it is time for me to go  
May the Angels guide me, to where the crystal waters flow

Where the streets are made of jasper and pure gold  
In that land where we will never grow old

And when the book is opened, and Gaberial starts to read  
I hope, that I will be found worthy of a few good deeds

And there receive my robe and crown  
For the legacy I left below, on this ground

## DEAR ONE

Time so swiftly is passing, by  
I can't seem to keep up no matter how I try

I still miss your laughter and sweet precious face  
While forgotten memories of yesteryear, come in a slow pace

But my heart keeps finding more storage space with time  
All the way back to your birth, and I first knew you was mine

I cherish them so dearly, for I truly love you so  
I wish there could have been time for more to grow

I would have gladly taken your place  
But for some reason, it wasn't God's grace

In my heart Baby, I know that someday, we will meet again  
Until then, we must keep the light burning at both ends

Me, so you and others can watch each day  
You, so one day Honey, you can show me the way

## MY DAD

My Dad was a hard working, honest man  
Someone I was proud to walk by and hold his hand

Dad worked hard, put in long hours with little pay  
But even so, he still found time for me each day

And of others needs, he was, quick to understand  
If you needed help, he was ready to lend a hand

Or if it was a beggar, hungry and cold  
Come in, sit down, have a bite he was told

Dad told me you have to take care of your name  
For life can be rough, it's not always fun and games

Be kind, be honest, and true in everything you do  
For it will make the road of life a lot easier for you

Dad was my hero, and he taught me many things  
And doing things to please him made my heart sing

I thought my Dad was strict at times  
But to be honest, the problems were really mine

Dad also had a happy go lucky side  
Little surprises for us, he would sometimes hide

I can almost hear his laughter, as he stood there tall  
Dad was proud of his family and loved us one and all

Sometimes I would go with Dad to hunt or fish  
And just to keep up with him, would be my greatest wish

He seemed to glide, with his legs so long  
While on my short ones, I waddled along

He would look back and say, are you coming  
As he kept on walking, and some song he was humming

Oh how I loved those memories of yesteryear  
For as a child I knew I had nothing to fear

## MY DAD (cont.)

I just knew whatever, Dad could make it right  
So God bless Mom and my Dad was my prayers each night

Dad is gone now, he has earned his easy chair  
And God made one special, just for him up there

Now a few pictures and lots of memories is all that is mine  
But it will have to last until the end of time

Then one day, up there in glory land  
Once again, by my Dad I will proudly stand

MY LORD AND SAVIOUR

You are my Lord and Saviour  
You hold all that I seek after

Through your love and grace  
Upon this earth, I hold a tiny space

Lord I thank you, for all that I have and can do  
For no other could accomplish these wonders but you

The beauty of nature, in her splendor grand  
Everything was made by the touch of your hand

Lord you are the potter and I am the clay  
I'm yours Lord, Oh show me the way

Your will, I seek to do  
And to help others come to you

Guide and direct my hands and feet  
Also my tongue and the words I speak

Give me knowledge and wisdom  
Then show me the best way to use them

I thank you Lord for the song in my heart  
For the sweet peace, I felt from the start

Thank you for your presence always near  
For giving me courage, in time of fear

Someone I can call upon any hour of the day  
Someone who will listen to what I have to say

And when I falter or stumble and fall  
You pick me up and help me to stand tall

MY LORD AND SAVIOUR (cont.)

I truly thank you Lord for your understanding and love  
For the promise of life eternal and a home up above

For a crown of gold and a robe of white  
Where there is no darkness, just heavenly light

No more sickness or pain, no more parting over there  
Just harmony and peace, and joy radiant every where

For ever and ever Amen

## FRIENDS

Friends come in all sizes and from all walks of life  
They may come one at a time, or together as husband  
and wife

Friends may be a stranger, you haven't come to know  
yet  
But once you do, the moments shared, you will never  
forget

Friends are someone, you can always talk to  
Whether skies are gray or sunny and blue

It is someone, you can call upon  
For anything, anytime from dusk till dawn

Friends can relax together, talk about anything,  
and enjoy the time  
Get together for a meal, or ride, with complete  
peace of mind

Friends are always willing to lend a helping hand  
It doesn't matter if you are young, old, woman or man

These are friends who truly are the best  
Ones that will stand by you through some of life's  
test

And once you have found friends such as these  
A empty space it left, if they happen to leave

But even if they must, move far, far away  
We wish them peace, joy and happiness all along  
the way

Perhaps, if, we are not too busy, we can write  
But never the less, once in a while, day or night

Memories will surface of another time and place  
And in our mind we will recall that friendly face

## ARE YOU READY

We have all heard the story, of once upon a time  
It doesn't tell us much but its a great line

But I have learnt through the years  
Time goes on, it doesn't stop for happiness or tears

It has never stopped for a minute on any given day  
And strange as it may seem, God made it that way

To everything, that is put upon this earth there is a  
season  
And to every happening under heaven, only God knows  
the reason

Sometimes it seems to pass us by, like it has wings and  
can fly  
Other times, we wish it would hurry, but it doesn't, no  
matter how hard we try

There is a beginning, a time for everything to be born  
Also a ending, a time for all to die, and the loss we  
morn

A time to be happy, to laugh and to dance  
Make the best of it, while you have the chance

There is a time for silence, when you meditate or say  
a prayer  
And to speak, to tell of God's forgiveness and love, to  
people everywhere

A time to cast a stone and then to gather, a time to keep  
and to give  
It is all God's great plan, of how He wants us to live

A time to rend or tear and a time to sew and make  
Why there is even a time to love and a time to hate

And wherever good is found, you will find evil close  
at hand  
For there is a time to kill and to heal, time for war  
and peace for man

So as you start each day and punch the old time clock  
Remember to stay faithfully within God's flock

Please my friend, don't be one who is astray  
You know not your time, so today ask for forgiveness  
and pray

## THE 12 MONTHS OF THE YEAR

January is the start of a brand new year  
With brisk, winter weather, and the feel of snow  
very near

It is a time to examine our minds and heart  
A time to make commitment, take a new start

It doesn't matter that the wind is cold and the  
skies are gray  
If you start out with God, you'll find it's a  
beautiful day

So the first thing every morning, take time to pray  
You'll find joy in every moment, whether it's work  
or play

It's the little things, kids and a snow ball fight  
To hot chocolate before a cozy fire at night

But the greatest gift that anyone can find  
Is with God you can have joy and peace of mind

Next comes February and to start us on our way  
We must watch for Mr. Groundhog, and see what he  
has to say

This month still has cold winds and lots of snow  
But it's the time to let our love show

For Valentine's Day is now quite near  
When you speak of love and all that you hold dear

And remember as you get ready for the Valentine dance  
Things can still be better, if you give God a chance

For all that you have and all that you can see  
Was made by Him and not the likes of you and me

So enjoy life as it was meant to be  
But always take time to give thanks to Thee

With winter slowly passing and March right on hand  
Snow changes to rain throughout the bleak land

## THE 12 MONTHS OF THE YEAR (cont.)

Icicles hanging tight everywhere  
Their frosty crystals sparkle in the air

Our minds turn to seed books and dreams of spring  
With hopes of the future and what warm weather brings

And let's not forget St. Pat's Day  
The wearing of green and bagpipes at play

But remember in all of this, you have little to say  
It's all God's plan, you see He made it that way

April is now here and the grass is turning green  
Robins everywhere can now be seen

The sun has cast out the skies of gray  
Blue skies are here with plans to stay

Everything looks so bright, so fresh and new  
It sparkles in the early morning dew  
For all of this dear Lord, we truly thank you

Now it is May and the children are at play  
All of the beautiful birds are back to stay

Winter has past and now the grass grows fast  
The flower beds and gardens are finished at last

I'm thankful for the warm sunshine against my skin  
I look forward for each new day to begin

For I know it will be filled with beauty without end  
I'm so thankful for the many blessings sent down by Him

June is a very busy time of year  
With weddings being planned both far and near

Couples together speak of their love  
Make promises and vows by the Father above

What God has joined together let no man put asunder  
But with so many divorces, you can't help but wonder

THE 12 MONTHS OF THE YEAR (cont.)

Just put God at the top of all, in your life  
He will then guide you to all that is right

July comes in and reminds us to be proud of our land  
To be thankful to our forefathers, for making a grand stand

For the Star Spangled Banner, that we so gladly sing  
May freedom forever always loudly ring

Thank God for the mountains, the sea and fields of waving grain  
Be with leaders, Lord, and this country will have so much more  
to gain

August is now upon us, with hot days of summer still on hand  
Soon we must think of the kids, clothing, books and school  
to plan

We still enjoy our cookouts, and family weekend trips  
Of picnics in the country and frosty glasses of lemonade to  
sip

Then there is the county fair, with hot dogs and cotton candy  
Some people say life in the summer time sure is dandy

It's September, and school is now in full swing  
The buses are rolling and classroom bells now ring

It's up early each morning, hurry, breakfast is ready  
Joanie, brush your teeth; Billy, did you study?

Thank God they're all off on their way  
Just a quiet moment to think and pray

Please, dear Lord I ask  
Give me strength to perform each task

October now has come and multicolored leaves fall to the ground  
And with the winds of fall the dry leaves make a rustling sound

THE 12 MONTHS OF THE YEAR (cont.)

A time for Halloween parties and goblins everywhere  
Witches on broom flying through the air

Watch over our children Lord, they're in your care  
As they go trick-or-treating tonight out there

November with a hint of snow and frosty chilly air  
Has made its presence felt to people everywhere

Plans being made for celebrating Thanksgiving Day  
Families making plans to travel both near and far away

In remembrance of the Pilgrims, oh, so long ago  
And of this land, that we all love so

Father we thank you for this bounty and day  
Guide and direct us we humbly pray

December, the last month of the year  
We know what is behind but the future we may fear

It's a time for kids, Santa, and Christmas morn'  
But most of all, the day that Christ was born

He taught us to love, not just our families, but our fellow  
man  
To live in peace and harmony was His plan

But with Christ by your side, you'll have nothing to fear  
Throughout each day of the following New Year

## A SUNDAY SCHOOL PRAYER

Our heavenly Father, we come before you with admiration,  
and humble hearts  
Thank you, for goodness and mercy, you provide us each  
morning as the day starts

With our heads bowed low we stand in Your presence Lord  
and ask  
That you will guide and direct us, as we go about each  
task

Bless us Lord in everything that is said and done  
For only through you can victory be won

May you be the center of this service, and every song  
We ask that you will hear each prayer, as we go along

Be with all who are in sorrow, and those in sickness  
and pain  
And all who are lost Lord we pray, will call upon your  
name

Be with our leaders Lord through this land  
May they always look to you for a helping hand

And Lord, show us what we can do to help in any way  
We give you the praise, honor and glory, as in your  
name we pray

Amen

## LOVE

Love comes in all shapes and sizes, and without bound  
It is one of the greatest gifts that can be found

Love can lift you up, to tops of mountains high  
And take you so low, you feel like you could die

To this day nothing has been found stronger, they say  
Yet it is freely given and therefore you do not pay

It can bring, the mightiest of man down on his knees  
With tears streaming down his cheeks, he humbly pleas

Or it can be soft and gentle, as a butterfly's wings  
As Mom holds her sweet baby and softly sings

Love is not a single form  
It takes two, for it to be born

Did I tell you there is more than one kind  
We know love among people and its really fine

Have you thought about the animal life  
Some of them have one husband and one wife

Have you watched a boy and his dog at play  
A dog is man's best friend, or so they say

True love is the greatest gift of all  
God freely gives it to the great and small

Love such as His, no greater has been known  
Proof of this on Calvary was shown

He gave His life so we could be free  
Long before any one knew of you or me

I'm so thankful for this special love  
Sent from the Master's throne above

## THE ROSE

With velvet soft petals  
And a fragrance so sweet  
Nestled among the nettles  
On a hillside steep

Or growing in a backyard  
From wild weeds unmarred  
It doesn't matter wild or tame  
No two roses are ever the same

In a rainbow of beautiful colors  
They make a grand show in or outdoors  
So graceful, delicate and fair  
A true beauty beyond compare

They can brighten up any room  
Totally erase the gloom  
For a purpose, they are sent each day  
Thank God for the beauty, only He can display

## EACH DAY

When you awake to the morning light  
Do you thank God for keeping you through the night?

For watching over you, your family and home  
Keeping you safe from all harm and wrong

And as you sit down to coffee and a bite to eat  
Did you thank Him, your not a beggar in the street

Or for the hands that prepared your meal  
How good, warm and relaxed it makes you feel

Did you thank God for your dry comfortable home  
That your not wet, cold and all alone

For the bonds of family, security and peace  
And for the comfortable bed in which you sleep

Many are lonely and fear for their life  
Some hungry, just asking for a bite

Half dressed, trying to stay warm  
While huddled in a corner, away from the storm

Or at night, when the wind and snow does fly  
Down the alley, in a cardboard box they lie

Remembering better days, they quietly cry  
Some will make it, others will die

Have you thanked God for being so good to you?  
He's waiting, just a few minutes will do

Also ask, Can I help somehow or way?  
If nothing else, stop and pray

## ANOTHER SOURCE

When I take pad and pen, sit down and start to write  
I have no idea what's going to come, serious or light

If I was asked, make a rhyme now, right here  
With stammering and stuttering, it might take me a year

I know this statement sounds really lame  
But I think me and the Creator, have a different name

For it comes out of the blue, at the drop of a hat  
It doesn't matter what time it is, or where I am at

So I know it has to be more than just me  
There is something else, that I just can't see

Lord is it you, is this what you want me to do?  
If so, please Lord, help me to write something worthy of  
you

Lord, you bless me in so many ways day after day  
I would like to share it with others, in what I do or say

I want others to know of the joy, peace and precious love  
The kind you can only receive from the Father above

Something that will help give faith and inspiration to  
others  
Reach out to all races and ages, to sisters, brothers,  
fathers and mothers

For you are my maker, my salvation and my inspiration  
And for our home in heaven Your now making preparation

Yes, I believe it is You, who guides my hand  
And I just write the words that you have planned

For this Lord, I give you all the honor, glory and praise  
So let the words flow freely and gladly, I will write the  
rest of my days

## EARLY MORNING

In the early morning dawn  
With dew sparkling on the lawn  
The rising sun announces, "Get out of bed,  
There's much to be done in the day ahead."

In the quiet, peaceful hush  
Deer feed in the green meadow lush  
Birds awake and feed their young, while sweetly singing  
Full of hope that the new day is bringing

Tis in the early morning hour  
I feel the closeness of His mighty power  
The beauty, peace and serenity  
I can feel His spirit engulf me

Yes, this beautiful, slow paced solitude  
Puts me in a prayerful mood  
Man tries hard but cannot compare  
To the grandeur God spreads everywhere

## MY FAVORITE TIME OF SUMMER DAYS

After the heat and humidity of the summer haze has passed  
And the sun is slowly sinking, into the west at last

Oh how I enjoy relaxing, in the quiet summer eves  
When cool winds gently blow and rustle the tree leaves

My mate and I, side by side, sitting in the front porch swing  
Quietly pondering the passing day what tomorrow will bring

There is quite a view from our front porch to see  
Rabbits eating clover, squirrels playfully climbing, the  
oak tree

Then there is the serenade of frogs and crickets, and watch  
the firefly  
Along with the song of the nightingales as we gaze at the  
changing sky

As the evening star twinkling brightly appear  
Out in to the field come the graceful deer

Times like this, strong bonds are felt between nature and man  
As we look with amazement upon the works of God's hand

Later you hear the call of the owl and the lonely whippoorwill  
While sweet perfume of honeysuckle, the night air does fill

The moon from the east appears, with its golden glow  
While in your hearts thankfulness for the serenity grow

Quietly we swing, enjoying this pleasure and peace of mind  
Soon the sandman tiptoes in, and it starts to feel like bedtime

Together we thank God for this day and ask for His grace through  
the night  
Then with a kiss goodnight, we climb into bed and turn out  
the light

## GOD IS ALIVE

Some may find it difficult to believe that God exists  
When they'd be overcome with worry and problems, that has  
their mind amiss  
Or perhaps their facing a grave sickness or loss of a loved  
one and are deeply pained and sad  
And in anger say, "If there is a God, why did He let things  
get so bad?"

They fail to see that it is not His works or His plans  
For it hurts Him to see our pain, as in the shadow nearby he  
stands  
They don't see or understand the miracles for us all He performs  
each day  
He wants to help, if they'd just ask, so much more He would  
do for them along the way

They have never stopped to think of life without God in it  
For there would be no life, only a terrifying void, dark and  
endless pit  
He created everything and just as the heavens shine from up  
above  
God is alive today, full of forgiveness, compassion and love

His marvelous miracles are beyond compare  
Beauty of His works can be seen anytime and anywhere  
I may not be able to look upon His Holy face  
But I can feel His presence all around me, in every place

He gives me hope, security and peace, along with his everlasting  
love  
And I know He has still greater things planned in that mansion  
up above  
He will never give me more than I can bare  
He will never forsake me, He will always be there

Yes, my God is alive, I can feel Him in my heart  
He walks with me in the light and supports me in the dark  
I still feel pain and I have problems, things don't go as I  
want or planned  
But now when I need help, I can lay it in my Heavenly Father's  
hands

## MY SISTER

When we are young, we may ask why did you get me a sister,  
she is just a pest  
Honestly, don't you think a kitten or a puppy really would  
be best

She is always making a mess and she makes a lot of noise  
And she always wants to play with my toys

Lots of memories are made in our growing up years  
Sneaky tricks we played, the fun, the laughter and sometimes  
tears

We are both grown now, with homes of our own  
Sometimes you wonder, will I have a moment alone

Sis and I still share dreams, and secrets that no one else  
knows  
For that special loving bond of ours, just grows and grows

We are there for each other, whether it's through happiness  
or fears  
To give support, or a shoulder to lean on for your tears

My little sister has become my best friend  
And we will stick together, no matter what lies around the  
bend

I'm very glad they did not take her back or trade her for  
some pet  
For I have loved her from the day we first met

So I thank God for my sister, she truly is the best  
I know God picked her especially for me, from out of all  
the rest

## LENA

Through the years, many people have I met  
But there is one special Lady, I could never forget

She has a rare combination of thoughtfulness and love  
Of kindness and patience, that exceeded the usual far  
beyond and above

She seems to be so full of life, happy and gay  
While carefree she whistles through each day

But I think I know the answer, for it twinkles in her  
eyes

I think she is one of God's Angels in disguise

She has been a blessing to so many down through the years  
With her teaching, understanding, to listening, and even  
drying tears

If there were more Lena's, this world would be a better  
place  
For she truly loves people, no matter what religion or race

And someday, when her work is done and she stands at heaven's  
door  
The Master will say, "Come Lena, receive your reward, and  
more"

I am so thankful for the day you came into my life  
For your friendship has been a pure delight

## CROSSROADS OF LIFE

On the day of our birth our feet are set upon the road  
And as children, we don't think of burdens or carrying  
a heavy load  
From the beginning God gives each of us a choice to make  
For in life there are many decisions and directions to  
take  
And the best rule to follow is, let your conscious be your  
guide  
For really that is God talking to you privately inside

You must be on guard, be careful of the roads you choose to  
travel  
Some are paved, wide and smooth; others narrow with dust  
and gravel  
Many roads will be brightly lit, with looks of excitement  
and fun  
Others not as bright, with some fun, responsibility and work  
to be done  
And the Devil will tempt you every day in every way  
He doesn't want you to stop and think, and please, never pray

Looks are deceiving, follow the leader, fun and excitement  
are not always best  
Truth, works, security and love are what will stand the test  
Satan will never show you what is down His road 10 or 15 years  
from now  
The tears to be dried by you, your family and friends, will  
take a thick towel  
And I promise, the Devil will never show you His road's end  
But each day you awake, you can always make amend

The other roads, the ones that **may not look as inviting**  
I grant you, will be rewarding and very exciting  
If you just ask God to come into your heart  
He will guide and direct you right from the very start  
The right roads are full of blessings, peace, joy and love  
And God promises greater rewards at the end of His roads,  
someday up above

So as you travel down the roads of life  
Stop and think, you don't want troubles and strife  
Don't look for bright lights and glitter  
Most of it will turn out to be nothing but litter  
Take your time and check down the road a bit  
Is it sunny and beautiful, or a dark endless pit?

## AUTUMN

Hazy days of Summer is slowly slipping away  
No longer do the fireflies come out at dusk to play

Days are growing shorter and the night air holds a chill  
Gone are the hummingbirds and whippoorwill

The skies seem to be brighter blue, with fluffy white clouds  
on high  
Yes, there is a change happening all around as time passes  
quickly by

Flocks of birds gather and fly around, then they swoop to the  
ground  
And yesterday I saw a bunch of wild geese flying southward  
bound

A few leaves float quietly to the ground  
Once emerald green, now show specks of gold and brown

Most of the gardens and crops are gone, harvest over for another  
year  
Only pumpkins and squash remain and Indian corn sold by the  
ear

Jack Frost slips in with his paints and brush  
Painting every tree, unseen in a quiet hush

With brilliant colors; yellow, red, orange, brown and gold  
Bold striking beauty, that man's talents cannot hold

Tis true, man create many beautiful things  
But not with the splendor that God's hand brings

Only God can create the right angles, colors and hue  
And man just can't capture it no matter how he tries to

So as Fall makes its bold stand through our land  
I, in amazement and awe, do humbly stand

And cast my eyes upon the splendor of my span  
In wonder of nature and God's mighty hand

IT'S ME AGAIN LORD

Lord, it's me again, just wanted to talk with you  
We sure needed this good rain, it was a bit over due

Now I don't mean anything by that statement  
For I know it's a blessing and was Heaven sent

You know me Lord, I get a little impatient sometime  
But you know best, and already have future plans in mind

Lord, I want you to remember my neighbor friend  
I just hope you can see your way to put her on mend

This family needs your help, Lord, as they travel down  
this road  
I ask that there be light ahead and help with their heavy  
load

Lord, if you would, touch them both physically and spiritually  
in your special way  
While I and other friends and family members do humbly pray

Give them hope, peace and your strength to endure  
May they come to know that your love is true and pure

Lord, be with our churches, around and about  
If people would just come and learn, then they would have no  
doubt

I'm sure they would soon see it's the best and only way  
Then they would want to be in church somewhere every  
Sunday

If only they knew of the song that is in my heart  
That you placed there, right from the very start

The sweet peace and contentment that I feel inside  
How I can lay down and go to sleep with nothing to hide

IT'S ME AGAIN LORD (cont.)

I don't know the answer Lord, but I guess I'd better go  
There is work to be done and grass to mow

Just thought I'd have a word or two with you and take a break  
When I'm finished, I just might get my pole and go down  
to the lake

So you take care Lord, its been real nice talking to you  
And Lord, I thank you for all that I have and am able to do

I'll let you get back to work now, and me too  
But I'll call on you again, just like I always do

## THANK YOU LORD

Thank you Lord, for all that I see and hear  
For my family and things that I hold dear

Thank you Lord, for all that I have and am able to do  
For I know all that exists depends on you

Thank you Lord, for your presence ever near  
For with you by my side I am able to face fear

Thank you Lord, for your peace, understanding and love  
For many are the times I ask for your help from above

Thank you Lord, for guiding me through sunshine and the dark  
For happy memories and for support of a broken heart

Thank you Lord, for the freedom of this land  
For the beauty throughout our eyes can span

Thank you Lord, for letting me awake to another day  
For your grace and more, I do humbly pray

## THANKSGIVING

To celebrate Thanksgiving is a wonderful time indeed  
A time to figure out and plan ahead for what we will need

From decorations to homemade candy, cakes, pies and such  
To preparing all the favorite dishes, oh, the bounty will be much

And let's not forget baked ham, roasted turkey and dressing  
of course  
Candied yams, scalloped oysters and fresh bread from  
Aunt Doris

The house is filled with wonderful aromas and scents  
While anxiously waiting, time with the family is spent

Then at long last the time has finally come  
Ooh's and ahh's and praises is given for a job well done

Then with our heads bowed and hands joined together  
We thank God for this day, this meal, this weather

Thank you for our family, strong in love  
Thank you for all the blessings sent from above

Thank you for the hands that prepared this food we are about  
to eat  
And thank you, Lord, that there is not another empty seat

DEAR DAUGHTER

I remember so well the night you made your advent  
Such amazement and love came with that happy event

A beautiful, small bundle with bright eyes and long dark hair  
Rosebud mouth and long, slender fingers so delicate and fair

I thanked God then and many times after for my precious gift  
I could look at you anytime and always feel pride in my chest  
lift

Sometimes I thought my heart would surely pop  
And many times it honestly did a flip-flop

You were very active and smart, learned everything so fast  
You were my pride and joy and time seemed quickly to pass

At an early age I could see the makings of a beautiful woman  
one day  
Always in a hurry, impatient to do things in your own way

As you became more independent we seemed to drift apart  
But I will always hold fond memories within my heart

I didn't always approve of your lifestyle or some things you  
did  
And I know there were some things you tried hard to keep hid

But no matter what, I was always there for you  
Love grew more each day, anything you asked, I tried to do

You see, it hurts when Mom feels like she is no longer needed  
Even though, to God, for this time to come, we have asked and  
pleaded

We want to see our children grow up strong and good  
Make a good living and have the life we know they could

With a heart full of love and dreams, this was my prayer for  
you  
But God has plans too, that He makes up there beyond the blue

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD

No one knows what the future will hold  
We live for now as the days unfold

We have hopes and dreams, make lots of plans  
But we don't have control, it's not in our hands

Only God knows what tomorrow will bring  
Some will be sad and cry, others happy and will sing

We have no assurances of another day or even hour  
All creations are under God's power

Think, take time to talk with the Lord while you can  
You could be in a wreck as you drive along in your car or van

Or you could be shot with a gun by an intruders hand  
Anything could happen to make you loose your stand

And when judgment day comes and you stand before the Lord  
And He picks up the book where all the names are stored

Will your name be found among the chosen few  
Will God open His arms wide to welcome you

Don't wait and take the chance my friend  
Please open your heart and with God make amend

Peace, joy and eternal life is a promise He will give  
And someday, with the Saints in Heaven, you will live

## IF IT WAS IN OUR POWER

If only eternal life in Heaven could be bought  
We certainly would be trying to save, giving it every thought

On the day each child was born we would start to plan  
So that someday we could all be together in Glory Land

And we would check on all our sisters and brothers  
And be sure of our Dads and Mothers

Then there is our friends and neighbors who live on our street  
We can't forget them, for many are kind and sweet

If only it was in our power  
We would all be ready for that hour

But we are just lonely souls, and not the Maker  
There is but one God, the great Creator

We have only the power of ourselves to choose  
To seek God, and repent of our sins, or to loose

God offers each person this special gift  
Just open your hearts doors, and your hands uplift

It's a valley you must walk all alone  
Without family or friends, all on your own

But there is one who will share your burdens and lighten your  
load  
And He alone will walk beside you, down that long lonely road

He is waiting for you to call upon Him, just ask  
A new heart you will gain and your sins will be in the past

He wants to greet us all someday in Heaven grand  
To say, "Well done my child", and to shake our hand

Think about it, only you have the power to choose  
But don't think too long, or you might just loose

## SHOW ME THE WAY

Lord I feel the time is very, very near  
When from the East the mighty trumpet we will hear

When the clouds in the sky will roll and unfold  
And our mighty Saviour we all will behold

Lord, I want to be ready for that great day  
So if I am unworthy, Lord, show me the way

You know my heart and my ways  
That I love you and always give you praise

But if there is something that is not right  
Tell me Lord, I'll pray and try to change it this night

You are the Creator, the Father, the Saviour of all  
And someday in Heaven I want to stand tall

I want to see and hear the Angel Band  
And see the beauty of that great land

I want to meet the Saints from out of the Bible pages  
Be united with my family and my friends of all ages

I want to have a new body, and a robe of snow white  
In a land where there is no darkness, just glorious light

Lord, there is so much I want to see and do  
But most of all, Lord, I want to please you

I want to be a good person and Christian too  
I want to be right and honest in all that I do

Let me be a vessel, Lord, for you to use  
To sing or somehow spread your Good News

Lord, guide and direct me, how you would have me to go  
May your peace and joy I feel in my heart always show

If I could just help some sinner along the way  
Lead them to the Master and help them to pray

SHOW ME THE WAY (cont.)

Or to help someone in need, day or night  
Show me Lord, I'll try with all my might

For I know the time is drawing near  
And your heavenly voice I want to hear

"Well done my child, welcome home  
You have earned your rest, no more will you roam

So take off that old coat and put on this new  
Then come meet everyone, they're waiting for you."

MARY THE MOTHER

Can you imagine how Mary must have felt when the Angel spoke  
To be a virgin and engaged to Joseph, I bet her heart nearly broke

She knew this message came from her beloved Saviour  
But she must have felt fear as He ask of her this favor

She must have felt honored, too, and quite pleased  
Yet worried about Joseph and fear of rejection and teased

But through Mary's faith it was all worked out right  
Then in a lowly manger, the Son of God was born one night

As all mothers are, I'm sure she felt filled with awe and love  
As she thanked God for this precious gift sent from above

But I wonder, did she know what lay ahead for her darling son  
Did they tell her, when they said she was the chosen one

I'm sure she was a very loving and caring mother  
Knowing He was different, special, not like any other

But did she know of the torment and hatred that lay ahead  
That one day He would be captured and hung on a cross till dead

Or did she, like us, just love and care for Him day after day  
Wanting only the best for Him, she could afford along the way

She must have been so worried when she learned He had been left behind  
I'm sure all kinds of thoughts and images raced through her mind

At peace in finding Him safe and sound, but amazed at the words  
He spoke  
In a temple at an early age He did speak, and they all took note

Mary must have been so proud, later when He turned water into wine  
And all the miracles that came afterwards, was purely divine

MARY THE MOTHER (cont.)

It must have really hurt to see how her Son was rejected in many  
a town

Why, even in His own home town, the people let Him down

But in no way can I imagine how Mary must have felt  
When they placed thorns on His head and whipped Him with a belt

When they nailed her firstborn to a cross and hung Him there  
The pain that each felt must have been beyond compare

And when at last He died and was placed in a tomb  
When they came to prepare the body, and only an Angel was  
in the room

Oh, the joy Mary must have felt, of His resurrection that day  
And I wonder how Mary felt, when with His Father, her son went  
to stay

I know that all of this was God's wonderful salvation plan  
But as a mother myself, I can't help but wonder how Mary felt  
on the other hand

WINTER

It really is quite clear  
The coldest season of the year

As temperatures dip low and ice forms on the pond  
Mother Nature is still busy with her magic wand

With snow abundantly covering the ground  
Birds come to our feeders from all around

When everything is covered with a blanket of purity  
Animals and birds depend on people like you and me

Covered in a mantel so white that only God could bring  
Makes the voices and laughter of the children ring

It's a time for sleigh rides, snowballs and snowmen  
And to remember our friends, neighbors and our kin

Sometimes I think that is why God made the winter season  
To draw mankind closer, work together surly is the reason

A slower pace, time for thankfulness of family and homes warm  
Being together, comfortable, with food to eat, protected from the storm

Every season is beautiful and a wondrous delight  
And so is winter with its snows of pure white

In sunshine it sparkles like diamonds every where  
Another beautiful miracle God sends for us to share

Created by the touch of the Master's hand  
A quiet serenity, a magical winter wonderland

## GOD, LOVES YOU

The story is that God so loved the world  
That for every man, woman, boy and girl

He gave His only, begotten Son  
So the battle against sin could be won

That who so ever, would believe in Him  
Would in Heaven, for eternity live again

And so it was that Jesus died on the cross  
For a light, to save those in darkness who are lost

For Jesus is the light of the world that all may see  
And by believing in Him, everyone can be free

Why else would God have thought of all these things to do  
Only one reason my friend, God really does love you

Such love was never known before, nor will be here after  
There is only one God, Creator, Our Father the Holy Master

Time after time this story, through the ages has been told  
And still the truth of it, is more precious than silver or gold

## THE COUNTRY CHURCH

On a quiet knoll, nestled among the trees  
Sets a quaint little church amidst the cooling breeze

Over looking the beautiful rolling country side  
It sets straight with dignity and pride

Birds sing gaily as chipmunks play in the yard  
At the edge of a field a fawn eats clover as mama stans guard

You feel calm at peace as you stans here and look around  
You feel God's presents and know that your on hallowed ground

In my mind I can hear the church bell ring  
Seats filled with people to give praise, honor and to sing

Of home coming, with children laughing and playing  
Dinner ready to eat in the yard, and someone praying

I can picture people on bended knees at the alter to pray  
Oh yes it must have been a great sight in its day

If only these old churches and cemeteries could tell their story  
To hear of all the soldiers and others gone to glory

No doubt this church has seen many come and many go  
Gone now forever friends and loved ones that are missed so

And like so many other churches it now lives in yesteryears  
If you listen closely you can almost hear its silent tears

Are people really so busy they can't come to church on Sunday  
Do they just forget about God and look the other way

It seems to be happening all over the land  
I don's know why, I don't understand

Dear Lord let a revival start and fill our churches with Heavenly  
sounds  
May all those who are lost find there way to alters in bounds

People can once more make the church bells ring  
Rejoyce in happiness that the Holy Spirit can bring

Life at its best is short and we know not the end  
Won't you come to Jesus with open hearts and make amend

## CHRISTMAN SEASON

In remembrance of your birthday, we thank Thee for the season  
Son of God and Virgin Mary, you came into this world for a  
special reason

Born ever so humble in a lowly manger, your bed was made of hay  
While Angels sang to the shepards, "Listen to what I say"

Come, come ye to Bethlehem, behold Him who is born King  
Hear and rejoyce for good tidings to all we bring

Joy to the world, peace on earth, good will to men  
A Saviour is born to save us all from sin

And so it was the shepards were the very first to know  
That night a miracle was born in the valley below

Wise men from the East followed a bright shining star  
With gifts of gold, frankincense and mirth, they traveled far

God gave to mankind the greatest gift ever that night  
Through Him we can shine in the glorious light

Jesus is the hope of the world and promise of eternal life  
Repent, believe, He will never forsake no matter your strife

People today in the hussel and bussel of the holiday season  
Seem to have forgotten why we celebrate, lost the real reason

But a few still remember Lord, and render thanks that is due  
We know all the praise, honor and glory belongs to you

## Gifts

Many are the gifts God has given to every woman and man  
More than we can count like the many grains of sand

Beautiful days filled with sunshine  
Family, friend, pleasures and memories that are mine

Crystal cool waters and warm white sand  
Snowcapped majestic mountains, that make a bold stan

Star studded nights and the moon shining bright  
Feeling at peace within, knowing all is right

The mighty Eagle that glides on air currents in the sky  
To the planes that man has built that fly so high

Soft furry kittens and wiggly puppies that lick your hand  
Birth of a sweet little baby, to some lucky woman and man

So many wonderful things to see, to do, hear and touch  
Things so mighty and great, it seems to lift you with a rush

Tall sturdy trees that give us comfort with a cool breeze  
Then in Autumn give us breathtakeing beauty, with multi-color leaves

It is so great to be able to see all these wonderful things  
To hear words of love, or songs the choir sings

To hold something gently, or to feel the strength from anothers touch  
The bounty of His love and gifts to one and all are so very much

Our minds can not conceive, so much upon this earth to behold  
But even greater gift await in Heaven, we have been told

## THE MANGER SCENE

Long, long ago on a cold dark winter night  
Animals huddled closer to see a marvelous sight

They seemed to know a King was born and lay in the hay  
Someone very special, who would rule heaven and earth one day

Quietly the lambs came and lay down by His feet  
The cow and donkey came closer just to watch Him sleep

Mary tenderly held her Son and hummed a lullaby  
Doves cooed and watched from their perch, in the loft high

Joseph tried to protect them from the cold  
Remembering the Angle's words and prophecies of old

While a large bright star illuminated the whole sky  
Angles singing praises, did on the night wind fly

The stable was filled with peace and love  
Shepards came down out of the hills above

To see the promise brought forth to man  
And just to touch His sweet tiny hand

Never before such sights and sounds to behold  
One of the greatest miracles to be seen or ever told

God's only Son was born that night  
To guide us with His perfect light

## Slow Down

Everyone and thing seems to move as if it were in a race  
Why can't we slow down relax, take things at a slower pace

Take time to listen to the songs that the birds sing  
Smell the fresh scent of the air after a summer rain

Speak to friends and neighbors, maybe have a few words to say  
Don't act like you don't see them and look the other way

Take time to hear a child's laughter or see a baby's sweet smiles  
Be patient, kind and loveing, it will help you through your trials

Try to get along with everyone, including your sister and brother  
Remember the older folks, and specially your Father and Mother

When was the last time you said or did something nice for your mate  
Tell them how much you love and need them, go out on a romantic date

People don't seem to realize they are missing so very much  
With reality and the simple things of life they have lost touch

For its things that money can't buy that makes life complete  
Be in touch with God and humanity, and life can be so sweet

Take time to enjoy each day as if it were your last  
Do and be your very best for time is passing fast

Slow down touch, smell, listen, taste, and see all that is about  
God has blessed all of us with so much, how can one doubt

Life was meant to be happy and very rewarding  
By haveing faith in God you can even hear your heart sing

## FAITH

Our faith is **built** through grace and God's love  
For He sent His Son from Heaven above

Yes through His wonderful and amazing grace  
People from sin are saved, all ages, sex and race

This great love is built on the Rock Of Ages  
Proof of this is found in the Bible's pages

Although these stories came from the days of old  
They are still today the greatest stories ever told

There has been many changes since that time and day  
But miracles still happen today when you believe and pray

God's love is still just as great and pure as ever  
We may leave Him, but He forsake us never

He is the rock, the refuge for our soul, the only way  
Give Him a chance open your heart, hear what He has to say

He can make you white as snow, preform a miracle in you  
Your sins will be forgiven, a chance to start life a new

He will fill you with wondrous love, faith and peace complete  
With hope, inspiration, compassion so filling and sweet

And in that Heavenly City up there so far away  
He is preparing a home for us each, for that great day

One day we will meet the Saints just inside the pearly gates  
For that is God's promise and there for us, He now waits

## Memories

I still miss you, my dear sweet baby  
Though you were a grown young lady

I still don't have the answers or know the reason why  
But I am trying to move on, over come and not to cry

I miss your sweet smile, your laughter and beautiful face  
I miss your presents, your love and warm embrace

Your talents and the music that you preformed  
To me, you were the greatest gift ever borned

Oh how I loved sharing life with you  
You could turn mt gray skies blue

I had so many wonderful hopes and dreams for you  
If only it was possible and they could have come true

But all of that is gone, it's over now  
I'll remember the good times and go on somehow

Just remember my love, no one could ever take your place  
But we will be together again with God's love and grace

Although it was much to short, I'm thankful for our time  
For the love you brought and the memories that are mine

I know God will give me His support, He will never fail  
And maybe you can meet me somewhere along the trail

Until then, times move on and so must we  
Till one day again, your face I shall see

## HIS WILL BE DONE

Lord if you would, please lend me your ear  
Just let me talk for awhile and please just hear

So many times in my life I have tryed to do my very best  
But still sometimes, I feel like I have failed the test

Sometimes it can really make the heart ach  
Make you wonder, have I slipped and made a mistake

Lord I need your help in everything I do  
I know even my existence depends on you

Help me always to do what is right, and not to error  
To make the right decisions and for guidance is my prayer

Sometimes you wonder should I have done this or that, or let it be  
I don't know the answers Lord so I always turn to Thee

That's when my heart tells me to erase the guilt I feel  
God has forgiven and forgotten, let it go and heal

We sometimes forget it's not our will or in our power  
God works in mysterious ways, and has plans for each hour

We may not know the reason, and somethings will make us cry  
But He has promised we'll understand it better by and by

## ALITTLE TALK

Lord I just wanted to have alittle talk with you  
I know you are very busy and have alot of things to do

But I think of you and others quite often each day  
And I just had something I wanted to say

I really enjoy being able to have these talks  
Anytime, anywhere even as I go for walks

If only people would stop and look around  
Instead of fussing and putting others down

We have so very much to be thankful for  
But still not satisfied, we ask for more

The beauty and wonder you have created with the touch of your hand  
Magnificently displayed all around us through out this great land

But instead they lie, cheat, and steal go the Devil's way  
Instead of giveing you thanks, honor, praise and daily pray

I just don't understand it Lord