



Straight From The Heart

A BOOK OF POEMS BY
BOB LORD

*Dedicated to Jesus the Savior and my family
who gave me the strength to write this book.*

*Without Jesus' hand to guide me,
this book would not have been written.*

- Bob Lord -

PUBLISHERS

Charles S. Zwerling, MD FACS, FICS
Melissa G. Zwerling

PRODUCTION & ART DIRECTOR

Vann Dennis / Hands On Productions

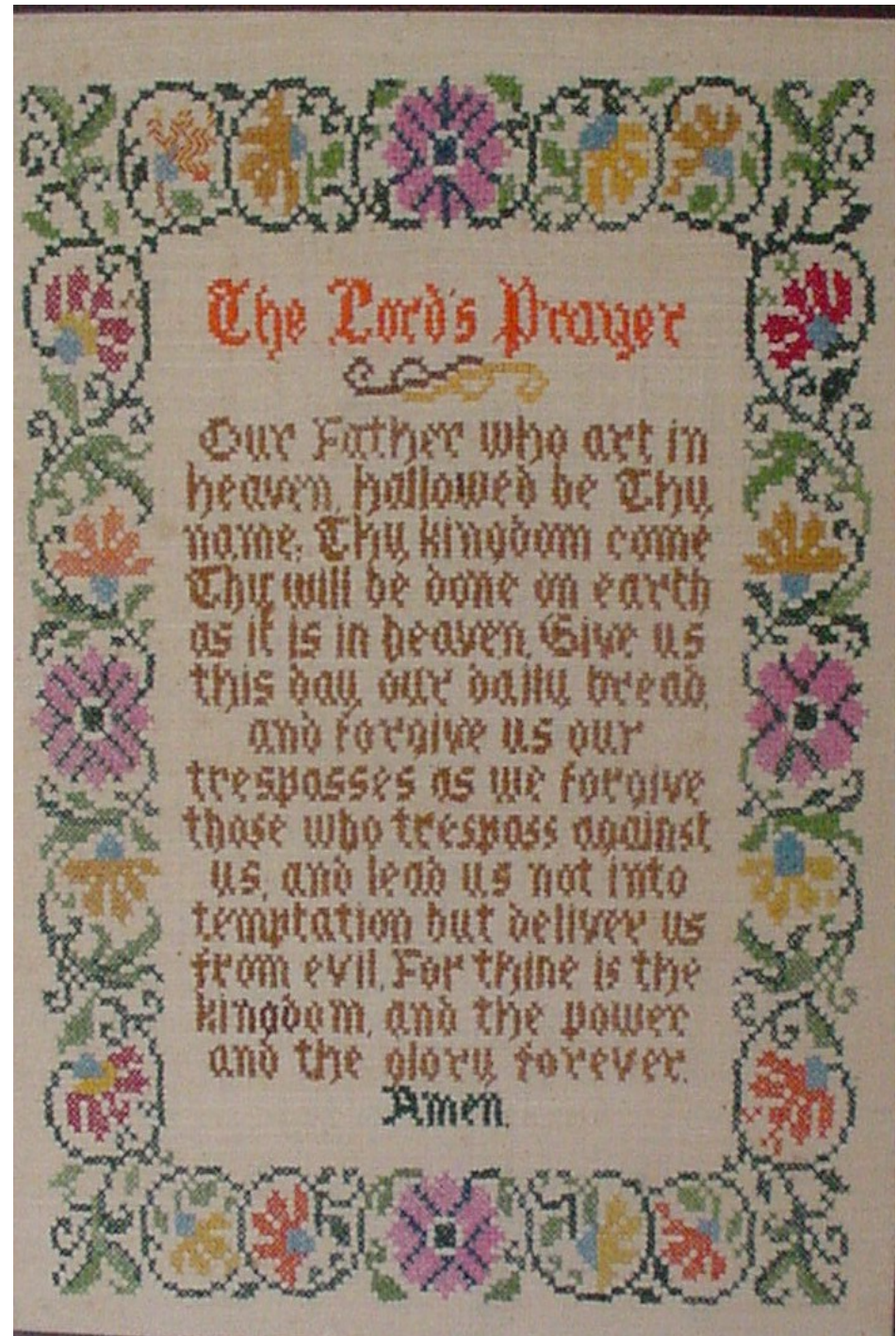
PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS

Brenda K. Sigmon
Tiffany A. Zwerling
Alexis C. Zwerling
Ashlee R. Wells
Nataliya E. Grygoryeva

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CM Enterprises, Inc.
2709 Medical Office Place
Goldsboro, North Carolina 27534
zwerling@ballroom.org



FATHER'S DAY

There is no better way to spend my time
Than to be with my family, then all is sublime
The wife is the one who made it possible for me
By providing me with the girls—number of three.

Your kids don't always make you happy
Sometimes they make you sad
And as we traveled along life's pathway
I knew I was proud to be their Dad!

Last but not least, my loving wife
Forty years we've been as one
It makes me happy to think back
On that day when it all begun...

Now, three girls
Eight grandkids, plus one
All girls and then
Two grandsons.

And if God saw fit to take me home right now
I would leave with a smile on my face
Without Jesus
I could not run the race.

He made His love to shine for us
And to be the Light on our way
Because without Him, I would not be here
To celebrate this Father's Day.

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F O R E W O R D

I have had the honor and privilege of being Bob Lord's eye doctor for a number of years. We have spent many hours enjoying each others stories and memories of our families and childhood. The idea for publishing this wonderful book of poems emanated from my experience of writing three medical textbooks over the past twenty years. I suggested to Bob that we embark on this mission to produce these enjoyable poems in a true book form, so other people could relish his wit and insight into the human existence we all share. So about one year ago, we began this project and developed a format, artwork and organization to his poems. My most difficult task as a publisher has been to say to Bob, STOP! Almost every week he would show up at my office with a new poem. It would have been easier just to say NO; however, every time I read one of these new poems, I know that they must be placed in the final book.

Without the help of Vann Dennis I believe we still would be talking about this project. She has once again come to my aid in finishing this book of poetry with her usual expertise in graphic art and design.

I hope the readers of this book of poetry will enjoy Bob Lord's work as I have. He has given his family, friends, his church and now the world an irreplaceable gift.

May God truly bless Bob Lord.

Charles S. Zwerling, MD, FACS, FICS

Mom and Dad are gone now
But my memories will always linger on
And I know that we will have another get-together
When we meet at God's great throne.

So always remember what Christmas is
And what it will always be
When we all get together again
Around God's great tree...

written 12 / 4 / 00

JOY OF CHRISTMAS

The joy of Christmas
Always ringing in my ears
Has been there with me for a long, long time
Over so many years.

The times as a child when I could not wait to see
What was under the tree
And when I finally got to open them
I'd clap my hands with glee.

And on Christmas morning
I was always the first one up
To see what Santa had left for me
A ball, a bat or a bright-eyed pup...

As I grew older I knew I loved them all
Especially Mom and Dad
For they always gave to me
The best Christmas by far.

Family would gather at the table
Then sit down around the tree
And give out presents to one and all
They didn't even miss me.

Yes, Jesus brought us all together
At this special time of year
So we could be with one another
The ones that we hold dear.

P R E F A C E

My name is Bob Lord, and I wrote my first poem in 1954. It was called "Reign of Good Queen Bess." In some sense, I guess the urge to write has always been inside of me. However, after graduating from high school and making a career in the Air Force for twenty-one years, my wife and I settled down in Goldsboro, N.C. One day while rummaging around, I found a poem that had followed me around for the last forty-two years. An English lady who I knew saw it, and asked if she could give it to her mother to take back to England. I said yes. Two months later, I received a letter from Buckingham Palace, written by the Queen's Lady In Waiting, which told me how much they enjoyed the poem. It was this letter that inspired me to start back my writing career. Since that time, the poetry, which I love, has flowed to my mind continually. The feeling that I get when I am able to express myself through writing, is one of accomplishment and joy; my happiness grows to a fuller extent now that the book has come along. I do want to give credit where it is due. With that being said, I want to thank Jesus Christ for his helping me along with this book. Half of what I get from this book will belong to Him. This is just a little bit of the story, which is, still unfolding.

I hope you delight in the book; it was a joy to write.

God Bless
Sincerely,

Bob Lord

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The next poem you are about to read is the very first poem I wrote back in 1954, as a senior at A. L. Brown High School in Kannapolis, North Carolina. You will note that it was dedicated to my senior English teacher, Miss Loraine Gray who seemed fairly impressed with my effort.

The poem, "Good Queen Bess" just laid around the house for forty or so years until one day, it was given to a lady from England to read.

She liked it very much and gave it to her mother, who was visiting from England at the time. The mother took the poem back to England with her.

Two months later, I received a letter from the palace of Queen Elizabeth, thanking me for the poem.

This made me feel very good and as a result, I started writing again. Encouragement is a wonderful thing.

Bob Lord



Windsor Castle

Mother's job is never done
She goes from dusk to dawn
Her job is full of critical things
That won't leave her alone.

All mothers need a pat on the back
A kiss on the cheek and then a great big hug
The when Dad sits her down, looks in her eyes,
"God bless you Mom
You've done a good job, Shug..."

The kids all smile
They know that Dad is right
And that when they go to bed
Mom's there to say goodnight.

Mother's Day was meant for them
For all they've done for us
You're our guiding angel, Mom
That's from all of us.

There is a special place in heaven for moms
They'll be treated like royalty, plus
Mom, that's just what we think of you
And that's coming from all of us.

written 5 / 3 / 01

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day, Mother's Day
Next to Jesus it's the sweetest sound
It's a place where all is well
And love just seems to abound.

When the kids come home
From school each day
To eat a good meal Mom has fixed
And send them out to play.

And when Dad comes home from work each day
And comes in at the door
Though Mom is tired and sometimes doesn't
feel good
She gives them all a great big hug
Just like she did before.

She fixes all our meals, makes the beds
And doctors all our pain
But who looks after Momma when her work
is done
She has got to have a little gain.

Who makes her feel like she's had a good day?
Well, it's Jesus Christ the Son
He is good as gold with all
But Mom's the precious one.

REIGN OF GOOD QUEEN BESS

*"Hark," I heard a voice cry,
"Where goest thou?"
"Tis I, a weary traveler,
on the road to Brumbernow."*

*"Why goest thou to Brumbernow
so early in the morn?"
"I go to tell the world the news -
a little queen is born."*

*"What be the name of this little queen
whom you would say is so fair?"
"The King shall call her Elizabeth,
'the Tudor throne to share.'"*

*"I thank you for the news, good sir,
and bid you on your way.
For the little queen, I prophecy,
shall save this English day."*

I go now to tell the countryside
The news I bring this morn
Hoping that someone will provide me
With my bread and corn.

O glorious years these shall be
The reign of good Queen Bess

Save for the morning she was born
England's heart was put at rest.

This reign of good Queen Bess
Shall be one of growth and flower
For literature upon literature
Shall fall on us like a shower.

We shall see the defeat of the Spanish ships
And new lands to talk about
For this is the time of Will Shakespeare
And a ripened time to shout.

Yes, this is the age that produced
Such men as Walter Raleigh
Who went to the New World across the sea
And founded the first English colony.

These things that have unfolded before our eyes
Are truly "England's Golden Age"
For in the books you read of the deeds
As you go from page to dusty page.

In all of England's history
There comes but one Queen Bess
But in this latter year
Several centuries since

When kings and queens have come and gone
To be put to rest

To bring them all together
It's a joy to behold
Because with every passing year
Christmas is more precious than gold.

Of the sixty-six years Jesus has given me
None will I ever forget
For when I get together with Jesus, family
and friends
It'll be the best one yet.

The Christmases I've spent on earth
Each one is the same
All were celebrated in unison
Remembering God's holy name.

Have a happy Jesus-filled Christmas
And a very good New Year
Remember, we'll always have Jesus with us
To always bring us lots of cheer.

written 11 / 26 / 01

Everyone was happy
With the gifts they got tonight
But my little eyes were shining
As Christmas morn came into sight.

None of us ever had very much
But we were rich gathered round the tree
With the beautiful star on top, that shined
its light
For all of us to see.

Even though I get absentminded
I can't let go just yet
You ask if I remember Christmas past
There are times I can't forget.

I'll always think of those happy times
And the celebration of Jesus' birth
When He came to us to save us all
Right here on God's green earth.

Mom and Dad are gone now
Brothers, sisters and in-laws have gone away
But I can still see them all
As if it were yesterday.

Christmas will always be Christmas
No matter how old I get
I'm sure, as long as God's willing
There will be a few more yet.

England's now in the reign
Of another good Queen Bess.

Shall we see the flower of England
Again burst forth upon the tree?
I do not know if such things will come
We'll have to wait and see.

written 4 / 15 / 54

*Dedicated to Miss Loraine Gray
Senior English teacher
A. L. Brown High School*

*June 19th 1998
Dear Miss S. Robinson,*

*I am commanded by The Queen to thank you
for your letter and for sending Her Majesty
the poem by Bobby Lord.*

*The Queen was interested to hear from you
and to know that Bobby Lord wrote the poem
when he was in high school. Her Majesty was
touched to hear of his very happy years in
England and much appreciates his kind
words.*

*I am to thank you again for your letter to
The Queen and now return the poem as I am
sure you wish to have it back.*

Yours Sincerely

Lady in Waiting





CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Christmas! You ask me if I remember
Back over all the years
Yes, just the thought of all the memories
Are enough to bring the tears.

When all my family would gather
Around the beautiful tree
With all the ornaments and a star on top
That's always a guide for you and me.

All the family would be laughing
And joking with one another
That included all around
Which took in Father and Mother.

Those were good times when we got together
Around the kitchen table
To stuff ourselves and eat all we could
As long as we were able.

When all was done we would get up
And gather around the tree
With presents lying all around
As far as you could see.

We laughed and opened gifts
As we all sit around
Dad's job was to give them out to all of us
With a joyful sound.

that the tomb was empty
The stone was rolled away.

I leave now to be with My Father
Disciples carry on My work
There's still a lot to be done
Do it in the name of God the Father
And Jesus Christ His Son.

written 3 / 12 / 02



Spirituality

MR. TOUGH

They call him Mr. Tough
But Mr. Tough he ain't
He walks alone in the shadows
His face covered with paint.

Then he'll strike out at you from nowhere
With a mighty shout
He'll cause terror to rise within your heart
And you won't know what it's all about.

He's sneaky too
Sometimes he sits back
To watch what's going on
But if he finds your heart is pure
He'll pack his bags and be gone.

They call him Mr. Tough
He'll take your very soul
And keep it hidden away from you
Until you're tired and old.

Just turn yourself over to Jesus
For He's the loving kind
He won't take all you've got
And leave you dumb and blind.

His name is Jesus your Savior
He is the kind and true

EASTER SUNDAY

Easter Sunday, the day of all days
We all look forward to it because
It affects us in so many ways.

This is the time when Christ arose
And left an empty grave
To walk among men for a few more hours
That they yet might be saved

He told His followers
On the third day I will arise
To tend to my Father's business
Before I ascend into the skies.

He met with His disciples in the upper room
To break the bread and drink the wine
And that He would leave them soon
And that He wanted them to carry on His work
In morning, night and noon.

Go carry the Word to all the world
Show them the Christian power
That they may live it in His name
Until His chosen hour.

People just didn't believe Him
They didn't know what to say
Until they saw what He had done,

Mom and Dad are right there with us
Family members I haven't seen in awhile
All welcoming us to heaven
As they wear a great big smile.

Though our Christmas here on earth is over
It's just starting at God's throne
Where Jesus will reach out and touch us with
His nail-scarred hand
And claim us as His own.

written 1 / 2 / 01



Don't be a partner with Mr. Tough
For he will leave you blue.

But just don't call Jesus Mr. Tough
Though at times He is pretty severe
But He is always there when you need Him
Yes, Jesus is always near.

Now Mr. Tough, they call him the devil
Some say he is just a pussycat
And if you tell him to explain himself
He can't cause he don't know where it's at

Now the only way to rule over Mr. Tough
Or the devil you might say
Is to turn yourself over to Jesus
He'll not lead you astray.

I'm proud to say I know Jesus
On a heavenly note
To believe in Him as my Savior
And the revealing words He wrote.

Jesus gave us all different abilities
To use them as we should
My ability in His holy name
Is my way of doing good.

To write these poems in a meaningful way
That is my gift from above
To send out a message to someone
That's filled with His lasting love.

He's a man of distinction I understand
And I believe it is true
Jesus' love goes from infinity to infinity
You couldn't stop it even if you wanted to.

My words haven't quite ran out yet
I'll save a few for another time
When life is peaceful and the sky is blue
And Jesus is still the sublime

So in closing this poem old devil
Here is one thing that is true
You'll never be able to surpass Jesus
No matter what you may do....

And if you don't believe
My love for Jesus is real
Just look in the window of my heart
You'll see just how I feel.

They call him Mr. Tough
But he's really not so much
Because when he says follow him, it's pretty
Sure that you will be going dutch....

When we could all get together
Thinking of Jesus and His loving grace.

But today the lines are getting thinner
There's less of us each passing year
Just to think that sometime soon you'll be around
And there will be no one for dinner.

For one by one, we've left the table
And one by one, we have left the tree
And one by one, we'll meet in heaven
Where we all want to be.

Now we celebrate Christmas with the Master
Each day is a holiday and more
For now we are with Jesus
Just beyond the shining door.

There just in front of me there's a beautiful tree
It's ornaments are pure gold
The presents are handed out by Jesus
Enough to calm our very soul.

So now we are together again
The whole family is smiling at me
As we stand there with a big happy smile
on our faces
Around God's Christmas tree.

CHRISTMAS PAST, NOW AND FUTURE

Etched upon my memory and heart
Are the Christmases that used to be
When all the family members would be
at our house
Sitting around the Christmas tree.

Where Mom and Dad would always be smiling
As the logs crackled in the fireplace
As we all told one another
How glad we were to see each other's face.

All the goodies had been spread on the table
Only minutes before
And there was no one missing
As they all came through the door.

Everything was alright
Jesus was smiling on this His day
For the things He had give to us this year
We knew were here to stay.

Dad was handing out the presents
As he did in years gone by
This was a happy joyous occasion
And it somehow made you want to cry.

These were truly the happy days
When we gathered at the old homeplace

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT

There is no time like the present
If you want to do things right
Otherwise you can pack your bags
And softly say goodnight.

The things that you have put off
That should have been done yesterday
And if you don't do them, when you see
The Master what are you going to say?

Lord, I'm sorry I meant to do them
But I just put it all aside
And when I'm asked, why aren't they done
I run away and hide.

Jesus gave us someone to lean on
When the troubles get too tough
Just don't run away and hide your face
And say that is enough.

God put us all together here on the earth
With things to overcome
And if we don't do it the right way
It's simply dumb.

With all that has gone before us
And passed through the pearly gates
And are looking up for us to join them
But it won't be there if you hesitate.

Mom and Dad brought us up on the good side
And nurtured us til' we were grown
When we knew Jesus and all the good things
In life to be out on our own.

He is watching down upon us
And He wants to guide our path
So don't turn your back on the Savior
Don't pucker up and laugh.

Life is short as it is
And it gets shorter everyday
And if you don't kneel and talk to Jesus then
What are you going to say....

written 7 / 25 / 00



Holiday Times



WITNESS

I was witness to a friend
Just the other day
He bowed his head and closed his eyes
Jesus take me back I pray.

I know I've been a sinner
But Your light has lifted me out
I'm now on my way
To better things there is no doubt.

You lifted my soul and my heart
Without a sound
Then You smiled at me and said,
"Now your feet are planted on higher ground."

Wander not from Jesus
Now don't slip back into sin
You've been forgiven all your transgressions
And there it must end.

Remember Jesus said, "I am the power
and the glory"
With love this was given to you
A long time ago
By the Father from above.

A BELL IS RINGING

A bell is ringing upon the hill
It's the only thing moving
All others are still.

This is the hill where the cross once stood
And the bell is hanging from
A piece of that wood.

This is the hill where our Savior died!
They brought Him there to be crucified
The bell is ringing in the early morning breeze
Its' clear, mellow tones put your heart at ease.

The bell is there to remind us
Of what happened that day
In a time that is close
But yet so far away.

Two thieves were crucified with Jesus
"Remember me to God!"
"This day you shall be with Me,"
Where all the saints have trod.

The thief on the left said nothing
As his life ebbed away
Now he is in the valley of shadows
Spending day after day.

Now isn't that something to look forward to
For the ones that's left behind.

Gone but not forgotten
And some day we will meet again
To share all our happy memories
In God's world, without end...

written 11 / 5 / 99



REV. JAMES A. EVANS
IN MEMORIAM 1906-1999

This is a tribute to Rev. James A. Evans,
A man among men
Over the years I was always proud
To call him friend.

He was God's messenger
To us here on this earth
To let us all have
A chance at rebirth.

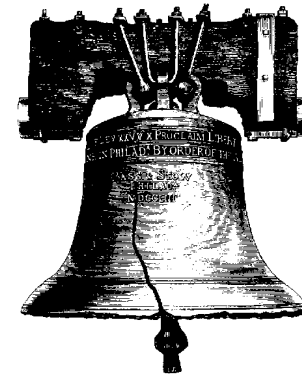
This was a good person
In a passive world
A true gem in God's crown
With Christian values unfurled.

He was a good man left here on this earth for
all his ninety-three years
But God called him home
There was still
The shedding of tears.

He left behind a legacy
That's all we have to live up to
He's a member of God's household
Now, Mr. Evans we will all miss you.

His mansion in heaven is a beautiful place
Made for him with us in mind

So remember when you hear the sound
Of the bell on the wood
Get your heart right with Jesus
Before you are gone for good.



HE'S COMING BACK

He's coming back from heaven above
To shower us with His blessings
And fill our hearts with love.

He's coming back
It's right there in His word
On wings of silence and shouts of joy
The likes you've never heard.

He's coming back
To take our souls to glory
To put us in our mansion
For us this is the story.

He's coming back
To take us by the hand
And lead you to your final reward
That's in the Promised Land.

Just think of life with Jesus
Standing there around His throne
It will not be for sinners
They'll be left all alone.

He's coming back again
It's not alright for all to pay
When it comes time to meeting Jesus on
That great Judgment Day.

I can see them and they are still happy
Their hearts are filled with joy
She is rocking again in her old rocking chair
The paint is bright again, just like a brand new toy.

Jesus told us not to worry
Mom and Dad are alright
And we'll see them in the future
But now it's time to say goodnight...

written 5 / 24 / 02



I can still see the outline
Of Mom's old rocking chair
The wind rocked it back and forth gently
As if Mom was still sitting there.

I walked over and gently put my hand
on the rocker
And looked at the faded wood
Just wishing that Mom could be there
I think she understood.

Mom passed away at ninety-three
To be with Jesus and Dad up there
Now they are all happy in heaven
She has a brand new rocking chair.

All the kids are grown now
And have left the old homeplace
But I can still see the look of contentment
With the smile on Mama's face.

A lot of years have come and gone
But I can still remember
When we gathered again on the front porch
On a warm night in September.

The old chair is gone now
Done in by rocking and too much age
But I only hope it went with Mama
Like I'm saying on this page.

Sinners all said they loved Him
But their faith was the narrow kind
But to us Christians on that great day
We'll proudly sing bless be the tie that binds.

He's coming back
It's not too late yet
But be sure that your house is in order
Or you might begin to sweat.

It's nice to know that we are coming home
And leaving our troubles behind
So we can see the Master
Who is so good and kind.

He's coming back
It's getting closer as we all know
He'll take His children home to glory
Because He loves them so.

Remember Mom and Dad
They're all waiting for you
So let's not disappoint them
And be there, whatever we must do.

written 4 / 20 / 00

I WALK ALONG

I walk along by the water's edge
At the Sea of Galilee
And there I see the reflections of Jesus
Looking back at me.

And I wonder
While standing there by myself
Just a reflection of Jesus
To Whom I can truly cleft

His hand reached up and out for me
While I stand as if in a daze
His power is all heaven to me
And I was truly amazed.

The things He has wrought upon this earth
He did for His children's sake
That those who truly believe
Should never tremble or quake.

Nor turn away from the proper path
That our feet have been set upon
To hold close to His nail-scarred hand
And slip not upon the stone.

written 3 / 29 / 02

THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR

There's an old rocking chair on our front porch
It is sitting there all alone
Sometimes the wind blows through the slats
And it whistles a mournful song.

That old chair could tell you a story
Stop and listen, you can hear it say
About a little white-haired lady who rocked there
And saw the people as they went on their way.

A pleasant evening was always in store
When we gathered around Mom's chair
For we loved every time being with Mama
And each strand of her snow white hair.

We would sit and listen for hours
As she talked of long ago
When she was courting Daddy
And he was her only beau.

After a while the lights would dim
And we knew it was time to say goodnight
Then Mama would tell us to be good
And try to do what's right.

After all had left, I'd look around
Mom had gone inside
Her rocking chair was there in the shadows
Not really trying to hide.



HEAVENLY EXPRESS

Come on let's take the Heavenly Express
It goes all the way
No stops, no turns, just full speed ahead
Until you get to Judgment Day.

You don't need a ticket
Just believe in Jesus our Lord
He'll take us all to heaven
On just one sweet accord.

Just climb on board fellow Christians
And get comfortable in your seat
Because when you cross the finish line
There will be no repeat.

You'll never hear the whistle
On the Heavenly Express
Just sounds of joy and praise
When you reach your new address.

Loved ones are waiting for you
The table is set for every meal
This will have a heavenly effect on you
It's a blessing how good you'll feel.

The devil is getting jealous
His face is getting red with rage
They've looked on every register
But he's not on any page.

And the train keeps on moving
Right on down the track
As you stand there to face the devil
Say there is no turning back.

Well the old devil is standing in the shadow
He's waiting for a bride
But he's late again, he's missed the gate
She's on the other side.

Now the devil gets real mad
When he finds the train is gone
The feast is waiting in heaven
But the old devil's left all alone.

This train is made up of a million stars
And it started long ago
It left the old devil way down in the pit
Where the agony's painfully slow.

But enough of this for God's children
They're living now in grand style
Sitting around the great Throne with Jesus
Singing with a great big smile.

Yes, the train has pulled into the station
That's called Eternity Square
Where Jesus, His saints and loved ones
Are waiting to greet all that are coming there.

PRECIOUS

So precious the diamond
So precious the pearl
So precious the smile
Of a sweet, little girl.

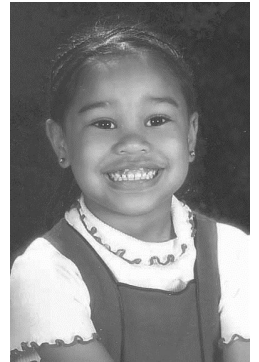
Her life was taken
From her in a cruel way
No time like other children
To run outside and play.

Her ever-present smile
Will always grace her home
And it will be with her in heaven
Standing at God's great throne.

There's a lonely place in the neighborhood
And also in our heart
But one day her family will see Precious again
They'll never be apart.

A bright light has gone out here on earth
But now there is a brighter one in the sky
That's where Precious is waiting for us
And asking us please don't cry.

Jesus saw fit to reach out
His nail-scarred hand
"Precious, place your hand in Mine
You're with Me in the Promised Land."



In memory of
Precious Whitfield
Photo
Courtesy of
Goldsboro News Argus

To give not to take instead, so here's to you Latoya
Keep your aim straight and true
Then we can always look back and say
That we enjoyed working with you...

written 9 / 21 / 00



104

Well now the gate is slowly closing
On the Eternity Station track
And looking into the face of Jesus
There is no way that we'll go back.

Infinity lies ahead for all
That's eternally pure and dear
With the song of thanksgiving in our hearts
That will last year after year...

written 3 / 01 / 01



25

LOCK AND LOAD

Lock on lock on to Jesus!
Get ready for the big trip is at hand
Load up yourself with His holy word
You're headed for the Promised Land.

Look around at your fellow travelers
They each have a smile on their face
For they know they're on a homeward journey
And God is setting the pace.

Don't look on the things you are leaving
Just look at the good things ahead
When you are gathered around God's table
And together you're breaking bread.

All your life, you have prepared
For just this day and hour
To go to your heavenly mansion and listen
To the music of that gracious power.

LATOYA

Here's to our lady Latoya
She is our queen of style
Her thoughtful way of doing things
Makes every person smile.

When she is smiling and happy
You'll know things are in their place and time
And just the way she does her job
She's always pleasant and sublime.

You always know that she had a good upbringing
By the way that she acts
And the way she handles her responsibilities
She gets nothing but the facts.

When you have people like Latoya
That you enjoy working around
There's not many things that could go wrong
And not many errors to be found

All in all, she's just a likeable person
She gets along with everyone
But don't get me wrong about her,
She still likes to have her fun.

Her family has got to be proud of her
It reflects in the upbringing of her kids
Their behavior shows
That they have character.

The Bible says we are here for a little while
Then we must go on
Where Jesus is waiting for us
Sitting upon His throne.

We know you will miss the baby
But the memory will never fade
The baby will be with us always
Like the cool of the evening shade.

It's comforting to know the baby is in His hands
Playing with her new found friends
She will be there waiting for us
Where Life never ends.

“So don't cry,” Jesus said,
“Even though it is your release,
Be happy that one day you will be together again
Where miracles will never cease.”

written 7 / 4 / 02

TAKE MY HAND

At His own will
He will take you by the hand
He'll lead you through the valley of shadows
Into the promised land.

There He knows
You'll find peace and love
This is given to you by Jesus
From His home above.

Though you are depressed
And think all hope is gone
Lift your eyes to heaven
Jesus will carry you on.

Take His hand, He will not falter
Nor will He lead you astray
You will not be caught in Satan's web anymore
Like you were yesterday.

Kneeling on your hands and praying
That's what it's all about
You feel so good talking to the Master
You'll want to stand and shout.

And as you go with Jesus
His step you know will not falter
For you reached out and grabbed His hand
When you knelt down at the altar.

He felt your touch
Your honest request
When you knelt at His altar
And asked to be blessed.

Just feel His touch
His hand is firm you see
He is always at the right hand of God
Interceding for you and me.

Take my hand
Take my hand
Lord, You have lit a fire within my soul
And at last, I understand.



IN LOVING MEMORIES

In loving memories of a precious thing
Given to us for just a little while
Then went to heaven to help the angels sing
Born to us to grace our life.

For a little while
It filled our hearts with joy
Whether it was a girl
Or a bouncing baby boy.

Jesus saw fit to let you have this gift
Even for a short while
It brought love and joy to all who knew
And they could not help but smile.

But now it has left us and gone back to heaven
Our hearts are filled with pain
Jesus said, "Never worry,
She is in My loving care again."

"The baby is sitting on My left,
And she is holding My nail-scarred hand
There is so much joy and love
Here in the Promised Land."

To all who knew it
Let not a tear dim your eye
The baby's with Jesus in heaven
She's that bright new star in the sky.

Yes, we'll have a family reunion around
God's great throne
Where we'll laugh and sing sweet music
Never to be alone.

So long, C. L. we love you
Though a tear still dims our eye
But we know we'll be together again
In God's beautiful sky.

Families are not separated by death
Just apart for a short time
To be reunited in heaven
Where all is well and sublime.

written 12 / 7 / 99

TEMPORARY PARKING

You know I saw a sign the other day
And do you know what it said?
"Temporary Parking in This Old World,
Heaven Lies Ahead"

You can stop at a number of churches
Or rest stops along the way
Temporary parking in this world
Your time is limited to stay.

You can be a good soul now and enjoy God's world
Or you can turn out bad
But if you make a turn in the wrong direction then
You're going to wind up in hell and brother
You're going to be sad.

The ones that stayed on the freeway
Are going to reach their goal
But the ones that got off at the exit
Will never reach the fold.

We're singing tonight in God's campground
Temporary parking has been put on hold
You would never have been mixed up with Satan
If you had done what you were told.

We'll sit on the sidelines and look at the show
And there are no more exits to see
Or billboards on the side of the road
To tell us how beautiful heaven must be.

Now most of our loved ones are with us
But just a few took an exit back there
Now they're in a world of brimstone and fire
Where there is a premium of fresh air.

So listen to what I tell you
And stay on heaven's freeway
Don't take the exit too early and wind up in hell
Remember, you will be there every day.

written 7 / 27 / 00

C. L.

A shadow passed over
Our hearts today
Mr. C. L. Lord
Was called away.

His family was left with a void in their life
But things will be alright
For he is sleeping
In the arms of Jesus tonight.

Though he left a wife and family
And a host of friends
Tonight he is in the arms of Jesus
We're going to see him again.

The lights are a bit dimmer on earth tonight
But there's a new star in the sky
And like Mom and Dad used to tell us kids,
"See you in the sweet by and by..."

Well he is sitting around the table
Just like he did at home
But it's nice to know, brother
You'll never be alone.

You're with Mom and Dad and Willie
And sister Annie Sue
And we are happy in the fact that
One day we'll see you.

To see our granddaughter reach a milestone
In her young life
Someday she will have children of her own
And make someone a good wife.

We are very proud of you
It gives us hope for the rest
To succeed in this world you've got to try
Be one of the very best.

As you go out into the world
And slide down the banister of life
Just remember what you have been taught
by your mom
Who stood beside you through all the
pain and strife.

In closing we just want to tell you
As we get on in years
We love you so very much
Through all the sweat and tears.

Shannon, God bless you
We love you always and
Be careful to keep God in mind
Because without His hand to guide you
You would be left far behind.

Love - Grandpa, Grandma, Moms and all the rest

written 4 / 27 / 00

STRAIGHT LINE TO ARMAGEDDON

When the first man came along
The first shot was fired
Now just look at the world today
And see what we have sired.

Peace is only a spoken word
That's used behind the door
For the bullet is fired again and again
Just like it was before.

Still the shot goes in a line
Just as it did in the past
And we get to wonder in our mind
How long God will let us last.

People argue against one another it's brother
against brother
Born from woman out of the womb
Our beloved Mother.

God gave us a beautiful world to live in
But we continue to turn it sour
The shot that was fired many years ago
Is getting close to Armageddon hour.

Fault of it all, we know it's coming
And we know we'll be the one

To stop the bullet that was fired
When man first begun.

To start a war that made no sense
And beat upon our head
They will not be satisfied
Until all upon earth are dead.

A beautiful place is waiting
For the ones who kept the faith and were true
But the old devil led the ones to hell
Could that someone be you?

Two thousand years later
All things are winding down
But the people who rule our nations are
Still going round and round.

But soon now our Lord above will turn
Out the light, there will be no more power
And the ones who believed will go on to glory
This will be their greatest hour.

Straight line for the bullet
That was fired so long ago
Will be stopped where it all began
Full circle around the globe.

written 2 / 11 / 03

SHANNON

They say a man and a woman's happiness is
When their kids get grown
To go out in this wide, wide world
To make it on their own.

But my biggest thrill and Grandma's too
Is living to see them walk off that stage
To get that piece of paper
That gets better with age...

To get that diploma it's worth it
Without a doubt
It makes us all very proud of you Shannon
That we want to stand up and shout.

The years that we stood by and watched you
Grow into a beautiful lady
But don't do things that would discredit you
Or seem a little shady.

Grandma and Grandpa are proud of you
Our hopes have been fulfilled
To know that you are doing that
To all of us is very real.

And just to see you upon that stage
Wearing your cap and gown
Our hearts soared like eagles
With feet never touching the ground.

God put us together on this earth
To be His loving kind
So when we leave this old world, we'll still be
friends
For there is no greater love to find.

To top it off I'd like to say
I've met more good than bad
And I wouldn't trade my life but for God's love
Mom and Dad were the best friends I ever had.

written 6 / 26 / 01



THE FINAL CALL

When shall I get
The final call?
Will it come
In the winter, spring or fall?

When will Jesus reach down
His hand for me?
What will I be doing
Where will I be.....

written 6 / 4 / 02





FRIENDS

Well, I've thought about the good times
And I've thought about the bad
Like when we were growing up as friends
Remember the good times we always had.

The jokes we played on one another
And sometimes even on others too
That was when we had lots of time for ourselves
And there was nothing else to do.

The years went by as we played our games
And pretty soon we were all grown
And all the people we once knew, like from the
nest have flown
And went out on their own.

With God's help let's remember the good times
when
Sometimes Mom and Dad would join in
And playing a joke on one another wouldn't
Be considered a sin.

But now our hair is turning white and our eyes
are getting dim
But still the glimmer through the haze will still
shine
Our step in not what it used to be we laughed,
But you're all still friends of mine.

So heal your hands and mend your fences
Time is growing short
For soon we will all stand before Him
To give a final report.

written 10 / 6 / 98



Myself

DON'T SHED A TEAR FOR ME

As I look back over my life, things were really not
as bad as it seems
Because it's like they say, "When you make your
bed, you've got to lie in it"
Damn the nightmares, bless the dreams!

So when you see me wandering around
With nothing more than my pride
Don't shed a tear for me
There is still something left inside.

My life, my career is coming to a close
Pretty soon it will all be gone
I'll see all my loved ones again
They'll be standing around God's throne.

My wife, my children and grandkids and
The little ones yet to come
I tried to give them the love I should
Sometimes I could have been wrong...

But I just want to say
My love came from the heart
That's where God meant it to be
That's why I'm singing this song.

Life is a gamble at best, you've got to stand up
for your own

MAMA, WE LOVE YOU

Mama don't think hard of me
When sometimes I lose my cool
We love you as you love us
Of that I am no fool.

You raised your kids with due respect
And told them to grow up right
Knowing they'll argue as kids will do
Sometimes maybe even fight.

But all in all they smile, "Love you!"
As we know you love them
And things will pass in the course of time
And memories will grow dim.

But God gave us the logic
To reason things out through Him
We all have faults and shortcomings
The perfect one died on the cross.

But mama, we still love you
And that comes from all of us
And if we don't believe in Him
Then who is there to trust?

The grandkids will always love you
'Cause Grandma, you belong to them
So don't forget to love them back
Before things begin to go dim.

IT'S ALRIGHT

You know our hair is getting white
And our steps move a little slower
But when we get to heaven
We won't worry anymore.

The lines on our face will be just like the stars
in the sky
And just like the stars there will always be
A twinkle in our eye.

Memories will come
And fade away
But there are things
That are here to stay

Loved ones have come and gone
But we'll see them again in heaven
We'll have that great family reunion
It's the end for which we've striven.

written 10 / 29 / 98

Because without God's grace and love
to see you through
You'll dry up and blow away, your whole world
will be gone.

Don't go through life without Jesus or your family
Or you'll feel so all alone
So don't shed a tear for me
Like people have done before.

If you don't know what I'm trying to say
Try reading between the lines
And, if you can't gather any sense from these
Then the devil says that you are mine.

Don't shed a tear for me
My life I lived on my own
When there's nothing left but this old body
It means I'm dead and gone.

You know, I could go rambling on and on
About such things you see
But if you haven't learned from what I'm
saying by now
Don't shed a tear for me.

Straighten up your shoulders
The Lord said, "Stand tall for Me".
If you don't do these things in My name
Then I'll shed a tear for thee.

So you've read long poems before
But in this I had something to say
And if you don't straighten up and fly right
Better kneel down and pray.



Family & Friends



GETTING OLDER

On the pain
Of getting older
The grunts and groans
Are getting bolder.

When I was young
I used to jump out of bed
Not too much anymore
I always bump my head.

And during the last few years
I have to say
There is a new nemesis
Heading my way.

It pulls no punches
It hits you anywhere
From the tips of your fingers
To your ample derriere.

Uncle Arthur is the name he uses
Or so they say
He reaches out and grabs you
Any old way.

My knees have felt the brunt
Of most of his attack
My wrist and my shoulders
They too are part of the act.

I remember the way
I used to pitch the ball
But now if I get to first
I'll have to crawl.

And my eyes
Didn't really get spared
I don't see that good anymore
I guess nobody cared.

But I thank the Lord
For all the good years that I've had
Things really aren't that good anymore
But I guess it isn't that bad.

But there is one thing for sure
That when I die
I'll leave Uncle Arthur behind
And I won't even cry.

No pain, no sorrow
I won't even have a care
For I will be in heaven
And see Jesus there.

Joy and happiness
Will fill my very soul
For now I will walk the streets
Of pure gold!



I'D LOVE TO GO

I'd love to go mountain climbing
That sure does give me a thrill
And while I'm climbing that icy mountain
You're out there climbing that hill.

Well I've climbed the peak of success a time or two
And looked down from above
I thought there's someone a little higher up
Looking down at us with love.

But whether you're on the mountain
Or lying beneath God's trees
Just look up to Him and say thanks
While praying on your knees...

written 10 / 3 / 98

And there is what I'll see
When I get there
I'll get to see Jesus and all my loved ones
With no worries and not a care.

written 5 / 10 / 02



I AM SO DEEP

I am so deep and I feel so bad
My body shakes and trembles and I feel so sad
One day I know that I'm feeling fine
It's a joy that's fulfilling like a sip of fresh wine.

But the next day when I wake up
The feeling's gone away
And for sure I know
It will not come back again this day.

Too many things are happening
They are rushing in too fast
I try to smile and face myself
But I know it will not last.

When I look at all the suffering
And indeed I suffer too
Were it not for Jesus at my side
I wouldn't know what to do.

I look at myself in the mirror
Each and every morn
And indeed, what do I see? A face that's ravaged
By time and seemingly too forlorn.

My wife is sitting here by my side
My companion of many years
I love her more than she'll ever know
Sometimes it moves me to tears.

There was an old maple tree
That had fallen somewhere along the way
And this served as a bridge across the water
Where little animals come to play.

I sat down by the waterside
And watched the beautiful scenes
laid out before me
This was a scene worth more than any picture
That God had put there for us to see.

written 10 / 25 / 01



WALKING THROUGH MEMORIES

Yes, I do remember
When I used to ramble through the woods
Seeing nature's own wonderment
And its array of precious goods.

I saw a towering pine tree
Reaching to the sky
And a little squirrel chattering from a tree
At all the passersby.

An old bluejay was flying around
Way up in the blue
As it looked for a smaller creature
To come passing through.

The smell of the forest
Was indeed something to behold
All these scenes were worth more to me
Than all your precious gold.

The little ferns that grew along the bank
Of the babbling creek
Making a noise as it rolled along
Trying its best to speak.

Then there is my children and grandchildren
My face lights up with joy
That I should be so heaven blessed
With God's gift of a girl and boy.

But I wonder now that I'm getting old
What does the future hold for them
The way this world is going now
The future's looking dim.

I know my way is getting short
And soon I will have gone
To be together with Jesus
Never to be alone.

What the future has in store for us
Is in God's hands for I am moving slow
I am so deep and feel so bad
Sometimes I seem not to know.

The only thing I can truthfully say
Is put your hand in the hand of Jesus
For whatever happens, wherever we go
He will never leave us astray.

No more will I feel so sad in my soul
No more will I be so dismayed
Our souls will go to be with Jesus
They will not be decayed.

Today the sun rose on a beautiful day
God's sunshine was in my face
I know He is with me every step of the way
And I know I'll win the race.

But for now I have to finish this piece
My face isn't quite so forlorn
For now I see Jesus and my family, thanks to Him,
We have all been reborn.

Take this sad look off my face
And take this hurt from my hand
There is hope for all of us
Just over in the promised land.

The look of despair is gone for good
The gleam has come back to my eye
For now I know I'm going to be with Jesus
And I won't have to die.

We'll sit at the gate and wait for our children
Soon they'll be coming our way
So sit in your dark house old devil
Wring your hand with despair
There is nothing else to say.

GOD GAVE

God gave us the water
To purify
But man's way of life
Is letting the well run dry.

He gave us the sun
To warm the earth
But man messed it up good
For what it's worth.

He gave us the flowers
And made beautiful the way
And He gave us Jesus
So what can you say?

It seems the good people
are outnumbered by the bad
And you know this seems
Very, very, sad.

For a Savior like Jesus
Is our guiding light
And we need to follow Him
To win the fight.

Remember!!! He gave it all for us
So we could have a better life
And see that beautiful sunshine and water
That is the source of life...

But today just to watch and see them feed and fuss
At the feeding tray
It makes me feel so much better
To see them come day by day.

Sometimes I might miss a day or two
Without getting them something to eat
But a few will come and sit on my fence with a
quizzical look
Wondering, where is my treat?

My day could not come
To a better end than to see around
With all their bright colors
Shining in the sun.

No missing ones to be found
This brings to an end
A near perfect day
God's winged creatures have been fed.

Now I can cut the lights off
And smile to myself
It's been a good day
Now I can go to bed.

written 3 / 15 / 02

JOURNEY FROM GEORGIA

We left the red earth of Georgia
And traveled east to Caroline
To find a place to call home
And say that it is mine.

Dad settled us in a little town
Not too far from Charlotte city
The name of the place I will not mention
So as not to ask your pity.

My brothers, sisters and I grew up
In this little milling town
And in a few short years
I finally graduated from A. L. Brown.

Then there was a choice that had to be made
On whether to leave and go out on my own
Or stay home in the evening shade
So one day I joined the service.

And proudly wore
Air Force blue
It was something I knew that sooner or later
I would rightly do.

Twenty one years later I retired
To the eastern part of the state
And that is where I made my home
With my wife, my sweetheart, my mate.

And although I was happy to watch
My children as they ran and played
But once in awhile in my heart I would travel
Back to that rich, red Georgia clay.

When I die put a little red clay in with me
For I'll be with the ones I love
The ones that Jesus saw fit to give me
From His beautiful home above.

written 9 / 14 / 02

THE BIRD FEEDER

You know there is something I enjoy
Each and every day
And that's being in the yard
And seeing the little birds
Fly up to the feeding tray.

There is all kinds of birds that come and visit
And get them something to eat
To me that's mighty satisfying
To see them get a treat.

They work hard each and every day
To get enough to get by
I try to give them enough to eat
So they will have the strength to fly.

In the spring of the year they get the most
Because they have to feed their young
And fly back to the nest and show the chicks
See what we have brung...

All kinds of birds come to be fed
Some I have never seen before
Some of God's creatures coming in on the wing
Just to get a little more

I used to go bird hunting
When I was a little kid
And today I'll tell you
I'm not proud of some things I did.

The heart, the soul, and the flowers
And to His creatures all
Take this as a gift my friend
A great display for you and I whether big or small.

This should tell you He is in His heaven
And He has got things going right
So smile when you feel the rain on your cheek
And softly say goodnight...

written 8 / 6 / 00



THE EYES HAVE IT

Comes the time
It's eye checking time again
But I can't see where I'm going
I don't even know where I've been.

Sure hope the doctor can see me
For my eyes are starting to flutter
They're swinging back and forth
Just like a window shutter.

Well I had to wait for an hour and a half
And he finally called me in
And I passed a mirror
And couldn't help but laugh.

He sat me down in the swivel chair
And come out with a light
Said, "I've got to check your inner eye
to get a little insight".

Well he straightened up and batted his eyes
And shook his head
The one on the right is still alive
But I think the other one is dead.

We're going to have to run some tests
And try to straighten up the matter
Before I get you too upset
And acting like a mad hatter.

Well he finally got the results back
Smiled and said you have passed the test
But you better go home and quit looking
at the girls
And give your eyes some rest.

I looked up at him and smiled real big
Said, "Doc that's not the case,"
"Cause when I get home and shut my eyes
I won't have to see this face."

He laughed and said, "Bob, take care,
I'll see you next time around,
Have the girl make you an appointment
And an address where you can be found."

"As for now you'll get my bill
Probably about a month away,
Then your eyes I know will open real wide
When you see what I have to say!"

*Many thanks to the good Lord for giving Bob eyes of understanding
and insight and to Dr. Charles S. Zwerling who keeps Bob's eyesight
in good shape to write the poetry he sees.*

written 2 / 12 / 03

The streams are now running
With a soft, gurgling sound
As the rain begins to soak
And cover the ground.

The rain quickly slackens
After a minute or two
But the lightning and thunder
Continue the evening through.

God has replenished the earth
With a life-giving drink
Time to wake up and smell the flowers
It's later than we think.

God has put you on a beautiful display
Of His handiwork for all His children to see
Water, the life-giving blood for all nations
Flowing for you and me.

Lightning crackles and the thunder roars
And then the lights go a little dim
But don't run away and hide your face
It's just a message from Him.

This is the water, replenisher of all
That was sent to Earth to purify
So who is to criticize His work
Surely not you or I...

THE STORM

The sky is overcast
With a dirty gray
And the wind is picking up
From the south they say.

Lightning is playing
On a wide angle screen
And the thunder is crashing
Like I've never seen.

Little dust devils are spinning
As if out of control
But they will dance and they'll die
While not getting very old.

The lightning lights up
The late evening sky
And the thunder sounds off
With a low, muffled cry.

Rain drops are just now
Starting to fall
They'll get steadier and heavier
Until they cover all.

God's beautiful rain
Is now covering the earth
Water aplenty
To give it rebirth.

IN MY DREAMS

In my dreams I walk along
The shore of the Sea of Galilee
Jesus is there walking beside me
For all the world to see.

I feel the ripples at the water's edge
As the waves approach the shore
This is how it has been for thousands of years
And will be like that for many more

His smiling face looks down on me
From a beautiful starlit sky
He is always there watching over us
And looking at each one passing by.

Suddenly the lightning flashes from the sky
And I hear the thunder roll
All this gives us an insight
Into our very soul.

This comes straight from Jesus our Savior
To let us know He is still on the throne
Even as I walk along this golden shore my heart
Feels at ease for I know I do not walk alone...

NOT A TEAR

Let not a tear dampen my cheek
Nor a sin to lead me astray
For I have seen and know my Lord
Like it was yesterday.

I see Him as He walks
Beside the Sea of Galilee
And I reach out and touch His nail-scarred hand
That helped the blind to see.

written 3 / 21 / 02



Nature



YES, I REMEMBER A. L. BROWN

Through these hallowed halls I walk
And in each classroom I see
Twelve years of happy memories
Looking back at me.

The times we had
Boy they were great
And now when I look back on things
I really do appreciate

Football games
The baseball
And then there's basketball too
We all had lots of fun in those days, didn't you?!

On Friday afternoons the pep rallies
Where we really got into the act
To remember all these things today
It's really worth looking back.

The friends I met, I'll not soon forget
As long as I'm breathing this air
Because we traveled life's pathway
It seems to me they really care.

They taught me a lot
That remains in my mind
That I'll not soon forget
At least it's still there in my mind as of yet

Like passages of Shakespeare
That still linger near
And Chaucer's Canterbury Tales
I keep remembering year after year.

Today's kids say things that are all out of text
They seem to say and do things that
just aren't right
Then look around to see what's next.

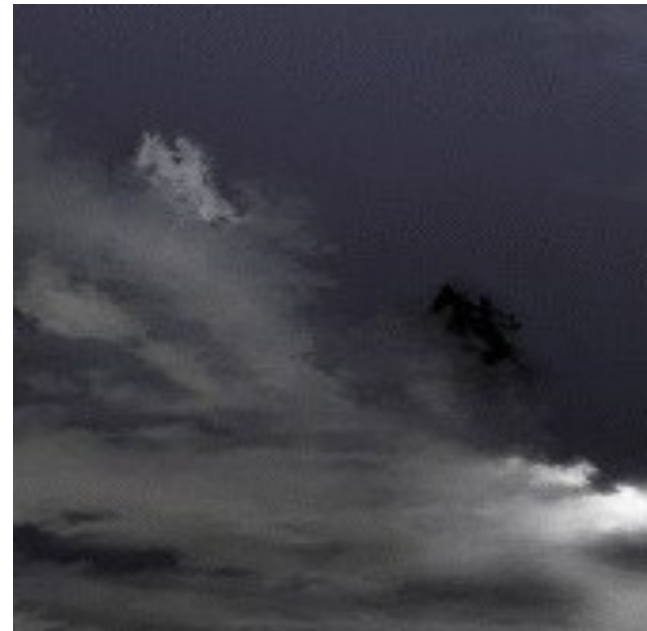
As for me, I enjoyed my years in school
And I'm glad I had a chance to go
To get myself an education
To make my stature grow.

Mom and Dad worked hard over the years
I was the one who had to graduate
I had to do this for them
Before things got too late.

And Jesus I love them with all my heart
For things they did for their son
And I just want to say thanks to Jesus
To Mom and Dad for I know they are the one.

But when you're standing before the Master
You won't be nothing but a pussycat...

written 2 / 13 / 00



THE SHADOW CROSSED OVER

Today I saw a bad man
He was real big and mean
That his shadow crossed over to the other side
So it wouldn't be part of the scene.

So what is your problem my friend
Are you a person or a real bad ass?
Always walking around with your nose in the air
Pretending that you have class.

But you know, you don't measure up to a poor
man's boots
You're to fall along the way
And when you are begging for a little help
What's the poor man going to say.

You had your chance to be a decent person
But you turned it down
Just walking around in the middle of the street
Showing your ignorance like a clown.

No wonder your shadow goes over to the other
side
When you're out on the street
Because without a sense of humor in life
As a person, man, you're incomplete.

You may call yourself a tiger
And think that is that

Education today is a good thing
Kids take it while it's still there
And if you meet someone down the road
Tell them that to you, life has been very fair.

I always thought school was a joke
But as I grew up in life
Now I know it was worth it
Even the worry and strife.

written 10 / 25 / 00

YOU ASK ME

You ask me if I like poetry
Yes, but I don't really know why
But Jesus, You said, "Bob...
you've at least got to try."

"For as long as you put My name in your work
You'll always have something to write,"
Lord, You know I feel so good You know
When I write down a little of Your might

And when people tell me how much they
enjoy my verse
It makes me feel good inside
To put Your name and Your word in print
Surely gives me a sense of pride.

For I know my God is a just God
And will smile on what I do
His love and kindness through all the ages
And in my works will always shine through.

A poem can be such a nice thing
When you have good things to say
And what I put in my poems
I hope will go a long, long way.

So let's all pull together
And weed the trouble out.

Some of my best friends are colored
And some of them are white
But it doesn't mean we're different
As day is from night.

And when you know what's in a man's heart
You'll know the contents of his soul
Because the contents of his heart show
No color in the end it will be told.

Stand up for what you believe in
And tell the world, "That's my friend."
Jesus will smile down upon you
Love one another—that's no sin...

written 2 / 11 / 99

TELL ME, WHAT'S IN THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN?

When I look at a person
I don't see the color of their skin
I see a human being
Whom I'd like to have as a friend.

Too many times the barbed wire of hate
Has been placed right down the middle
It confuses the people on both sides
With an unexplained riddle.

God put us together here on this earth
To live in harmony and peace
This bickering of people against people
Has simply got to cease.

No one asked for the color of skin on the outside
But we got what the good Lord gave
He wanted no man to be beholding to man
And certainly not a slave.

So come on, let's pull together
To get this wagon over the hill
This would give us all a break
And be life's biggest thrill.

There is good and bad on both sides
Of that we have no doubt

The sunshine, the flowers and all the trees
Will make you gasp in awe
But when you see them through the eyes
of a poet
Your heart will start to thaw.

written 6 / 28 / 01



There's not much left but a dollar or two
And not much of the folding green.

But I wouldn't have it any other way
She's happy doing her thing
She is still my wife and I love her
So let the heavens ring.

With all we have and the things she buys
My house looks like a store
But I shudder to think that again next month
She'll want to go out and get more.

Again I'll sit back in my easy chair
Maybe clap my hands with glee
And in spite of all that I can do
Wham!!!! She's on another shopping spree...

written 3 / 5 / 02

SHOPPING SPREE

The other evening I was resting in my easy chair
When my wife came up to me
She said, "Honey,"
I said, "Oh no!",
"Give me a brand new checkbook, I'm off to a
shopping spree."

"Remember now, don't wait up for me,
I'll probably be gone for hours,
With all this money I have with me
I might even get me some flowers."

After she's gone I breathe a sigh of relief
But my checkbook feels the squeeze
With the time she is gone and the money she's got
How can I feel at ease?

Wives are like that you know
The shopping's never done
They'll leave you in total darkness
And come back with the rising sun.

New dresses and knick knacks
Will be lying all over the place
I don't remember how long she has been gone
But I do remember that face.

I'm tired and worn out and I didn't even go
And my checkbook feels awfully lean



I'VE GOT A PEARL

You didn't know I was a poet
Can't you see it
Don't you know it

With all this verse
That's done by hand
You've got to read every word
To understand

The words may sound silly
And not even rhyme
But in this day and age
What can you expect for a dime?

Some of the words will make you laugh
And some will make you cry
Then some will put a frown on your face
And you won't even know why

This is what I do for a hobby in this old world
And if I come up with a good one
Then brother, I've got a diamond,
But most of all I've got a pearl...

written 10 / 8 / 98

SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT

You know I've tried to think of something
That I could write about
But every time I come up with a good idea
There seems to be a lingering doubt.

Troubles will last for a little while
But Jesus' love will not be overdrawn
For when I look at His blue sky and the puffy,
white clouds passing by
And then in the evening, when darkness comes,

I marvel at the stars in the sky
Or when the rain comes pattering down upon my
window pane
I think of all the good times ahead
And smile, yes, I'm happy again.

written 6 / 4 / 02

And let no one be unkind to God's gifts
Don't ever shut the door.

Life will go on for Mom and Dad
Just as it did before
For watching the kids grow up in life
Will never be a bore.

Pretty soon the kids will have kids of their own
Grandmother and grandfather are happy again
For they know God has gave them a blessing
And it's pretty sure they will win.

After many years of love
And the marriage has run its course
They can look back on the happy years from God
And they will have no remorse.

written 10 / 15 / 99

WHAT A JOLT

Don't mess with electricity
It will give you quite a jolt
It will hit you hard and go through you
Like a lightning bolt.

Your eyes will glaze over
Then your feeling is gone
And that shaking you feel deep down inside
Just won't leave you alone.

Then you begin to wonder
Why Jesus spared your life
Maybe it's because of your children
And a loving wife.

You know it's nice to be a Christian
And have the faith that Jesus will pull you through
But a little answered prayer from Jesus
Would do wonders for you!

Well the lights went out for me
Now I guess that I am gone
For now you're standing at the crossroads
And you're feeling all alone.

Jesus, if I had just remembered
To shackle the current down
I wouldn't be here at these crossroads
And on my face a great big frown.

I can now see my life before me
And now I know I cannot linger
But I thank Jesus, I'm so happy to be here
Next time it could be more than my finger.

Now to make a living for my family
And keep Jesus always in mind
It could be that the next time
That I might be left behind.

But as of now you're still here with us
To see your wife and little one's face
But if there had been a little more jolt
in that electrical bolt
You wouldn't even be in the race....

[This really happened to an electrician at work.]

written 8 / 9 / 00

MARRIAGE

Marriage is a four-letter word
And that is love
It was given to us by God the Father
From His home above.

When a man and a woman are happy
And they see eye to eye with themselves
Then it is best they get married
It's the only course that's left.

For what God has joined together
Let no one put asunder
For when the ring goes on their finger
Lightning cannot tear it apart, nor the
harshness of thunder.

Love is to endure through the ages
That's part of God's holy plan
Given to us so simply
That even we can understand.

Soon into this married life
A bundle of joy come their way
A beautiful little child from Heaven
To brighten up their day.

As years go by they do increase
Each one loved as the one before

HOW TALL ARE YOU

Sometimes we put ourselves on a pedestal
And say there is no one to look up to
But we know different don't we
God is always there looking at you.

You may think you know your neighbor
But in the end things will prove you true
And when you lose your place in line
Then what will you do?

You may be standing on a pedestal
That is shaky at best
And when it topples over
You will fall just like the rest.

Life is not perfect my friend
Treat people like you want to be
Then when you get to Heaven
You'll shine for all to see.

You won't need a support in Heaven
Because you will be standing tall
You'll be standing on your own two feet
For the pedestal will fall.

written 10 / 6 / 98

LETTING DOWN

I came to this town
In 1958
To me it was impressive
Of that I'd like to state.

Over the years my wife and I
Enjoyed our adopted town
But through the years I also seen its prestige
Slowly falling down.

The only thing was
The town was alright
But you should hitch a truck to city hall
And pull it out of sight.

Again I was searching
But I never seemed to find
One humble politician
To satisfy my mind.

My kids grew up in the city
As a father I was happy for them
But over the years the power never went off
But the lights were getting dim.

My church, my family, my life
Are all wrapped up in this little town
But Mr. Politician,
You certainly let us down.

It seems that they don't care much for people
Where it should do some good
And when someone says something about it
They say they're misunderstood.

Well gentlemen, it's time for changing of the guard
Let's get rid of all the riffraff
We'll push them aside
Like garbage, we'll just discard...

written 10 / 11 / 99

DAY OF AGONY

Let me write your epitaph
I'll put it the way it should be
We're going to put your name in the Book of Shame
For all the world to see.

For what you've done
Will never be surpassed
It will be with us for all ages and beyond
That's how long it's going to last.

A cowardly person can only do
The things that you have done
You took away the lives of so many
You took away their son.

Now you're a poor excuse for a human being
Look at the carnage and hurt you brought to our land
You cut us off and let our blood
Seep in to the sand.

The planes you took that we built
You used in a way of total horror
You killed innocent children and families
You turned this into a land of sorrow.

But our time is coming my friend
Things will be made right
Then we will see who, lost their mind
And had no real insight.

For when we see things as they are
Then we know who we can trust.

God saw fit to give me my sight
For all these many years
But if I should lose it as soon as tomorrow
There would be no cause for tears...

written 8 / 10 / 01

COLD SHOULDER

Have you ever felt so all alone
When you walked in to a business or home
Have you ever went into your own church
And felt you didn't belong?

Have you ever walked into a church
Where all were shedding tears
Not one of them were for you my friend,
They haven't done that in years
Sometimes I feel so left out
That I'm alone in a world of billions of people.

You got married so you won't be alone
But soon your family is turning the other way
Then all of you join a beautiful church and for
Forty years you don't know what to say.

After a while you get picked out for reasons you
don't understand
You don't get asked to help someone out, you're
not on any committee now
And you've gotten the cold shoulder again.

And that is really a pity
But don't worry
For soon you too will be in His great city
But there is one consolation, Jesus still loves you
for sure.

Remember what you've had to deal with in this life
And all the pain you have borne.
All of this will be forgotten on resurrection morn
There won't be any cold shoulder in Heaven.

And no one's back will block your way
Everyone will be separated from left to right
And will be sent on the journey most fit
Don't get mad if you find yourself in the pit
My friend, what are you going to say...

written 3 / 13 / 01

COME INTO THE LIGHT

Some people say they could never be blind
That it's their right to see
But that is not the way things are
It's how they're going to be.

There are different types of blindness
Some with your eyes open wide
But the blindness that comes when your eyes
are gone
That's when you see inside.

I'll always wonder about
A person who cannot see
They seem to see things more clearly than I
Which is the way it's going for me.

The Good Book says, "I was blind,
but now I see it all,"
That is how it is when you accept Jesus
You'll be at His beckon call.

You may live in a world of darkness
But you can come into the light
For when you believe in Jesus
You will regain your sight.

Sometimes we may lose sight of things around us
And maybe that's a plus