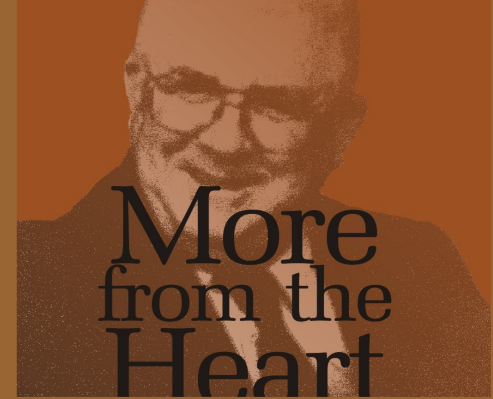




**BOB LORD**



More  
from the  
Heart

# More from the Heart

A SECOND 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*

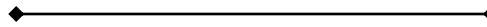
### **PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS**

*Tiffany A. Zwerling  
Martha L. Grimes  
William A. Grimes*

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Everywhere I look, I see joy and pain,  
But what He's taught is my gain.

In this world, I get along  
But, to my Dear Savior I belong.

My family grows larger as I write  
And my future is so bright!

Up the road, there's so much light  
Because I'll fight the battle, with all my might.



## ALL MY SOUL

PRAISE THE LORD, all my soul  
I'll keep on doing, even when I'm very old.

The tears that fall, all the pain  
Because the joy I feel, love I gain.

Peace of knowing my Savior is always near  
All that happens makes Him even more dear.

He's in my heart, that's where He'll stay  
And when problems arise, all I have to do is pray.

Patience is the most important key,  
And who will handle it? It's HE!

I teach, the secret, "less of me and more of Thee",  
And, oh, what blessings He sends to me.

I have dear friends and family too,  
It's for family, to God, I remain true.

Truth is knowing, Who's in charge  
And listening to Him in a world so large.

## 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 his 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 a mission to produce his enjoyable poems in a true book form, so other people could relish his wit and insight into the human existence.

In 2003 we published his first book of poems, "Straight from the Heart" My most difficult task as a publisher had 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. Since 2003, Bob has written many more wonderful poems that we have decided to create a new book of poems, "More from the Heart".

Ms. Vann Dennis 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 new 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



## 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.

Since that time I have written many more poems and had them collected in my first book of poetry, "Straight from the Heart", published in 2003. So this was my second book and I enjoyed the first as much as the second. I hope all of you who read it like it as well. With that being said, I want to thank my family, and most of all my Savior Jesus Christ for standing by me. If this comes off like the first one, there could be a third one. Right now, bye-bye, and may the good Lord be with you. Just remember, when you write something down and see it in print, you'll never know how good you will feel.

God Bless  
Sincerely,

Bob Lord

---

## ISAIAH 55:6-8

*Seek ye the Lord while He may be found,  
call ye upon Him while He is near.*

*Let the wicked forsake his way, and the  
unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return  
unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him,  
and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.*

*"For My thoughts are not your thoughts,  
neither are your ways my ways,"  
saith the Lord.*

## WITH HIM

People come and people go  
This I've learned must be so

The only one that will remain  
Is Christ, my Lord He will reign

So many idols, lusts of the eye  
But only with God, do I get by

He's sure, in a world changing so  
And I know where I must go

Do you know? Are you sure?  
I know He alone has been my cure

Do you put God first  
And for His Word, do you thirst?

I am sure of where I'm going  
While I'm here, it's with Him, I'm longing

Please before it's too late  
Go with me thru His open gate

There's room for everyone  
And there's only one way

It's by loving His Son  
Let Him lead your way



## YOU HAVE THE POWER

*"You have the power," my father said to me.  
"Choose this day, what you do, or what you want to be."*

Go forward on all cylinders  
Let heaven be your goal  
Jesus will welcome you to your mansion  
While scenes of glory unfold.

He has put it there in His great book  
And the battle will be won  
Just go to church on Sundays  
And believe on Jesus the Son.

Life has many pitfalls  
Be careful to go around  
As long as you hold His hand  
He'll not let you fall down.

Sing His songs of praise  
Let all the heavens ring  
Let people know you're a Christian  
Lift up your voice and sing.

You have the power, use it  
Let the devil hang on his own tree  
He has never done a thing for us  
Old devil can let it be.

Because Jesus is the one who saved you  
By dying on the cross  
Remember you have the power  
show the unbeliever who is boss.

## HOPE

There were times I did not know  
What to do or where to go.

My world was crumbling seemed no one cared  
I tried to fix it; I was scared.

Nothing I tried seemed to work at all  
I was ready to give up, when God made His call.

I knew then I'd tried to take credit for all I did  
But, my Lord spoke, *"Who are you trying to kid?"*

*"I knew you when you were born and what you'd do,  
And I knew also your love was true."*

*"My child," He said, "I'm glad you came,  
didn't you know I heal the lame?"*

*"I have a love and want to teach,  
and finally, My child, you did reach."*

*"Take My hand and I'll help you.  
Together, I'll get you through."*

*"No need to worry now, my dear.  
I'll be there, you'll see Me clear."*

---

## DAWN

Dawn has broke and I arise  
Another day and I look at the sky  
My Lord did not come last night  
But today, maybe, His face I'll see.

I begin thinking of Him  
And the woes of life are not so grim  
The hope I have will get me through  
And all that is happening is the clue.

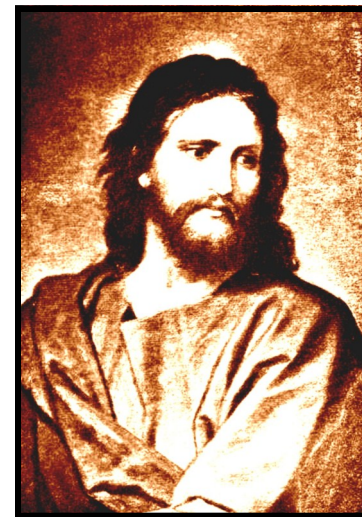
The clues come together to solve the mystery  
Of why I was chosen and what I must do  
A dad at the time, He'll lead me through  
And as I follow, thankful I grew.



---

At this time of year, rejoice in His birth  
To save your soul from hell  
You have the power the pick up the hammer  
Slam it down and ring the bell.

*written 12-07-01*





## NOT MUCH OF THE OLD CROWD IS LEFT

Well, it's six o'clock on my bowling night  
Time to see what's going on  
I open the door and go inside  
But to my dismay, everybody's gone.

Then I look to the left  
And I look again to the right  
There's not but just a few old faces I know  
That comes into sight.

The rest of the crowd  
Is new to me  
I keep thinking to myself  
Where can everybody be?

The Thursday church league  
Is also getting very small  
Not one out of two in the crowd  
Whose name I can recall.

I'm just sitting here wondering  
Lord, where have all my old friends gone  
The only ones left are the new ones  
And a few standby's to carry on.

But we sure had a great time bowling  
And we look to see  
The friends that have gone on before  
And now are waiting for me.

## COME

Can you hear the church bell ring?  
Isn't it saying, "Time to go in?"

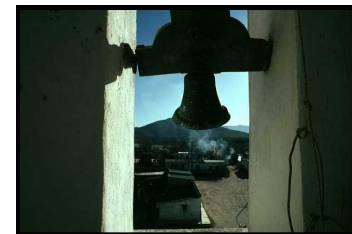
Haven't you tarried long enough?  
"Come and listen", the bell rings out

"And let me tell you stories of old,  
And let's sing praises to Christ, our King!"

Earthly pleasures can lead us astray  
And we all have to earnestly pray

Pray for peace within our hearts brothers, sisters,  
children alike  
Let us walk in harmony toward God's guiding light

Each time we meet, feast on His Word  
And know that Christ will always be Lord!





---

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

“1996”

Son, my child, how precious you are to me  
I watch you as Mary did He  
Wish I could protect you from all harm  
But that's impossible so I'll put you in His arms  
We all grow with love healthy and strong  
On your own though you have to learn  
Right from wrong.

A parent can do just so much for a child  
As he gets older we're still there  
But have to let go for awhile  
We make a point to be there when you need us  
But while we're apart you're in the hands of Jesus.

Son grow up being the best you can be  
And never forget how much He loves you and me.  
Please learn my son, too soon you'll be on your own  
Except for Jesus in whom I pray you've grown.

### PSALMS 56:8

*“You have collected all my tears  
and preserved them in your bottle.”*

---

Jesus has called them to come and be with Him  
On those lanes up in the sky  
Where you always roll a three hundred  
With never one pin shy.

Our leadoff man is gone now,  
Sid, Jim and Jack,  
They have all gone to Heaven  
And won't be coming back.

There were five of us on the team  
But now there is just one  
The anchorman lifts his eyes to Heaven  
And prays they're having fun.

They are bowling on lanes of pure crystal  
With pins made of virgin pine  
And they never miss the five pin  
For they always tow the line.

They never go over the foul line  
Up there all things are brand new  
They tow the line and point the ball  
Knowing just what to do.

*continued* ■■■■■

---

And when I get there and look around  
Happiness will be mine thru and thru  
There's not much left of the old crowd now  
There will be some to join them soon  
To get acquainted again with old friends  
While whistling a golden tune.

Friends you know that we miss you  
The ones we've known for years  
But one thing you can count on  
We'll be back together  
There will be no tears.

Terry and all my other friends  
Some I can't call by name  
One day we'll be together in heaven  
No more sorrow, no more pain.

*Written 10-05-03*



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## **A LULLABY**

Life's little blessing are so sweet  
Prayers answered are God's treats.

God talks to His children teaching Jesus' way  
Entering Jesus' path rewarding when we obey.

Our Father knows His children may stumble or fall  
He holds us then gently places us: we slowly crawl.

We learn as we're taught, and eventually walk  
He gave us milk as babies, then solid food to talk.

When we're able to talk, we grow stronger  
We stand upright, babe's milk we need no longer.

Life has taught us through our mistakes  
We've learned to accept and are eager to learn  
And know being obedient, accepting the rules  
To please our Father for with Him, we yearn.

## MY DEAR FRIEND

Lord, this world is changing so  
Different ideas, I just need to know  
What more can I do to help my neighbor  
Just what, in my labor?  
I made a choice to follow You,  
And I've seen what You can do  
What a better place it could be  
Is there a way to help more, just show me!  
The most patient person, has been You  
I am weak, You are strong  
Yet, You've loved them and me, all along.  
My world is so busy  
I see so much, it makes me dizzy  
But, dear Lord, I pray  
Help them and me go Your way.  
The joy of seeing all going to You  
This dream I have, can it be true?  
The difference You've made in my life  
Growing as daughter, mother and wife  
You were always there to see me through  
In Your Great Plan, I have more to do  
Keep making me stronger until the end  
When I see You, my Savior, my Dear Friend.

## SOMETIMES

Sometime in the evening  
When it's quiet and still  
My mind sometimes will want  
To stray at will.

And I think back to the things  
Of my childhood days  
When Mom and Dad were still around  
To keep me on the straight and narrow ways.

The times we sat on the front porch in the twilight  
And listen to Dad's talk of his growing up  
The tales he told would keep us laughing,  
And sometimes quiet as a pup.

Mom too would sit back and listen  
Just like she had in times past  
Knowing pretty soon we would start getting sleepy  
It was bedtime at last.

*w r i t t e n 2 - 2 1 - 0 5*

## VALENTINE THOUGHTS

Words cannot express  
My thoughts of love for you  
As a husband, father, a brother  
As a son  
Friends in all we do.

When I see your smile  
And feel your warm hand on my cheek  
Then I know we found the love  
We both did seek.

For always a valentine  
Comes from the heart  
As a father, husband, son, and brother  
It says we'll never be apart.

God gave you to me  
Forever to be mine  
Till death do us part and be-  
yond  
You will always be my special  
Valentine.

*written 2-9-05*



## PATRICIA ( PATTY) BOWMAN

Patricia Allen Bowman is my niece. She was born in North Carolina about forty-five years ago. She, like her uncle Bob, has a love for poetry. She has written several; and, I told her I would put some in my next book for her. She now lives in Mooringsport, Louisiana with her husband Carl and continues to write poetry. One day, she hopes to have her own book. Her mom now lives with her. Patricia has one married son in the service.

The following poems were written by  
PATRICIA ( PATTY) BOWMAN

Bob Lord  
For Patty  
10/13/05





**BOB and DOROTHY LORD**  
circa 2005

## **CAPTAIN DON BLUE AND DREARY**

Daytime blues are bad enough  
And nights can be really dreary  
It makes both of my eyes  
Really bloodshot and bleary.

My rump is dragging  
On the countryside  
Making bruises in places  
I cannot hide.

With one eye tight shut  
And the other partially open  
I continue on not really listening  
for the sound of the bell  
Not knowing if it's a ding or a dong.

The smile's frozen upon his face  
Or is it a grimace I don't know  
And when he smiles  
It doesn't even show.

One day he'll get all the rest he needs  
Then he will come roaring back  
He'll get rid of that little excuse for a car  
And get him a Cadillac.

*written 6-2-03*

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## NOTHING

I came home the other day  
The place was empty in every way – nothing.

I looked for the spider webs in the corner – nothing  
Even the mousetrap was gone from the kitchen –  
nothing.

Even looked under the sink and in the cabinet door  
Nothing there I hadn't seen before – nothing.

I looked in the cupboard, it too was bare  
Nothing was on any shelf, they were all bare  
There was nothing there – nothing.

I looked in the garage, the door was down  
The floor was bare  
And there was nothing lying all around – nothing.

The car was even gone, that I drove to work that day  
There was nothing there in any way

I looked in the car  
Parked at the curb  
Nothing at all – nothing.

I looked for the grass, but even the grass was gone –  
nothing.

I listen for the little birds that sing in the tree,  
but there was nothing there – just me and nothing.  
I looked for my wife, but she wasn't there  
Just nothing.

---

The wars that we have fought and the lives we lost  
Will not be beaten down  
But you my friend will be just a handful of dust  
As they put you in the ground.

They'll ask, "*Who was he?*"  
"*And just what did he do?*"  
Then they'll look around with a puzzled look and say,  
"*I don't know, do you?*"

w r i t t e n  
11-01-03

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## **WE'RE NOT DEAD YET**

You may try to cancel out our "Bill of Rights" and  
Burn our flag, do what you think you must  
But in the end we'll get our reward, we'll still be there  
When you have turned to dust.

And "In God We Trust" is on our money  
You can try to erase it and say it's gone  
But it's still there spending just like before  
When you are old and alone.

You want to remove the pledge to our flag  
And take it out of our school  
But there's too many people looking, and you're wrong  
You are nothing but a fool.

These are our country's basic ideals  
It's the framework of our land  
You can go on and smile to yourself  
But I wouldn't strike up the band.

You can laugh and say, well I got rid of that  
It's not around anymore  
But when you come to the end of the line  
It will be printed on your casket door.

We came to this country for freedom  
And to worship as we please  
Think about that when you stand before the Master  
You'll certainly not feel at ease.

---

Last, but not least, I heard a roar  
There was something there I hadn't seen before  
Jesus Christ was standing guard at my front door  
Nothing wasn't there anymore.

I looked in amazement, as things began to change  
All that was nothing seemed to rearrange  
I looked all around – things were beginning to interact  
My wife was there  
And all the kids were back.

But last, and not least  
There was the picture of Jesus on the wall  
Nothing had really changed at all  
It was just an illusion  
God was still there at my beck and call.

But I was worried then  
That things would change  
Then God came back  
And they were rearranged.

My breath came back  
In a joyful sigh  
For I know that He  
Hadn't passed me by  
And it wasn't the end of the line  
Nothing was gone.

*w r i t t e n*  
2 - 21 - 04

## ANGER

Anger is  
A disturbing word  
It can unleash a venom  
That you have never seen or heard.

It rests for years  
Way down deep inside  
But when it is released  
It can make you run and hide.

This is like a volcano  
That lies silent for a spell  
But then something happen to set it off  
And make your life a hell.

It will simmer for awhile  
Before it reaches the boiling point  
But when it spews its venom from the womb  
It will throw you out of joint.

The anger touches everyone  
It don't miss a trick  
God's hand can stop it in its tracks  
And He will do it quick.

The anger that surfaces means nothing  
Unless you let it take hold of you  
Just put your trust in the hand of Jesus  
He'll tell you what to do.

So remember to wear a red rose,  
Its' beauty keeps shining on  
But remember also the white rose  
For those that have already gone.

Last, but not least, is the pink rose  
Its' beauty always lingers near  
For all the ones that we love so  
and to us will always be dear.

*written 8-9-00*





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## THE PINK ROSE

Wear a red rose, "*It's for the living...*"  
They always said to me  
The white rose is for the departed  
Who have gone on to glory.

But no one ever mentions the pink rose  
That falls in between  
I guess it was meant to cover  
All that I've known or ever seen.

You see, the pink rose is for them  
That aren't with us anymore  
They have gone on to be with Jesus  
just beyond the door.

They are not dead  
Because they still live in our town  
Waiting to wear their long white robes  
Covered with angel down.

They are just across the street  
From the old home place  
Living and happy with Jesus  
With a big smile upon their face.

Yes, they are still with us  
looking around we know that for sure  
They are just across the street from the old home place  
with all that's been made pure.

---

Remember a volcano can be a scary thing  
And anger can be the same  
But the volcano will subside and your anger  
will retreat  
When you believe in His name.

Just love one another  
Put a smile on your face  
You can do away with the anger  
And get back in the race.

The devil pushes you to anger  
And makes the volcano roar  
He'll entice you with bribes and promises  
You didn't have before.

But nature is part of God's being  
He can put you and nature at rest  
If you don't let things overwhelm you  
You can stand the test.

*written 4-25-03*



## BRIAR PATCH

Have you ever been skinny dipping in a briar patch?  
There's not much water, and it sure does scratch.

The scratches are in areas even you can't find  
Most of that being on your big behind,  
And you'll have more stickers than a porcupine.

Oh the red bugs will get you  
That's a well known fact  
Red bumps will appear everywhere –  
Even on your back.

And doing the backstroke  
Is an impossible task to do  
Any other stroke for that matter  
Won't follow you through.

Swimming on your stomach  
Can wear mighty thin  
When you stand in front of a mirror  
And try to figure where you've been.

If it wasn't for the fact  
That when the berries get ripe  
They make a pretty darn good pie  
That's really out of sight!

But Mom won't chide you too much  
About your purple derrier



## RESURRECTION DAY

Gather around me all you people  
And listen to what I have to say...  
I'm going to tell you about the happening  
That surrounded Resurrection Day.

It seemed that all they wanted to do was persecute  
Jesus, but He had done nothing out of the way  
Pilate washed his hands of the matter, said,  
*"You do what you want with Him,  
I've no more evidence to weigh."*

The people yelled and said,  
*"Crucify Him on the cross!"*  
And the disciples turned their back on Him  
But they suffered a great loss.

They took Jesus out into the streets  
And laid a cross upon His back  
And made Him carry it through the streets  
As a semi-final act.

They put a crown of thorns upon His head  
And He had to drag the cross to Calvary  
He only wanted to save mankind  
But they wouldn't let Him be.

They placed the cross on the hilltop  
With a criminal on each side  
He was put between the thieves  
And that is where He died.

*written 3-14-03*

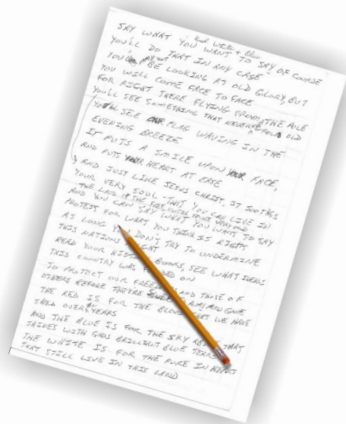
## SWEET, SWEET MEMORIES

Sweet, sweet memories,  
They are remembered for the good  
For the good times and bad times  
But they are all understood.

Here I am with my second book  
But please don't be misled  
For by the time you read the book  
I'll probably be dead.

I started my writing late in life  
And am glad it started at all  
For with the fun I had in writing them  
I actually had a ball.

But just to write a book at all,  
You go beyond your means  
And you accomplished what few people do –  
You went beyond your dreams.



Just to ask where you went swimming,  
What did you wear to get that stain on your forward  
and rear.

But never mind, maybe this pie  
Will help soothe the pain  
Next time don't go swimming in a briar patch  
You've all to lose and nothing to gain.

*written 7-3-04*



---

## 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 are going to be.

There are different kinds of blindness  
Some with your eyes open wide  
But the blindness is when your eyes are gone  
Then you can see inside.

I'll always wonder about  
A person who cannot see  
They see things more clearly than words  
And that's the way it's going for me.

The Good Book says, "*I was blind,*  
*But now I see,*" it all  
That's how it is when you meet Jesus  
You'll be at His beck and call.

You may live in a world of darkness  
But you can come into the light  
When you believe on Jesus  
He will give you your sight.

You know darkness is a beautiful color  
Because you can see it from the heart  
That's the way Jesus wanted us  
To see it from the start.

---

And we know that everywhere you went  
We just had to go.

Or what a joyous reunion  
When we gather at the square  
And see all the friends we've known before  
I'm sure they'll all be there.

And as the ages roll by  
Not a tear not sigh  
We are comfortable  
As anyone can be.

Just looking at the wonders of God's universe  
And angels in their finest gown  
All pure and white  
With wings made of angel down.

I dream of this day, as all others do  
As I wait for it to come  
When we all shall gather  
But also we will leave some.

*written 5-9-03*



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## WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN

When I get to heaven,  
Now that's a happy thought as I go along the way  
It is really something to look forward to  
As I go from day to day.

What He told us and what we learned  
As we went from day to day  
It's all right there in the Book  
Read it, that's all I can say.

The tales of glorious mansions  
Built with us in mind  
Of marble arches standing tall  
Of golden roads in kind.

Streets that are paved with purest gold  
That we can walk upon  
A reward for all our sins  
He did atone.

Above all this, we will see  
Jesus sitting on His throne  
Of white alabaster  
Shining in rays of the sun.

We'll soon see old family members  
We haven't seen for ages past  
And best of all  
We'll know everyone.

There is Mom and Dad, sister and brothers,  
Grandmas and Grampas we still love you so

---

Sometimes we lose sight of things around us  
But maybe that's a plus  
Because when we see things as they are  
Then we know Whom we can trust.

God gave me my sight  
I've had it for sixty-six years  
And if I should lose it tomorrow  
There would be no cause for tears.

*written 8-10-01*



---

## AS NOT YET NAMED

You know, sometimes when I do things wrong  
I feel like a real ignorant ass  
But then I stop and look around me  
And I know the feeling will pass.

People will look at you and say  
That man is sure one more fool  
Well, that may be true, but when you think about it  
I didn't write the rule.

People will be people,  
The only perfect one was put on a cross  
And even then people wanted to show others  
Just who would be the boss.

I find that sometimes when I make a mistake  
It makes me feel sad down to my soul  
But then I find the reason for error  
So then the truth can be told.

It may look like people are laughing at you  
Because your face looks so grim  
They don't really know the facts, that you  
are actually laughing inside,  
Because you're the one that knows Him...

I hate to see someone being laughed at  
Because they have messed things up  
But after all they don't realize they are laughing at  
themselves, they are a bunch of sour grapes  
And not a buttercup.

---

So lock up your worries  
And put your stress to sleep  
Close your eyes and think about Jesus  
And you won't hear a peep.

Here it is, you got it,  
It may not be what you want  
On the other hand, you won't be damned if  
you do  
But you might be if you don't.

*written 6-27-03*



---

## WORRY

Worry, why should I worry  
It will just put wrinkles in your face  
And put you back at the end the line  
In forty second place.

For worry and stress today are number one  
And tow in line  
That keeps you from feeling  
Good all the time.

If you don't worry about this  
Then you worry about that  
It moved all your problems  
From lean into fat.

You can't sleep at night  
Black circles under your eyes  
And at the rate things are going  
It's no big surprise.

Wherever you go  
The stress and worry are there  
And Jesus will always be around  
To help and compare.

He is not so hard to get in touch with  
Just look up, look around  
Any place you look on God's green earth  
You know He can be found.

---

I've lived a good life here on God's earth  
And haven't really hurt anyone  
But people will jibe you with bad names  
It's their way of having fun?

Oh yes, I may be foolish at times  
But I'm certainly not a fool  
Because I can open the Bible and read it to you  
Now there is the Golden Rule.

So shape up you in their world so dark,  
And listen to what's being said  
But by then you'll wake up to the Word too late  
And not only will you be ignorant my friend,  
You'll also be dead.

*w r i t t e n 6 - 1 9 - 0 2*

## COUGH

We work in a building  
That smells of ashes and smoke  
It gets so bad you can't stand it  
And then it is no joke.

To smell the smoke is inhuman  
To draw it into your lungs is a crime, a drain  
You cough and hint, but don't say much  
And when you get choked  
They smile and let you go insane.

It's not their lungs that's tearing them up  
But what it's doing to you  
First hand smoke is bad enough  
But secondhand will put you down too.

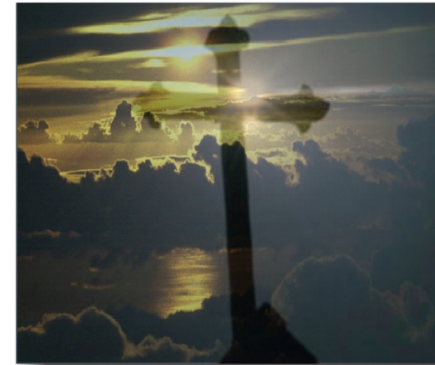
*written 6-14-00*



## TO LIVE BEYOND

Oh to live beyond the years  
And see what's going on  
To view the changes on this earth  
Before we're all gone.

Just to live beyond this world  
My heart cannot conceive  
My heart, my eyes behold the change  
Which only my God can relieve.



## **TWILIGHT**

Oh, the peace and contentment of a soft summer night  
When the wind is blowing gently and all seems so right.

Twilight is gently settling into its rightful place  
Giving the evening a completely new face.

It's just a time to relax in your chair outside  
The feeling of peace that it brings you cannot be denied.

The serenity that you feel with your family around  
Calms your heart and affects all that abounds.

The crickets are playing their song for you  
And the first stars come out to play peek-a-boo.

And the moon is rising in the beautiful sky  
With the man in the moon watching all passers by.

It's a feeling that only comes when you love Jesus  
Knowing that it was made that way, just to please us.

So it's a fitting end to a fitting day now we can all  
go to bed  
And look forward to tomorrow when again our soul  
will be fed.

*written 6-20-04*

## **LENA'S MAMA**

It was a dark time in our town  
The dark horse had again come by  
And took away sweet Mother to be with Jesus  
In that home up in the sky.

The pain and hurt that she had  
Here on earth are now  
A part of history  
For she has been given rebirth.

She is in God's heaven with Jesus  
Having the time of her life  
She suffers no more pain, no more heartache  
And surely no more strife.

All the friends and family  
That she has left behind  
Know she is now with all her loved ones  
And she is feeling fine.

We know she's gone to heaven  
And that sweet by and by  
For tonight there is a new star in Jesus' heaven  
Up there in the sky.

Mom, you know we miss you  
But we had you for such a long time  
But we are all happy for you  
Up there where it's so sublime.



## DEEP IN THE WOODS

Along the creek and up the hill,  
I go deep in the woods where all is still  
There is a tree that has fallen along the way  
It lies across the creek in a stage of decay  
Where it acts as a bridge for the little animals  
on their way.

The animals stop and look at the creek  
As if they are waiting to hear it speak  
An occasional bird will light on the log  
Looking for something to eat  
Like a worm or small frog.

The creek bed is sandy and the water is clear  
And little minnows are darting in the shadows  
when you get too near  
I see an old possum as he waddles along  
And a raccoon washing his meal in the water as it  
murmurs a song.

Big animals too use the log as they cross  
To the other side  
Looking for something or someplace  
Where they can hide.

Well enough of this, and I top the hill  
Where the wind is blowing and all is still  
I look up to the sky, there I see an eagle fly  
Moving so graceful in its vast domain  
of clear, blue sky.

Off to the west I see a thunderhead forming  
Soon it will start to rain without much warning

## PEOPLE ARE HURTING PEOPLE

People are hurting people Lord  
Kids want to start a rout  
Your children are getting weary Lord  
Our feet are moving slow  
It gets so bad sometimes, we don't know which way to go.

These days things are getting worse Lord we don't know  
what to do  
But then a smile comes across my face  
When I see Your sky of beautiful blue.

I realize that there is hope for all of us yet  
And we shouldn't sit around, it's not time to fret  
Happiness is in our hearts Lord, and there is a smile  
on our face  
Because when we kneel at the altar, we realize  
There's still hope for the human race.

With all that You have promised,  
It's right there in Your book  
And when you kneel at the altar  
His word will never be mistook.

So come on join the rest of us before it is too late  
You'll know you've done your best for man  
When you reach the "Pearly Gate".

*written 3-05-00*

## RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Say what you want to say  
Of course you'll do that in any case  
You may be looking at Old Glory  
But you will come face to face.

For right there flying from the pole  
You'll see something that never will grow old  
You'll see our flag waving in the evening breeze  
It puts a smile upon your face and puts your heart at ease.

And just like Jesus Christ  
It soothes your very soul  
That you can live in the land of the free  
Until you're very old.

And you can say what you want to say  
Protest for what you think is right  
As long as you don't try to undermine  
This nation's might.

Read your history books  
See what ideals this country was founded on  
To protect our freedoms and those of other  
Before they're swept away and gone.

The red is for the blood that we have shed over the years  
And the blue is for the sky above that shines with God's  
brilliant blue tears  
The white is for the pure in heart that still live in this land  
To let the world know that  
You still have a friend at hand.

Then the animals will scurry to find a place  
To find a shelter where they will be safe.

Till the summer storm is over and all is serene  
The water has refreshed the earth and made  
everything green  
New life will grow as it did before now  
Flowers will bloom as it gives us more  
As they have done in the past on the forest floor

I look around, and I am proud and amazed  
At what God has done in a matter of days  
A little squirrel looks around from its home in the tree  
Thanking the Lord for letting me be me.

All the other animals join in the chorus  
Thanking Him for what He has put before us  
The animals scamper around and play on the grass  
They know that what God has given them  
Will surely last.

For what He has given them  
Can never be undone  
Because it came straight from Jesus  
Like Father, like Son.

Some people just don't understand,  
They wonder what is this?  
They just don't know nor understand  
That this is heavenly bliss.

*written 2-1-04*

## COME TO THE ALTAR

Come to the altar, Jesus said to me  
Kneel down and confess your sins  
And I will set you free.

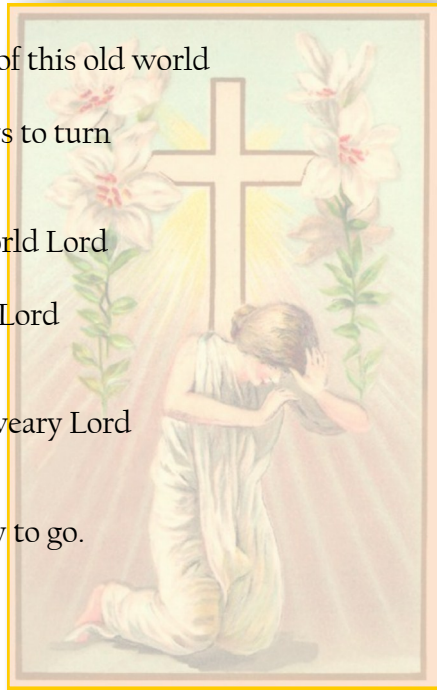
When you come and talk to Me  
I will know what's in your heart  
Tell Me about your troubles  
You will know where to start.

But Lord, I feel so bad sometimes  
In my heart and in my soul  
I have got to talk to someone  
And Jesus, You're the one I told.

Lord, you know the shape of this old world  
That we are living in  
There is just too many ways to turn  
That you run into sin.

All the wars across this world Lord  
Not a nation is left out  
People are hurting people, Lord  
Kids want to start a rout.

Your children are getting weary Lord  
Our feet are moving slow  
It gets so bad sometimes  
We don't know which way to go.



## TOO TRUSION

In order not to cause anymore intrusion

I have finally come to a firm conclusion

That in order to avoid any more confusion

What this body needs is a new transfusion

Something that wouldn't cause much of a protrusion

And not to create anymore frustrated static fusion.

*written 3-19-03*



---

## THANK YOU LORD

Thank you Lord for giving me one  
That's the year it all begun.

Thank you Lord for giving me ten  
With that I know that I could win,

Thank you Lord for giving me twenty  
I know then there would be many.

Thank you Lord for giving me thirty  
I know right then it would be fine and pretty.

Thank you Lord for giving me fifty  
I think that's kind of nifty.

But most of all I thank you for giving me sixty  
Now believe, I think that is pretty nifty.

And thank you Lord for giving me  
All the extra years  
The love you showed me  
Brought me through the tears.

And thank you Lord  
For my family love  
Seeing all that we know  
It came from above.

Amen.

*written 5-21-01*

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These days things are getting worse, Lord  
We don't know what to do  
But then a smile comes across our face  
When we put our faith in You.

And I know we shouldn't sit around  
It's not the time to fret  
Happiness is in our hearts, Lord  
Knowing You're not done with us yet.

And there is a smile on our face  
Because when we kneel at the altar  
Lord we realize  
There is still hope for the human race.

With all that You have promised  
It's right there in Your book  
And when we kneel at the altar  
Your word will never be mistook.

So come on and join the rest of us  
Before it is too late  
Now you know you have done your best for man  
When you reach the pearly gates.

*written 3-05-00*

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## DORIS

### “A BEAUTIFUL RED ROSE IN GOD’S FIELD OF WHITE CARNATIONS”

*THOUGHT: Doris Ferguson, a friend’s  
friend, this was her life up to the end.*

A very dark shadow passed over us today  
Our good friend Doris passed away  
She left a home full of warmth and cheer  
Her family and Jesus whom she loved so dear.

We’ll all miss you Doris, but we all know  
You’ve gone to be with Him  
As long as Jesus is our guiding light  
The flame will never dim.

We know you’ve gone to be with loved ones  
Who have gone on before  
But Jesus said, “Don’t worry, you’ll see her again,  
when you stand beyond the door.”

God put us here to be friends  
And love our fellow man  
That we may in turn cross the bar  
To be with Him again.

They say that roses are a beautiful flower  
But there are only eleven in hand  
The twelfth rose belongs to you, Doris  
It’s there in the Promised Land.

---

One day all their things will cease to be  
To rid this world of pain  
Then all of humanity can lift their heads  
You’ve let the sun shine again.

Now, no more sorrow is felt in this little heart  
No more pain is in my soul  
For I am walking in the sunshine of Thy being again  
down the streets of gold.

There we know You can control, to rule the sky is fair  
This we know, the hand’s don’t know what to do  
Then You tell us to put them together and pray  
The sun will always shine through.

*written 2-18-02*



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## THE TIDES OF TIME

The tides of time are coming in  
They're breaking on the shore  
Soon they will be receding  
With my memories gone forevermore.

I have been sitting here on the shore  
Looking out to sea  
Wondering why the tides of time  
Do not break anymore for me.

Maybe it's because the winds of chance  
Aren't shifting the grains of sand  
They are not stirring up my memories anymore  
Though I can still command.

I can give my heart the satisfaction  
Of knowing what is best  
That Jesus will put my mind at ease  
And He will do the rest.

Confusion reigns today  
But it just don't have the power  
To push back the tides of time  
And give me back my hour.

Jesus, I know that You control the tides  
And can calm the winds of chance  
And to keep the whirlpools in check  
So they won't do their little dance.

---

It's a pleasure to have known you  
And to call you our friend  
This will last through all the years  
Even beyond the end.

Yes, a light has gone from this earth  
We say this with a sigh  
But we know when we look to heaven  
That there is a new star in the sky.

To have known you is to have loved you  
As friends so often say  
But we'll all be together  
On that great getting up day.

*Note to the Family: It was a pleasure to have known Doris,  
and to deliver her paper and be her friend.  
I told her she could always call on us if she needed anything.  
My wife and I thought a lot of her, and will miss her very much.*

Bob and Dot Lord  
New Argus Carrier

written 2-13-00



---

## FAMILY

When I was growing up  
And until I was grown  
I always thought how nice it is  
To have a family all your own.

Brothers and sisters  
And mom and dad  
Remembering the  
good times  
We always had.



Now we all have brothers  
And sisters-in-law  
And we knew that pretty soon  
They too would be a proud ma and pa.

The kids came along  
All the nephews and nieces  
And in my heart  
I loved them all to pieces.

But then comes the time  
When the youngest leaves the nest  
To go out and try his wings  
With all the rest.

Then comes the days  
When we would all gather round  
To celebrate the holidays  
He had found.

---

As I think about Sundays gone by  
Thoughts that are deep in my memories  
And it makes me want to cry.

First Dad left the table  
And soon Mom too had gone  
Brothers Willie and Leland and Annie then Nick left  
And we seemed so all alone.

I'll never forget the times we had  
Around the dining table  
We could eat as much as we wanted to  
If only we were able.

I loved to see my family  
Do the thing that we had done  
After dinner was over we would all sit around  
On the front porch in the noonday sun.

Things do change over the years  
As we breathe a long, sad sigh  
But things are still good at times and I  
Surely do miss that sweet tater pie.

Because when you sit down at Mom's table  
There is one thing you can rely  
You are getting the best food this side of heaven  
With a piece of her sweet tater pie.

*written 10-10-03*

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## SUNDAY DINNER AND SWEET TATER PIE

Sunday dinner  
And sweet tater pie  
So appetizing  
And it's pleasing to the eye.

My eyes light up when I think about those dinners  
Spread out upon the table  
And that sweet tater pie  
Eat as much as you are able.

But that is not the only thing  
That makes your taste buds grow,  
It's what's put together with taters  
And a little dough.

There is also fried chicken, potatoes,  
Gravy, field peas and a ham hock  
All the goodies are there for you,  
A meal like this is hard to knock.

The biscuits that Mom made are  
Truly out of this world  
And with a little butter spread on them  
They are more priceless than a pearl.

We all sit around and eat our fill  
And thanking God for this bountiful yield  
Mom would smile and Dad would say the grace  
As we all sit around the table at our favorite eating place.  
It gives me great peace of mind now

---

For years we did this  
Then we drifted apart  
Mom and Dad were gone  
Though they were still in our heart.

With God's help and guidance  
We will carry on  
But we look around  
Some more are gone.

Leland and Willie and Annie Sue  
They've gone to God's heavenly home  
That leaves just a few of us left  
But soon we will have flown.

But remember always  
That a family is a beautiful thing  
It always makes you want to thank Jesus  
To lift your voice and sing.

Someday we'll be together,  
As a family again  
In God's beautiful home up in heaven  
Where life will have no end.

*written 2-15-01*



---

## GET OFF THE GRASS

I walked out on my front porch the other day  
And behold, some character was walking  
across my grass  
As calmly as I could tell him, I said, "Get back  
in the road or on the side walk, or I'm going to  
kick your ass..."

He turned around and told me to go to hell,  
"I'll walk where I please..."  
I looked back and told him,  
"Leave, before I bring you to your knees."

"You don't work this yard  
This is surely not your land  
Just what does it take  
To make you understand?"

The sidewalk was made for walking  
Or you can even get in the road  
But stay out of my yard, and away from my door  
Or you'll only increase your load.

Don't tell me what you're thinking  
Or what you are going to do  
Just stop and think for just a second  
On what might happen to you.

You just don't stop and think  
Or care about what's going on  
But you'll cut three steps short  
walking across my grass  
And then you'll be gone.

---

He fought his best for he loved his country  
The land of the red, white and blue

Let's hope and pray  
That he died so we could endure  
And say that he was a true hero of the millennium  
Of that I know for sure.

*written 11-6-03*



---

## NOT FORGOTTEN

I'm standing here by the runway  
Just watching the planes coming in  
And in my mind I wonder  
Where have they all been.

To the ends of the earth I imagine  
Protecting our right to be  
As we sing the song that means so much to us  
That begins with "Oh Say Can You See..."

In days gone by, I've seen them fly to protect  
Ours and others the right they exist  
Knowing that some won't be coming back our way  
And I know they will be missed.

I look up, there's a group of planes overhead,  
There seems to be  
Yet one is not there  
Not a worry, not a care.

A mother stands silently by  
A tear is forming in the corner of her eye  
All the others have left and gone home by now  
There's no one to see her cry

For now she knows that the missing plane  
Won't be coming back home  
A son, a dad won't be home tonight,  
For he is with his eternal God today standing  
by His throne.

---

Roads were made for driving  
And the sidewalk was made for walking  
If this is not plain enough for you to understand  
Then all that I can say, is friend  
I'm through talking.

*written 4-22-04*





---

## HOUSE ON A HILL

The house sits on a hillside  
A grassy knoll by the side of the road  
It used to be someone's home, full of warmth,  
love and cheer  
A humble little abode.

But note the tin on the roof is showing neglect  
Here and there a little hole has appeared  
And when it rains the water comes in  
And dampens the floor below.

It puddles on the floor and in the corners  
For it has nowhere else to go  
The windows are all bonded up now  
And the doors aren't there anymore.

There is no sunlight to come in  
And brighten up the room  
It's in a state of humid darkness  
All is shadows, all is gloom.

But outside the grass is green  
And the wildflowers are all in bloom  
And the trees are standing forever tall  
But fall will be there soon.

The paint has slowly faded  
To a kind of a mottled gray  
And unless someone takes pity on the old house  
It will eventually fade away.

---

They stood for their country red, white and blue  
Or union jack, and other friendly flags  
They knew what the country wanted of them  
And shouted no boast or brags.

So thanks to our country and to our leaders  
Who never shunned their duty  
We are proud to have been of service  
Again, we've done our duty.

But to all services that fought  
I shun you not  
For when our country needed you  
You were Johnny-on-the-spot.

*written*  
5-5-03



---

## L.I.A. ONE IS MISSING

I stand at attention and present a salute  
As the planes go flying by  
One is missing from the formation  
As I look up in the sky.

A brother, a fellow air person  
Won't be coming home tonight  
For they have paid the supreme sacrifice  
But they have won the fight.

The mother stands there grieving  
For the one that won't be home  
But she is satisfied in knowing  
That forever they are not alone.

They fought the fight for freedom  
And gave their best for all  
For when the country needed them  
They made the final call.

The stars in heaven glow  
For those who have a dream  
It is not  
What it may seem.

No matter what color,  
Shape or gender  
In the fight they stand for their country  
With no thought of surrender.

---

And a house that was once filled  
With laughter and life will be gone  
There will be nothing left but briars  
And wildflowers to carry on.

Maybe one day they will put a plaque up  
In memory of the house that stood on this spot  
Bow their heads in remembrance of the warmth it gave  
And say "Jesus, thanks a lot."

*written 11-16-03*



## **GOD'S CREATION: ODE TO AN EGRET**

My wife and I decided  
While sitting in our room  
That we would go and sit on the bench  
That looks across the lagoon.

And while we were sitting there looking  
We snapped a few pictures now and then  
We could show to the folks back home  
Just where we had been.

When I noticed an egret perched on the corner post  
That ran around the water  
Preening itself and looking good  
Perhaps for another egret daughter.

It stretched its' long neck, as if looking  
To see that all was in its place  
I told my wife, "I'm going to get a picture of this bird  
sitting there just looking beautiful in its moment of  
bliss..."  
Well, I attempted to get a closer look  
But alas, it flew away.

I followed its flight, as it settled again  
At the water's edge  
Walking around the lily pads, looking for food again  
My wife smiled and looked at me saying, "Take the  
picture again!"  
But I said no to the beautiful bird  
This time I'll let it win.

## **MOTHER PRAYED**

Jesus raised His eyes to heaven and said,  
*"Forgive them Father, they know not what they do."*  
As they pierced His side with a spear  
And now you are through.

The sky grew dark and the wind  
Began to stir the trees  
But His mother kept praying at the foot of the cross  
Kneeling down on both knees.

The wind picked up in its fury  
The dust was getting thicker all the time  
One thief said, *"Jesus, I want to be with You,  
where all is safe and sublime."*

*"Father, into Your hands I give my soul,  
my heart and my life.  
I bring with Me a new Christian  
free of strain and strife."*

He left them all and for three days  
Lay in His tomb  
But on the third day He arose and kept His promise  
To meet His disciples in the upper room.

He talked to them at great length of what was going  
on and what He wanted them to do  
And He lifted His eyes up to heaven and said,  
*"Father, I'm coming to You."*

*written 3-28-01*

---

## MOM IN HEAVEN

One day we'll all be together again  
We will have a reunion around God's throne  
We'll smile and be happy for her  
For now she's never alone.

Her home in heaven is beautiful  
The best you have ever seen  
Now close your eyes and wake up in heaven  
It's real Mom, it's not a dream.

We know you are there in heaven with Jesus  
And that makes us so very glad  
You are walking hand in hand with Jesus on one side,  
On the other, is our Dad.

*written 2-16-01*



---

So I went back to the bench and sat down  
with my wife  
As she watched a helicopter in the sky  
But soon we left to go back to the room, my pictures  
Will show the little bird in its time of life.

We will leave to go back home tomorrow  
But we will both remember this place  
And hoped the egret found its love  
And kissed it face to face.

*written 3-28-03*



## I GOT THE NEWS

Well early yesterday morning  
I got the news  
It was bad enough to make me  
Start singing the blues.

I've checked your knee  
And came to this conclusion  
That without a doubt we're going to have  
To make a little intrusion.

Now you will be in the hospital  
For about five days  
We'll try and make you comfortable  
In several ways.

You will have ninety days  
To get back on your feet  
And go back to work  
And take your rightful seat.

You will be rightfully slow  
For a little while  
But things will get better  
Then you can smile.

Remember, it's always  
Dark before the light  
But with God's help, you will go forward  
And it will be alright.

This land is supposed to stand for love of God  
Not for love of money  
You can turn your head and laugh up your sleeve  
But I don't think it's funny.

Get right, get right, my friend  
Your country, your God, make a stand  
So that when you leave what you've fought to maintain  
You can stand before Him like a man.

*written 6-9-03*



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## I STAND

I stand to see Old Glory waving  
Smartly in the evening breeze  
My attention is added also by a  
Crisp salute before I rest at ease.

There's the red, white, and blue of my country's  
symbol of the land I love  
And I often wonder how God sees it  
From His throne in heaven above.

This is the land of the proud  
Of the brave and the free  
And we don't need any watchdog  
Looking over you and me.

The wars we fought for this country  
And others we were there to give  
So that all of us including our brothers  
Could feel free to breathe and live.

No one knows but the good Lord above  
The sacrifices we have made  
So that all the world over could live and love  
And rest in the shade.

For those of past generations  
The present, and those yet to be born  
Thanks, the ones that made it possible  
For them to see the morn.

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So don't despair,  
Keep your chin up high  
Or you will miss all the pretty girls  
As they pass by.

One day soon you'll be  
One hundred percent again  
Remember God made this happen  
So you could work and win.

*written 6-13-03*



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## NO MORE

No more will I  
Walk the last mile  
No more waking in the morning  
With a friendly smile.

No more kissing the kids  
With a friendly hello  
No more telling them  
Where they can or cannot go.

No more holding hands  
In the picture show  
No more sitting back  
To watch the children grow.

No more smiling and saying,  
“That’s all I need”,  
Just let me go to Jesus  
With all possible speed.

No more lamenting  
No more tears  
No more hiding  
From your own worst fears.

Just let me go in peace  
To the good Lord above  
Who has always shown me kindness  
And lots of love.

*written 12-11-03*



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A light has gone out here on earth  
But there is a new one in the sky  
And someday you will see her again  
In the sweet by and by.

Shall we gather at the river  
Just like it says in the song  
This is the land of beauty  
Where nothing goes wrong.

God has a new ornament  
Hanging from His Christmas tree  
Yes, little Cayla is there waiting  
For you to come and see.

Cayla, we’ll see you again soon  
Of that we have no doubt  
Where happiness and pain and trouble  
Have been left out.

So long, but not goodbye  
You’ll be missed I know  
But we’re happy that you’re there with Jesus  
Where your love will prosper and grow.....

*written 11-10-02*



## IN MEMORY OF CAYLA MARIE CHASE

So young to go  
But God made a place  
For a sweet little girl  
Cayla Marie Chase.

Her family will miss her  
Of that I am sure  
But she has gone to a place  
That is eternally pure.

The empty place on earth can't be filled  
But raise your voice and sing  
She's in a better place now  
That is forever spring.

I know God has a special place in His heart  
For a little child  
Where the sun shines forever  
And it's always nice and mild.

So shed not a tear  
For this little girl  
For she is now living  
In a brighter, better world.

Be happy for her  
The suffering is no more  
She rests now with Jesus  
On the beautiful shore.



## NATURAL CAUSES

Just look at the skeletons  
Lying all around  
They're in the fields and bushes  
All over the ground.

Over this world  
They are turning to dust  
Because of lack of concern  
From all of us.

Natural causes have put  
Most of them in the ground  
But those in the bushes and fields  
Are from wars not renowned.

For a minute stop and think  
Just take a brief pause  
Were all these things really necessary  
Was it actually a just cause?

Far too many people  
Have lost their lives today  
Just because someone decided  
To go the other way.

A lot of the people sit back  
What in the world's going on?  
But the leaders will keep it to themselves  
Until the day is gone.

*written 1-16-04*



## LOOK AROUND YOU

Mother Nature presents such beauty  
It's such a sight to behold  
Its beauty is such that it reminds someone  
Of the purest gold.

There is so much that meets the eye  
That you can look upon  
To marvel at things from the Creator  
And know that goes the season, it too will be gone.

The bright green blade of grass  
That grows upon the hill  
Then see the scattered wildflowers  
The innocent wild daffodil.

Summer is here and the little birds  
Are building on their nests  
Knowing that within a few weeks time  
There will be some little birds at best.

The green leaf upon the tree  
Tends to give it cover for all  
Whether it is a little bird or a noisy squirrel  
Or maybe a little worm that crawls.

Water babbles in the brook  
As it runs along  
With little minnows swimming in the deeper parts  
As crickets sing their song.

So much is happening in this world of God's creation  
great and small.

## THE OLD WASH POT

There used to be an old cast iron wash pot sitting  
in our backyard where the clothes were washed  
on Saturday morning.  
Mom or Dad would call me about seven o'clock  
To put the wood under the pot  
Get the water hot, and the wood to burning.

Mom would make sure that the cake of soap  
was always close at hand  
To suds the clothes and get them going  
The fire would crackle and the water would boil  
But all in all it wasn't much toil.

Dad would stand by and watch  
With a cup of coffee in his hand  
Mom would mix the clothes with her long, wood-  
en axe handle  
We knew who had command.

After about an hour or two the clothes were washed  
and the fire was dying down  
Mom would call us all in for breakfast  
Gravy, fatback and homemade biscuits maybe grits  
Dad would say things went well this  
Saturday morning  
And we could call it quits!

*w r i t t e n*  
2 - 2 3 - 0 5

## IN GOD WE TRUST

In God we trust  
Is this a true fact  
Or is it a bust?

If this is not true  
It's only a lie  
You better straighten out  
Or at least try .

Whatever you said or done,  
Its time to atone  
And believe the ideals  
This country was founded upon.

This country was founded  
On the principles of God's love  
So don't turn your back on the  
Things you lack, look to the  
Father above.

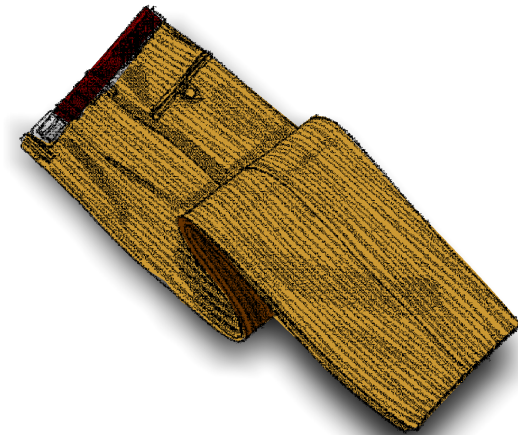
written 5-12-03



*Our Father, Who art in heav-  
en, hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy kingdom come. Thy  
will be done, on earth as it is  
in Heaven. Give us this day,  
our daily bread, and forgive us  
our trespasses as we forgive those  
who trespass against us ~ and  
lead us not into temptation, but  
deliver us from evil, for Thine  
is the kingdom, and the power  
and the glory  
Forever and ever  
Amen*

## THIS IS JUST TO SAY

I tore my new trousers today  
I know I'll get fussed at when I get home  
They have always done their things  
Too much of this is more than I can bear  
So when I get home with my torn new pants  
Don't say a word  
Please just leave it there.



## THE FOOTPRINT

A little blue bird had curiosity  
On its little face,  
As it gazed down at me  
As I was sitting on the ground.  
Beneath its favorite tree

What are you doing here ?  
What is your problem young man ?  
Little bird I'm sitting here puzzled  
By those footprints in the sand  
Look at the texture of the foot  
It's perfect from heel to toe

That could be, said the bluebird,  
For they were left here by Jesus  
So many, many years ago

*Angel's Home  
at  
Rainbow's End*



## VALENTINE THOUGHTS

Words cannot express my thoughts  
Of love for you  
As a husband, father, brother and a don  
Friends in all we do  
When I see your smile and feel your  
Warm hand on my cheek  
Then I know we've found  
The love we both did seek

For always a valentine comes from the heart  
As a father, husband, brother and son,  
It says we'll never be apart  
God gave you to me forever to be mine  
Till death do us apart and beyond  
You will always be my special Valentine

