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Advance Reading Copy

NOT FOR RESALE

Other Books by Bob Lord

Straight from the Heart

More from the Heart

Collect ions
fr om t he Hear t

Bob Lor d



HERITAGE
DANCE
FOUNDATION

Heritage Dance Foundation®
Director of Education
Melissa Grimes Zwerling
107 South Center Street
Goldsboro, NC 27534
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*Dedicated to Jesus the Savior and my family who gave me
the strength to write this book.
Without Jesus's hand to guide me, this book would not have
been written.*

~ Bob Lord ~

The Lord's Prayer

*Our Father, who art in heaven,
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.
Amen.*

Foreword

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 other's stories and memories of our families and childhoods. 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, in 2003, we published his first book of poems, *Straight from the Heart*, and two years later his second book, *More from the Heart*.

As the founder and chairman of the board of the Heritage Dance Foundation®, I discussed with the board of directors the idea of publishing this new book, which represents a compilation of the poems of the first two books as well as the addition of new poems. The Heritage Dance Foundation® has expanded its original mission of developing and supporting ballroom dancing to include other aspects of the visual arts. In the past several years, the foundation has published various original works. The board of directors and, in particular, Melissa Grimes Zwerling, the director of education, felt that this new book of poetry would be an excellent addition to the foundation's library of original works.

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.



HERITAGE
DANCE
FOUNDATION

Charles S. Zwerling, MD, FACS, FICS
Founder and Chairman of the Board
Heritage Dance Foundation®

Melissa Grimes Zwerling
Vice President
Director of Education
Heritage Dance Foundation®

Pr eface

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, North Carolina. 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 to 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.

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, and *More from the Heart* in 2005. So, this is my third book, and I enjoyed writing all three of them. 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, goodbye, 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.

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

God bless.

Sincerely, Bob Lord

Acknowledgments

To our dearly departed Martha L. Grimes and William A. Grimes, who were members of our production team in the first two books, *Straight from the Heart* and *More from the Heart*, and to our present team of Tiffany A. Zwerling and Alexis C. Zwerling, our production assistants.

Hist or y/Mil it ar y

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 good news, good sir,
and bid you on your way.
For the little queen, I prophesy,
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
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.

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 into 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.

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 schools
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 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.

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?*"

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 will never 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 others
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.

NOT FORGOTTEN

I'm standing here by the runway
Just watching the planes come 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' right to 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.

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.

M.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 who 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.

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.

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
Thank the ones that made it possible
For them to see the morn.

This land is supposed to stand for love of God
Not the 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.

NATURAL CAUSES

Just look at all 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.

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,
It's 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.

Jesus

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 beck and 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
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 . . .

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.

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 . . .

ALL MY SOUL

PRAISE THE LORD, all my soul
I'll keep on doing it, 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.

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.

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 go before it's too late
Go with me through 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 in 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 nor 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."*

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

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.

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.

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 listened 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.

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.

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 semifinal 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.

WORRY

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

For worry and stress today are numbers one
And two in line
That keep you from feeling
Good all the time.

If you don't worry about this
Then you worry about that
It's 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.

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.

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."

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.

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 you 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.

MOT HER 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."

THE FOOTPRINT

A little bluebird 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 there?
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.”

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
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's love goes from infinity to infinity
You couldn't stop it even if you wanted to.

My words haven't quite run 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 . . .

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 the shadows
Spending day after day.

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 mansions
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 all right for all to pay
When it comes time to meeting Jesus on
That great Judgment Day.
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, "Blessed 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.

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 reaches up and out for me
While I stand as if in a daze
His power is all heaven to me
And I am 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.

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.

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.

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
Of 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 ones
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.

Deat h

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 have 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 every day
And if you don't kneel and talk to Jesus then
What are you going to say . . . ?

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 . . . ?

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

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, "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.

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.

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.

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.

Then there are 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 lead 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.

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 the 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.

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 all right
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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

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 all right
And we'll see them in the future
But now it's time to say goodnight . . .

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
Now isn't that something to look forward to
For the ones that are 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 . . .

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 come 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 sitting here wondering,
Lord, where have all my old friends gone?
The only ones left are the new ones
And a few standbys 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.

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 toe the line.

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

And when I get there and look around
Happiness will be mine through and through
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.

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 homeplace
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 homeplace
With all that's been made pure.

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.

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's 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.

HOUSE ON A HILL

A 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 boarded 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.

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."

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.

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 . . .

DORIS

*"A beautiful red rose in God's field of white carnations."
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.

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*

HEAVEN'S GAIN

Alas, we lost a dear soul last night
Cathy went to heaven for her final flight
Jesus sent her word to start her on her way
To be with Him to love and smile as she
Goes from day to day
A woman, a mother, she was loved by all
And this time she had no choice but
To answer her Savior's call
She leaves behind family that will miss her so
But the time has come for her to leave,
She must go
The stars in heaven, shining real bright
But now there is a new one in heaven tonight
We will miss her very much,
But she's seeing old loved ones now
She is standing now with Jesus yielding
A humble bow
That's the way it is and the way
It was ordained
The loss to her earthly family will be
HEAVEN'S GAIN

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.

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.

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 newfound 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."*

Heaven

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 onboard, 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.

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 are eternally pure and dear
With the song of thanksgiving in our hearts
That will last year after year . . .

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.

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 are Mom and Dad, sister and brothers,
Grandmas and grandpas—we still love you so
And we know that everywhere you went
We just had to go.

Oh, 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.

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

Just looking at the wonders of God's universe
And angels in their finest gowns
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.

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.

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 hands don't know what to do
Then You tell us to put them together and pray
The sun will always shine through.

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.

Life and Living

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
Firsthand smoke is bad enough
But secondhand will put you down too.

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 all right.

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.

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
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.

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 came 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.*

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 the 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.

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.

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.

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.

WHEN I DO THINGS WRONG

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 sure is 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.

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 your 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.

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.

FAMILY

When I was growing up
And until I was grown
I always thought how nice it is
To have a family all on 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 know that pretty soon
They 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.

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.

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 sat around the table at our favorite eating place.

It gives me great peace of mind now
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.

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 sidewalk
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 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.

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.

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've also seen its prestige
Slowly falling down.

The only thing was
The town was all right
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 . . .

COLD SHOULDER

Have you ever felt so all alone
When you walked into 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 was 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 . . . ?

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.

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 comes 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
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 given 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.

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 knickknacks
Will be laying 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
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 . . .

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 beholden 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
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 . . .

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 listened 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.

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

Nat ur e

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 blue jay 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.

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.

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 you 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 derriere
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.

T WILIGHT

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 passersby.

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.

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
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 don't understand,
They wonder, *What is this?*
They just don't know nor understand
That this is heavenly bliss.

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 doesn'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.

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.

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.

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 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.

Raindrops 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.

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 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 . . .

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 are 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.

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.

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 . . .

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 . . .

Holiday Times

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 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.

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

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 all right
Jesus was smiling on this, His day
For the things He had given 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 happy days
When we gathered at the old homeplace
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've 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 is a beautiful tree
Its 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.

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.

EAST ER 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 the 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,
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.

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 sat around
Dad's job was to give them out to all of us
With a joyful sound.

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's birth
When He came to us to save us all
Right here on God's green earth.

I'll always think of those happy times
And the celebration of Jesus's 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.

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 . . .

MOT HER '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.

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
Then 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.

This Easter

Easter Day, Easter Day
We think of the cross as
we kneel to pray
We think of the tomb
His body covered with
a shroud

And all around we're
calling aloud
Then you think of Jesus'
word,
In three days, I shall
arise

To go and be with My
Father, in His
kingdom in the sky
You have put Me in My
tomb and there I shall lay
Until the third day when
the stone was rolled
away
I will see My disciples one
more time, and then
I will move on
Bow your heads and
close your eyes, when
they open, I will be gone
Remember My words, and
carry on to spread My

word to all
And one day in the future,
again you'll hear My call

Easter Sunday is the name
you'll remember as
the ages roll on, you'll shut your
eyes and pray this is where
Jesus went to be with His Father
on a bright, sunshiny day
One day all things will come
true as He said when He
calls His children's names
It will be a happy day
indeed, all our sins will
be atoned
Have a beautiful day
this Easter
Keep Jesus in your
heart
For one day, you'll be up
there, never more to part

JOY OF CHRISTMAS

The joy of Christmas
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 around the tree
And give out presents to one and all
They didn't even miss me.

Yes, Jesus brought us all together
So we could be with one another
The ones that we hold dear.

To bring them all together
It's a joy to behold

Because with every passing year
Christmas is more precious than gold.

Of all 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.

Odds and Ends

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 . . .

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's 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
windowpane
I think of all the good times ahead
And smile; yes, I'm happy again.

SWEET , SWEET MEMORIES

Sweet, sweet memories,
They are remembered for the good
For the good times and the 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 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.

T O O T R U S I O N

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 any more frustrated static fusion.

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 don 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.

I'M ALL RIGHT

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.

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.

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.

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 shine
"Our step is not what it used to be," we laughed,
But you're all still friends of mine.

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.

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.

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*

LAT OYA

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.

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 . . .

PSALMS 56:8

*"You have collected all my tears
And preserved them in your bottle."*

A LULLABY

Life's little blessings 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.

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.

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, wooden
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!

About the Author

Bobby Gene Lord, born in 1935 in Banks County, Georgia, was one of six brothers and sisters. From his humble beginnings come unique, rich insights into such everyday topics as family life, the soul of man, death and grief, remembering, and stewardship of God's earth.

After graduating from high school in Kannapolis, Bob joined the air force and saw the world. He got married to Dorothy Blackwelder, settled down in Goldsboro, North Carolina, and had three daughters and several grandchildren. And all the while, his mind and pen were actively creating poetry as down to earth and spiritual as a man deeply rooted in his heart and faith.

Collections from the Heart is a cumulative collection of some of Bob's best poetry. You will laugh, cry, rejoice, and recognize your own heart in these selections. Join Bob in sharing straight from his heart to yours.

