

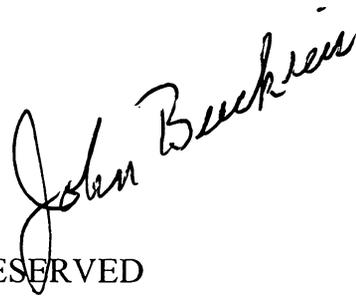
**POETRY/PRAYERS
AND
PLEASURE**

BY

JOHN BUCKREIS

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my children and grandchildren in hopes that they may glean from my writings various lessons, thoughts and ideas to help them in life.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "John Beckstein", slanted upwards to the right.

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INTRODUCTION

This is a collection of poems that I've written over the years. Each poem relates to an incident or an experience. I may have seen or read something that sparked the need for me to write about it. Some poems could actually be prayers. We all know that prayers can take many forms. A healthy laugh or a happy attitude can be a prayer. Songs can be prayers. Admiring the beauty of nature can be a silent prayer. Telling wonderful stories to children can be a form of prayer. Prayer has many ingredients, such as, gratitude, humor, love, kindness, consideration and commitment. So who is to say that poetry is not a prayer, for poetry is sacred ground of personal thoughts that very well may have been inspired by God.

Some of these poems are light and frivolous and others are of a more serious vein. Prayers can be that way. There are probably as many different ways to pray as there are Saints in Heaven. I must admit many of the poems are not even close to a prayer but are, in fact, a light poetic expression of thought.

These poems were written in my own way and may not be poetically pure. The style may need some polish, but enjoy them for what they are. Take from them thoughts that might help you to live a better Christian life.

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POETRY

Wordsmiths Kipling, Yeats, Kilmer and Holmes
Produced so many lovely, treasured poems

Dickens, Frost, Whitman -- True legends of their time
Such geniuses for cadence, rhythm and rhyme

I struggle to grasp the tradesman's art
But lack the talent -- It breaks my heart!

Settling for soft music and a quiet space
My thoughts from the heart put words in place

Life is poetry, love and tears
Dreams and reality, hopes and fears

Blending people, nature, music and machines
What is true, what is not and what it seems

Butterflies flitting about on a sunny day
A child asleep on fresh mowed hay
An old man in a chair with his cat
A runner breaking records on the track
Grandchildren fishing off the dock
Watching the autumn birds begin to flock
It's all around you and all around me
Poetry is life for all to hear and see

It's God's creation so infinite -- so great
Let us all appreciate -- Poetry!

IT'S NICE TO BE ALONE

At my desk with pen, paper and a light,
I'm alone in the middle of the night.
Music playing soft and sweet,
the rest of the house, sound asleep.
A blanket on my lap in my writing chair,
dreaming with the melodies that
filter through the air.
My mind wanders in varied directions,
bringing to me wonderful reflections.
Passing time without a goal,
just relaxing, charging up the soul.
Dream a dream, talk to God,
sing a song or read.
It's a blessing, this quiet time,
it's what I really need.

I think everyone needs a quiet time and a place to be alone to think. Mine is in my small den. It is there in the middle of the night where most of my poems come together.

FOUR KINDS OF PRAYERS

1. THANK YOU PRAYERS – for blessings already given
2. GIMME PRAYERS OR PLEASE PRAYERS – asking for something
3. OOPS PRAYERS OR SORRY PRAYERS – asking for forgiveness
4. WOW PRAYERS OR “IN AWE” PRAYERS – expressing our awe and wonder at God's wondrous work.



PRINT UPON THE PAGE

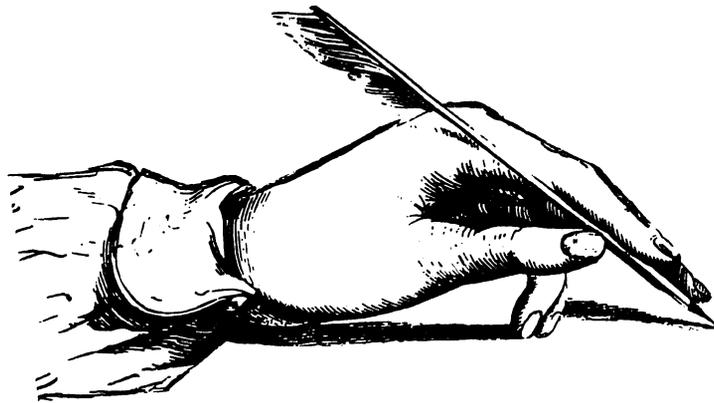
My thoughts and actions have turned to print upon the page
Line after line, row upon row, like soldiers on parade

Baring my life and thoughts for all to read
Marching along forming memories

My life is like the flowers that bloom for all to see
Giving beauty and fragrance and then a seed

My life was once a flourish of blooms
But now just print upon the page

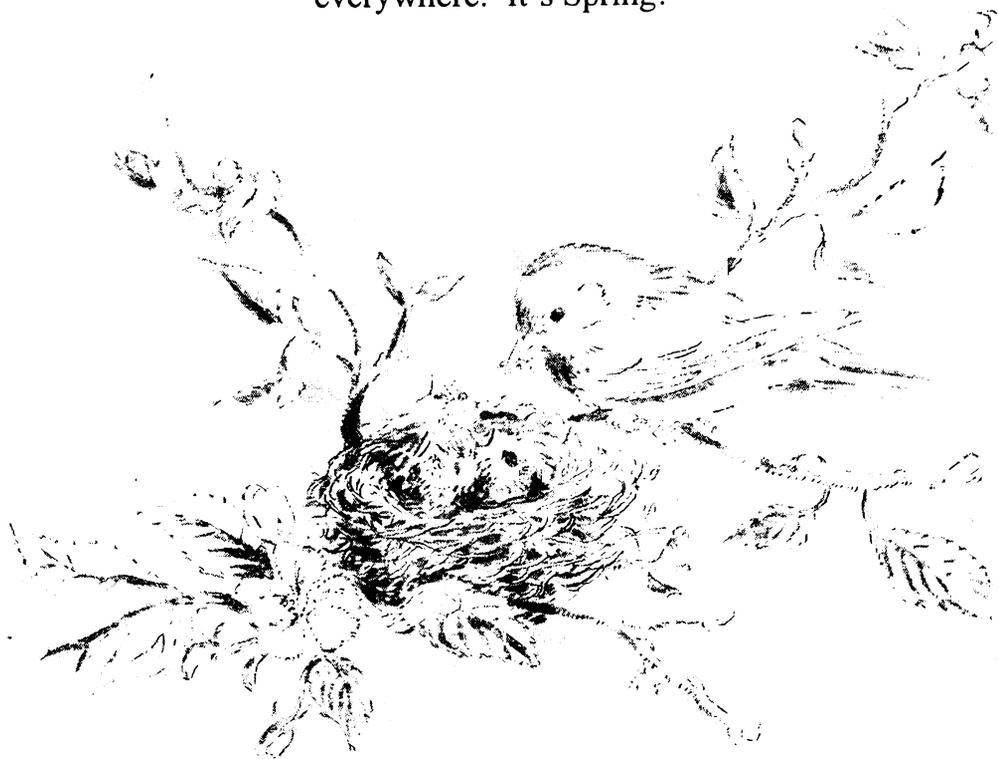
Line after line, row upon row, soldiers on parade
I fade away but my time stands still upon the page



SPRING

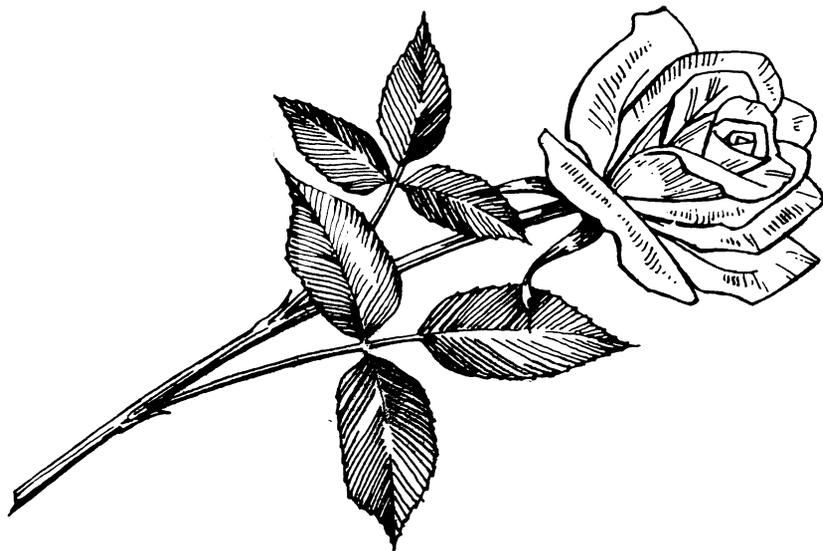


On leafless boughs of the Almond shrub
alights the first pink rays of spring.
Feathered friends a flutter, listen to them sing.
The golden lips of Forsythia, kissed by the sun,
the birth of spring has now begun.
Gray white snow mounds disappear,
to bubbling brooks crystal clear.
Crocus colors sprout from the muddy earth,
swollen buds on Maple trees all giving birth.
Each day changes right before our eyes.
Are those Camellias, Gardenias in disguise?
Cream and red Magnolias gently unfold,
while Witchhazel pompoms glitter gold.
Candy tuft drifts like mountain snow
to light the path in the garden below.
Clustered dangling pearls of white
grace the Andromeda in the morning light.
Catkins showing silver hairs on naked willow shoots,
and swaying Daffodils singing songs from golden flutes.
Angel breath of Daphne filters through the air,
God's greatness, God's splendor, God's work is
everywhere. It's Spring!



THE BREATH OF GOD

Who calls the rosebud to bloom?
Who gives color to the month of June?
Blessed are the flowers that hold
a secret scent within their folds;
growing unnoticed night and day.
Then one morning at early ray
they unleash a precious breath of air.
Now you know that God is there.
Blessed are those who love the flowers,
for they will not be alone in the lonely hours.
Each rose a pure and perfect shrine,
where you can talk to God there anytime.



There was an article in the paper about an atheist who did not want prayer in the school, or on our coins. It wasn't long after that that I heard someone make a comment that "there is no God." Both of these experiences prompted me to write this poem. If you only had an ounce of sense you would know that only God could make flowers. This is a prayer of faith.

PURITY AND BEAUTY

I give this flower to you
in the name of love.
It's purity and freshness
like a gift from above.
This tender wish of happiness,
from my heart to thee.
You are like this flower
you are beautiful to me.



This is a prayer of love, written for my wife, who has been an inspiration to me for several poems. Love is the strongest term, describing the strongest and most intense feeling for another person. It can often imply a spiritual quality.



LOYALTY AND LOVE

It matters not how much work you have to do,
I'll do all I can to share the load.
It matters not what trouble may come to you,
I'll do all I can to smooth the road.
No matter how often your heart may ache,
no matter how much your body may pain.
I'll do all I can, for your sake,
I'll do all I can in God's name.

MOTHER

Look into her eyes; what do you see,
a face surrounded with life that's been
to the mountain and to the shores of the sea.

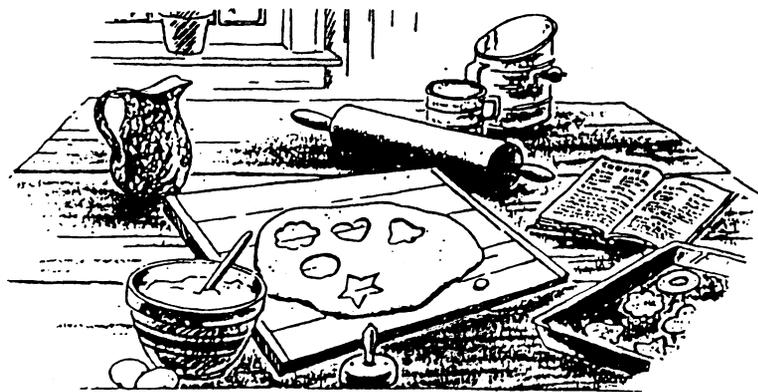
In the spring of her life, when nothing
went wrong, her heart was filled with
laughter and a happy song.

Now, in her autumn days, when her strength
is failing fast, take her hand and glean
the love she gave you in the past.

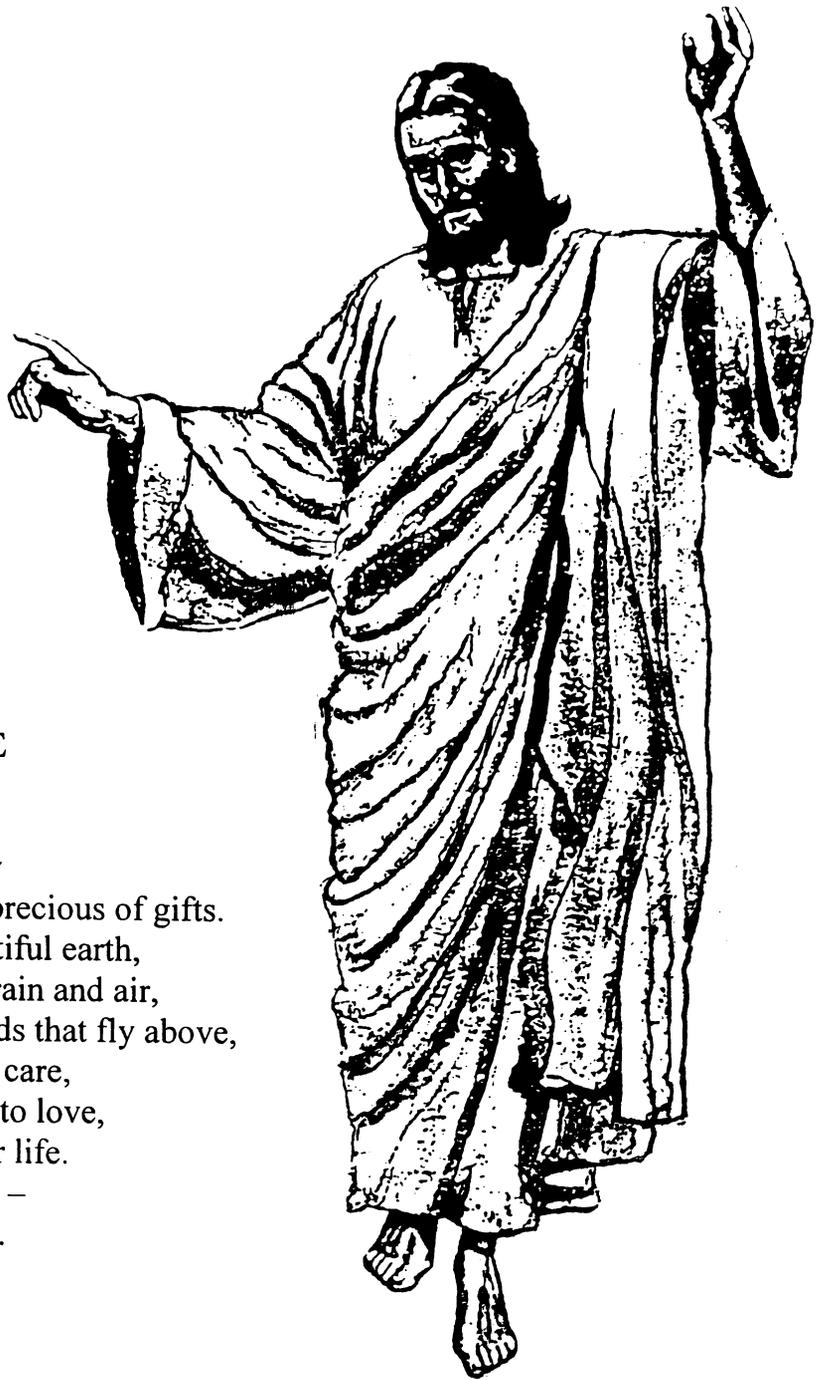
The flowers from the garden, the summers at
the lake, the pies and the cookies
that only she could bake.

The parties in the dining room,
the parties on the deck,
Mom never asked for anything,
money or a check.

She always lit a candle,
and prayed every day for you,
now it's time for you to pay your dues.
Take her in your arms and care for her with love,
Keep her company, till the Angels call from above.



I would like to believe that all children would give loving care to their dear mother in her autumn years. When the sands of life are nearly run out, remember she did more for you than anyone else upon the earth. Love her dearly and cheer her declining years with tender care. This is a prayer of love.



THE GIFT OF LOVE

Lord God the almighty
You have given me the most precious of gifts.
The gift of life on this beautiful earth,
the gifts of sunshine, rain and air,
the gifts of animals and the birds that fly above,
the gifts of people that care,
the gifts of people for me to love,
the ultimate gift of your life.
All of this just for me –
humbly I thank you.

One Thanksgiving day a long time ago when the children were small, I asked each one to say a prayer of Thanksgiving. As I listened to each of them I decided to convert those thoughts to a prayer of Thanksgiving.

"GIFTS"

Thank you, Jesus, Lord and Holy Spirit, for my life and for sacrificing Your life for me.

Thank you for my brain that allows me to think, to act, to give and receive thoughts - although many times I don't use it well.

Thank you for my eyes that let me see the beauty of this world, the beauty of mankind and to see the needs of others.

Thank you for my ears to hear the sounds of nature, the sounds of mankind and to hear the cries of those in need.

Thank you for my voice to give encouragement to others and to express thoughts to give hope and love to others.

Thank you for my hands that allow me to create, to build and to care for myself and others.

Thank you for my feet that I might travel the earth and to help someone in need.

Thank you for the feeling of joy I receive from loved ones and the feeling of joy when I give to others.

Thank you for the feeling of sorrow, so that I might know compassion and be able to help others.

I thank you for all these gifts. I will use these gifts to serve You, my Church and mankind.

While at a Retreat, this poem came about after a Jesuit Priest asked the members of the Retreat to write down what we should be thankful for.

WE MUST CHANGE

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME;

Your blessed name used by so many - so profane.

WE MUST CHANGE

THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

Your will be done when we cease to lie, hate, kill, covet, lust and steal.

*** WE MUST CHANGE ***

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD;

You give us bread in abundance, yet we fail to feed the millions who are starving.

*** WE MUST CHANGE ***

AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

Lord, how sad it is that for generations, nations, cultures and creeds thrive on revenge and paybacks.

*** WE MUST CHANGE ***

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

Lord, you have showed us salvation by Your death on the cross. It is we who must change our ways to save us from damnation.

While praying the *Lord's Prayer* very slowly, line by line, these thoughts came to me.

HEART-BEAT OF HUMANITY

In the forbidden land of snow and ice
In the scorching desert heat
In jungles dark and humid
In the crowded city streets or
on a country lane

Where are you? Does no one hear your cry?
You're overlooked - You're ignored - You're invisible

What happened to you? Why is it so?
You don't know -- and where can you go?

Your heart weeps as you look for love
For someone to make you smile

For it is said a child's smile is a flower
to the human race

For someone to make you laugh
For it is said a child's laugh is music to mankind

For someone to give you love
For love is the heart-beat of humanity

I pray every night the Lord gives you hope
Someday, someone will find you and
give you the heart-beat of humanity
So we can hear your music and enjoy your flowers



This poem is for all the sad and lonely children in the world

HOMELESS

The night is black, wet and cold
Withered brown leaves blanket the ground
Gusting winds strip leaves from the trees
And cold rain flushes them down to earth
As the long, lonely night unfolds

How many souls are like the fallen leaves?
How many tears like rain flush all hope away
Leaving shivering bodies where they lay?
It's a cold, wet, long, lonely night

I am blessed with blankets, pillow and a bed
I don't see the fallen leaves or fallen souls
I am dry and warm and well fed
And have a roof overhead
The night is black, wet and cold

How many are out there walking in the rain?
Like ghosts in the night they move without a sound
Shoulders rounded and wet, and feet numb with cold
How many souls are alone with their pain?
The night is black, wet and cold

Somewhere out there in the night
You'll find them shivering in a cardboard box
Or in a makeshift tent
Their pillow is a rag-covered rock
The night is black, wet and cold

What happened in their life that dealt them such wrath?
Was it love, war, liquor, drugs or death
That drove them down this path?
Does anyone know? Does anyone care?
The night is lonely, wet and cold

I shall roll from my bed
And kneel with bowed head to pray:

*"Oh God, hear my prayers
Help those lonely souls
Give them hope
Give them your grace
So they may put their life in a better place."*

For the night is black, wet and cold

.....

*I watched a homeless man carrying all his worldly possessions, walking
along the street in the rain ---- I had to write this poem.*

NEVER

There are buds that will never bloom
There are those who never leave the womb

There are those with eyes that gleam
But will never realize their dream

There are those who try their very best
But can never catch the rest

Their life passes like the wind
No one sees them as they grin

Their voices drowned by others' laughter
Always late and always after

They know they're good and full of love
Their reward will someday come from above

Don't make them wait 'till the very end
Turn and say, "Can I be your friend?"

There are buds that will never bloom
They stay like a seed within the womb

This poem came to me when I came in contact with children and young adults who were less fortunate mentally than most -- and yet they always had a smile.



HEAR ME! HEAR ME!

Humanity! Humanity! Hear my call
To all continents and islands on earth
To all races, cultures and creeds
To all governments and clans, to all, to all!

All humanity young and old, let us come together
Before it's too late, let us not seal our fate

We all have problems and needs, we all suffer pain
It matters not who we are, we are all the same

We are the smartest creatures on the planet.
With all we know, why does evil and hate still grow?

As stewards of our earth we must share our wealth
And do all we can to protect our planet's health

With knowledge, honesty, with love and trust
With compassion and justice, try we must

For all people of all cultures and creeds
All humanity let us work together to succeed

FOR OUR CHILDREN

== == =====

CRADLE OR COFFIN

Lovely, lovely lady,
The cradle or a coffin?

Your womb holds the future
For a little girl or boy.
Will there be grief or joy?

Lovely, lovely lady,
Will it be the cradle or a coffin
For the tiny life within?

Sublime are the mountains,
Magnificent is the sea
But nothing can compare
With a child yet to be.

Lovely, lovely lady,
Fate be in your hands.
Your heart knows the right
So sleep well at night.

Lovely, lovely lady,
Pick the cradle, not the coffin
For the tiny life within.

WE HAVE SO MUCH

We are in the autumn of our lives
We have learned so much
We have so much to give
But whom shall we give it to?
We have so much to say
But who will listen?
We have so much love
But with whom can we share?
Does anyone care?

We may not walk so fast
But we have walked the long road of life
We may not hear so well
But we have heard it all, the happy and the sad
We may not see too well
But we have seen it all, the good and the bad

So listen, little children, hear us, please
We have the knowledge of a thousand books
We've "Been there -- done that"
We just want to share - because we care

With love from Senior Citizens

This poem came about after listening to Senior Citizens

THE WORLD THAT WAS

The world that was, is not.
The world that is, is changing.
The world that will be is in question.

Our once pristine and balanced earth
Now suffering a perilous fate.

Should one blame the wild animals?
Should we blame volcanoes or the trees?
Should we curse the birds, bugs and bees?

No, do not put the fault on nature,
Not on the sun, the wind or the rain,
Nor on the mountains, rivers or the sea.

It is we, the human species, young and old
Coveting all we can.
Taking, taking, taking from our precious land.

Our brains have brought us from the caves
And now we are the masters of the earth.
We decide what shall live and what shall die.

As stewards of the earth we've gone astray,
Devouring the land, the oil and precious trees,
Polluting the soil, the air and the seas.

We better wake up and change our ways
And harness our selfish greed.
If not, our children's children will be in dire need.

The world that was is not.
The world that is, must change.
The world that will be is a mystery.

This poem came to me after reading and experiencing how we treat our national resources, and how politicians, governments, companies and lobbyists, in their greed, hold the power over what is done or not done.

AUTUMN

Autumn will ply her talent with the help
of her mate Jack Frost
Together they paint the bushes and trees
Gold, crimson and red
Soon the hills will be dressed for their
Final dance and then stand naked in the snow
Jack will call the clouds to sprinkle
Frozen tears from Heaven everywhere they go

THE KETTLEMAN

Always alone amid the crowds
Their voice is the silver bell
A hand-shake, a coin and a kind word
Would go a long way
To make someone happy today

For the Salvation Army Volunteers

WHO WILL CARE

My job, my love, my need
To pull the weeds, smooth the soil
and plant the seeds

It started seventy years ago
Death to a million weeds and planted
As many seeds and let them grow

Who will care for my garden friends?
Who will talk to the hedge or bow to the rose?
Who will say "I told you so" to the tulip petals
as they go?

Who will caress the yew and shape it so?
Who will quench the thrust of Juniper and Box?
Who will sing to wake the Four O'clocks?
Who will love and care for the garden needs?
Who will kiss the Daffodils and curse the
weedy vines that grow?

Who will welcome the Crocus pushing through the snow?

When I'm gone, will anyone really care
if the weeds take over the garden there?





THE PANSY FLOWER

Waking up from winter's dream,
that yesterday was bits of brown and green,
are smiling faces, we can't ignore,
that now grace the garden floor.

Blends of blue and white
are a pleasing and wonderful sight.

Violet hues that melt to gold
are bursting forth from the winter's cold.

Uprturned faces look to the sky
as if to say it's great to be alive.

Spring is here and life's renewed.
Pansies are for picking just for you.



This poem came to me as I observed the pansies beginning to bloom outside my kitchen window. This is a prayer of faith and love of what God has given us.



AMARYLLIS

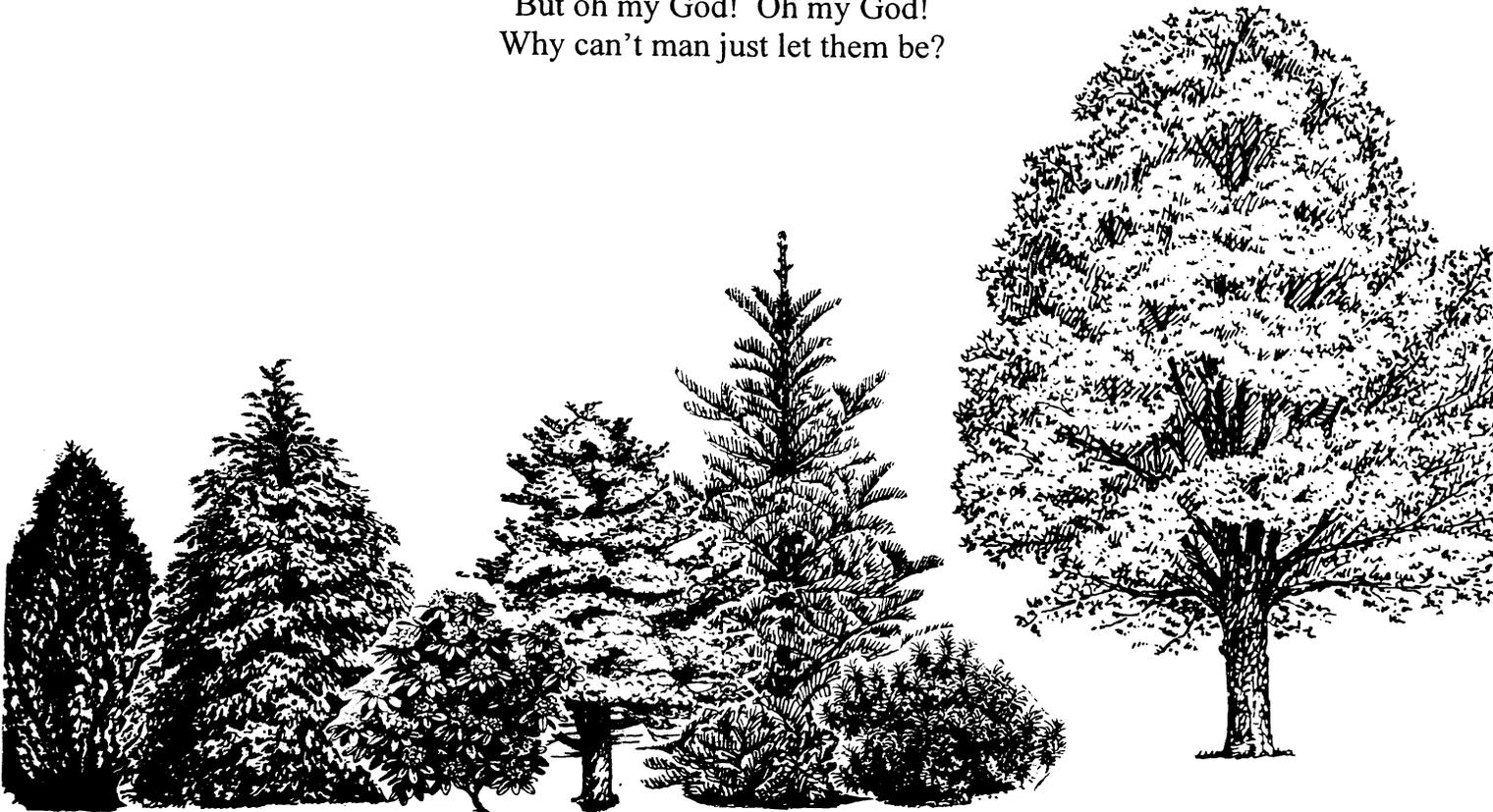
The Amaryllis flies like a flag in a gale
high above the ground, it's beauty like a sail.

Mast-like stalk splits the leaves
as gentle waves submitting to the bow.

This rare and perfect beauty born within
brings charm with its trumpets for all eyes to see
then it fades away to be a memory.

TREES: LET THEM BE

Silent workers on nature's staff,
cool the earth and hold it fast.
They clear the air with mops of green and with
their leaves, the sun they screen.
Trees provide oxygen to fill our lungs
as well as tasty food for our tongues.
They help all earthlings in ways abound,
yet we carelessly cut them to the ground.
It takes generations for them to grow tall
and just ten minutes to make them fall.
It's been said that only God can make a tree.
But oh my God! Oh my God!
Why can't man just let them be?



After watching a documentary on television that showed trees being cut down in South America in the name of progress, it sparked the words for this poem. Tears came to my eyes as I wrote this poem which, in reality, is a prayer for nature.

WILLOW TREE, O WILLOW TREE

Why do you weep when clothed in gold?
Thy branches showing nature's life.
You give comfort to the young and old.

Weep not with shadows but with light,
on this cloudless, summer day,
and feel a joy as you unite.

New lovers carving marks upon your breast.
To this love be strong and true
while at your feet they embrace to rest.

Graceful, glorious, old willow tree
with ample evidence of promises made
you must endure it, for love will be.

When they leave you, forever grow
as a testimony to their love.
Harbor memories only you can know.

O willow tree, O willow tree
why do you weep as you grow old?
Your branches swaying like music in the summer air
is it because of promises of love gone cold?



While in the park one day I observed a young couple sitting beneath a willow tree and it prompted me to write this poem.

PICNIC

When the morning sun dries off the dew,
Let us stroll the meadows hill and dale
Picking flowers and watching eagles sail.

For I am very much in love with you.

With picnic basket, cloth and plates
And a bit of wine to share
I wish to tell you how much I care.

Let's find a tree high on a hill
And in its shade we'll make our plans.
Let's make a toast and set a date
And forever be life mates.

For I am very much in love with you.

This poem came to me as I watched a young couple carrying a picnic basket and blanket in the park.

I DIG, I PLANT, I TRY

I dig, I plant, I try
all types of fancy flowers
only to see them die.

In this cumbersome red clay
What gift of life can it possibly impart?
I work and coddle it every day.

Just to keep it from cementing tight
My tender rooted infant life
and I shan't give up without a fight.

This barren and secluded spot
resists all attempts of giving life.
My dreams of beauty all for nought.

Surely I cannot sigh and submit,
to this cumbersome red devil clay
I must work to make it fit.

Throw in some bark of trees
add aromatic barnyard waste
and work in fallen leaves.

From the sea I'll reap the kelp
and add a measure or two of sand
this devil clay needs some serious help.

From the quarry add some lime
and then the clippings from the grass,
I'll win this battle, it just takes time.

With bended back and blistered hands
I'll plant my seeds, I'll pray
that I've improved my land.

I'll dig, I'll plant, I'll try
Life will burst from this devil clay
and I know it will not die.



GRAYWOOD

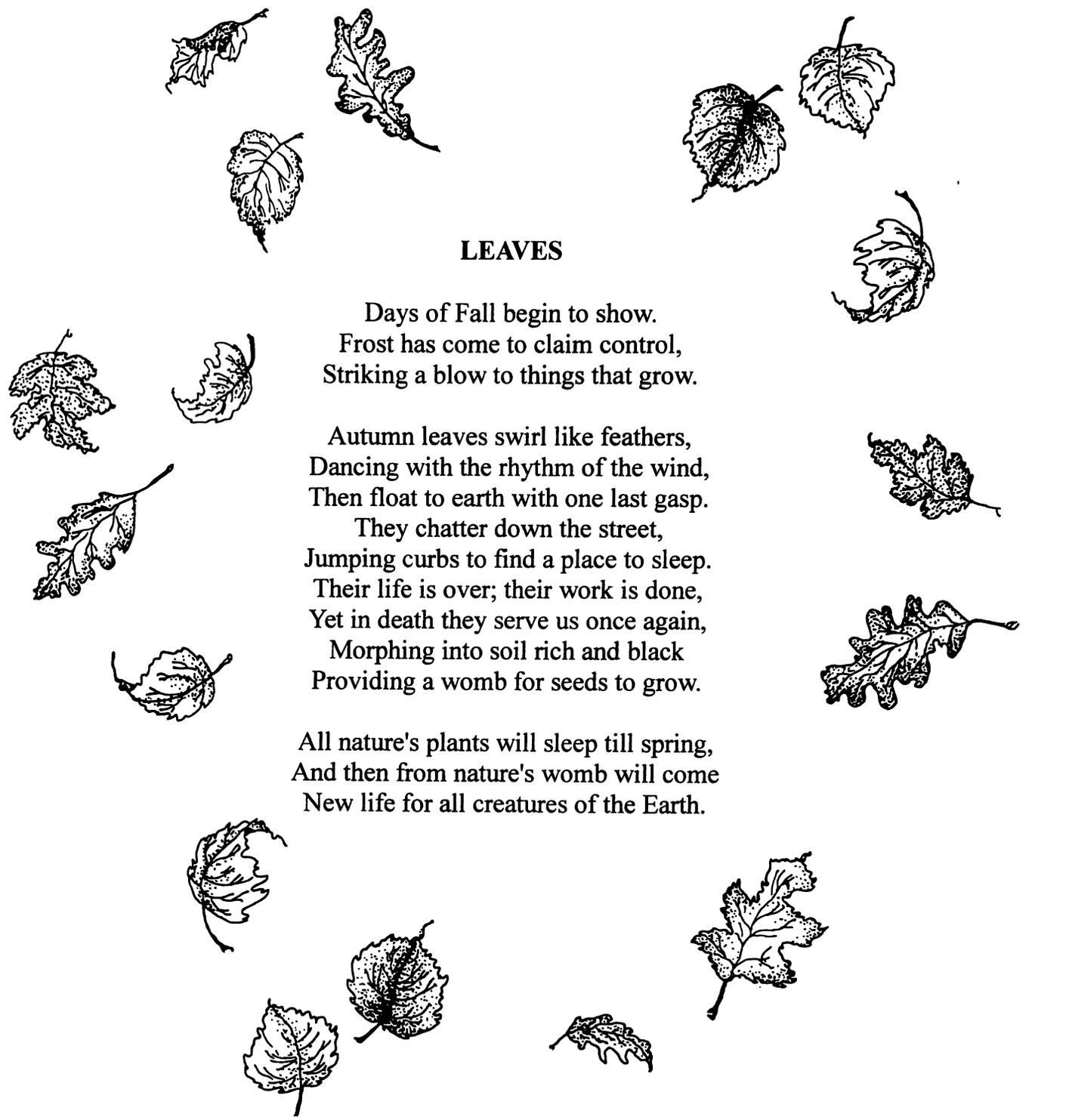
The Graywood of the Forest stand shoulder to shoulder
With outstretched arms reaching to the sky.

The Graywood of the Forest creak and sway
In Rhythm of the Wind, Nature's cradle for the life within.

The Graywood of the Forest give refuge to
Nature's creatures - some silent, some sing.

Soon the Graywood of the Forest will be dressed
In the splendid Rainbow of Spring.





LEAVES

Days of Fall begin to show.
Frost has come to claim control,
Striking a blow to things that grow.

Autumn leaves swirl like feathers,
Dancing with the rhythm of the wind,
Then float to earth with one last gasp.

They chatter down the street,
Jumping curbs to find a place to sleep.
Their life is over; their work is done,
Yet in death they serve us once again,
Morphing into soil rich and black
Providing a womb for seeds to grow.

All nature's plants will sleep till spring,
And then from nature's womb will come
New life for all creatures of the Earth.

After watching leaves fall and gather in a garden, I came up with these thoughts.



WE CAN – BUT WE CAN'T

We can rocket to the moon,
and tunnel beneath the sea.
We can transplant a heart,
but we can't make a tulip be.

We can make darkness into light,
Blessed are we with such skills.
We can make statues out of stone,
but we can't make daffodils.

It's true we are so gifted,
and some exceptionally bright.
But we can't control the weather,
or make the stars shine at night.

This poem is in answer to those who believe they can do anything. It is true, humans are the smartest creatures on earth, however, we are still mere mortals in a world circling in infinite space. This is a prayer of humility.

Nature's Cycle

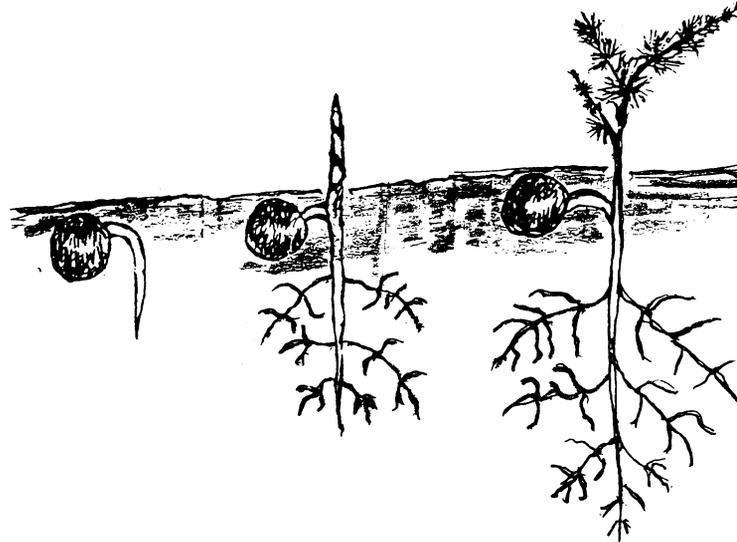
The seeds of life drop to the earth
and are warmed by the rays of the sun.

The rain that falls from the heavens,
gives cause for them to swell.

The miracle of life begins
from within the swollen shells.

So it goes with all God's flowers
as well as shrubs and trees.

A never ending circle of life,
for all that's clothed in leaves.





GEESE

Where are they going in the twilight?
What is it that guides their flight?
As their lazy squadrons form a "v"
across the darkening sky. How can they see?
They scream and honk along the way,
like low flying bombers at the break of day.
Causing all creatures to look to the sky,
Just where is it they wish to fly?
In orderly flight the leader leads.
Does each leader know the others' needs?
And when does she know, to the back, she must drop
and let another lead the flock.
What landmarks, or is it the moon or sun,
that guides them once the flight's begun?
From such heights, who decides to drop to the ground?
Then who decides it's off again with honking sounds?
They have a gift from God embedded in their brain,
for they even know the seasons, winds, and rain.
If God does that for such that fly
imagine what He's done for you and I,
his likeness here on Earth
how much more must we be worth?

This poem was inspired by the geese that habitually fly over our neighborhood. The honking noise over the tree tops cause all to look up, even dogs and cats. This is a prayer of Thanksgiving for what God has given us.

THE ROBIN'S NEST

No hands by which to hold or mold
No shoulder to use to shove
No back on which to carry a load
Just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet

No brain skilled enough to tell time
No way to calculate weight or size
No means to use nails or screws
Just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet

No calculator to figure heights or angles
No power from electric plugs
No sub-contractors or architects
Just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet

How do they know what day to start?
How do they know where to begin?
How do they know where it is safe?
With just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet?

How do they know which stick to pick?
How do they make it stay where they want?
How do they judge the size of the twig?
With just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet?

How do they know which bush or tree?
How do they know what they build.....Will it last?
How do they know what size it should be?
With just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet?

They have no Unions or foremen on the job
They have no blueprints, books or Internet
They have no inspectors or permits
Just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet

No roof for cover but for the leaves
No plumbing, heat or air
No secure protection from the winds and storms
Just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet

When do they know the nest is complete?
When do they know it's time to mate?
When do they know enough eggs were laid?
With just a little yellow beak and two skinny feet?

Just try to do what a robin does
With just your mouth and two skinny feet
And then add this to the mix: How can a robin hear an earthworm crawl

Don't tell me there is no God!



I watched a robin at work in my yard and this poem came to me.

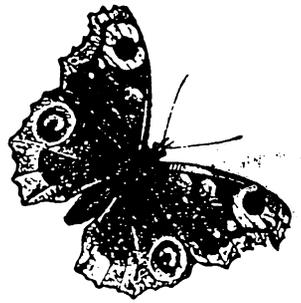
DÉJÀ VU

First the sunrise then the sunset
followed by the moon.
Pretty butterflies and their tiny eggs
hatch into larvae then cocoons.

The spring flowers, summer sun,
and the fall color is followed by the snow.
Northern Geese, the Robins, and the
Bluebirds all come and go.

Birth and the cradle, youth and then old age,
all of us performing on this earthly stage.

Parades and protests, peace and war.
Deja vu, did we not go through this before?



History repeats itself, nature repeats itself, even rain and water has a cycle. Rain falls and evaporation makes the clouds and so it goes. How many times have you said or heard, "I've been down this road before." This is a prayer of realization of how fragile we are in the scheme of life. We are on this earthly stage for a short period of time and our goal should be to save our souls.

THE LAST OF MINE IS NINE

I have a love
a most precious love.

The last of nine
this little boy of mine.

He is not loved more than the others
three sisters and five brothers.

But he is my baby son.
He is such a precious one.

He loves me so,
I know, I know.

Today he is nine.

Most parents have a special place in their heart of the last child of theirs and I am no different. This is a prayer of love.



SOW THE SEEDS

What judgment will you dispense?
What wisdom and good sense
will you give this child to hear?
Will you make it very clear?
The word of God that provides
the proper road as his guide.
Today your words are beyond his scope,
all you can do is pray and hope.
Times will come to him in distant years.
Your words will thunder crystal clear.
From the heavens you'll smile on him
and know the seeds were planted deep within.

You can talk and preach and hope it all sinks in and you will wonder if they will remember. Someday your words will surface in their life.

MY LEASH



He puts his arms around my neck
To fix a leash, a leash of love for me --
A leash no one else can see.

Moving fast with skips and hops
He winds a dizzy path.

Singing "Come on, Poppie. Keep up! Keep up!
Follow me up this winding lane."
(I try my best, ignoring bits of pain.)

"Not so fast -- Wait for me, my Lad."
(I feel the tugging of his leash of love.)

"It's OK, Poppie -- You'll catch up.
Let's go! Let's go! I know the way
where dragons and tigers and leprechauns play."

"To the land of *Let's Pretend*
I'll wait for you on the big rock."

Obey I must. Like a faithful dog he
tugs my leash of love no one else can see.
It's OK for I love him and he loves me.

*My grandson conjures up a plan to follow him
-- I'm his favorite toy! (We do goofy things.)*

I NEED YOUR HELP

Lord help me to realize as I live
my life, that sometimes it is not
what I build that counts,
but what I failed to build.

Not what I said,
but what I failed to say.

Not who I loved,
but who I failed to love.

Not what I wrote,
but what I failed to write.

Not who I helped,
but who I failed to help.

Not what I learned,
but what I failed to learn.

It is in these things that I need
your help.

HUMBLE MAN

I grew up without a single care,
went off to college and loved it there.

And then off to the service I did go
and wore the uniform so proudly so.

Then along came love, and I did fall
and family became the greatest thing of all.

In my work I was loyal and true,
there was nothing else I'd rather do.

But, now the end is on its way,
I have nothing left except to say.

My life will pass upon this earth
without a mark or special worth.

A great painter, no, a sculptor not
an inventor, no, and money I haven't got.

Millions of souls have done as I
and time keeps right on passing by.

God, when I die, please reach out for my hand
for while on this earth, I've been just a humble man.

GOD EXISTS

The voices of the leaves
chatting in the trees,
manipulated by the wind, they
whisper as you pass by.
Heavy clouds begin to weep
as lightening flashes through a sky,
that roars like cannon thunder.
No man can cause such God-like wonders.
The sun creating a steamy mist
lifting with it life anew.
To understand it all, is to believe that God exists.



THANK YOU, JESUS

If I could write a poem about Jesus
what words would I use?

If I could sing a song about Jesus,
what melody would I sing?

Would I use words like love and peace,
Savior and King?

If I could sing a song about Jesus,
what melody would I sing?

I can think of only three words
that say it all for me.

Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Jesus,
for all the world and me.

Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Jesus,
for all the world and thee,
my song I sing to thee.

There are thousands of songs, poems and prayers about Jesus. When I tried to think of a special poem or a song to write, these words kept coming into my mind that says it all.

“DO YOU SEE HIM – DO YOU KNOW HIM “

DO YOU SEE HIM?

Yes, I see him!
I see him when my grandchild smiles,
I see him in the tattered homeless man.
I see him in the children starving in the Sudan.
I see him in the one who stops a fight,
I see him in the one who preaches truth and right.
Yes, I see him everyday.

He is in those loving hugs and outstretched arms.
He is in those loving smiles and loving tears.
You can see him giving hope and calming fears.

DO YOU HEAR HIM?

Yes, I hear him!!
I heard him when a mother whispers, “I love you.”
I hear him in the thundering sky,
I hear him when a baby cries.
I hear him in the song birds in the trees,
I hear him in the wind rustling in the leaves.
Yes, I hear him everyday.

His voice is in the little child,
His voice is in the holy word,
Listen close he can be heard.

DO YOU SEE HIS WORK?

Yes, I see his work!!
I see his work everywhere I go.
I see his work all across the land,
I see his work in the surgeon’s hand.
I see his work when I look into your eyes,
I see his work on earth and in the sky.

Yes, I see his work everyday.
His work is his image in us all upon the earth,
In all the varied cultures and races on display.
His work is our planet and all the universe.

HAVE YOU TOUCHED HIM?

Yes, I have touched him!!
I touch him every time I receive the body
and blood, soul and divinity of his beloved son.
He is love, he is beauty, he is kindness,
He is mercy – all wrapped up in one.

Yes, I know him.



IF YOU KNEW HIM

If you knew Him, you would love Him.
If you loved Him, you would be with Him.
If you were with Him, you would be spiritually fed.
If you are spiritually fed, you are in his grace.



TO PONDER

How many times must a wave hit the rocks to make them round?
How many insects are hidden in the ground?

How did sea shells get to the mountain top?
How come Niagara never stops?

How is it we never see the stars collide?
and in our Earth, how much oil is inside?

To ponder such thoughts about our earth
is to know that God controls the Universe.

Where do streams begin?
Why can't we hear our hearts deep within?

A million pounds of snowflakes fall without a sound.
Why don't we fall off, for the world is round?

A billion tons of water float in the sky.
Birds never take lessons but know how to fly.

To ponder such thoughts about our Earth
is to know God controls the Universe.

We can't hear worms crawling in the dirt
but Robins always know where to work.

Why do giant Tortoise swim a million miles?
but not so the Crocodiles?

How do fish know which way is up?
And how do squirrels know they stored enough?

To ponder such thoughts about our Earth
is to know that God controls the Universe.

How can seeds know the precise time to grow?
Think of the magic of the maple flow.

How do animals know when to breed?
And how do trees know what they need?

How far out in space can we go?
It's amazing how little we really know.

To ponder such thoughts about our Earth
is to know that God controls the Universe.

SPOT ON THE FLOOR

The theater's dark, excitement is in the air.
The spot on the floor is round and bright
and on your face is the hottest light.

Friend or foe, yes or no, you are there!
It's like the third degree,
every move you make every eye will see.

You wanted it, now it's your life,
if you move to the left or to the right
the spot follows you like a bird in flight.

And now you have to pay the price.
The pulse of the music makes your heart beat.
The challenge is exhilarating to say the least.

Ah, the rewards are ten times ten.
Absorbed in the performance, done with grace
you hear the applause so you pick up the pace.

And when it's all over you want to do it again,
for those people in the dark that you can't see,
because of the light that shines on thee.

To make so many people happy is a gift,
so stay with the spot that's on the floor.
Give it your best till they holler, More! More! More!

My wife and I attended a show at Wolfrap Theatre. John Denver was performing on stage and it was pitch dark except for the stage spotlight on the floor that followed him around. I reached for my program and began to write this poem.

One does not know when they step out on the stage if the applause will be great or small, but there is no turning back – you are there. If you know you have a gift, go for it and share that gift.

ON THE OTHER HAND

Gone are the eyes of youth
that can see a tree about to bloom.

It matters not,
but on the other hand
I know the taste of its fruit.

It's love.

No longer blessed with the skin of youth
that feels a romantic summer breeze,
but on the other hand,
I know what it takes to make one pleased.

It's love.

Lost is the wit of youth
that makes others laugh with joy,
but on the other hand,
I know what to do with a smile.

It's love.

The legs are gone that danced all night
going from the waltz to the grind,
but on the other hand,
I can do every step in my mind.

It's love

This old man whose shell has changed
with the passing of the years,
you may hear me sigh,
but on the other hand,
my romantic heart remains the same.

It's love.



This poem came to me as my brother and I talked together while sitting by the Chautauqua Lake on our vacation. Both of us are up in years and neither of us can do what we used to do. We talked about that and each of us came back with the comment "on the other hand" and after saying that several times I realized it could be a poem.

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

O you can't go home again,
you can't go home again.

For the trees are very tall
and the hills are rather small.

Many seeds have grown
into scores of plants unknown.

People come and go and
now there's people you don't know.

O you can't go home again,
you can't go home again.

There's a ball game in the park
of which you can not be a part.

For you are not quite as fast
as your glory days in the past.

You can't play the game anymore
so just watch and keep the score.

For you can't go home again
you can't go home again.



Most of my children are grown, married and have children. One summer one of them came home after being away a long time and he began to talk about the fun he had had in the swimming pool (which is no longer there). He expressed how much larger the trees had become and how the neighborhood had changed, things were not the same. Son, you can always come home but you can't go back home again. This is a prayer of memory.

DRIVING IN THE DARK

Through the shatter-proof glass
I stare as the world goes by.
Immobile objects creep up ever so slowly
then a sudden rush, they flash into the past.

Painted spots before me, fast arriving
then left behind, gone forever
like seconds of time.

In the dark, see the ribbons of red,
ribbons of white – winding, turning
through the night.

Like rubies and diamonds they glow,
where are they headed, where will they go?
They splinter here and there, no one
knows really where.

As the sun brings light, the ribbons of red
and ribbons of white disappear out of sight.

I can see, but I do not hear
the moving world filled with
hope and with fear.

Danger lurks out of sight,
what lies beyond the curve is not a thought
until you meet it and you're caught
and it's all for naught.

Silent words give me commands,
I must obey all these demands.
My mind is numb, I'm in a trance
I hear the music and the motor's hum.

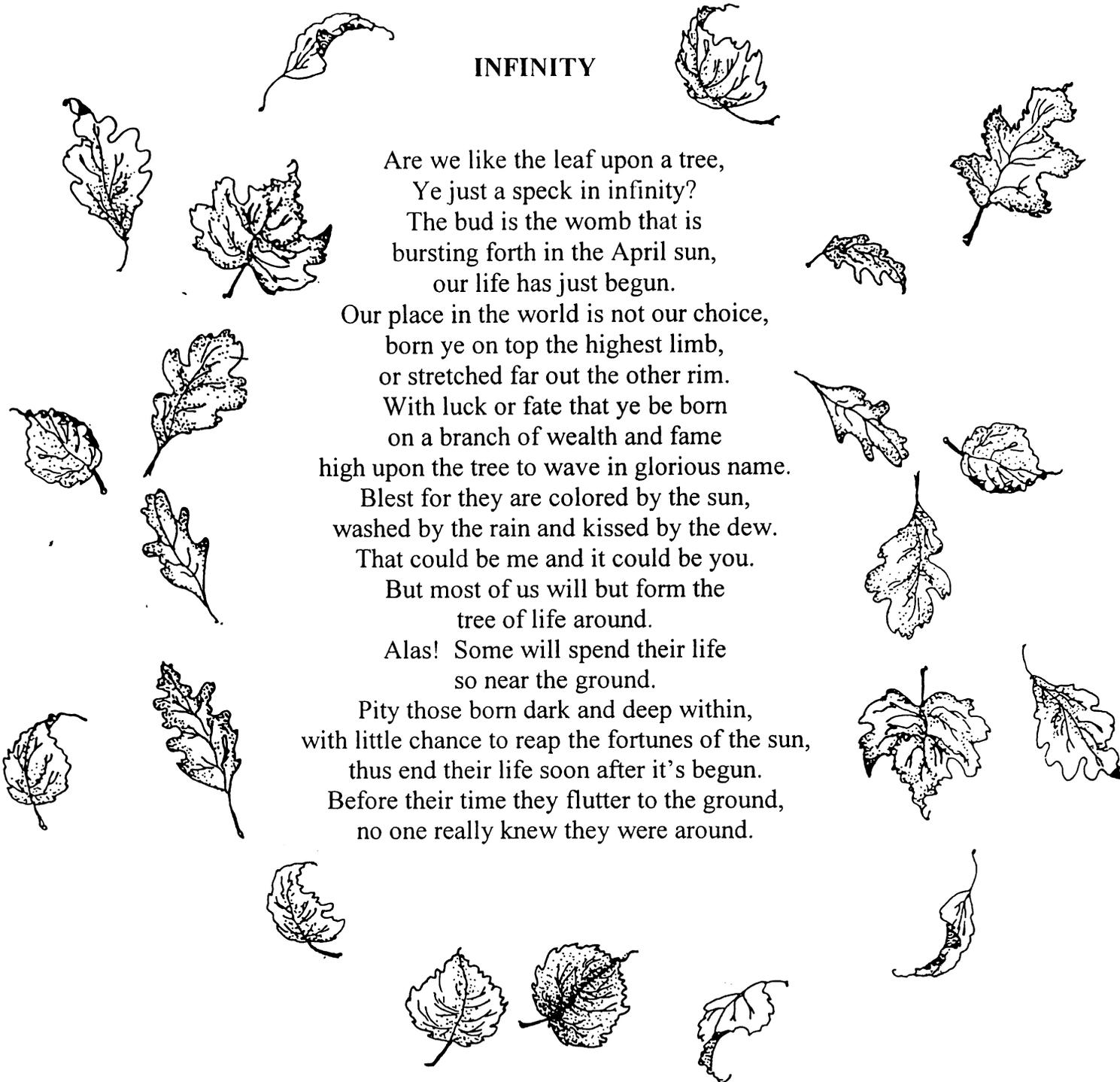
A million sights have jammed into my eyes,
like water through a funnel,
bridges, homes, cities, tunnels.

But where do they go?
If I could see it all at once could I stand the sight?

The dark world unfolds before me
like a moving stage, but I am not a part.
I am just moving through
Driving in the dark.



For over twenty years I traveled in several states as my job required. Countless hours were spent driving at night from city to city and this poem came to me as these thoughts ran through my mind. It started with the trees and telephone poles, then the stripes on the pavement. The headlights and tail lights along with state police and accidents all played a part in this poem.



INFINITY

Are we like the leaf upon a tree,
Ye just a speck in infinity?
The bud is the womb that is
bursting forth in the April sun,
our life has just begun.

Our place in the world is not our choice,
born ye on top the highest limb,
or stretched far out the other rim.
With luck or fate that ye be born
on a branch of wealth and fame
high upon the tree to wave in glorious name.

Blest for they are colored by the sun,
washed by the rain and kissed by the dew.
That could be me and it could be you.

But most of us will but form the
tree of life around.

Alas! Some will spend their life
so near the ground.

Pity those born dark and deep within,
with little chance to reap the fortunes of the sun,
thus end their life soon after it's begun.

Before their time they flutter to the ground,
no one really knew they were around.

I was driving along a country road in the fall and the leaves of the trees were all in color, some began to fall. It made me think, how short their life is on this earth. Some leaves turned scarlet and golden before they fell, and some just dried up and dropped. What about us, we are also here for just a short time and some of us go out in splendor and then some of us do not. Like the leaves on the tree none of us choose the spot to be born nor the choice of the tree.

WHAT CULTURE, WHAT SYSTEM

What culture condones affairs among couples,
married or not, to spark a life within the womb?

What system then makes it legal to destroy
that life because you have no room?

What culture breeds selfish rights
for all to proclaim?

What system suppresses the reality that it's
the lifestyle one should refrain?

What culture allows women to love women
and man to love man?

What system then calls it marriage,
when in reality it's a sinful scam?

What culture allows victims
no sympathy, no voice?

What system then gives the guilty
a chance to plead for a choice?

What culture spends millions on legal fees?
What system allows the guilty off on technicalities?

What culture cultivates violence and
murder on the screen?

What system then says it's their right
and it should be seen.

What culture allows porn in the library halls?
What system then claims it's their right after all?

What culture adores it sports heroes
and pays millions for them to handle a ball?

What system allows other to live
in poverty and no job at all?

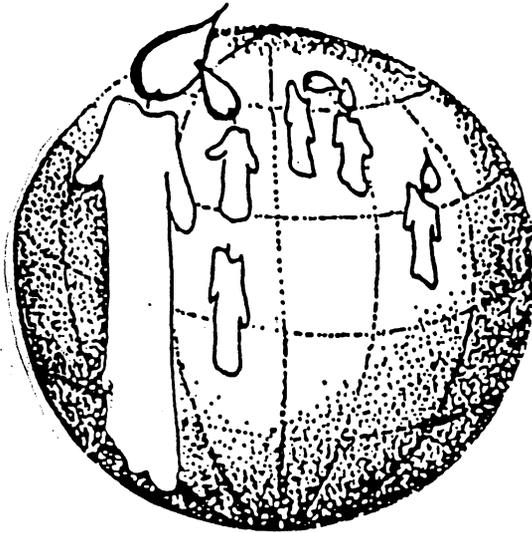
What have we allowed our culture to become?
What has happened to our system?
What have we done?

Dare we speak the truth aloud
or do we fear to anger up the crowd?

Will we let the wrongs be right
just because we refuse to fight?

Our apathetic silence is a sin,
when we believe we can not win.

Our culture has become a Godless one.
Our system in evil decay has now begun.



The thoughts in this poem came directly from the newspaper, magazines and television. Our world is changing before our eyes and how much longer can the silent majority remain silent. When are we going to stop rationalizing evil to be OK.

EVERYDAY – EVERYONE

In all the world there is so much pain,
if we could see it all at once, it would cause us to go insane.
From the very helpless old, and the powerless young,
it is sad and sinful what is done.

Who can ease the pain of aching hearts,
or relieve the agony of lonely, lonely souls?
Who can lift the stress from the human race
and prevent its heavy toll?

Who can comfort the weeping and for all the tears,
give a warm embrace!
It's happening we know, everywhere in every land,
in every race.

People are enduring terrible frustrations
and others with mortal fear and total despair,
are there not enough of us that really, really care?

The weak, the sick, the helpless, the homeless
around the globe, in every land,
for everyone in need there should be a helping hand.

The world is not unbalanced, for every minus there is a plus,
and we must take advantage of it, we positively must.

The biggest problems that we face are the sins of greed,
and the disregard of other's creeds, that breeds in every race.

We cherish precious stones, rubles and the shilling.
Money is our God and because of that the pain goes on
as well as all the killing.

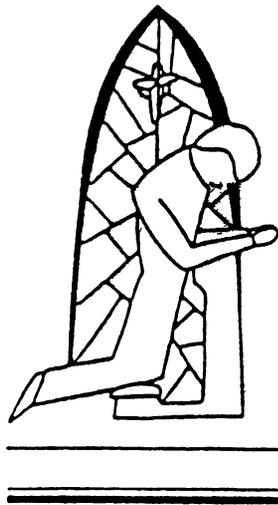
Measure not the Yen, the Peso or the Pound,
we must not horde the Dollar, or the land the world around.
Our priorities should be with flesh and blood and the human soul,
it should be with trees, birds and animals,
even they have suffered a heavy toll.

Selfish wealth and power is not the path to follow here on earth,
instead let us measure how much the human being is worth.
People of the labor force, the military, the government, royalty and kings,
we must all go back to doing simple, kindly things.

Everyone on earth, regardless of race or creed,
start helpings someone, someone else in need.

Before the sun sets everyday, help someone in some important way.
Make them glad they are alive, because that's the only way
the human race can possibly survive.

Think of man's inhumanity to man and you will know what to do
everyday, everyday.
And then don't forget to pray.



Since the beginning of time, affliction of monstrous proportions has been put to the human race by the human race. No one has a record of all the wars that have been fought on this planet. Wars of greed, power, religion, hate, race and ethnic cleansing.

No one could possibly guess how many people died of starvation, loneliness, cold or sickness because there are not enough of us who care. How many old people died alone with no one to hold their hand and give them a loving kiss in their last, waning moments?

How many inflictions, persecutions, insults and injustices were dealt to the Christians, Jews, Arabs, women, Blacks, Irish, Indians, innocent prisoners, the young, the old, and hundreds of other minorities down through the centuries of time?

WHERE AM I?

I step outside into the dark, to the
sounds of racing cars and blaring radios
beating a polluting noise into the night.

I know the sounds of night, the
romance of the frogs, the rhythm
of the crickets, that are always out of sight.

The sickening hot blast of
carbon monoxide from groaning buses
and noisy trucks. The sirens that
shriek when speed is a must.

WHERE AM I?

Am I in the land of the past? Where a
gentle breeze cools my face as I watch
the morning sun break through the trees
from outer space.

I walk through the forest of a dozen
trees or two, all I see is cement
and steel, and the speed of the moving wheels.

I know this place called Earth
I recognize the flowers, the trees
the animals, the insects, and the bees.

WHERE AM I?

Bottles and cans, tires, paper, and
cigarette butts mulch the roadside where
once grew daisies and yellow buttercups.

I knew the roads when they were
lined with beautiful trees and
shrubs and flowers called Queen Anne's Lace.

I watch the stars of yesterday on my
TV screen. I know them all. I know
their lines, their songs – ah
but, now they're gone.

WHERE AM I?

Now it's violence, sex, drugs, and crime,
Buy the products! Life's a sound bite.
But when, when did it pass.

The radio used to play symphonies and
romantic melodies from the big time bands.
But now it's blaring a pounding noise and
words of rap I don't understand.

The corner store, the candy jar and
the warm hello with a friendly smile.
I know it's there, but where?

WHERE AM I?

The impatient shoving, hustling crowds
move without a sound. The strange
machines, the buttons, lights and
computer screens. My god what's happened
to human beings.

I know this land, the quiet country towns
with gardens and porches and people.
Since Norman Rockwell's time there's
been no sequel.

The works of art on museum walls,
what are they? – Splashes of paint, bold
streaks to nowhere? They make no sense at all.

WHERE AM I?

I recognize the bronze soldiers in the park
and the flag that flies on high. But what is the
meaning of the steel and plastic
stacked up to the sky?

I try to relate to the children as they play
in the park by day. When I get close to
hear their words, I can't understand
but half of what they say.

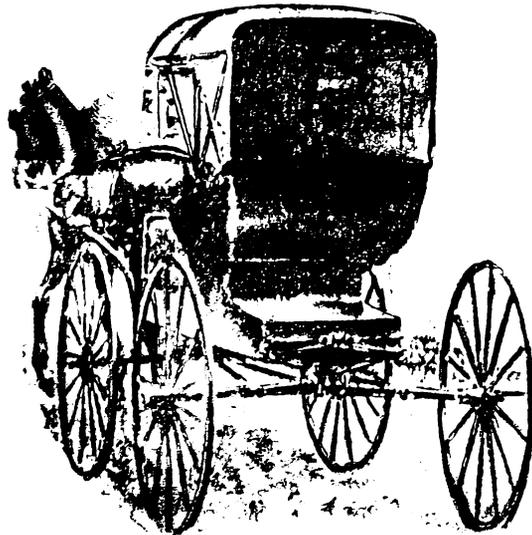
I read the obituaries and it reminds me
we all have to go. But where are all the
people I used to know? And, my God, why
can't the young grow old?

WHERE AM I?

She died of a gunshot wound. He died of AIDS.
She died from a violent rape. He died from an overdose.
She died because of abortion. He died in a speeding car.
She died from a sniper's bullet. He died in the street over a radio.
She died of suicide. He died from a terrorist bomb.
She died because no one cared.
And it goes on and on and on.

WHERE AM I?

I know this earth, it is still here,
the rivers, the mountains, the sun,
the thunder, the wind, the rain.
But am I too old to understand
the real change?
am I from yesterday?



When a person reaches the mid-sixties and older, they begin to realize that the world they once knew has drastically changed. What was, is not, and maybe we have to realize we are from a different time and place in the greater scheme of life. Thus, the poem, "Where Am I?"



I KNEW HIM

I knew him as a boy,
we laughed and chased around.
I knew him when in school,
he played the silly clown.

I knew him as a teen,
his life was sports and cars.
I knew him as a soldier
in a uniform with bars.

I knew him as a hero
who saved me from sure death.

I knew him as a man
who stood far above the rest.

I knew him when days were long
and now those days are past.

I know him now with hair so white
and a walk not near as fast.

I know him now my dear old friend,
although he knows me not.

I'm proud to say I knew him when
I'll love him to the very end.

This is about two old men. They grew up together. Now one has Alzheimer's Disease.

PRAYER OF THE OLD

Abba, Lord, Jesus, God, O Holy Spirit
I'm calling out your name.
Do you hear me? I pray do not
let my call be made in vain.

I've lived nearly a hundred years
but I'm rather useless now in my old age.
This life's been good to me, O Lord, so good.
It's time for me to leave this earthly stage.

Do you recall when I first accepted you and
the promises I made when I was seven?
I would live my life for you
and now I pray to go to heaven.

My sight is gone, I no longer walk
and all voices are but a muffled sound.
Favor me and take me in my sleep,
my soul to heaven, my bones interred to the ground.

Don't let me lose my dignity.
Don't keep me here to compromise my pride.
I pray and pray every day to you,
take me to your loving side.

Abba, Lord, Jesus, God, O Holy Spirit
I'm calling out your name
Do you hear me? I pray you do not
let my call be made in vain.

I wrote this poem after visiting an old friend in a retirement home. He sat in a wheel chair with his head bent forward, drooling in his lap.

PRISONER'S PRAYER

Blest are those who can see the ocean waves,
the clouds drifting in the sky,
the roaring waterfalls and mountains high.

For they are free, they are free, they are free,
please, Lord, grant that for me.

Blest are those who can feel the warm rays of the sun,
the cool, refreshing summer breeze,
the touch of the hand with love to please.

For they are free, they are free, they are free,
please, Lord, grant that for me.

Blest are they that can smell the flowers,
the fresh mowed hay,
the brewing coffee and the breath of a new day.

For they are free, they are free, they are free,
please, Lord, grant that for me.

Blest are they that hear the chirping birds,
the children as they play,
the crickets in the grass and the noises of the day.

For they are free, they are free, they are free,
please, O Lord, grant that for me.

please one more chance to be free,
before I die.

For those who are wrongly imprisoned throughout the world.

GIFTS FROM THE HOLY SPIRIT

Dear Jesus, Lord and Holy Spirit
Please grant me the gift of Your grace,
for without Your grace, I can do nothing worthwhile.

Please give me the gift of wisdom –
Not to solve the problems of the world,
but to solve the problems of the moment.

Please give me the gift of desire –
for without desire, little can be done.

Please give me the gift of strength –
for with strength, much can be done.

Please give me the opportunity,
and I will take these gifts
to serve You, Your Church and mankind,
every day of my life.

I ask the Holy Spirit to guide me
through good times and bad.

Thank you, Jesus, Lord and Holy Spirit!

DON'T BLAME GOD

God controls all species on earth but one,
every star in the sky, the moon and the sun.

He left us in control to believe and respect,
to listen, to learn, to love or reject.

It was God who gave us our first breath of air,
so how can one say they really don't care.

The animals of the earth can't reason right from wrong,
the birds of the air sing only one song.

Where as we can alter to satisfy desires,
we can follow God's law or play with the fires.

But when you are burning in hell, suffering in pain,
look back on your life, you'll know who to blame.

We must be responsible for our actions on earth.
God gave us that choice with the breath of birth.

We make the choices to obey and behave,
or to let the devil make us his slave.

So don't blame God when the end does come,
when your soul is burning as hot as the sun.

I wrote this while on retreat at Loyola Retreat House on the Potomac.

FREE WILL

God gave us a free will, like no other creature on earth.
Take time to think how much it's worth.

It allows us:

to talk - to write - to read
to love - to laugh - to cry
to care - to give - to feed
to explore - to invent - to fly
to repair - to analyze - to search
to sing - to smile - to grow
to examine - to build - to research
to produce - to reap - to sow.

Some of us misuse the gift of free will.

We use it:

to lie - to steal - to kill
to abuse - to ignore - to cheat
to hurt - to destroy - to break the will
to confuse - to abandon - to defeat
to profile - to torture - to be mean
to dispise - to cause fear - to terrorize
to hate - to violate - to be obscene
to be crude - to be rude - to antagonize.

Has your free will cultivated sins of greed
and pride to fill your selfish needs?

Do you let ego be your guide and God?

Do you know what ego means?

Easing God Ot

Is your free will consumed with Ego?

Easing God Ot

I dedicate this poem to all humanity, regardless where they live on the planet, regardless of wealth or position in life and regardless of their faith. We must use our free will to the good of all mankind.

UNTO DUST THOU SHALT RETURN

When I leave this planet earth,
a stone will mark the place,
where my body takes up space.

My name and dates carved in the stone
that will rest above my head,
will affirm the fact that I am dead.

The immortal words “unto dust thou shalt return,”
will signify my soul is free at last.
Henceforth, all things of flesh will be of the past.

Where is this Heaven my soul must find?
Is it close or is it far?
Is it beyond the farthest star?

Billions of mortals lived here before
and only one has ever come back.
Even He has not told us where Heaven’s at.

Where is this Heaven my spirit must find?
I do believe and I have the faith,
I pray each day my soul will find that holy place.

CHILDREN'S TEARS

The voices of children are smothered by weeping cries,
not knowing life or the reasons why.

Their sadness so great it trembles the lips,
their cheeks awash with huge, warm tears.

The pleading eyes that beg for help,
do you know their pain and fear?

These children, take them in your arms, let them know you care.
Don't let them turn away, lost in total despair.

With every means known to man
we must act and do all we can.

Turn those crying voices to songs of joy,
for each and every girl and boy.



OPEN

Open – are the hearts, if love is there.
Open – are the hands that wish to share.
Open – are the wallets to help those in need.
Open – are the books for all to read.
Open – are the minds that get things done.
Open – are the ears that hear God's call.
Open – are the arms of God, for one and all.



WORKAHOLIC

His hands be bloody,
his back be sore,
his legs be tired,
but he longs for more.

Smitten by slivers,
burned by his love
all for his work
blest from above.

He will go in glory
to a cold, dark grave
all for the love
of the work he gave.

SOUND OF THE SIREN

I shudder to the sound of the siren,
it means someone is in great pain.

I shudder at the sound of a siren,
for it means someone will never be the same.

But there is good with the sound of the siren,
it means help is on the way.

It is good to hear the siren,
it means someone is on the way.

It is good to hear the siren,
it means someone may live another day.

I pray for those who sound the siren
shattering the quite, peaceful air.

For they are dedicated people
who really, really care.

For those who live in the city or in densely populated urban areas, you know the sound.

HIT THE BEACH

What was it like? No one could know the emotions.
Boys soon men thrown into battle.
Young men far from home, far across the ocean,
stampeding the beaches like waves of cattle.

Mortar made of lead and steel rain like hail from the sky.
Howitzers projecting death with every round.
Boys screaming, shrieking, crying as helmets fly
the blood of loved ones stain the ground.

Bodies christen the shores of a far off land.
They gave their all for all it's worth,
as they wash and lap against the sand,
no other traces left upon this earth.

If you knew them one by one
when they were very much alive,
you would have loved them as a son.
Only the lucky managed to survive.

The least that I can do each day,
for the men who gave so much for me,
is to offer up some time to pray.
Because of them America is free.



The thoughts came to me after reading the book entitled "The Longest Day."

ALTAR OF FREEDOM

Weep, dear America, weep, it is okay to weep
in this time of great tragedy.

Evil has taken our fathers and our mothers.
Evil has taken our sisters and our brothers.

Evil has taken our daughters and our sons,
Evil has taken our friends and our loved ones.

Weep, my precious America, and mourn our dead.
Let us join hands and bow our heads.

The grief for loved ones lost will never go away,
but it will ease a little when we pray.

Then lift our heads and dry our tears,
America, we must shake loose all our fears.

All together pick up the pieces and begin anew.
America will not be destroyed by Satan's few.

We will rid the terrorist from the earth.
Humanity is not safe with this devil's curse.

America, America, such strong and loving people,
you will persevere in your goals ahead.
You will satisfy the wishes of our beloved dead.

Reach out and touch someone and whisper, "America, America!"
May their reply be the whisper, "America, America, America!"

We stand at the altar of freedom and democracy
and the eyes of the world are on us.

Written two days after 9/11.

CONCRETE DRIVE

I envy you, old concrete drive.
Silently you wait for the children to arrive.

They ride their trikes upon your back,
and play silly games like jumping cracks.

With colored chalk they draw “let’s pretend,”
they laugh and giggle with their friends.

They skip rope and play hopscotch,
all the while under your unending watch.

They roll their cars and trucks around,
they have stories and secrets told abound.

When it is time for them to take a nap
they leave you in charge ‘til they come back.

You are with them when they sing and laugh and cry,
until they all grow up and say goodbye.

I envy you old mortar and stone,
for years and years you were never alone.

If you could talk what memories would you share
about all the children under your daily care.

This came to me as I watched children playing in a driveway.

DRIFTWOOD

Alas! I've found thee cast upon the shore,
discarded on the rocks, totally ignored.

How long did you float on the spacious sea?
How long ago where you a living tree?

In your prime what was your worth?
What caused you to be parted from the earth?

Did you live a century ago in the silent hills?
or in the village with the Whipporwhils?

Your massive arms shading those in need,
your budding hands bearing fruit to feed.

Now you lay on the rocks withered and defamed,
once so straight and tightly grained.

In your second life were you stacked in a row,
like so much lumber I'll never know.

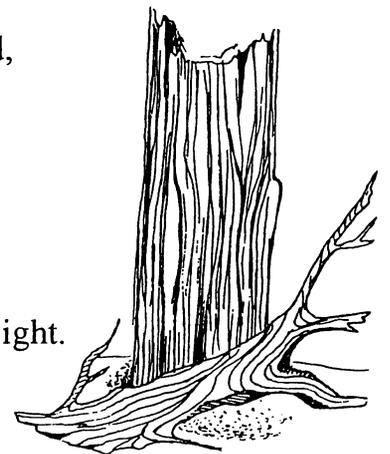
I see thee as a mast for a ship to sail,
or maybe the tie beneath the iron rails.

Maybe a lintel over a castle door,
or a chiseled beam to support the floor.

Now weathered, worn driftwood in the sand,
I touch and caress thee with my hand.

A new life is now in store for thee,
I'm going to take you just for me.

To share my den, with music in the night,
You, dear driftwood, shall become my writing light.



The thoughts came to me when I picked up a piece of driftwood on the shore of the Potomac at the Loyola Retreat House. I brought it home and finished the poem and made a lamp out of the driftwood.



WELCOME STRANGERS

Welcome strangers, these autumn flowers
late and lingering, they come our way
mingling about throughout our bowers,
presenting their best, so bright, so gay.

Like welcome guest brave and bold,
gracefully swaying with their autumn smiles,
like costumed fairies dancing in the cold
please do linger for awhile.

Welcome strangers to our abode.
Frost has taken the more tender souls,
as chatting leaves chase down the road.
Soon the hand of frost will take its toll.

And thus will go our autumn flowers,
our welcome strangers on their way.
Bowed heads hanging in our bowers.
Worry not, they'll be back another day.



SUMMER'S END

The months are slipping past,
as usual time is moving fast.

The rose garden once a rainbow,
shows naked stems in ragged row.

Sweet autumn clematis with stars of white,
have closed their eyes to say goodnight.

Each flower once in glorious bloom
now carry the future in their womb.

Farewell my colorful friends of summer's fling
I'll see your children in the spring.



LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

What is that, bedecked in robes of red,
amid the late autumn days?
What is that, boldly growing out of season,
while all God's plants prepare for bed?
What is that, clinging to summer past,
amid the falling leaves?

Growing there so alone, no rhyme or reason,
behold the rose called Summer's Last.
On naked stem its beauty now unfolds,
amid the south bound flocking birds.
Pleasing all who pass with fragrant spice,
while all of nature turns green to gold.
To my surprise and what a pleasure,
amid the whirling flakes of snow
I shall gently take it in my hand,
the last rose of summer is my treasure.

LITTLE BUTTERFLY

Tell me all your secrets,
tell me all your secrets
lovely, lovely little butterfly.

Can I fly away with you
to invade the fragrant bowers?
Tasting bits of honey
from each and every flower.

Painted lady on Joe Pye Weed
spotted skipper on Golden Tickseed,
tell me all your secrets,
tell me all your secrets.

Lovely, lovely little butterfly
what is your magic, little one.
How do caterpillars learn to fly?

Tell me all your secrets
lovely, lovely little butterfly.



I wrote this to be a song, after watching butterflies in the Butterfly Bush.

LAKE CHAUTAUQUA AT NIGHT

Let's sit here in our deck chairs and enjoy our lovely lake,
away from the busy world we'll take a well earned break.

No telephones or traffic; or screaming sirens in the air,
just a nice, cool drink in hand, and not a single care.

Let's gaze across the mirrored water to the distant lights.
God, it's so beautiful, so beautiful on Chautauqua Lake tonight.

The clock in the bell tower glows like a little moon
and all through the night it chimes its hourly tune.

A breeze begins to sweep across our lovely, lovely lake,
and tiny waves rush against the shore, lapping till they break.

One can hear the hum of a motor boat, crossing in the dark,
bringing sleepy children home from the old amusement park.

See the canvas covered speedboats, heaving up and down, like sleeping whales,
and the rocking of the sailboats, anchored safe without their sails.

It's so relaxing here and everything seems so very right.
God, it's so beautiful, so beautiful on Chautauqua Lake tonight.

The moon glides slowly across the cloudless sky.
If you listen real close you can hear a restless seagull's squeaky cry.

Little children chasing fireflies across the spacious lawn,
and older teens by the campfire singing happy songs.

There are footsteps on the boardwalk going to and fro,
and on the cottage decks, colored candles glow.

There's a late night fisherman and he thinks he has a bite.
God, it's so beautiful, so beautiful on Chautauqua Lake tonight.

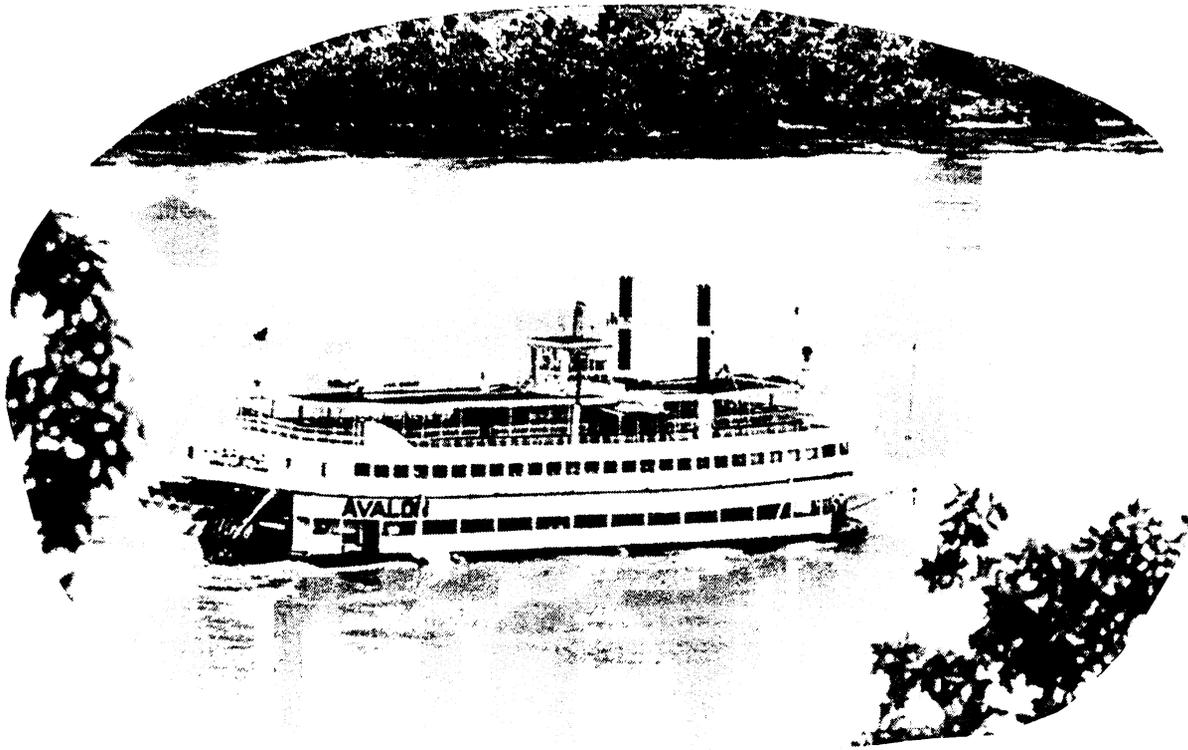
It's story time at the campfire with campers gathered around,
to hear the old man in a captain's hat tell stories to the children on the ground.

There are card games in the cabins with friends from near and far,
and down on the dock someone's playing the guitar.

The brightly lit Chautauqua Belle churns and chugs across our lovely lake
with music and a hissing noise that only she can make.

It's so relaxing for the soul and everything seems so right.
God, it's so beautiful, so beautiful on Chautauqua Lake tonight.

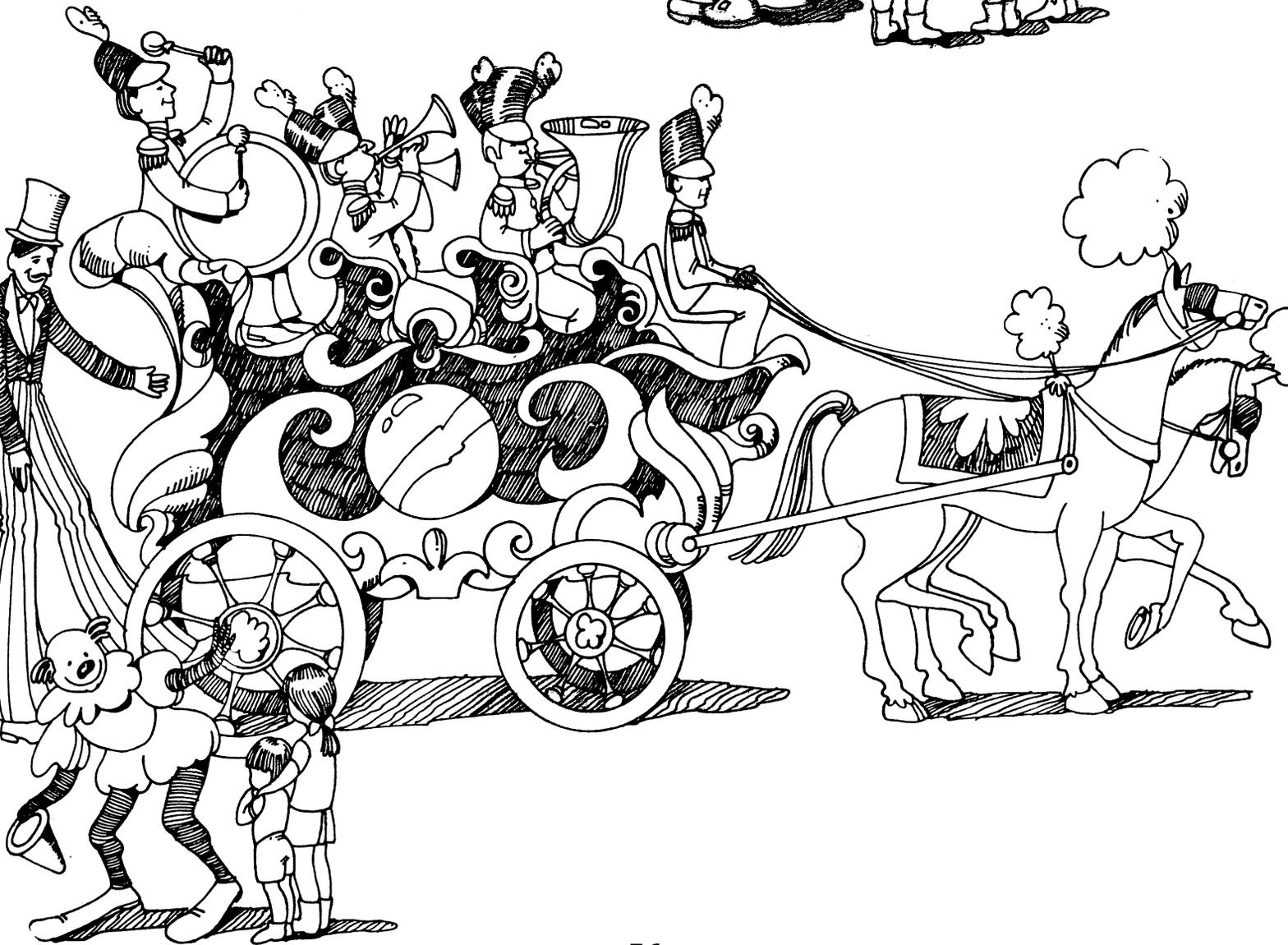
These are just a few of the memories of the Chautauqua life I share
with my children, my relations, my friends and my beloved wife.



TODAY

I can write no verse
or words of rhyme
that have an ounce of worth
until I've drifted back in time
to thoughts of yesterday
and how they help me now
to understand today.

The following pages contain a dozen or more children's poems, some are about Christmas.



MY ROCKING HORSE

I have a rocking horse,
that does anything I say.

I climb up on his saddle
and off we go to play.

Sometimes we go to the circus
to dance in the center ring.

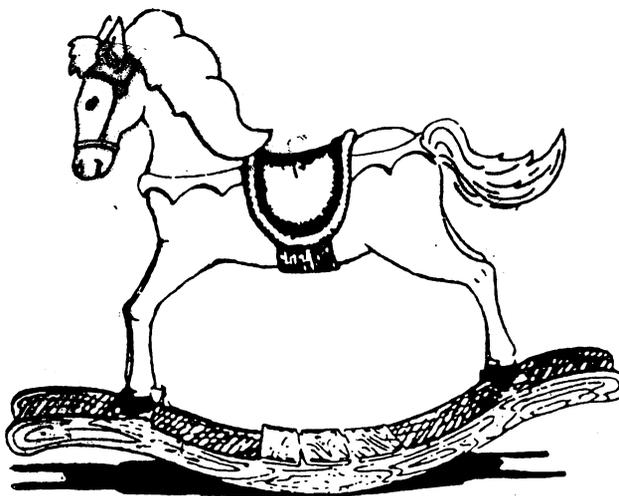
Sometimes we go to the village park
to ride and swing and swing.

We love to go to big parades
and march on down the streets.

And then we go to Grandma's house
where we have special treats.

I have a rocking horse,
that does anything I say.

I climb up on his saddle
and ride far, far away.



WALKING BY THE RIVER

Walking by the river,
walking on a path.

Walking by the river
in between the grass.

Out jumped a rabbit
running very fast.

Walking by the river,
walking on the path.

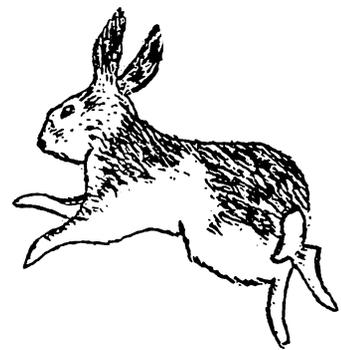
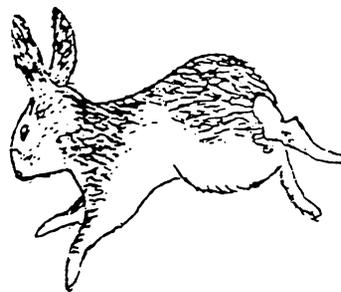
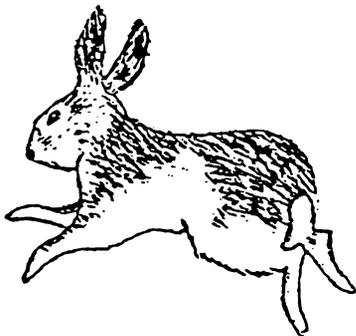
Out jumped a squirrel
waving his tail of gray.

He took one look at me
and then he ran away.

Walking by the river,
walking on the path.

I saw a box turtle
a waddling along.

He pulled in his head
and pretended he was gone.



Walking by the river,
walking on the path.

I saw a fuzzy caterpillar
crawling on a stone.



I put him in a glass
so I could take him home.

Walking by the river,
walking on the path.

Out flew a butterfly
fluttering up and down.

I followed her fickle flight
all the way to town.

Walking by the river,
walking on the path.



Will you come with me someday?
Will you come with me to play?

Walking by the river,
walking on the path.

My grandchild and I were walking along a nearly dried up creek. I began to sing, "Walking by the River," and she hollered, "Poppie, that's no river and we're walking on a path." Suddenly a rabbit jumped out and ran very fast and a poem was born. This is a prayer of happiness.

IRON DUCK

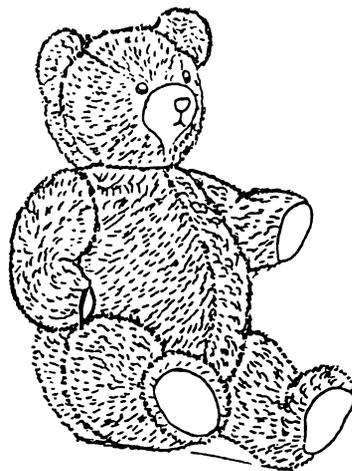
I used to have an iron duck
that traveled with me every night.
I would crawl into my bed and hold him very tight.

His plump body was painted yellow.
His beak the brightest red.
The eyes were bluish green,
and there was a hole in his head.

It was made for dropping pennies in,
for a child to have his dreams.
I'd close my eyes and go to sleep
and my iron duck and I would meet.

We traveled far and wide.
We never feared or ever had to hide.
We engaged in many battles and never lost a fight.
I'd wake up in the morning with bruises from the night.

Then I grew up, as a person must
and my old iron duck just slowly turned to rust,
from all the salty tears I shed
for all the years I wished,
I had a teddy bear instead.



I once let it slip to my children that I never had a teddy bear and they should feel lucky with all soft cuddlies. When I was a child I had an iron duck to take to bed. They laughed and thought it was a story. It was not a story, so I wrote a poem about my old iron duck.

WINTER WONDERLAND

Icicles hung like jagged crystal
pendants from the eaves.
Pure white angel frosting laden all the trees.

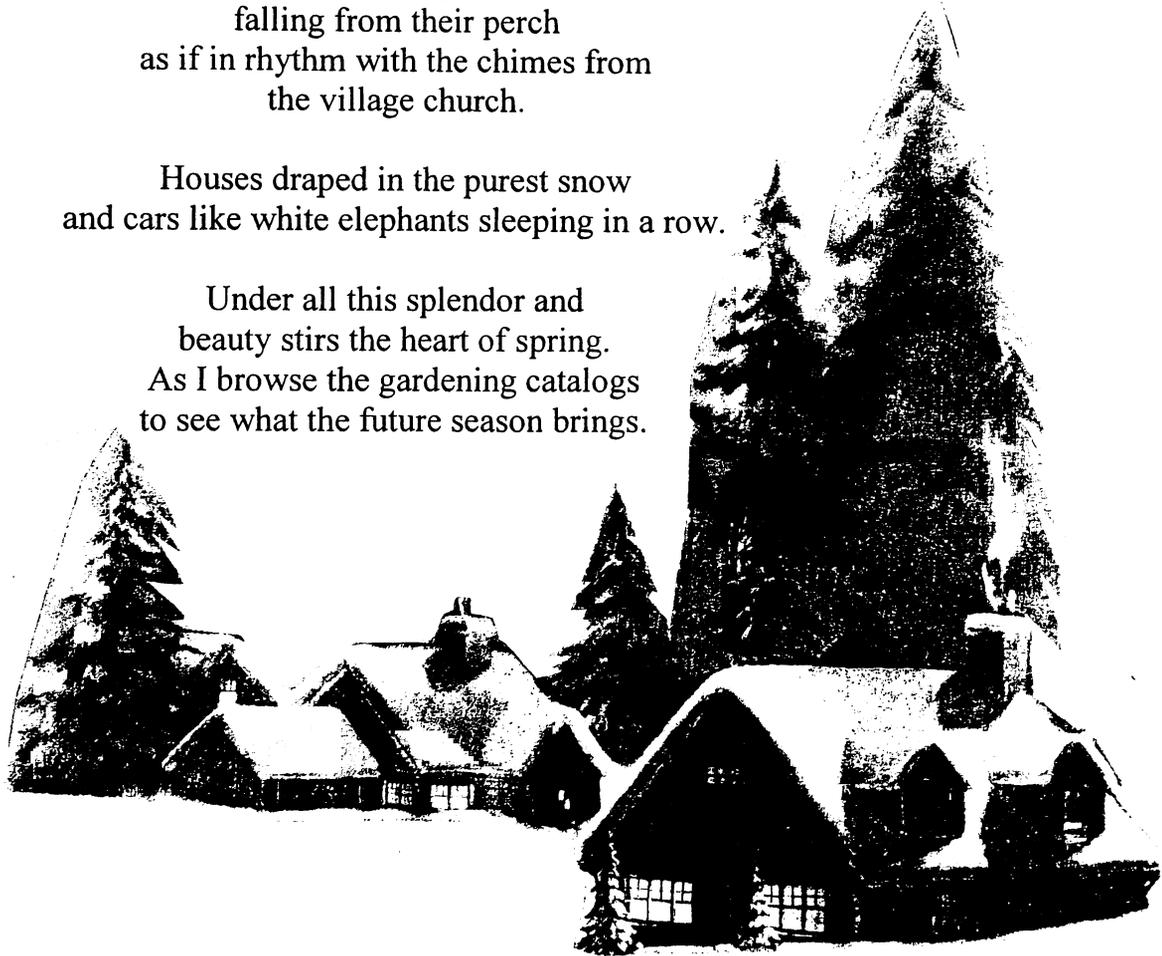
They looked like giant wigwams
glistening in the morning light.
I could hardly believe my eyes to see
what God had done last night.

He took the meadow and the hillside,
the forest, village, and our farm,
turned it into a winter wonderland
with all its breathless charm.

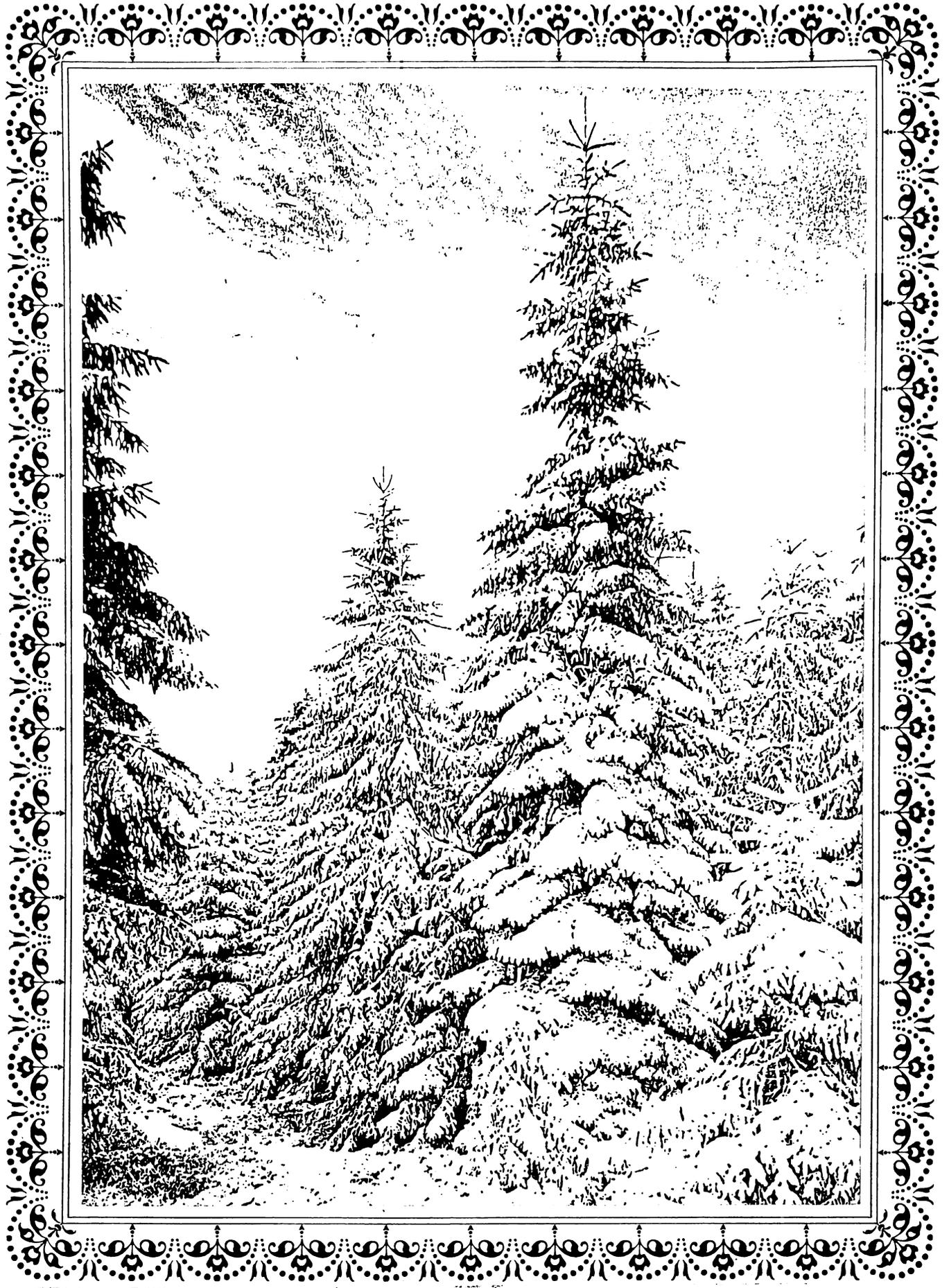
Nothing moved but puffs of snow
falling from their perch
as if in rhythm with the chimes from
the village church.

Houses draped in the purest snow
and cars like white elephants sleeping in a row.

Under all this splendor and
beauty stirs the heart of spring.
As I browse the gardening catalogs
to see what the future season brings.



These thoughts came to me as I looked out my window after an all night snowfall. A prayer of beauty and appreciation of God's splendid work.

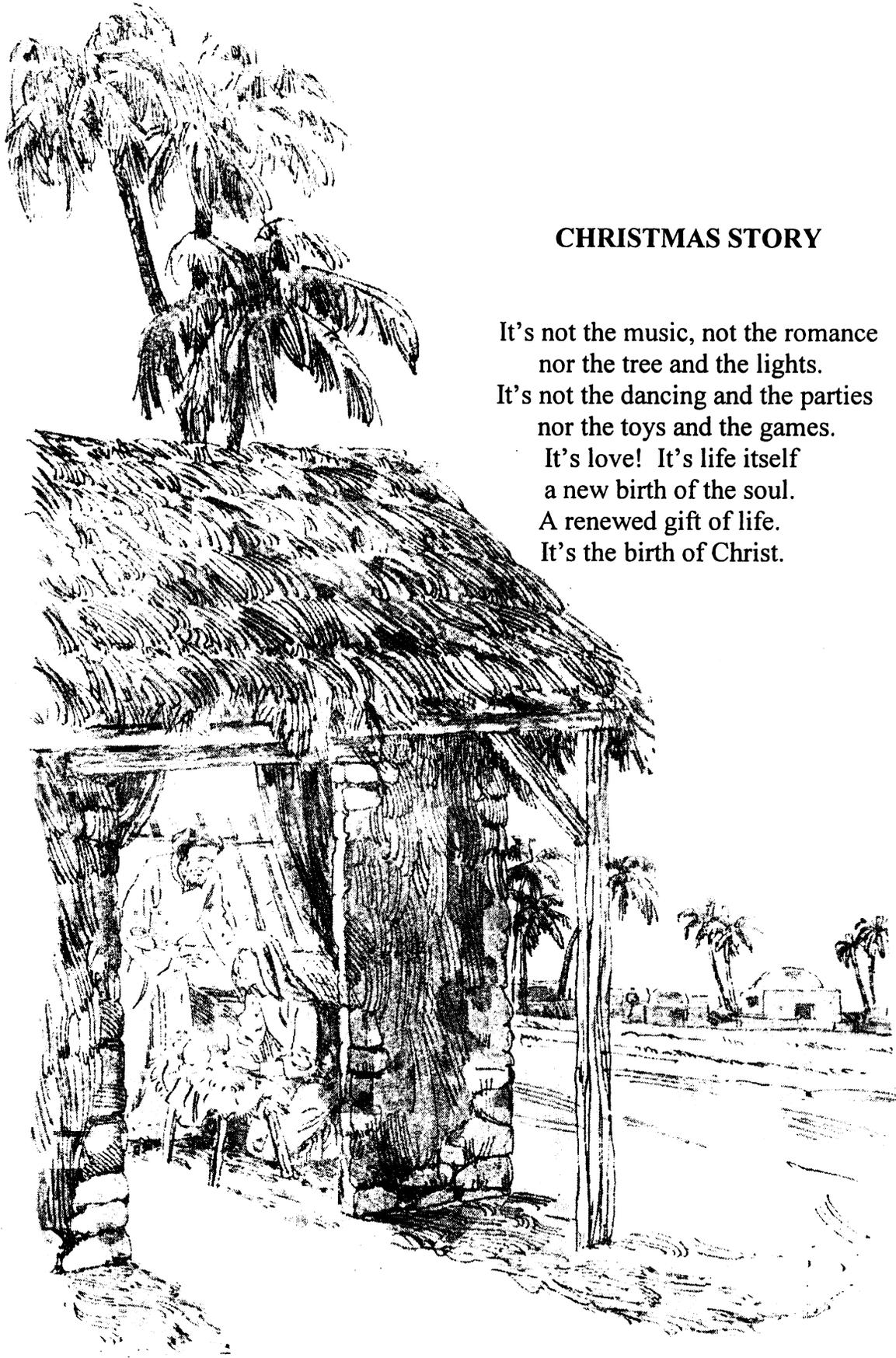


SNOWFLAKES

On this silent, precious night
snowflakes fall soft and light,
like frozen tears from heaven,
that cover the leaves of the summer past.
They grace the branches, now asleep
and blanket the earth to keep its heat.
The breath of nature sweeps a circle
to make them dance before they rest.
Not a soul is moving, not a bird in flight,
just snowflakes falling silently tonight.
A million years have come and gone,
and the cycle still goes on and on.
But their life has just begun,
for tomorrow begins the winter fun.
Now be silent with the Lord and
watch his miracle unfold, Alleluia!
The morning will bring laughing and
shouting children from their beds with
snow boots, skis, skates and sleds.
Tonight enjoy this sight so far untouched
not by beast, nor bird nor man.
A beauty no earthling could create
this splendor coming only from God's hand.

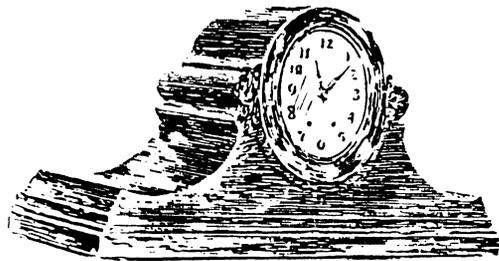


It was evening at the Loyola Retreat House in Faulkner, Maryland and it was beginning to snow. I was in my room that faced the Potomac River and the snowflakes began to fall into the garden ever so silently in the night. This is also a prayer of appreciation of God's work.



CHRISTMAS STORY

It's not the music, not the romance
nor the tree and the lights.
It's not the dancing and the parties
nor the toys and the games.
It's love! It's life itself
a new birth of the soul.
A renewed gift of life.
It's the birth of Christ.



MEMORIES OF TIME

From the old Victrola and the Motorola
to the high tech CD's and Diet Cola,

From the horse and buggy and all the flies
to the jumbo jets high in the skies.

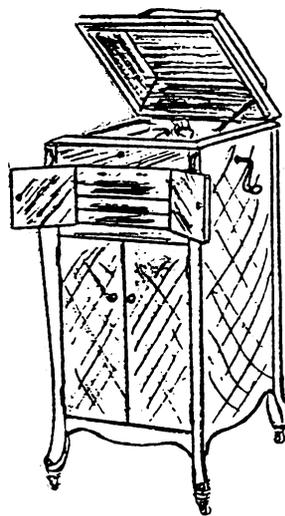
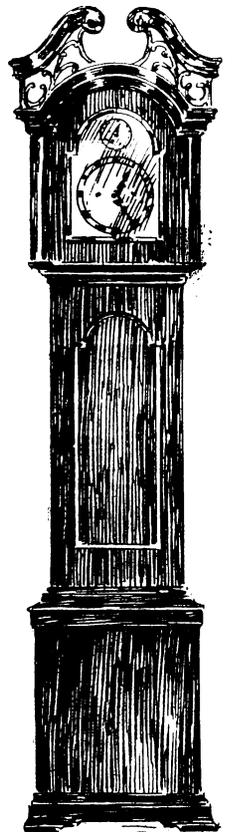
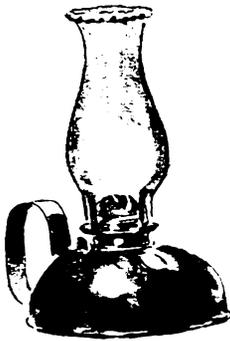
From the candles of wax that flickered in the night
to the glow of multi-colored, blinking lights,

From the china doll with silk and satin
to the Ninja Turtles in the sewers of Manhattan,

From the fire trucks and trains and balsam planes
to VCR's and computer games,

From plum pudding and mince pie
to foot-long hoagies and curly fries,

Memories of the time,
are they yours or are they mine?



THERE'S MAGIC IN THE AIR

It's Christmas Eve, there's magic in the air.
Brightly wrapped packages and decoration everywhere, truly the
most exciting night of the year.
The children are washed and ready for bed,
see them standing by the tree instead.
Faces lifted in pleasure and awe,
squinting their eyes to see the sight,
truly the most exciting night of the year.
Ornaments hung on the tree with love,
as if put there by angels from above.
Each one a story unto its own.
Let's go little children, it's time for bed,
it's time to sleep and rest your heads.
It's Christmas Eve, there's magic in the air.



My two grandchildren were in their footed pajamas on Christmas Eve squinting at the tree lights at bedtime and I just had to write this poem, "There's Magic in the Air."

SANTA SAYS GET READY FOR BED

The great feast of Christmas draws closer each day,
so the 24th of December is right on its way.

My yearly job is nearly done,
delivering your gifts will be such fun.

While you are saying your prayers that night,
I'll be loading up for my magic flight.

With the fastest reindeer of my herd,
I'll take off like a great, giant bird.

You must be in bed and sound asleep,
I'll check you out as through the heavens I streak.

If you're awake I'll pass you by,
as I swoop and swerve in the midnight sky.

But if you're in a deep and cozy dreamland,
I'll leave you toys and surprises grand.

Be sure your shoes are next to your door,
in them you will find something more.

And then I will take a northwest flight
as the darkness gives way to the morning light.

Happy Christmas to all
and to all a good night.



FANTASY FAIR

Fantasy Fair, Fantasy Fair,
come with me, I'll take you there.

The dreamer's world is always safe,
a romantic, warm and wonderful place.

With love and laughter and a smile,
so put off reality for a little while.

Let me take you by the hand,
come with me to Santaland.

Feast your eyes on a wonderful sight.
Fantasy Fair, it's a magical night.

Houses are made of gingerbread,
brown and white, green and red.
The trees are laden with jelly beans,
the bushes are made of chocolate creams.

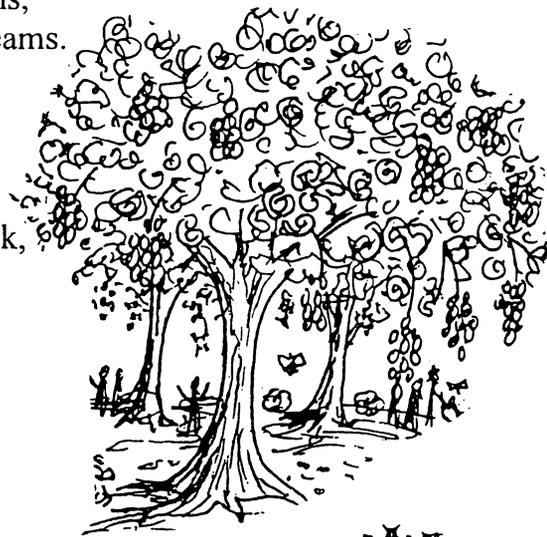
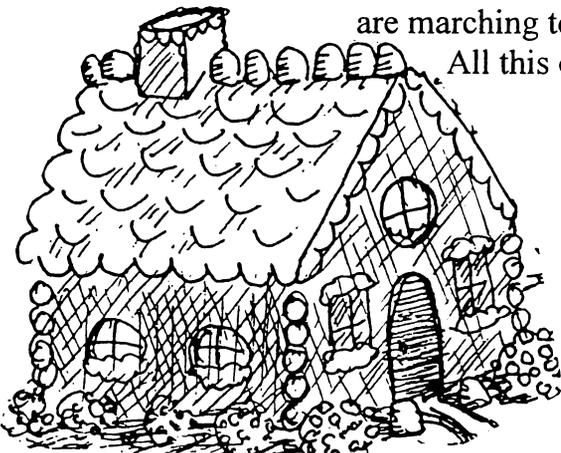
Leaves are made of curly fries,
and the sky is full of butterflies.

Toy dolls can dance and even walk,
and all can sing, all can talk.

The puppets and the muppets
and Kermit the frog,

all the barnyard animals,
even the chickens and the hogs.

are marching to the tune of Frosty the Snowman.
All this can happen in Fantasy Land.



SPECIAL GIFT

Dear Santa,

Please go back through the centuries of time. Look through your records and in your ledger book of gifts. Pick out a very special gift for a very special child.

It must be a gift no one could buy.
It must be something you can't see with the eye.

It must not break or tear.
It must not make a noise or ever need repair.

It must not take up any space.
It should be a gift that can be used everywhere.

It should be a gift that can not be sold
It should never go out of style or become too old.

It should give pleasure to all people.
When you've found it, wrap it tight.
Lay it beneath the tree on the magic night.
Santa how do you wrap –

Patience -----	through adversity
Wisdom -----	and common sense
Kindness -----	and mercy
Time -----	well spent
Respect -----	for others' creeds
Willingness -----	to share
Consideration -----	for others' needs
Commitment -----	to God, who gave his life because he cared

A gift like that would bring forth love for all people, all ages, for all time.
Put it in a box, under the tree for this child of mine.

Thank you, Santa, thank you.



TELL US, GRANDPA, NOW

Grandpa, tell us how you know it's
going to snow,
and where do all the Robins go?

Tell us how the Blacksmith shoes a
horse.
How does he bend the iron?
Does it take a lot of force?

Tell us of your Christmas times
many years ago.
Tell us, so that we might really know.

Tell us of the time you cut a
Hemlock in the woods,
and then before your father stood.
Tell us how he laughed and winked,
and patched it up as best he could.

Tell us of your Christmas gift for
Mom hidden in the milk house,
only to find it on Christmas
Eve, nibbled by a mouse.

Tell us of the stove and the
heating of the rocks,
carefully put in skates
and covered with your socks.

Tell us how you skated on the pond
for hours at a time.
Did you really get silly
on Uncle Herbert's homemade wine?

Tell us of the funny stories
about the cider and the beer.
Tell us of your childhood
when Christmas time was near.

Did you know your Grandpa,
and was he just like you?
Did he tell stories
that you weren't sure were really true
although they had to be,
'cause your Grandpa said it's so.
Tell us of the life you lived
many years ago.

Tell us, we really want to know,
give us color,
give us words we never, ever heard.
Tell us before you go,
so we can tell our children,
"Grandpa told us so."



MY DEAREST GREAT GRANDMA

Dearest Grandma, tell us of the days when you
were very young.

Tell us of your holidays and
how they begun.

Tell us of the muffin man, vending
muffins from his cart.

How the snow rested on his beard and
on his tattered scarf.

Tell us of the men in heavy coats, rocking,
to and fro.

Standing in a circle warming their hands
as the fire glows.

Tell us of the smoking chestnuts and
steaming hot cider on the rack.

Ah, yes! and the music man with a
monkey on his back.

Tell us of the clapping rhythm
made by the horses decked in bells.

And how did you prime a pump
and get water from a well?

Did you really read by the flickering
candle flame?

And how was your first ride on a
speedy locomotive train?

Tell us when you were a child what
Christmas time was like.

Tell all the little children as they
sit around the Christmas tree tonight.

My Dearest Great Grandma.



BLUE CRICKET

I had a blue cricket that lived in my hat.
He loved to tease my Christmas cat.
He would climb in my beard when my dinner appeared,
and went for the food that fit his mood.
He would eat what he could, as I knew he would,
then crawl back into my hat, for a cricket nap.
And during the night I would hear a noise
and find him playing with the Christmas toys.
He would sing a song of clickety clack
and jump right back into my hat.
His eyes are green and lashes long,
and he flicks them while he sings a song.
I wish I had my cricket back,
the one that lived inside my hat.



LETTER TO SANTA

Dear Santa, it's been a long time,
maybe, since the year I was nine.

I've grown up and have a husband now.
Could we be put back in your book somehow?

Because there's a new baby on the way,
surely he will be here before Christmas Day.

We're so excited we don't know what to do.
Santa, please stop by – we're counting on you.

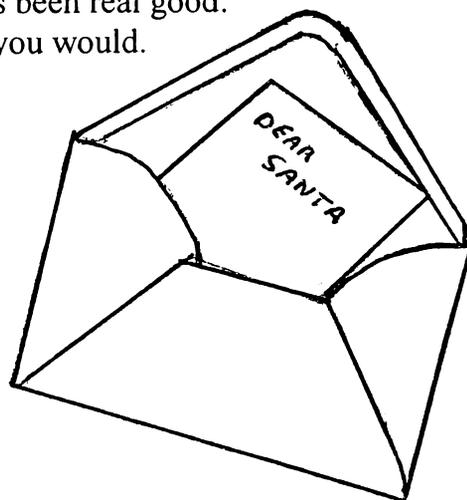
It's going to be Christmas as it was years ago.
It brings back memories we both treasure so.

We'll need trucks and books and building blocks,
cars and bears and musical tops.

Later years will bring sleds and skates and candy canes,
puzzles and bikes and electric trains.

We're so excited we don't know what to do.
Santa, please stop by – we're counting on you.

With love from a believer who has been real good.
Thanks, dear Santa, I knew you would.



CHINA DOLL

Where, oh, where did my old friends go?
They used to love and hug me so.

Now I sit all by myself,
for fifty years on an old board shelf.

The days of laughter and children's noise,
the games I've played with girls and boys.

Now I stare at a wooden floor
of an empty barn that's used no more.

A lady came of obvious wealth,
and took me off the old board shelf.

Now I live in an antique show,
where, oh, where did my friends go?

Sometimes I think there's a friendly face –
I'm held for a moment and put back in place.

Many strangers come and go,
the friends I had they wouldn't know.

I sit here only for display
and dream and wish for yesterday.

Where, oh, where did my old friends go?
They used to love and hug me so.

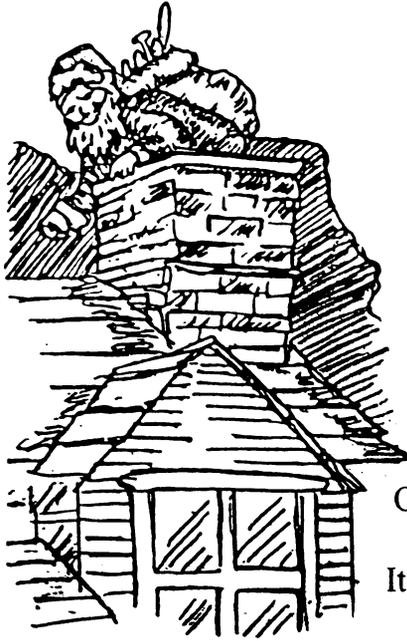
Wait! But wait. I see a face –
how did she ever find this place?

She looks old and gray like me,
she's the girl in my memory.

By her side a grandchild walks,
they're going to buy me, I hear their talk.

Now I'll be loved and treasured so,
just like Grandma did, years ago.





SANTA ON THE ROOF

Santa, if you're up there,
can you hear my call?
Tilt your head and listen close,
I'm by the chimney wall.

Our family's going to Grandma's,
as we do every Christmas Day.
It's really neat, all the food and fun
and so many games to play.

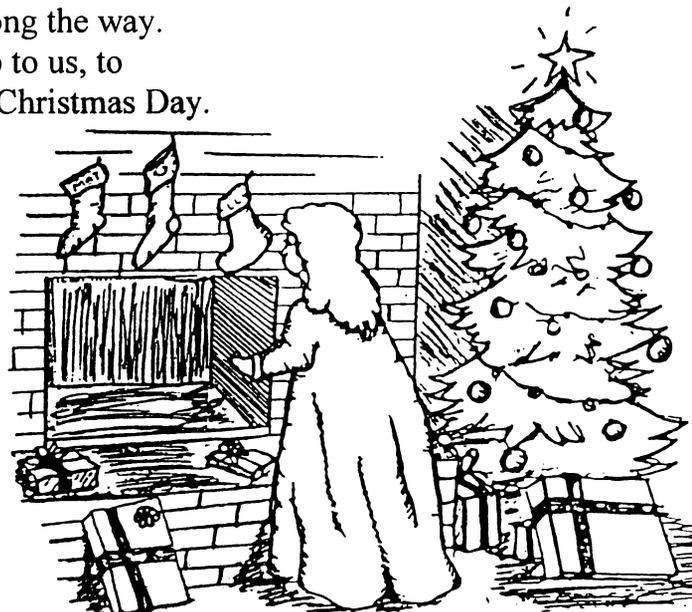
And Grandpa always has the biggest,
prettiest tree.

There among all the gifts
is a special gift for me.

But Daddy said we can't travel
if the weather is bad.
And that would make my Grandparents
very, very sad.

So, Santa, as you hop from chimney to chimney,
poking through the snow,
rushing around like a busy squirrel
with a million miles to go.

All I ask for Christmas
is a little sunshine along the way.
The rest will be up to us, to
give each other a happy Christmas Day.



TOY BOX IN THE ATTIC

Ah now there's my old toy box,
filled with memories of long ago.
My hands reached in that old box
a thousand times I know.

Now my hand shall sweep
the cobwebs all away,
as my thoughts take me back,
back to yesterday.

There lies my sock doll
with button eyes of brown,
and next to him my fire engine,
I used to take to town.

In the corner sleeps Teddy,
with Bunny in his lap,
holding all my marbles
in a tiny, tattered sack.

I wonder if the music box
still plays Farmer in the Dell,
and scattered on the bottom,
my soldiers I knew so very well.

The General and his troops
are now silent like the dead.
But I can remember taking
every one of them to bed.

And there in the corner
covered with books and games,
my fielder's mitt and cap.
What a day it was when I got a hit
and broke my trusty bat.

My scuffed up football
probably needs some air.
And sure enough my ice skates
I didn't know were there.

The old toy box is loaded with
so much stuff, cars, trucks and trains,
most of all my many books
and my favorite games.

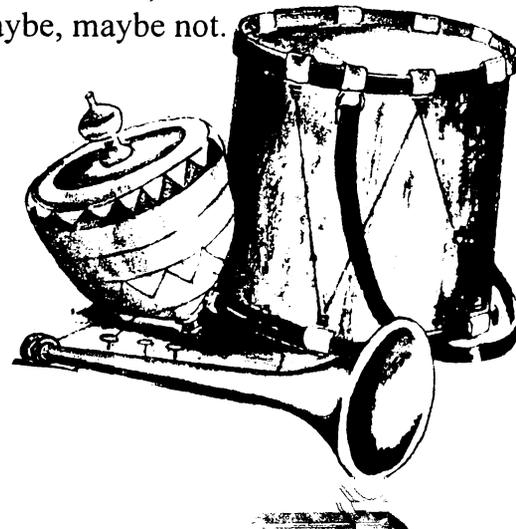
It's been four decades
since I opened this old chest.
It brings back old memories
that have been long laid to rest.

Now I care for an orphan boy
whose life has just begun.
I wonder if he'd like those toys
I had when I was young?

If he could only have half the fun
from this old treasure box.
But times have changed,
things that were, now are not.

Dare I share these memories
that were once only mine,
with this child now living,
in a different life and time.

Or shall I just close up this treasure chest
and turn the rusty lock?
I think I shall, I think I shall,
but then again maybe, maybe not.



TO A LITTLE GIRL

Oh, little one, close your eyes and
dream a while, dream with a smile.

Dream of happy days,
and lots of fun.

I promise you, my dear,
that they will come.

You'll get better
as each day goes by.

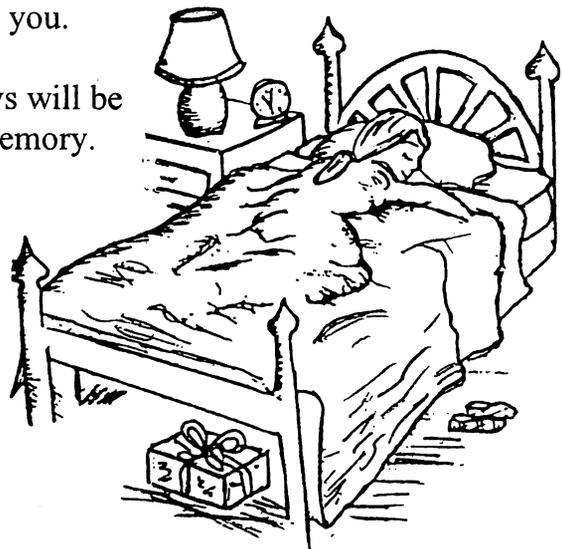
You'll laugh more,
you'll need not cry.

There are great tomorrows
all for you.

These days will be
just a memory.

There are great tomorrows
all for you.

These days will be
just a memory.



This song is for a little girl, who this very moment is
resting in bed trying very hard to get well before Christmas.

DEAR SANTA

I have so many toys
Enough for a dozen boys.

Tons of cars, trucks and trains
Rescue heroes, puzzles and games.

What I really, really want most of all is:

Someone to hold me when I cry,
Someone to listen when I talk,
Someone to take me for a walk,
Someone to teach me how to play ball.
These are what I want most of all.

Dad's so busy with work, meetings and the likes,
No time to ride with me on our bikes.

Mom's so busy cleaning, cooking and on the phone
And I am here with all these toys, very much alone.

Actual thoughts taken from a letter to Santa. It certainly says a lot. I took the liberty to put it in a poem.

DEAR SANTA, BE GENTLE PLEASE

I hope you have a nice Christmas,
do you have someone who cares for you?
With all those elves around I'm sure you do.

Can I tell you what I want for Christmas?
I really don't need toys and games and stuff.
I can't use anymore, I have enough.

What I really, really secretly want
is more time with my Mom and Dad
especially when I'm feeling sad.

They are always so busy all the time
doing things and going everywhere.
I love them so, and it doesn't seem fair.

I'm expected to entertain myself,
go read a book or watch the tube,
don't interrupt and don't be rude.

I want them to play with me,
to sing a song or talk awhile.
I fear their frowns but love their smiles.

So write a note, be gentle, please
explain to my dear Mom and Dad
they are really the best gift I ever had.

P.S. And ask them to teach me how to pray.

Actual letter to Santa.

OLD WOODEN TRAIN

I had a wooden train that never had a track.
It took me everywhere and always brought me back.
I traveled through the woods and in the deepest grass,
up sandy hills and through the mountain pass.
I traveled with my friends, the cricket and the cat.
The cricket in the front, the cat in the back,
in my little wooden train that never had a track.



LISTEN, LITTLE CHILDREN

Listen, little children, to my song
Listen, little children, to my song



Christmas Day will soon be here
Christmas is a time for cheer

There'll be toys and trikes
Trucks and trains

There'll be balls and bats
Jackets and hats

There'll be dolls and trucks
Cell phones and bikes

But the best of Christmas
Doesn't come from a store
And not down a chimney or
In through the door.

The best part of Christmas is much, much more
It's worth more than toys, games or gold
It's God's love for all the young and the old

Listen, little children, to my song
Listen, little children, to my song

Spread that love, spread that love, spread that love
All year long



(Potential Song)

LAND OF LET'S PRETEND

Did you ever hear an elephant snore?
Did you ever hear a butterfly roar?

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

Did you ever see a goldfish walk?
Did you ever hear a rabbit talk?

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

Did you ever see a cow dance?
Did you ever see a cricket prance?

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

Did you ever see a horse fly?
Did you ever hear a ladybug cry?

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

If you did, you are special - Oh so special!
Take me to your land of *Let's Pretend*.

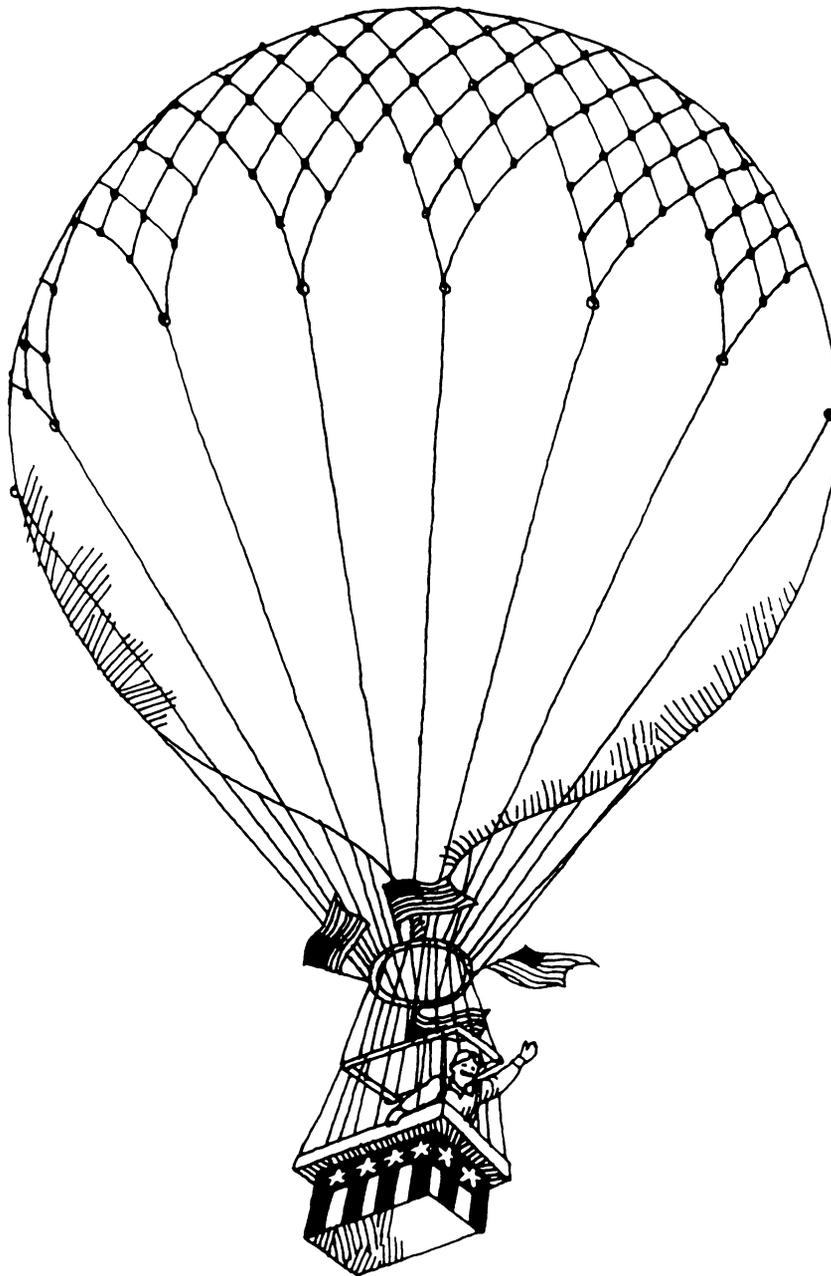
In your land of *Let's Pretend* --
Elephants *Snore*
Butterflies *Roar*

Goldfish *Walk*
Rabbits *Talk*

In your land of *Let's pretend* -
Cows can *Dance*
Crickets *Prance*

Horses *Fly*
Ladybugs *Cry*

So let's pretend -- so let's pretend.
Because you are special - Oh so special!
Because you are special - Oh so special!



NORTH WIND

You know it's going to snow
When the North Wind blows.

You know it's going to snow
When the North Wind blows.

Little white flakes dance in the air
Making everything white everywhere.

You know it's going to snow
When the North Wind blows.

They swirl and twirl down to the ground.
They swirl and twirl and never make a sound

Making everything white
What a beautiful sight!

You know it's going to snow
When the North Wind blows.

Blow, North Wind -- Blow! Blow! Blow!
Blow, North Wind -- Blow! Blow! Blow!



Potential Song.



SOMEDAY MY CHILDREN



Someday, my children, will you come back to me. Someday my children,
you will come back to me.

You do not understand these words I say to you.

Someday, my children you'll find these words are true. Someday we will
meet again, you wait and see.

And my words will ring in your memory.

Someday when the snow breaks through the fall,
and you will no longer be very small.

Someday you'll come to me out of the long ago,
as mothers and dads – for that's what you will be.

You'll bring your children for me to see.



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