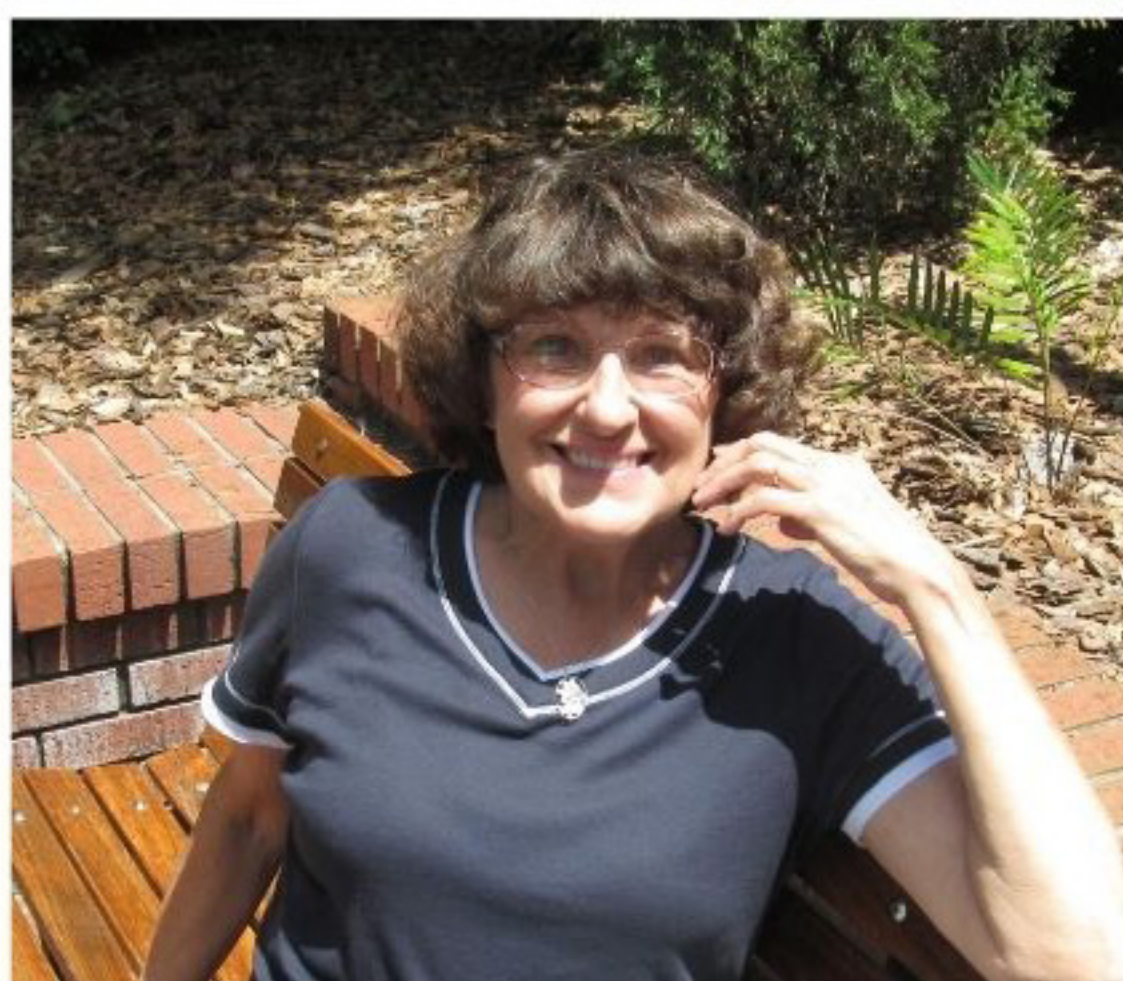


Sweet POETRY



Brenda L. Gentile

*Brenda Gentile, an animal,
coffee, and book lover,
lives in Bowling Green, Kentucky
with her husband, Jesse, of 57 years.*



Through struggles and unfortunate circumstances, and in times of praise and joy, words come to Brenda bringing perseverance and peace. Her poems are from the heart with a message of healing, blessings, and humor to inspire others. In *Sweet Poetry*, Brenda shares musing for current and future generations.

ISBN 979-8-98512-150-6



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Sweet Poetry

By: Brenda L. Gentile



HALEYA PUBLISHING
Bowling Green, Kentucky.
Designed by Tonya L. Matthews

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ISBN: 979-8-985-12150-6

DEDICATION
My Lord & Savior
Jesus Christ

*God is the author
Of Nature so grand,*

*All things so lovely
Begin in His hand.*

*Of Nature so grand,
All things so lovely
Begin in His hand.*

*Brenda L. Gentile
(Gen-ti-lee)
Autumn, 2006*


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Tonya L. Matthews

Pages:

7, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17,
22, 26, 27, 28, 32,
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A Laugh and a Song

November 9, 1978

If I couldn't sing, and couldn't laugh
And chat a little too much--
If I couldn't approach a simple task
And give it a simple touch...
If I looked to the past--and never ahead
And dwelled on the wounds from which I have bled--
I'd not carry on, Heaven knows where I'd be.
For lots of fine people just didn't like me.
I cry when I'm hurt, recover and smile--
All ready to travel just one more mile.
And when I grow weary and fail a test,
I ask the Lord to give my heart rest.
I sing while I iron and laugh at my pets,
Embracing today, forgetting regrets.
I toast those fine people who wanted to see
Only the flaws existing in me.
I raise my toast high--one calorie pop!
As long as I sing, I'm not quite a flop.
Through joy and through pain--I've smiled all along.
With God's "Compensation" ...
A laugh and a song.

An Early Prayer

June 23, 2018

The world is new. I greet the day.

Thank my Savior.

Then I pray:

Where there's doubt and somber need,

Lead me, help me--I plead.

I ponder just how blessed my life,
Free from hunger, free from strife.

Each person has a gift and care,
God requests His children share.

Each little deed from my weak hand,
God would have me make a stand.

One single person, one single act,
Two or more can make a pact.

A pact to love, a pact to give.

A single act for peace to live.

And so I ponder, I slowly grow,

Holy Spirit, help me know.

Take me Jesus, own my heart.

Today is fresh, a brand-new start.

Good Morning, God

September 28, 2018

Morning has dawned, the world is anew
With green of the grass and sparkle of dew.

High in the tree, a finch greets the day.
Along lofty branches, baby squirrels play.

Life is a treasure: my heart is at rest.

God is so present; this day He has blessed.
Soon insects will scurry; birds will take wing
Perching and preening--and eager to sing.

And I in my jammies, with curlers in hair,
Bow to my Savior and offer a prayer.

I praise Him for life; so present today...

And ask for His guidance to share what I may.

Each morning I rise and ponder His glory,
For life is a gift and love is His story.

He is my Father, my hope and my friend,
All my best efforts His hand will attend.

Treasures oh treasures; He carries me through
His love is unending--His words ever true.

Morning has dawned, the sun beams so bright
I rise to make effort and walk in His light.

May God be my beacon--as baby squirrels play
Oh Lord, I am happy! With joy I do pray:

Bless this dear earth and all it does hold--
Made from Thy goodness, and shaped in thy mold.

Morning has dawned; my day shall begin
Stay with me, Lord, and fill me within.

Lord, I Come to You

April 12, 2018

Lord,
I come to you this morning
A bright and sunny day!
Oh, let my heart be humble
Show me, Lord, I pray.
Let me see the goodness
Spread upon this earth,
Let me see the baby
And ponder on His birth.
The youthful child is still within me
Although I now am grown;
From you, my Lord and Savior
Are pleasures I have known.
All my friends are passing
Time has won the day--
And here I bow before thee
To thank you as I pray.
Oh God who sent my Jesus
To die for human sin,
He always walked beside me
And sought to dwell within.
So, as I greet this morning
With kitten at my side,
I thank and beg my Father
To come and dwell inside.

Lord,
Thank you for this morning
With sky so bleak and gray.
Even birds are hiding,
The squirrel has run away.
The walls seem dark and dreary...
Within them not a sound.
I fumble for my slippers
Then drag myself around.
Hot coffee calls to me,
A huge cup starts my day.
I bow my head before you,
And I begin to pray.
Thank you that I'm living
In comfort, peace, and health,
For family and children--
They surely are my wealth.
Thank you for my country,
Where worship still is free--
Its laws and Constitution,
Which guide and protect me.
I thank you for my husband,
My home, my food, my life.
I know the world is troubled
And others live in strife.
It's only by Thy mercy
That I arose today,
Your sun will rise in glory
To take away the gray.
You lift my heart from pity--
You touch me as I pray;
I praise you, Lord, and thank you
For loving me today.

Gray Day

February 18, 2004

Lord, Thank You for Another Day

August 7, 1973

Lord,
Thank you for another day
With sky so blue and bright.
Keep your eye upon us all,
Until the starry night.

Bless those souls
With troubled mind
And grant a loving friend to find.
Bless Thy children, strong and cold.
Take their hearts, and gently mold
Compassion for their fellow men
And fill them with Thy love within.

Bless our country,
And grant new life
To ease our nation thru its strife.
Help us learn to live in joy,
With all our talents to employ.
Thank you, Lord, for one more day--
Help us live it in Thy way!



Morning Prayer

July 18, 2015

Lord,

I bow to you this morning
In gratitude and trust.

May I have the spirit
In doing what I must.

Searching for the joy
My chores seem drab and dreary.

I reach to You for hope
My mind is tried and weary.

Who shall do the housework?

Who shall clean and shine?

Who shall hang the clothing

And clip them to the line?

Who shall cook the supper

And wipe the table clean?

For thoughts of getting busy

I am not keen.

I will soon wash the dishes

And finally, I'll set the mop aside.

There's much to do, but for now,

With You I shall abide.

Knowing when I haul my fanny

Up and out of this chair,

The load does lessen

That today I bear.

Thank you, Lord for bearing

My silly words just now..

In love You give me spirit

Before Your throne I bow.

I know there is a God above,
The keeper of the earth.
I owe Him everlasting love,
And all my human worth.

I know there is a God above,
I see Him in the sky.
I see Him in the beauty
Of white clouds drifting by.

I see Him in the greenness
Of grass in early spring.
And in the shining purity
A winter's snow can bring.

I hear Him in the poetry
Written long ago;
I hear Him in a rhapsody
Inspired by Him, I know.

I see Him in a baby, so new
Upon this earth.
And know that He created
The miracle of birth.

He balanced all my burdens
With love to help me grow.
And through His tender mercy
He taught my heart to know!

I Know

1972



God Painted Many Colors

November 30, 2018

The sun is shining brightly.
Time is rushing by.
I take the time to ponder
The color of the sky.
How it glows this morning
With white clouds fluffing by.

God favors many colors
He chooses at His will.
He tosses in the rainbow
And decorates each hill.
Deep and quiet forests
Hide small birds' many hues.
Some are red or yellow
Others browns or blues.

Time is rushing past man;
Yet, He stops to see.
God painted many colors
And gave to you and me.
I thank my Artist Savior
for reds and greens so bright.
He painted every tree trunk
And chose the black of night.

And as I watch, I wonder.
Did He make the sun for glory?
That we as all his children
May share in earth's true story?
All we see, he painted--
All human nature, too.
God made and then he painted
A special me and you.

Somewhere in Heaven

December 1, 1992

Somewhere in Heaven on pathways of gold
Walk folks who were humble and folks who were bold.
Somewhere in Heaven the grass is so green,
With flowers in glory that we've never seen.

Children are playing and romping around;
No hunger, no illness on hallowed ground.
The old folks aren't wrinkled; Their pain's soothed away;
They kneel with the angels and joyfully pray.

I long to see Jesus. I long to be there.
To walk with the angels and join in their prayer.
Somewhere in glory the children all play.
They share in His story and joyfully pray.

I long to tread pathways paved in His gold;
The angels will greet me; Their arms will enfold.
I'll know then the secret of clouds glowing white,
And dance to the twinkle of stars through each night.

Somewhere in Heaven, through grace I will share
Eternal salvation in Jesus' dear care.

Thy Presence is Among Us

Feb. 8, 2018



Lord,
Thy presence is among us.
Thy Comforter is here--
Ever our protector,
Bending to our ear.

Oh, Jesus, how we love you
How we seek Thy will.
Grant Thy special moments
When we may then fulfill.

Fulfill a special bidding
To love our fellow man.
Share our meager bounty,
And give of what we can.

Each being you created...
Designed with Godly touch.
So many different faces,
Each one loved so much.

The poor, the weak, the tiny
The old are burdened so.
All an opportunity
His love that we might show.

His presence is among us.
As we go about our way
And if our heart is willing,
We shall not go astray.

Oh, bless this day each person
Each stranger we may meet,
For he might be an angel
Whom we have failed to greet.



Thoughts of God

October 29, 1993

The world is ever changing,
Never standing still.

We meet so few who ponder
God's ever perfect Will.

As humans we're impatient...

A prayer we pray today;
As humans we're so eager
For God to bend our way!

Often in the silence

We pray He will reveal...

A pathway to devotion
Filled with heartfelt zeal.

He shares with us in silence

In His time He lets us know.

The waiting for an answer
Enables us to grow.

Never must we weaken,

Believe we are alone--

God forgives and nurtures

As centuries have shown.

Morning Walk

July 14, 2020

We took a walk with Jesus
This sultry summer day;
Our ears beheld the harmony
Of birds along the way.
Leafy trees were reaching
Branches to the sky--
Supporting hidden birdies
Just learning how to fly.
How lively God's creations
Living to His plan!
How generous our Savior--
He gave this all to man.

We took a walk with Jesus
This bright and sunny day;
He lifted all our troubles
And led our hearts to pray.
Small critters in the bushes,
And choirs in the trees
Busy bees on flowers,
A light and gentle breeze.

Oh, God and Son, we thank Thee
For nature life, and song--
We feel your presence walking
Beside us all along.

The Wounded Butterfly

2018

What are we to do?
We the fine children
Born to the not so fine.
What are we to do--
With the post traumatic stress
That haunts our lovely minds?

**Yet, we live among pretty
butterflies...**

What are we to do?
Sometimes, yes, just sometimes--
We will flap a pretty wing, too.
With the sorrow seed planted so
Deeply when we were young,
Those careless words how they stung!
With big gray eyes...or blue...or
Soft green...or dark brown--
We often hushed, not to be found.
Then eyes oh so red...
When the belt fell.
The Sunday school teacher asked,
"How are you?"
We dare not tell.



We faked a great big smile...
That's for sure.
We are not bad kids!
And we did mature.
Yet what are we to do--
To fit the happy social mold?
Buried deep are memories
That often disappear, and go untold.
Gone for a moment; Gone for a day.
Seldom to emerge as we find our way.
Buried. Yes, buried there with smiles to please;
We go unnoticed to the world often with ease.
Others we know who chirp of lovelier zeal.
What are we to do? They will whisper if we reveal.
They say we're strange if we are not exact,
Following their rhythm or fitting in the act.
For they have no idea the love we lacked.
They received a caring, gentle touch.
We overcame so, very ... very much.
We won the day, but only because
We kept secrets and provided our own applause.

Written for...

For the small and the wounded

For all who are misdiagnosed

For myself, a life fruitfully, creatively, and curiously lived.

*In hopes that as wounded butterflies we shall be able to
share with, and reach out to other
wounded butterflies in a chirpy world.*

I Cannot See

December 26, 1973

I cannot see the arms
Which lift and hold me dear;
I cannot see the hand
Which dries my every tear.
I cannot see my Lord,
Nor look upon His face.
Yet, I am ever warmed
By His eternal grace.
I cannot see the cross
On which He suffered pain;
Nor have I seen the sepulcher
In which my Lord was lain.
I cannot see Him every time
I call on Him in prayer.
Yet, my heart is peaceful
Knowing He is there.
Yes, I know beyond a doubt
By faith within my soul.
My Savior walked upon this earth,
And died to make me whole.




My Father

June 30, 1980 and July 1, 1982

My father's not a special guy.
He wasn't in my life.
He never held me in his arms
In times of childhood strife.

I never heard a word of praise
Heaped upon his name.
Only of his escapades
And all his ugly shame.



Years passed by; my heart grew cold--
Somewhere my dashing father
Was slowly growing old.

Years passed, I wondered--
Just where he went astray.
Despite it all, I longed to see
My father--just one day!

And then one day I realized
That maybe he hurt, too.
Perhaps, sometimes, he thought of me
Yet wondered what to do.

I shelved my pride,
Forgave my Dad.
I welcomed him,
And I was glad.

No, daddy wasn't perfect;
He failed in his own way.
And, yet, I knew I loved him
When I met him one day.


It's not my place to judge,
Nor say, "His sins are great."
Forgiveness still is possible,
Although it may come late.

I may not call him "special,"
But he created me.
He is my blood--my father!
Forgiveness set me free.

I think my father loved me
All those long, long years;
And though it was in private,
He, too, has shed some tears.

And now somewhere in Heaven,
I know my father lives,
Because He's not like humans,
I know the Lord forgives.

He understood my father--
God loves in spite of all.
Before he left this earth, I'm sure
My father heard God's call.



As childhood leaves the heart of man
He finds new roles to play.
And wants and needs become
Confused within each working day.

He's born to love and serve the Lord,
Yet cannot conquer sin--
His prize becomes the self-esteem
He gains from other men.

His mirror shows the worries
The years have cost him dear.
Success has failed to keep him
Safe from daily fear.

He seeks the child within him,
Simplicity he knew.
Then slowly realizes
The damage life can do.

And then he stops and listens--
A little voice within.
God knows his every moment,
And knows his every sin.

He knows the days he toiled
Pleasing those around...
He saw his feet go sliding
On not so solid ground.

And though his childhood passes
And days can seem so drear,
Success through all our ages,
Occurs when God is near.

The Child Within Us

August 28, 2015

We just need to beckon,
And bow before His grace.
For He will shine his glory
Upon our eager face.

God's will is not always easy.
We grown-ups often stray,
If we have faith as children
He will lead the way.

Simplicity is waiting
If I but make a start,
For somewhere in my being--
A child lives in my heart.

Bless Your Grown Children

November 17, 1992

Lord

Bless Your grown-up children,
So busy here on earth.
Help us to remember
You cherish every birth.
From You we've gained each blessing
Each favor we have won
To You we give all the glory
For good we may have done.
Bless Your grown-up children,
We're bustling on our way.
And in our pride and stature
We speak before we pray.
We want and need to please You
We love each other here.
Oh! Guide us when we wander
In ignorance and fear.
Lead us to Thy wisdom,
We're brothers in Your eyes.
Shake our spirits gently,
That we may realize.
You color every flower
And teach the birds to fly.
For You hear every believing brother,
Bless him, oh Lord, and I.

Self-Esteem

September 20, 1993

A person is created by God

Who dwells above.

Shaped and formed to blossom

Through faith, hope, and love.

As he grows, he listens
He learns some lessons well.
He crawls, then walks,
Then chatters ...
He learns to read and spell.

As years pass, he sets goals
He thinks that he will reach.
He meets the disappointments
Which circumstances teach.

Whatever life can offer
This child of God will seek.
His journey may be sunny
Some days may seem so bleak.

He'll find that what glitters
Is often phony gold;
Sometimes he will discover
The lies he has been told.

And in the maze, he'll falter--
Perhaps confuse his mind.
His self-esteem can suffer
As he seeks, but cannot find.

Self-esteem is paramount
To life in modern days.
Adaption is imperative--
The leaning of new ways.

For some this task seems easy,
Yet others falter so.
They need someone to love them
When they are feeling low.

If God has formed
And shaped man after
HIS own image, true!
Then, surely, He's a "mender."
Of both me and you!

The Spirit

September 25, 2015

*Alive within my spirit
Remains one youthful thought--*

Earth yet offers loved ones
And fun and smiles are free,
I look into the mirror
Saying "This is me!"

Must I leave the people
Who criticize and maim,
Must I leave the people
Who pile my heart with blame?

This is me without the role
The self esteem I sought.
For now I am much older
And know what can't be bought.

The child within my spirit
Demands I start anew.
For life has taught a lesson
And I have made it through.

Simplicity is waiting
If I but make a start,
For somewhere in my being--
A child lives in my heart.

Through the worthy moments--
And times that weren't so good,
The many times I've fallen
When once again I stood.

Shall I trust this newness
That I have come to see?
Shall I love the person
I slowly came to be?

The child within my spirit
Speaks to me today.
He says, "Your God is with you,
He will show the way."

*So, now I stand so proudly,
I know He loves me dear;
Tomorrow is inviting...
My soul is free of fear.*

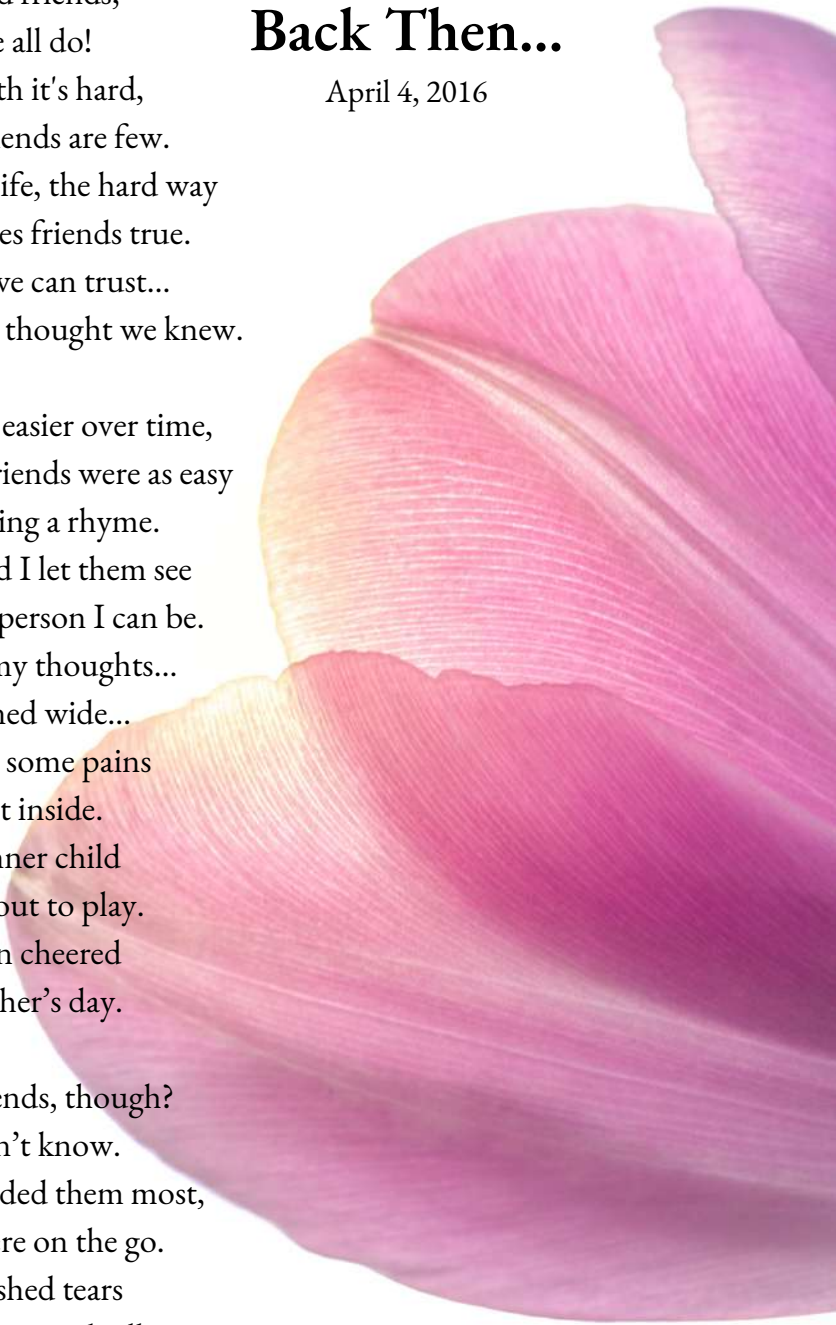
I need friends,
We all do!
In youth it's hard,
When friends are few.
We learn in life, the hard way
What makes friends true.
Friends we can trust...
And, those we thought we knew.

I wish it got easier over time,
I wish good friends were as easy
As making a rhyme.
Like a child I let them see
The funny person I can be.
I shared my thoughts...
I opened wide...
Showed some pains
I felt inside.
My inner child
Came out to play.
I often cheered
Another's day.

Some friends, though?
I didn't know.
When I needed them most,
They were on the go.
In unshed tears
I chose to stand tall--
You see, they
Weren't real friends after all.

Back Then...

April 4, 2016



This Day

No date Recorded

Today I read the Bible
I pondered on His word.
His love is everlasting
Forgiveness is assured.
If we are truly sorry
For days we've gone astray,
If now we give Him glory
Reach out our arms to pray.
He is ever near me
His Spirit in my soul.
I ask His love forever
For Heaven is my goal.

The Journey

November 11, 2009



I have walked a long journey,
I have run a long path.
I have crawled in darkness--
And danced in sweet sunlight cast.
In peace I've known honor,
I've kissed and I've hugged;
I've whispered and screamed;
I've laughed and I've shrugged.
Oh, listen my child--
My wisdom upon the throne.
Oh, listen my dear child--
Yet follow your own.
Wander your path,
Name it as you wish.
You'll too learn,
Life is heartache and bliss.
I'm not all knowing,
Though, I am old,
One thing for certain,
For God, I am bold.
Still much I don't understand,
I sit and I muse.
For past days of laughter,
And past days of blues.
All was a journey; hey--
Wasn't all bad!
I did what I did.
I had what I had.



Life has its promise
And more days to live...
I'm sure I have blessings
That still I may give.
Yea, still I have blessings,
Amid busy days.
Still have my laughter
And blues pass away.
Yea, still I shall journey
Along daily roads,
My shoulder is heavy
I share others' loads.
I give and I share
I try to be kind,
Forgetting the blows
I fling far behind.
My body is broader
My heart is still strong;
And still I utter
The joy of a song.
Oh, how the years have
Altered my mind,
I toss all those memories
And leave them behind.
Today is a present
God's been oh so good.
To Him be the glory;
I did what I could.

Dare

Jan. 17, 2019

I dare not say the way I feel
This day I wonder--
Is life real?

I dare not mention any fears
Nor shall I mention
Long, long years...
I dare not say I feel so sad.
In this life...

Must I always act so glad?

I dare not be a soul today

Who sheds a tear

And aches this way.

Thru many years I wondered, too

Where is the reward

For the good we do?

I dare not say, or think, or feel

Life can be harsh

And that's what's real.

Stand up, pretend, play a role--

Today is just one day

Hold tight hope for tomorrow.

Act, pretend--plan your day

And then ignore

What others say.

Cause in the end, life's just a ride--

Keep head high

So closely cover what's inside.

Play the role, act the part--

Give protection

To your heart.

Hard Times

May 25, 2019

Lord,

Thank you for the hard times,
The times of doubt and fear--
For arms of the Holy Spirit
That reach and hold me dear.

I tremble and I worry;
Do others even care?
Then I feel Your spirit
Lead my heart to prayer.
Thy Holy Word is ever
Planting many seeds.
Powerful and present
Our Lord will fill my needs.

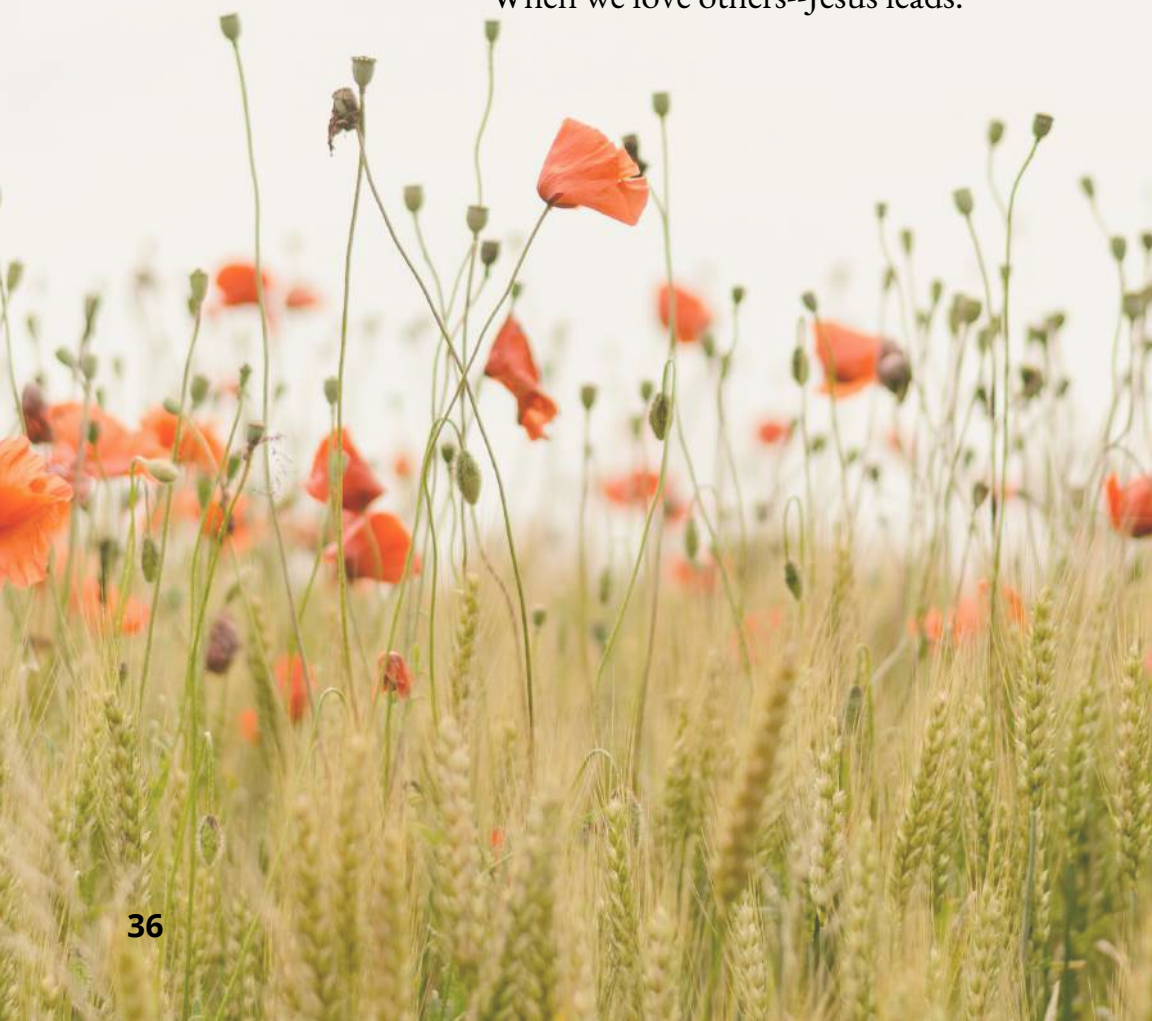
Knocking at my threshold
Finally reaching in--
To lift away the sad times,
And save me from my sin.
I must not dread the mishaps
And shaky days ahead...
My Savior left His Spirit
He banishes my dread.

Little Deeds

August 21, 1974

A word of praise,
An outstretched hand;
Or just to say--
"I understand."

To recognize a soul in need...
And dare to plant one tiny seed.
A little seed in someone's heart,
Inspiring him to make a start!
Just simply saying, "Friend, I care,"
Floods warmth into a heart's despair!
Tho' we may pass off little deeds,
When we love others--Jesus leads.



My Friend So Dear

July 2020

She sat in silence, perhaps at rest,
I entered slowly; as her guest.
My friend, I uttered; how are you, dear?
A smile to share; a bit of cheer.
Oh, I am fine, she says to me...
Yet, she's not fine, it's plain to see.
She has life upon her mind;
Joyful days she left behind.
She grants a smile and hug this day.
Two years have passed with us this way.
I loved this friend; we shared so much,
She gave my day a special touch.
Memories, memories, she loved to say:
We were lovely in our day...
We talked the past--
The joys of fun and motherhood,
We laughed as we remembered
We gave the memories all we could.
Often, as I'm leaving
The small room where she lives,
I think of warmth this visit gives.
She and I had much to share--
I count her friendship
Pure and rare!
I thank the Lord that I was here
For fellowship with my friend, dear.

August 9, 2020

She was old at
Ninety-seven,
I know she lives with
God in Heaven.
For my dear friend
Has left this earth,
God knows her
Precious worth.
I know she's happy
Far above,
Wrapped in Jesus'
Tender love.
I miss her smile,
Her special way--
I pray we meet
With God someday.

The Tunnel

November 28, 2018

My life is like a tunnel
I'm coming to the end.
My illness daily hurts me
I dare not tell a friend.

I smile and act the comic

I say I do just fine;

My illness is progressing

I dare not fuss and whine.

For I look bright

And happy

My steps may seem

So snappy.

Why should I share my feelings?

Others go their way--

I shall save my sorrow

For yet another day.

I wish somewhere, just someone

Would call or ask my fate.

I give my love so early

The world gives it late.

Doctor, Doctor

Doctor, Doctor,
Help me, please!
I wet my pants
Each time I sneeze.

My womb is gone,
Gallbladder, too.
Oftentimes I feel so blue.

My teeth went bye bye
This past year...
But now I smile big
With no fear.

Bifocals gave my age away
They made me dizzy...
Made me sway.

And then the knees began to go--
Athletic years began to show.

And yet I focused on my best--
The still thick hair
With which I'm blessed.

The day when it turns snowy white,
May I accept it without a fight!

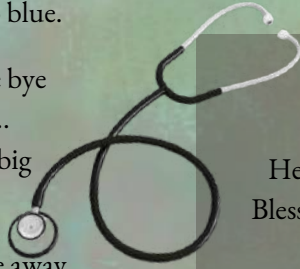
For now, Dear Doctor, when I'm ill
Remember I will do your will.
Cholesterol: I'll watch my eggs--
Exercise will help my legs.

Vitamins I'll daily take,
And Estrogen when I awake.
Calcium is my domain
Though I can't remember
My own name.

Nov. 2, 1998

So, Dear Doctor, healer--Man.
We women do the best we can.
We put on makeup; fix our hair;
We mothers--your profession share.

Doctor: we are young at heart--
We pray for you; you do your part.



Epilogue

January 2, 2019

Here I am at seventy-five
Bless my soul; I'm still alive!

Short and straight

A trifle bent--

I wonder where

My friends all went.

Some have moved so far away

Others died one sunny day.

My legs might cramp;

My feet get sore...

Cold breezes enter

Through my door.

Summer oh summer--

Come my way,

So this old gal

Can once more play.

Oh yes today I feel my age.

My house is feeling

Like a cage.

Hurry God; I need the sun.

I'm hoping soon

To have some fun.

Yes, here I am at seventy-five,
Still a bit of a grouch and still alive.



Random Thoughts of Life

November 28, 2018

Some days life seems a
Struggle...
My mind is filled with fear--
I bow my head and say
This little prayer.

Oh, Lord I need Thee!
Please linger near.
May joy command this day,
May I let you steer.

May through me
Your love shine bright!
Help me live Thy way,
Lead me to what's right.

Spare me from the fear
When I am feeling low--
For struggle is a blessing;
It often helps me grow.



A Humble Heart

December 1, 1973

Lord,
Help me have a humble heart
Let me not walk in pride,
But cleanse my heart of worldliness
That Thee might dwell inside.

Lord, help me have a humble heart,
Put my desires aside--
Remembering the sacrifice
Through which our Savior died.

Help me bear that which I must,
And daily place in Thee my trust.

For, Lord, my mind is weak
To find the answers that I seek.

I feel the stresses day by day,
As I try to go Thy way.
I look behind with deep regret,
At all the crises I have met.

Lord, if only I had called Thee then,
And cast on Thee my fears within.
I would have had Thee by my side,
To give me courage when I tried.

My past mistakes thru Thee I shed.
With faith renewed, I look ahead.

I offer all, once more to be
Living newly, Lord, for Thee.

On Wings

October 9, 2015

On wings I soar so high, so high--
Into the blueness of the sky.
Caressing clouds of purest white,
Embracing heavens in my flight.

Could that be the shining sun?
Aglow with rays so strong to stun,
I feel my soul, so small, so dear--
Burst forth in happy songs to hear.

Oh could that be the shining wave
Of ocean far below--so brave?
Its hidden treasures do not show,
Nor let the human being know.

I dive and soar above the tree.
Is that an eagle passing me?
On wings I soar and then I sigh,
To this lovely dream I say goodbye.

Yet I will sleep and dream once more,
Of such journeys I adore.
For now I rise to my day's worth--
My life upon God's lively earth.

Heartbreak

Nov. 23, 2014

How can I face this heartbreak
My body's but a shell;
Pretending I am human
Pretending I am well.
I feel so dead and empty
Nothing matters much;
All in life's illusion
There is no loving touch.
Thru many years I struggled
And tried to be so good;
And to those dear to me
I gave the love I should.
Or when I thought I loved them,
did I fail in it all?
Was my life so perplex
That I deserve this fall?
I'm lost in weary thought--
Where are the answers I seek?
I lift my hands to you Lord!
Some days I feel so weak.
I do the only thing that feels
Yet to be unshaken.
I open my Bible and to His Word;
Let me be taken!

Today I'm washing windows
For fingerprints I see.
A precious mark of
childhood--
A masterpiece for free.

Each perfect little thumbprint
Some folks would call a mess.
But, every little finger
I ask the Lord to bless.

Bless my active grandkids
Their art and noisy play.
Their silly little giggles
Are welcome any day.

Their "art" is always welcome
Each time they visit here.
Once more I'll bend
and clean them--
For grandkids are so dear.

Fingerprints

September 26, 2006



The Turtle's Life

February 20, 2000

The turtle's life is ever so easy;

He goes in his house

When weather is breezy.

The turtle is calm, and ever so slow;

He seldom gets angry,

But--he'll let you know.

Mess with his shell, disturbing his bliss,

Don't be surprised--

He'll give you a HISS.

Although he likes comfort, irritates none,

He's not happy when children

Decide he's fun.

Sometimes a dog will toss him around,

He hates the loud bark--

The sharp yippy sound.

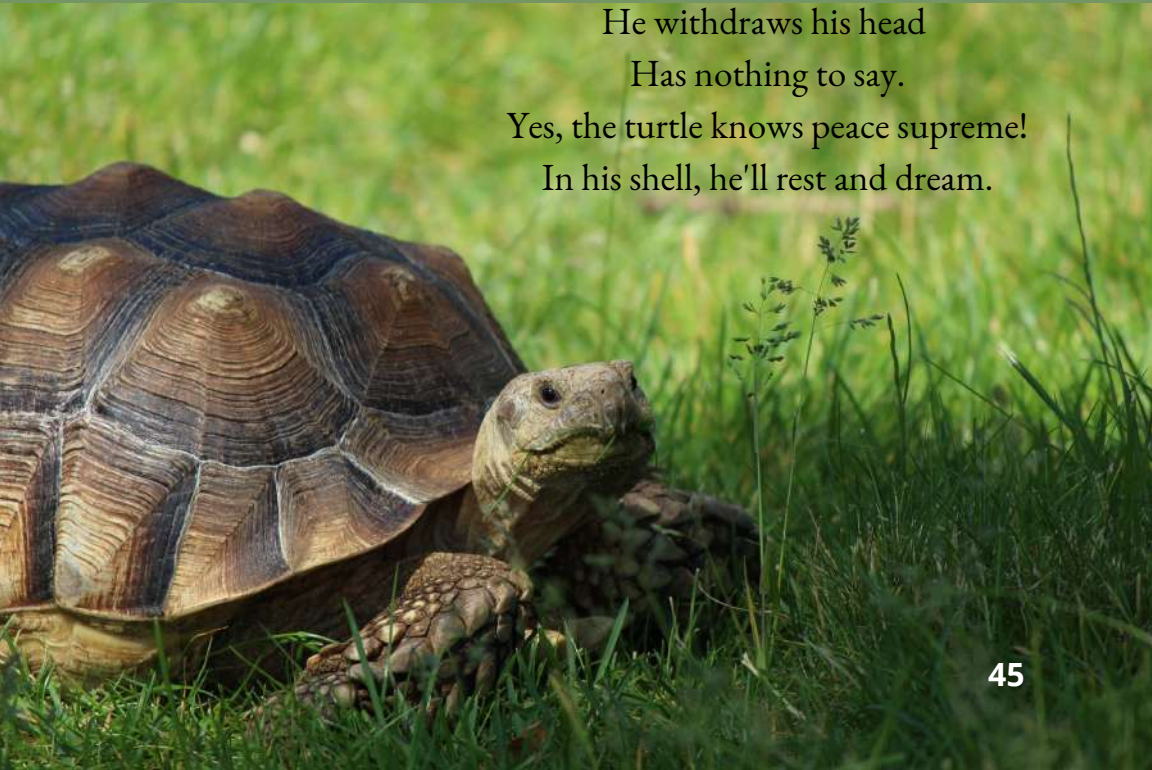
Sometimes a cat invites him to play;

He withdraws his head

Has nothing to say.

Yes, the turtle knows peace supremel!

In his shell, he'll rest and dream.



Bless My Little Grandchild

June 13, 2002

Bless my little grandchild
Two pony tails awhirl
Playing in a puddle--
My dainty little girl.

Bless this little magpie
Repeating this and that...
Clip clop go my tennis shoes,
She loves my brand-new hat.

Bless her when she's sassy--
So small, and yet so tough.
I squelch an urge for laughter
And I call her little bluff.

My home is topsy turvy--
Oh Lord, I love the mess,
For she is worth a fortune,
I bow in thankfulness.

For all the worldly treasures
I've polished every day,
Have never hugged and kissed me
Or tugged my hand to play.

She's Made it All Worthwhile

December 2013

She dances on wings of grace,
So breezy and so light.
She kicks her legs so high
And then she lands just right.
I love to look upon her face
And thank the Lord above,
That He has been so generous
In giving me her to love.
She leaves her room real messy,
Teenagers often do...
In things that really matter--
We know she will come through.
Across the stage she fluttered
So light upon her feet.
Her toe shoes danced the music
Of Tchaikovsky's age old suite.

On stage the stiff nutcracker
Flitted here and there,
And then the graceful angels--
Each with upswept hair.
On wings of grace our grandchild
Made us oh so proud!
Our eyes glistened and sparkled
Before the gathered crowd.
And then the evening ended,
And hugs went all around.
Our breezy little teen girl,
Once more on solid ground.
We will always love her
In every single way,
In our minds *forever* will be this day.
Years do pass and
Someday she will be grown.
We shall have this memory
Her youth has gaily shown.
Dancers, smiles and laughter
Flutter here and there...
Our very own granddaughter,
We were oh so blessed to share.



This New Grandchild

October 26, 2021

A child was born, small and dear,
I cuddled him gently, and held him near.
This new grandchild, such a precious gift,
Just the sight of him and my spirits lift.

A baby boy, so cute and sweet,
Perfect fingers, tiny feet.

I loved him as he grew to be
A busy boy who laughed with me.

I'd smile when he'd act silly;
He's so smart--no surprise really.
Granddad bought him many toys,
And read him stories about little boys.

As time passed, he grew and grew,
Tall--grew the baby I once knew.

I loved him when he was small,
And even more at six feet tall.
May he turn to God when in despair,
And know that for him--
We'll always be there.

A young man now--
I wish him the best in life.
May he know more love
And peace--than strife.

Through all his upcoming days...
May the Lord be with him always.
Shining light upon his face,
Keeping him close and safe.



He Walks in Sunshine

July 10, 1989



He walks in sunshine
As bright as his shining hair.
Roses light his cheeks so fair.

His smile can brighten
And chase all gloom,
So small, and yet--
His sparkle fills a room!

He knows he's loved
And gives love in return.
He asks a million questions,
For there's so much to learn...

He's noisy, fun, and so *carefree*!
He knows that soon
He will be turning three!

As sunshine lights his
Hair so bright,
He romps and plays
Til early night.
Then, tired, sleepy--
He says: No Bed!
For cars and trucks
Are in his little head.

He walks in sunshine,
And plays with joy.
Enjoyed by all--
A little boy.

Laughter

March 22, 2017

Share a little laughter,
As you go along your way.
Sprinkle rays of sunshine,
On folks you meet today.
Somewhere, someone's waiting
To meet someone like you.
So share a little laughter,
And life will seem brand new.
Travel your own pathway--
Face crossroads without fear.
Sprinkle rays of sunshine,
On clouds that may appear.
Someone, somewhere needs you
To listen and to care...
Share a little kindness,
For hope dispels despair.
Share your bright smile daily,
Ignore the skies of gray.
For when we love another,
Dark clouds will fly away.
So, trip along, be merry--
Smile and laugh some more,
Sprinkle rays of sunshine--
On someone else's door.

Home

March 9, 2016

This is our home

Where we belong,

Beginning and end

Of nature's song.

Here we grew

And lived each day.

We would chatter--

Laugh and play.

Here we shared

Good food and more,

Grandkids welcome

At our door.

Dogs and cats gave

Love to all.

We faced each struggle

Then stood tall.

Years have passed,

And we will age--

The children grown

Embrace our life's stage.

Every day we know

God lives,

For we have known

The grace God gives.

This is our home,

Books scattered 'round,

Outside the weeds

Adorn our ground.

We thank

Our Savior--

We have known...

Laughter and love

Within this home.

May He give

Another day,

As we strive to live

In His way.

In this home

So many years of

Forgiveness, love--

And care,

All to Him we give thanks

For He was always there.

Our thanks

Are humble;

Our blessings more--

God is welcome

At our door.

Moods

October 24, 2018

When into morose moods I stray,
I don't foresee a brighter day.
When others seem to hurt my pride,
And I feel twisted all inside.

This is when my God I seek,
He is great, but I am weak.
No other friend is always there,
No other friend could ever care
In such a wise and tender way,
He wills me once again to play.

He loves me in my saddest thought,
For on the cross my soul He bought.
Often friends are hard to find,
I dream of days I've left behind.

But who am I
To dwell and think
For into sadness I then sink.
I give my everything to God above,
For He has taught us all
How to love!

When I feel unloved
I must not cry--
He didn't create me for
Self-pity and lies.
He knows what I cannot understand,
I render everything to his hands.

Let my song belie my heart
Which longs for a special word,
Let my smile deny my cry
With armor I must gird.
I hold my head a little high--
I fail and yet I try.
Why have I seemed to beg for love--
Few words have I received,
Why have I been so eager, too
When I was so deceived.
I hoped, I pleased, I tried so much--
Then rarely found a loving touch.
Too sensitive, too this too that.
Never made the score...
Just a person trying as I might
and nothing more.

Let my days of sincere intention
Be washed away with years.
In place of praise,
The world condescends
And cares not for my tears.
So let my song belie my heart,
For I've not long to live.
Years will pass and I alone
Will cherish what I give.
Somewhere, somehow,
I'll understand...
Forgive and let it go.
The reward is truly grand!
My smile--a happy little mask
My joy--each daily simple task.

The Mask

July 17, 2016

Let Go of Yesterday

February 21, 1983

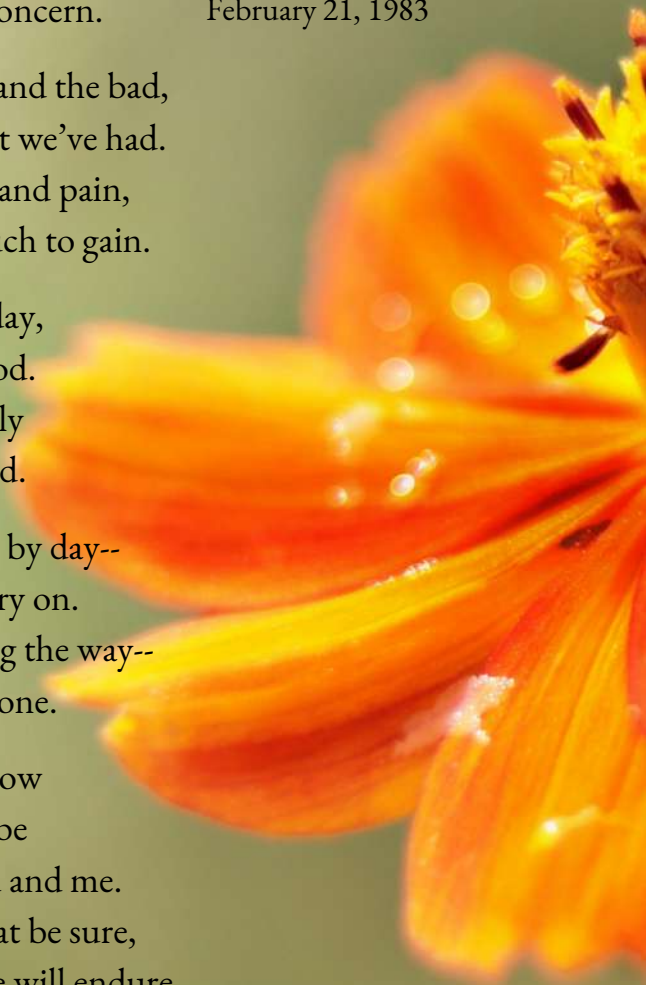
Let go of yesterday,
For it shall not return.
Let go of yesterday,
It's no longer your concern.

We can't relive the good and the bad,
We cannot dwell on what we've had.
Let go of errors, tears, and pain,
Enjoy today--there's much to gain.

Let go of yesterday,
It's gone for good.
Hang on to only
What we should.

For life continues day by day--
God wills us to carry on.
Spread some smiles along the way--
For yesterday is gone.

Fear not tomorrow
For there shall be
Grace enough for you and me.
The sun will rise, of that be sure,
And though we doubt, we will endure.





Courage

No Date Recorded

To stand erect with broken heart
To fail and strive again to start
To take life's pitfalls, week to week
And still have faith enough to seek
The shining moments, small and dear
That warm one's heart and summon cheer.

To face a challenge, though afraid
And make the choices to be made
To place oneself in others' shoes
Though in the process pride we lose
To say God's Will, not mine be done
And turn from shadow to the sun.

If in this life we seek this goal,
Courage shapes and makes us whole.



Wealth

July 18, 2018

Wealth can polish, make one new
Within its grasp we misconstrue--
Our time is taken with our greed,
We don't consider those in need.

Not ours to know one's saddest tale
Nor can we guess what made him fail.
We wander here, we wander there--
With those we love, we gladly share.

I'm a Christian so we say
I bow my head and daily pray.
My smart phone rests upon my ear...
I reach my friends tho' far or near.

Then if I have a word to say--
My fingers text and type away.
Wealth gives toys and gadgets, too.
The more we know--the less we do.

Education names the day;
We have no time to laugh or play.
Perhaps the status we may chase
Blurs a joy we can't replace--
The wonder of a loving face.

Pause and see the needy child,
For he is "Jesus" small and mild.
The stranger walking down the street,
May be the savior God has you meet.

For modern things cannot replace,
The sweetness of a loving face.

For if we die with gold galore,
In Jesus' home will dwell the poor.

For wealth means little at the Gate...
And God may say, "It's far too late."

Change

April 2015

Times are changing, so they say,
Modern knowledge rules the day.
Inventions great, inventions small,
Communications, most of all.
Education rules supreme,
Success in life is not a dream.
Children have so much to learn,
How prudently they must discern.
For with the changing times, you see,
Many options don't come free.
In gaining facts and growing wise,
Soon they come to realize...
Technology has come so far,
One never seems to be on par.
Embrace the present at its best,
Making time for peace and rest.
Two great merits from the past,
Throughout mankind--
Are here to last:
WISDOM & PATIENCE
Never change;
They light life's daily rugged range.
Today's advances can't replace--
The sweetness of a loving face.

Satan Went to Mass

Christmas 1990

Satan went to Midnight Mass
He paused beside the door.
The season took his energy;
His feet were tired and sore.
So many homes he'd entered!
So many hearts this year!
While clad in velvet glamour
He whispered doubt and fear.
With joy he'd watched
The money clink galore.
In malls all partied up--
And lines at the liquor store.
The whiskey bottles
Lined up in a row--
No-one heard his laughter
As he said, "I know...I know!"
The highways and the interstates
He'd traveled far and wide.
He planned for youthful drinkers
A last and fatal ride.
So, now he stood at Midnight Mass
With war upon his mind.
A blight upon the faithful
If weakness he could find.
Alas! He saw the people
Upon their knees so mild,
In prayerful birthday greetings
To Savior and Christ-child.

Then sadly he remembered
With shudder and a sigh...
His evil little efforts
In the nursing home nearby.
What a group of aged!
The withered and the lame...
What a strength, in weakness,
They rebuked his very name!
Their wisdom sent his spirit
To scurry for the door.
He'd found this faith and courage
For him too great a chore.
"Much easier--this pretty church,"
He willed them from communion,
Yet down the aisle they went
With Christ in sacred union
And heads in reverence bent.
Satan said, "I'll lose a few, I know.
In light of Jesus Eucharist,
My face I dare not show."
So, Satan went to Midnight Mass
And hissed upon the priest.
He'd busied up and down the aisle--
From old to very least.
When randomly he looked upon
The manger all aglow;
God's people sang "Oh Holy Night."
Satan's ears heard, "Go!"



Epilogue to
Satan Went to Mass

Christmas 2018

Satan came another year--
 America is feeling pain.
He planned to work oh so hard
 Our prayers shall be in vain.
He told them all God's mercy
 Has flown so far away,
 Tromping thru the churches
That's where he planned to stay.
He plants his doubt and fear,
 He thinks this is the year!
 He'll win for sure
And kill that which is pure.
 Hey there evil demon!
America's love will yet prevail!
 Behold our holy Savior--
 His Word is our protection,
God's promises shall not fail.

Then Satan chose another land
Somewhere across the sea...
Surely with the Muslims
He thought he had the key.
But God has love for them too
Just as our churches here,
For they are His creation
And God holds all dear.
Satan had to travel--
Once more so far and wide
To learn the many places
Our Savior does abide.
Away with Satan's efforts
Creation--**We Are One!**
God's grace will live forever,
Because He sent His Son.

Words of Wrath

November 13, 2015

In the silence of my heart
I wonder once anew
Why does man say cruel words
Excusing harm they do.
Why does man see eyes of pain
He caused without a thought
And then make up a reason for
The trouble he has wrought?
Move on past--leave behind.
Settle down, then just unwind.
For this is such the world will say
Forget these words and leave them lay.
Leave the past and let it die.
Hold head high and never cry.
Hurt someone right to the core,
Then make excuse and think no more.
But we aren't so tough--
Love is kind and never rough.
The Bible doesn't say move on by
But "Make amends or love may die."
Cruel words so prominent,
Cruel words so prevalent--
And yet that doesn't make them right.
We must face God in bed each night.
He comes to us in every prayer.
If He "moved on," would that be fair?

Critics

November 20, 1992

God bless the critics going strong
May their lives be rich and long.

Bless them every time
They find the slightest
Flaw left behind.

Bless the critics walking tall,
With hearts so big
Distracted by what's small.

Bring them goodness
Day by day,
And awareness of harsh
Words they say.

Dear God,
For everyone I pray,
As for me, please send
A stronger fool their way.
On their words so harsh,
I unfortunately meditate.

Some of us aren't
Built for a world
Comfortable with hate.

I love you

September 17, 2014

Three short words
That mean so much.

Pair them with
A gentle touch,
Share them with
A happy grin,
Whisper, sing it
Again, again,
Feel the words
From deep within.

With all the words

You daily say,
Make "I love you"

Here to stay.
Mother, Father,
Child or friend,
Feel these words
Again, Again.



Compare...

October 29, 1991

Which of us is holy?
Which of us is good?
Who has pleased the Master
In every way he should?
Everyone is different,
Yet loved in Jesus' eyes.
Each child of His has value
If he but daily tries...
To help someone in trouble,
Extend a kind hand,
Look beyond appearance--
And try to understand.
Everyone is different;
Lives life a different way--
Each deed of humble service
Is holy every day.
Jesus knows our motives,
He's God, He's Man, He's Christ!
His love is overwhelming;
He paid the highest price.
Man looks upon his brother,
Deciding who is best--
Not seeing that his own heart
May fail the Savior's test.

Ragged Man

April 21, 2017

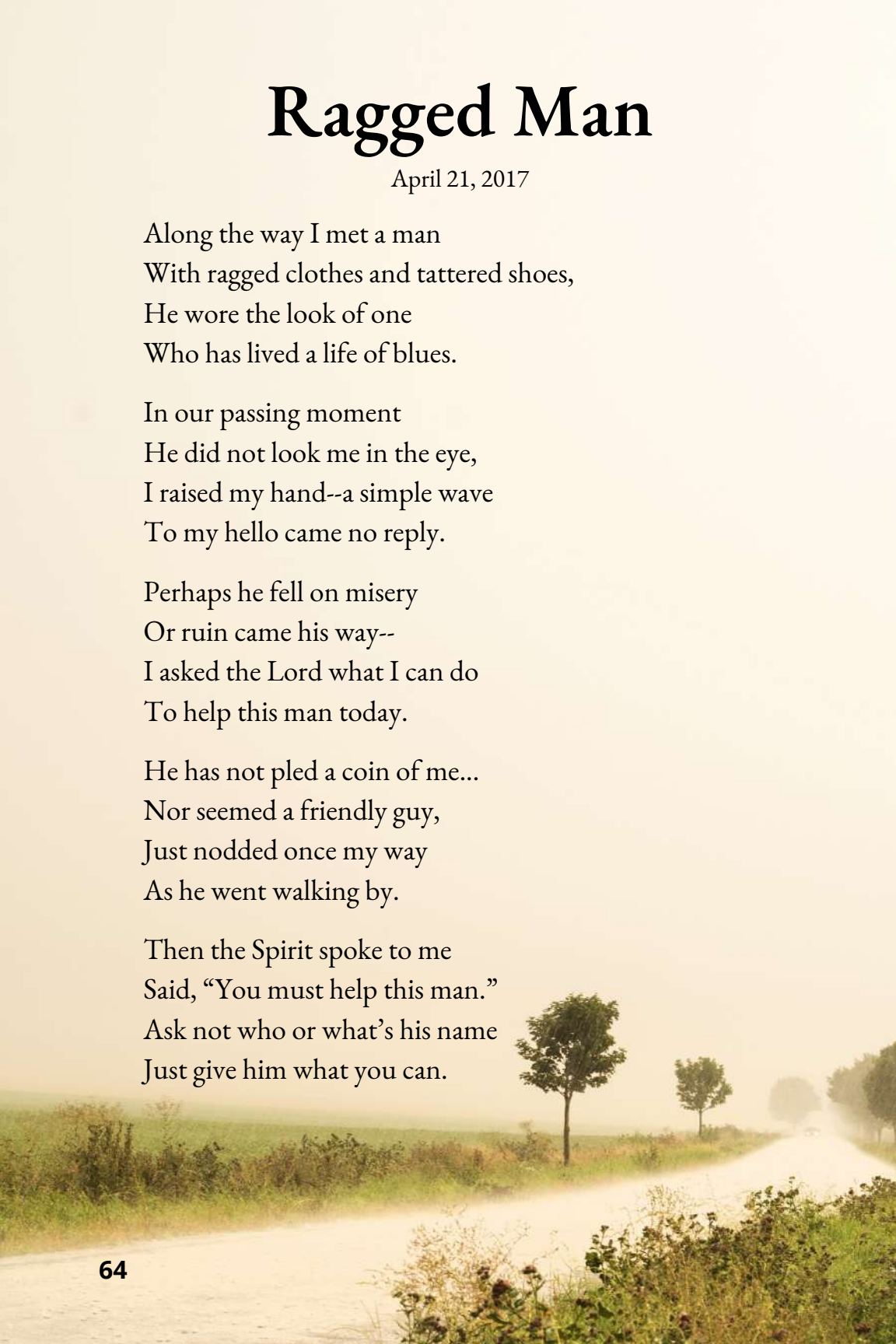
Along the way I met a man
With ragged clothes and tattered shoes,
He wore the look of one
Who has lived a life of blues.

In our passing moment
He did not look me in the eye,
I raised my hand--a simple wave
To my hello came no reply.

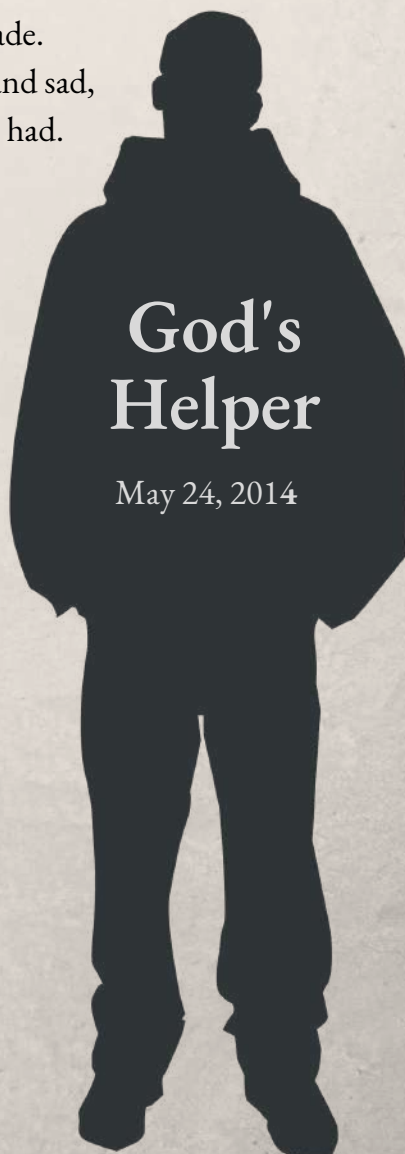
Perhaps he fell on misery
Or ruin came his way--
I asked the Lord what I can do
To help this man today.

He has not pled a coin of me...
Nor seemed a friendly guy,
Just nodded once my way
As he went walking by.

Then the Spirit spoke to me
Said, "You must help this man."
Ask not who or what's his name
Just give him what you can.



Four little creatures, tiny and blind
Growing in mommy--she's been left behind
Left in an alley - no food or aid
No dish of water or bed to be made.
Scrounging for food, expecting and sad,
Seeking just love, and none to be had.
One young man, also alone--
He, too, knows the meanness
That others can do.
You see, he's been exiled
And kicked around, too.
He bundles the kitty
All up in his arms,
Feeds her a meal
Protects her from harms.
Into his home, so small
Yet warm and secure,
He gives her his love
And kisses so pure.
And when the time comes,
He sees she does fine,
Four little babies
Are born at this time.
And kitties all grow,
As mommy grows fat,
God knew the person
To send this dear cat.
When babies grow big
He finds each a home,
Mommy returns
The love he has shown.



Now mommy is spayed,
Her children are raised,
A grand helper,
The one God has praised.



Who but God could make a bird
With thousand feathers
Strong and bright?
Who but God could make a bird,
And teach him how to rise in flight?
We see the blue jay, truest blue
Streaks of white are peeking through.
Who but God could make the cardinal
So brilliant red, and standing strong--
His "pretty pretty" warbled song?
The little sparrow hops around,
Seeking insects on the ground.
Only God has brought the fun
Of birds and trees and summer sun.
And those who doubt and agonize
Need only look to realize,
It takes a power greater than
Simple woman, simple man.

Who But God

October 2, 2015



My friend

November 26, 2003

Years ago I made a friend
Who filled my youthful heart.
Precious days drifted by,
We vowed to never part.

How could I know this joy
And my everlasting grin--
Quiet moments often turned
To playful, silly, spin on spin.

Disappointments weren't as hard,
Nor triumphs quite so high.
We found a cuddle between us--
warm, sweet and cozy,
Where joy and contentment lie.

As our house emptied, you and I
had more time to chat,
I thank the Lord every day
For the love of my dear cat.



Little Kitty, I Love You

March 2, 2020



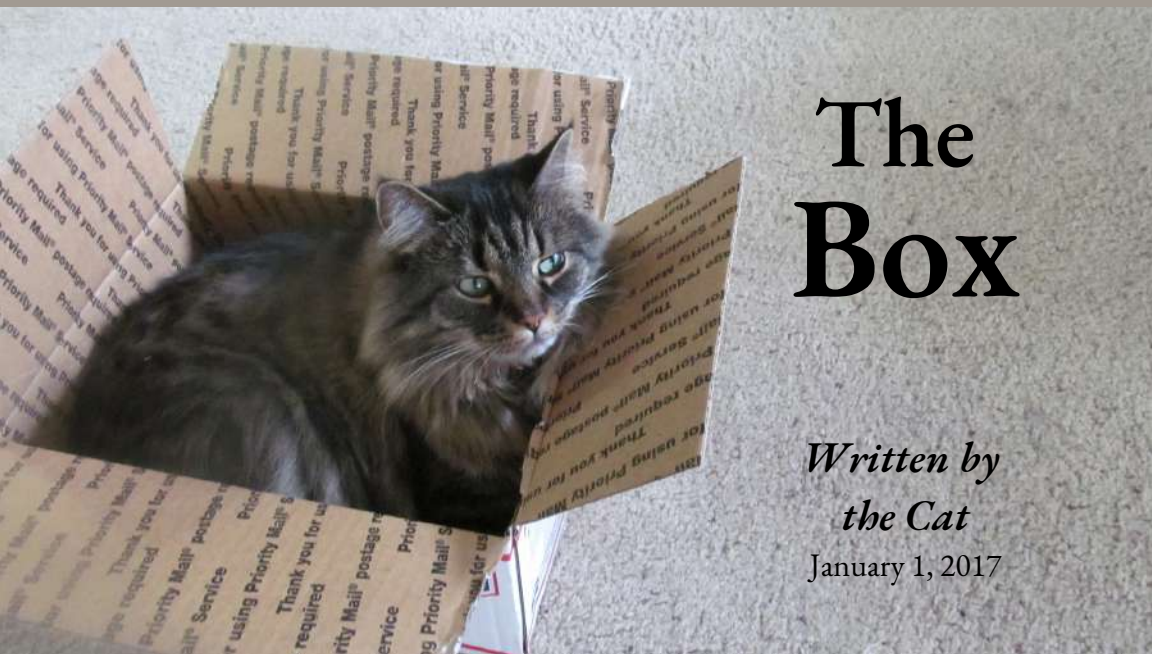
I love this little kitty
Her brightest, greenest eyes.
I rub her ears and forehead
She's special--so pretty:
My darling feline prize.

We found her in a shelter,
Sitting in a cage.
Not so big a kitty
Ten little weeks of age.

She was so very tiny
Yet romped and climbed
Each chair.
The older cat, Sylvester--
Wished she wasn't there.

He growled and hissed
And chased her--
She wouldn't go away,
So, then he just decided
To join in her play.

How I love both kitties,
They fill my day with fun.
One I call my daughter.
The other is my son.



The Box

*Written by
the Cat*

January 1, 2017

*This is my house,
the proud cat said.
I've made it my own--
This box is my bed.
No room for my brother,
Mama's dear boy.
He may go play
With the bouncy cat toy.
For I am the female
With thick, pretty fur...
Elite of the world--
Of that I am sure.
My pretty white brother,
With black here and there,*

*Stretches his body
On mama's new chair.
But, this is my box,
I like it so much.
I give it my scent,
I give it my touch.
Here I will sit 'til food
Draws my soul--
I leap from my haven,
And run to my bowl.
Here I will share
With Mama's cat son--
Alas, there he goes.
My box he has won!!*

Harmony

– *Springtime Joy*

May 26, 2019

The redbird sings his melody
A sparrow lends its harmony...

All the world is sunny bright

Filling hearts with peace...

Suddenly a jay takes flight.

Rabbit sits in stillness there

She resists my solemn stare.

Leaves aruffle in the air

Grass now blankets

Ground once bare.

Song of springtime's melody:

I feel so humble--light and free.

Who created such a glow?

Who has taught my heart to know?

A power greater high above

Lending earth a springtime love.





Reflection

May 8, 2013

I love the springtime
The colors bright.
The scent of trees;
A balmy night.
I count my Irises,
Azaleas alive,
My peony buds
So far--just five.
Peony blooms
So pink! So big!
More dirt I will need
This fresh bed I dig.
That primrose is ready
To burst forth in yellow.
There wanders my cat
A nosy young fellow.
I wander the yard,
So quiet is dawn.
The mole has been busy,
Destroying my lawn.
Ho hum, I say...
I still love the spring,
The beauty of color,
The song of a bird,
I know now the tune,
But never the word.
Soon more will happen,
This season is dear
Surely my Savior
Is sharing my cheer.

Lord,
I come to You this morning
With gratitude and praise.
I thank You for the springtime,
With bright and sunny days.
I hear the mother robin chirp
Within the maple tree;
Though we've tried to catch him,
The mole is running free.
I come to You this morning
Because I "think" too much.
Yet, just outside my window--
I see Your simple touch.
Lord, You care for baby cardinals,
And renew our grass to green.
Everywhere is evidence--
Thy artistry is seen.
We seek an easy way;
But as I view Thy handiwork,
I trust in Thee today.
I place my tears and happiness
Within Thy tender care.
With all my heart I offer Thee
This trembling little prayer:
Oh, make my heart as simple
As You would have it be.
With the birth of springtime
Renew and freshen me. *Amen.*



Springtime Prayer

April 25 1988

I Pause

March 14, 2018

I pause in my dreaming
This early spring morn--
To thank Him for the present
And the day I was born.

I ponder the glory, His Heavenly touch.
My blessings are many--I love Him so much!
I look to the Heavens where God surely lives,
And glory in sunlight so freely He gives.
God, the painter, divine artist true--
Each of his creatures, he gave special hue.

Soon insects will scurry; birds will then hop
Along Maple branches so high up on top.
How wondrous the chatter
Of small chickadee,
I think a red cardinal is singing for me.
The colors of life abundantly clear,
Life is so precious--and God is so near.

Once more I reflect: I greet this new day.
Along with the wildlife I follow His way.
Flowers are budding; birds seek a mate.

I bow from my musing;
My chores growing late.

I face the day gladly--I eagerly face
Each little challenge in life's busy race.
I treasure this moment; I'm glad I am here.
God must be smiling, for life is so dear.

April Mornings

April 16, 2019

The flutter on the clothesline
My sheet is soaring high...
A lonely crow comes hopping
Above a blue jay's cry.
How I love this morning,
The sky so brightly blue.
I pause and speak to Jesus...
He joins this happy moment--
With strength and love anew.
God made the little sparrow,
He taught each bird to sing.
Even in my garden--
He holds me 'neath His wing.
How I love the springtime!
There's music in my heart,
For earth and God are with me,
My treasure is the knowledge
That we shall never part.
Even a simple grass blade
I admire along the way.
Joy comes in little quivers
God granted me this day.
I love Him so this morning
For giving me this thought
Most of all for dying--
For then my soul He bought.

April Thoughts

April 19, 2020

The squirrels are in high spirits

The birds so chirpy loud,

The sky is calmly blue

With near a fluffy cloud.

Spring is urging forth

With buds upon each tree,

All across the garden

Are weeds awaiting me.

Iris are so vivid

A bright and pretty sight,

And oh how blue the jay

With breast of snowy white.

My very human nature

Is awed at all I see...

For I am sure a Savior

Created this for me.



A Summer Day

July 8, 2020

The sky is so blue;
The clouds fluffy white.
One cloud was so lovely,
Framed in sunlight.
I paused at its sight...
Who painted this cloud?
And touched it with gold...
Who colored the sky?
With blueness so bold!
My ear hears the song
Somewhere in a tree--
Could that be a red bird
Singing to me?
So right and so peaceful--
This hot summer day.
Surely my Savior
Has led me this way.
I think of the beauty,
He urged me to see...
A bright summer day
God fashioned for me!
How I love Jesus
He leads me to pray
I tell Him I'm happy
This bright summer day.

The Virus --a meditation

July 22, 2020

Summer oh summer--
So quiet this year.
Illness prevails
In a land filled with fear.
Friends full of hope
Caring for others...
Children are children,
Clinging to mothers.

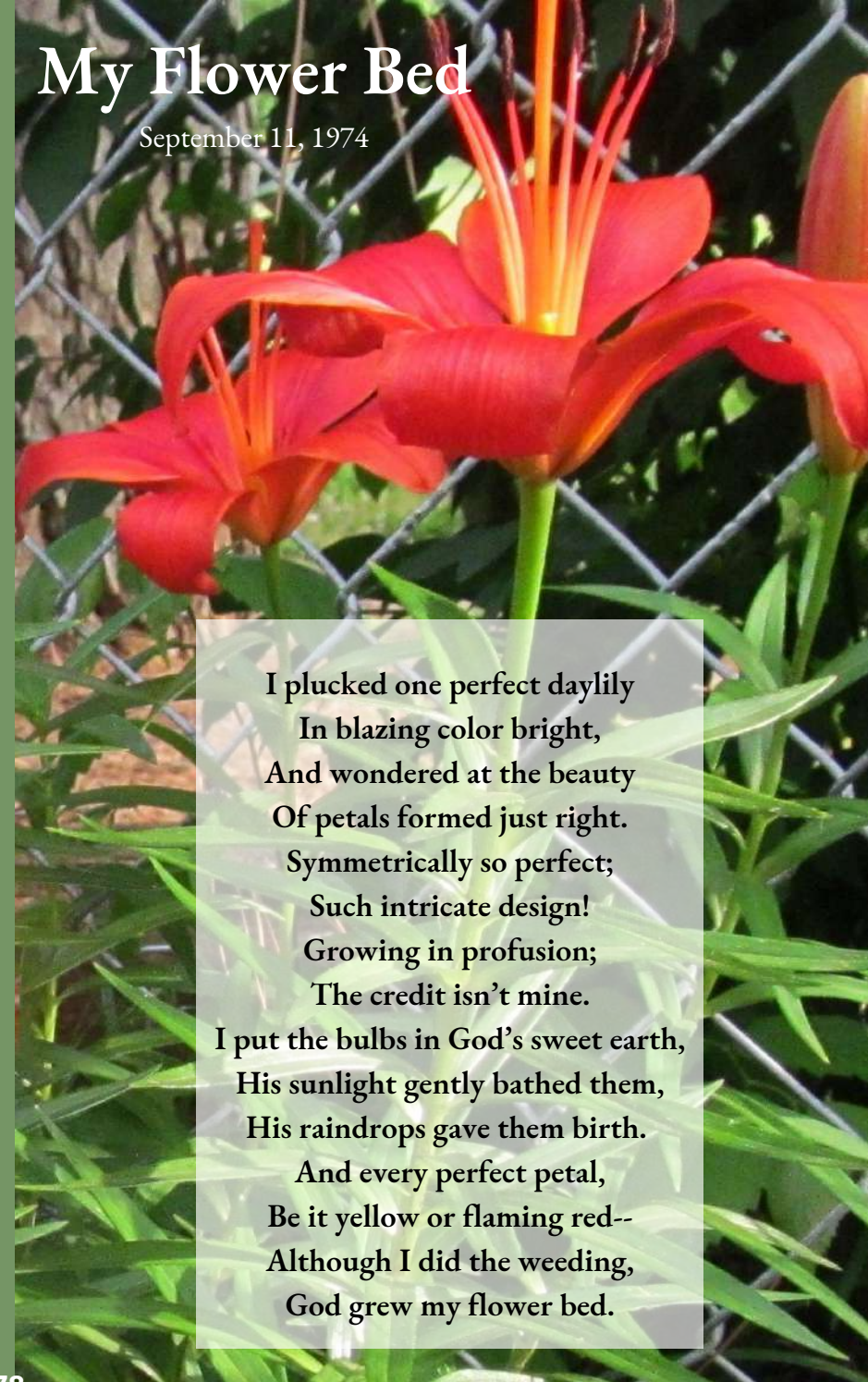
Summer oh summer--
Still shining so bright.
Crickets still call
In velvet of night.
Summer oh summer--
Embracing our land...
Forests have trees
And beaches have sand.

I look to the sky
Bow my tired head...
As nighttime approaches,
I climb in my bed.
Praying for summer
To lighten our load
A cure for this virus
Somewhere down the road.

Strength and forbearance--
America needs these.
Abandon our worries
And fall to our knees.
For God is our pillar
And refuge we crave.
In His dear arms
Our faith will be brave.

My Flower Bed

September 11, 1974



I plucked one perfect daylily
In blazing color bright,
And wondered at the beauty
Of petals formed just right.
Symmetrically so perfect;
Such intricate design!
Growing in profusion;
The credit isn't mine.
I put the bulbs in God's sweet earth,
His sunlight gently bathed them,
His raindrops gave them birth.
And every perfect petal,
Be it yellow or flaming red--
Although I did the weeding,
God grew my flower bed.



My Flowers

October 11, 2020

Bright yellow marigolds

Impatiens aglow

Patiently living

For summer's last show.

Flaming in color

Mums blooming, too--

Buttons of bachelors

Cloaked in bright blue.

A zinnia collection

In colors so tall,

Announce a beginning

A slight chill of fall.

Some of the birdies

Preparing to go

Wherever they winter,

I really don't know.

I shall be missing

My flowers so bright,

Too soon I retire

On dark winter night.

And wake in the morning

To grass cloaked in white.

Yet, I will remember

The time of each day

I walked with my flowers

That guided my way.



August Days

August 2018

These are dog days, so people say
Despite the heat, the squirrels play.
Blue jays swoop from leafy trees,
While valiantly I seek a breeze.
Golder rays alight the sky,
Fluffy clouds go drifting by.
As sunshine gleams so yellow bright,
Crickets wait for starry night.
Flowers nod in dry despair,
The garden nearly bare.
Weeds are sprouting, all around--
And moles are busy underground.
Slowly, slowly creeps my kitty boy;
My panther seeks a mousey toy.
Within confine of cool, cool air,
Lies my daughter in her chair.
She, too, is feline--full of grace,
With Tiger stripes and pretty face.
All is well, our lives so blessed.
Life goes on, the world at rest.
Praise for dog days as they say.
Pause and savor this precious day.
Human's art is ne'er so great.
As that which God did create.
I praise His glory, then I sigh,
For time is passing slowly by.
Despite the heat, my chores await--
Dog days make me dream of much
But, I have deeds that need my touch.

Farewell to Summer

September 30, 2019

Red leaves are falling
Birds will depart,
Summer's sweet songs
Remain in my heart.
Mockingbird fledglings
Have flown far away,
Blue jays and sparrows
Are likely to stay.
Squirrels visit often
Hopping around,
Looking for peanuts
I throw on the ground.
The primrose and daisies
Prepare for deep sleep.
Under the soil,
The tulips will keep.
Promising glory
When once more the call,
Of spring's golden sunshine
Beckons to all.
God is the author
Of nature so grand,
All things so lovely
Begin in His hand.

I look back with pleasure
At sunshine so bright,
And listen for crickets
That sang through the night.
Each tiny reminder
Of nature so grand,
Speaks of a Savior
The work of His hand.
I pause in my footsteps
To praise every season,
For all His creations
Our God has a reason.

Autumn

September 8, 1993

As summer turns to autumn
My heart awaits its pleasure,
 Anticipating color
 Exploding in full measure.
 As zinnias slowly die,
And black-eyed susans bend,
The first leaves start to scatter
 And float upon the wind.
The mounds of mums in purple
 Are opening once more,
 With promise of their glory
 New beauty is in store.
Soon the trees will dress up
 In yellow, orange, and red;
Replacing summer's flowers--
 For this year they are dead.
As autumn brings its pleasure,
 And winter takes its place,
I'll find myself out raking,
 This year--a slower pace.
For as the season changes
I find I'm changing, too...
I'm slowly growing older...
 Observing life anew.

Autumn is Here

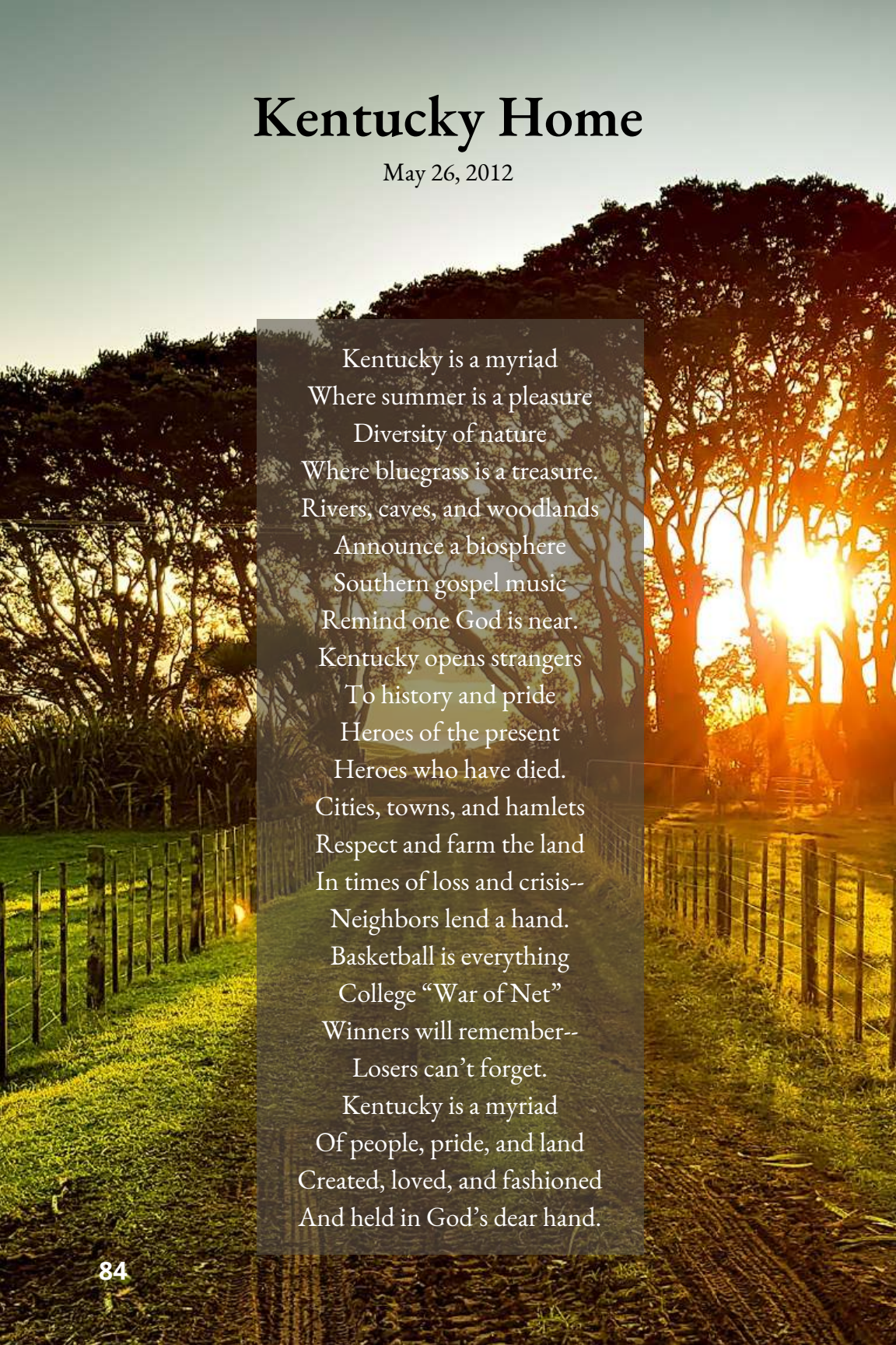
September 25, 2019

All are preparing
For winter's chill days,
Though still I shall see
The redbirds and 'jays.
 Quiet, so quiet
The white snow shall be,
 Beckoning, calling--
 Calling to me.
 Today is autumn,
Red, orange, and brown.
I listen to autumn's sound.
I wade through its leaves,
All piled on the ground.
 Admiring the glory,
 For colors abound.

There's chill every day,
The crackle of leaves
My young squirrels play.
I shall miss summer
With bright daily sun.
I will remember
Each day for its fun.
Delicate flowers
I planted with care.
Soon our maples
Will proudly be bare.
Pines that were planted
Stand tall and so proud,
Holding a crow
Whose voice is so loud.

Kentucky Home

May 26, 2012



Kentucky is a myriad
Where summer is a pleasure
Diversity of nature
Where bluegrass is a treasure.
Rivers, caves, and woodlands
Announce a biosphere
Southern gospel music
Remind one God is near.
Kentucky opens strangers
To history and pride
Heroes of the present
Heroes who have died.
Cities, towns, and hamlets
Respect and farm the land
In times of loss and crisis--
Neighbors lend a hand.
Basketball is everything
College "War of Net"
Winners will remember--
Losers can't forget.
Kentucky is a myriad
Of people, pride, and land
Created, loved, and fashioned
And held in God's dear hand.

The Woods

1993

The woods--such a haven;
We often wandered there.
Their canopy of foliage
Engulfed us as a prayer.
The narrow paths so hardened
From footsteps of unknown,
Were framed by ferns and wildness
Enmeshed and overgrown.
Untrimmed and free, small flowers
Were nodding at their will.
We slowed to watch a bunny--
Ears twitching, yet so still.
Above us flitted winged ones
A mockingbird's loud call,
Sounded like a protest--
Within which tree, so tall?
We also heard the blackbird,
So raucous; he can't sing!
And often through the branches
We'd see a bright red wing.
We wandered and we climbed
Retraced our steps to see,
Differences in color
Of bark, or bush, or tree.
The woods for us were happy,
A peaceful, tiring walk.
A chance to hear the crackle
Of twigs or--of Birdland's talk.
So many different plants
Small insects, also snakes--
Put them all together;
We saw the peace God makes.

A Birdbath

October 16, 2015



Lonely stands the birdbath
Amid the early frost,
A shimmer of morning sun
Against the chill is not lost.

Leaves are falling
Floating free.

One lonely robin
Stares at me.

And there's a shiny black bird
About to take a drink
Standing on the birdbath
And preening on its brink.

Time is passing slowly,
Yet winter's on its way
I will fill the birdbath,
For all my birds today.
For its my way to welcome
And add a bit of cheer,
I bid the local wildlife
The birds who hover near.
Bless my busy birdbath--
Bless each backyard friend!
Summer now is over,
Its season's at an end.

September Morning

September 26, 2015

A chill in the air,
The sky is blue,
I ponder the chores
I know I must do.
Morning is slow;
My knees will complain,
My fingers are aching:
It surely will rain.
Up from my comfort,
My back will protest.
My coffee and chair,
I need yet more rest.
The chill in the air
Disturbs not my pet,
Where is my food--
You did not forget?

Beyond my door window--
There sits the blue jay,
He wishes for peanuts
To brighten his day.
Alas, as I ponder
And sink in my pity,
I must feed the wildlife
Abandon this ditty.
For God is alive in
Heavens above,
He lives in the hearts
Of redbird and dove.
He lives in my mind
Which loves to complain,
And God alone will decide
When to rain.
Thanking my God,
As out of my chair--
I rise to my tasks
Awaiting me there.





The Backyard

September 17, 2016

Little squirrel,
almost tame –
I have given him a
name.

Peanut answers
when I call,
Then scampers up
the maple tall.

Lazy day at summer's end
My crunchy yard I soon must tend.
Grass is drying from the heat
Flower beds no longer neat.
Squirrels a scurry, round and round
Hunting seeds that fall to ground.
The autumn leaves will be so bright
Yellow, red, and umber bright.
Some say how showy is each tree,
But allergies will tackle me.
Morning's cooler, dew aglitter
Baby squirrels, newest litter.
Little squirrel, almost tame--
I have given him a name.
Peanut answers when I call,
Then scampers up the maple tall.
Blue jays perch and then sweep down
Little finches, small and brown.
To His glory the spruce does sway.
God is here in everyway...
For God must smile; my silly ways,
His grown-up child on autumn days.

Winter Oh Winter

December 30, 2013



Winter oh winter once more I must shiver
Knee bones are aching; joints are a quiver.

My face is all pink, my hairdo is blown,
I feel like my toes have all turned to stone.

My closet is full of warm winter wear,
Drawers full of jammies folded with care.

Warm flannel jammies--invite me to stay
Inside with book and coffee today.

The cat has decided to lie on the bed--
For surely warm weather is one day ahead.

The birds fluff their feathers and call from the tree
Send some more bird food and peanuts to me!

Up from the chair; away with the book--
The wildlife is hungry--hurry and look.

Winter oh winter, once more I arise
Dress myself warmly and study the skies.

Feed the poor squirrel, the blue jays await,
For others are hungry--you are so late.

Winter is needed; the earth has its rest;
Yet we older folks can find it a test.

Winter in the Morn

February 25, 1973



Early Sunday morning
And snow upon the sill!
The blueness of the sky
Belies the wind's sharp chill.

How I love the winter!
It's every mood and day;
I love the varied colors,
Yes, even slush all gray.

For winter has its colors
Just as summer has its own,
And upon both special seasons
The same bright sun has shown!

The house is chilled and quiet
Each winter Sunday morn;
I feel so close to God
I'm thankful I was born.

I'm thankful for the children
Still sleeping in their beds,
With thoughts of this day's
Sunday school--
Floating in their heads.

I'm thankful for the husband
Who rose to work today,
To bring his little family
Home some extra pay.

I love my winter mornings.
Let others praise the heat!
For sparkling there upon my sill
God's beauty can't be beat.



Mindless Me

February 14, 2016

– *a Winter day*

I sit inside this winter day.

Snow is falling; it will stay.

Streets are slippery, risky road,
Salt trucks dump a lengthy load.

My birds are hungry, out I go--

For I have seeds and nuts to throw.

Here come the cardinal, and juncos, too,

I pray my aid will see them through.

Back inside, I find my book,
Settle down within my nook.

Book and coffee, all I need--

I sip a bit, and then I read.

I bow to this...a time to rest,

A book and chair--a cozy nest.

Winter, winter seems so long..

I long to hear the springtime song.

Song of birds and sunshine bright,

With crickets calling through the night.

The winter chill which man condemns,

Will bow to lovely springtime gems.

Then once more the flowers bright,

Will take the place of snowy sight.

And I arise to find a chore,

For I must sit and whine no more.

January Morning

January 27, 2016



A January morning;
A nip is in the air.
The Cardinal is perching
Upon a limb so bare.
I think the day is lovely;
Why should I do my chores?
I fling the blinds wide open,
But, golly, see the floors!
I need to run the vacuum
And mop the evidence...
The damage of last snowstorm,
Can make a woman wince.
This January morning,
Is promising to be...
A lovely invitation--
To have a shopping spree!
Hey wait; the kitty needs
A grooming--
The litter box must be
Cleaned, despite my musing.
Cleaned by only me!
And there is lots of laundry--
My day is not so free.
Yet, I tell myself
The sunshine is so bright;
Perhaps I'll do the housework
When darkness falls tonight.
Some January mornings--
The sun can be so rare.
And so I head for shopping
Without a somber care.

Snooze

January 30, 2018

Winter seems forever--
Chilling to the bone.
I sink within my bathrobe
And wish to be alone.
All cozy...perhaps a little nap--
Plop, I feel four footsteps
My cat curls in my lap.
Strokes and love and kisses...
I should be doing dishes.
Why must I put my clothes on?
Why must I don my shoes?
I think I'll join my kitten
And take a little snooze.



The gray sky beckons
It's a cold day ahead.
Fat crows hover
And flap on our shed.
Squirrels climb and scurry,
Hopping around
Seeking a peanut somewhere
On the ground.
And I in my jammies
Retreat to my bed,
Toting a book
I haven't yet read.
Dreary oh dreary,
These long winter days,
Maybe tomorrow,
The sun's golden rays.
The house is all quiet,
It, too, seems so glum
Our only sweet music:
The furnace's hum.
Out of my quilts --
My decision is made
Throw on my best clothing,
Swing upward the shade!
Oh grayness of winter,
I've made up my mind.
This moment I leave
My boredom behind.
A cold day ahead;
So what! I will shout--
I'm reaching for scarf,
And dashing right out.

A photograph of a cardinal perched on a tree branch, looking down at a smaller bird. The background is a soft-focus winter scene with snow and bare trees.

The Gray Winter Sky

December 20, 2015

Coffee Break

December 9, 1985

Festive lights and shopping sprees,
Holly wreaths and Christmas trees.
Christmas cookies yet to bake.
Little crafts I've yet to make.
Wrapping paper in a row--
Boxes waiting for a bow.
Steaming coffee waiting there;
Take a break and say a prayer.
Thank Him, praise Him for his birth!
For all my blessings here on earth.
God doesn't mind the festive lights
And fuss I yearly make--
But, dearer to His heart remains
My simple coffee break.





Gratitude for America

January 2, 2006

I bowed my head and said a prayer

For countries lost in strife,

And as I prayed, I said a word

Of gratitude for life.

For life within a country free--

The blessings that I see,

For babies born in cleanliness

A chance to grow and be.

Running, playing,

Day by day--

Having Jesus in each heart,

A chance to walk the Christian way.

I bowed my head and said a prayer

For children born to war,

Without a chance to know the Lord

And never to knock at His door.

For parents somewhere
Lost in pain
Their crops that bullets
Left in vain.
Fleeing, holding tiny babes,
As terror takes its toll,
Without a Savior's arms to lean
Upon and to enfold.
Clean packaged food we eat each meal,
And when our day is done,
Safe in beds, we bow and kiss
A daughter or a son.
An apple, orange, or other fruit,
Is ours to go and buy,
While other lands have none but rice,
And hungry children cry.
Thank you, Lord, for all I have
Today and evermore--
Always, always, may I share
The wealth laid at my door.
I lift to Jesus heartfelt thanks
For missionaries' quest,
Bringing Jesus' loving care
For He gives peace and rest.





Christmas – Desert Storm

December 17, 1990

"Peace on earth...Oh Silent Night,"
The earthly kings prepare to fight.
As tanks roll through the desert sand,
And generals chart each strip of land
Two-hundred thousand men, at least,
Prepare a somber Christmas feast.
Bright stars are shining in the sky;
Choirs lift their voices high!
Carols sung so pure and sweet...
While far away the war drums beat.
"Peace on earth," ancestors cry!
And from death's sleep, past soldiers sigh.
Oh, may we keep them all in mind
As we pray and seek to find
A treaty signed--an end to dread.
Respect for life without bloodshed.
And on this holy day a prayer:
God bless our young folk over there.
May they rest in Jesus' care
Knowing they are in our prayer.



Guardian Angel

October 6, 2002

How I daily need you...
Your counsel every day.
Leading me to goodness
When I have lost the way.

I know I'm often silly,
A fool for Satan's charm...
If it weren't for Jesus,
I'd surely come to harm.

I have a fire within me
To nurture, love and share.
My quick and flaring temper--
Locks me in its lair.

Then the moment passes
And you are at my side.
Leading me to Jesus,
My sin is why He died.

I will always need you,
I'm helpless on my own.
With You and Christ my Savior
I'll never be alone.



Christmas

December 2011

Jesus' birth was for my soul
Only He can make me whole.
My joy is not the Christmas tree,
Or gifts my family gives to me.
Nor do the lights so brightly lit
Grant my soul one benefit.
It's not the sales at every store,
Nor yuletide carols that I adore.
God gave his son that He may be
Within my heart--a part of me.
No Christmas gift can mean so much,
As my Savior's gentle touch.
It's not about the lights so bright--
Nor sharing food on Christmas night.
The greatest gift I have received
Was on the day I first believed.
I light a candle in my soul,
For Christ in Heaven,
Is my goal.

*I thank Him praise Him
I decorate my heart and soul.
To shine for Christ
Above all else - His grace my goal.*



Christmas

No Date Recorded

Christmas is a time for planning, happiness and joys.

Time for busy shopping--coats and scarves and toys.

It's time to plan our dinners, time to bake and sing.

Listen closely, you'll hear Christmas bells ring.

And don't forget the large tree--a twinkling lovely sight.

The tree is not so simple; it must be trimmed just right.

Now, it's time for Jesus, when all is said and done.

At last we give Him honor--at last His time has come.

Our Lord needs not the prizes we purchase in the stores,
Though He's along side us as we finish all our little chores.

Through centuries and ages, He's been our guiding light,
Lighting earth with sunshine and twinkles through each night.

He does not need the party we yearly undertake,

Nor does he need the cookies we bend our back to make.

Remember this is Christmas; Christ deserves first place.

A child was born in Bethlehem; His gift: His Father's grace.

Show us what's important--to love, to share, each day.

The holidays get hectic and something's lost along the way.

It's really unimportant what this or that we may choose,

If in the hustle bustle--love and hope we lose.

Here in this dear country, we need to think again,

Slow down, forget the madness...and give our heart to Him.

2001

December 12, 2000

Lord,
Another year's beginning Without you I am nothing
The old one ticks away. But with you I'm complete,
I think you for the pleasures I thank you for each triumph
I knew from day to day. I'm grateful for defeat.
Thank you for your patience For in defeat, I'm humble
Each time I fought despair, I have to start a new,
The many opportunities Abandon silly notions
I had the chance to share. Accept that which is true.
So faithfully I promised The new year won't be perfect
As I lay down every night, But none has ever been,
To put aside my ego Please lead me in my weakness
And try with all my might. And help me not to sin.

*Thank you for each moment
My life, my soul, my birth
Oh let me lend this New Year
A measure of my worth.*

Guide Us by Thy Grace

January 4, 1991

Lord,

Each day we have arisen, trusting Thee

To guide us by Thy grace...

'Twas only through Thy patience

We've met life's rugged pace.

We've seen a year go by;
The days have surely flown.
We thank Thee for each happiness
And sorrow we have known.

We've seen the naked maple
Bud leaves in cheery spring.
As sunshine led to summer,
We heard the red bird sing...

Each day the world was changing
As humans loved, yet fought,
And many opened Bibles
To read words Jesus taught.

Through earthquakes, floods,
And famine--
So many learned to share.
As nature rained destruction,
More humans learned to care.

Dictators joined in harmony
With leaders of the free,
To face a cruel nation
Who willed that peace not be?

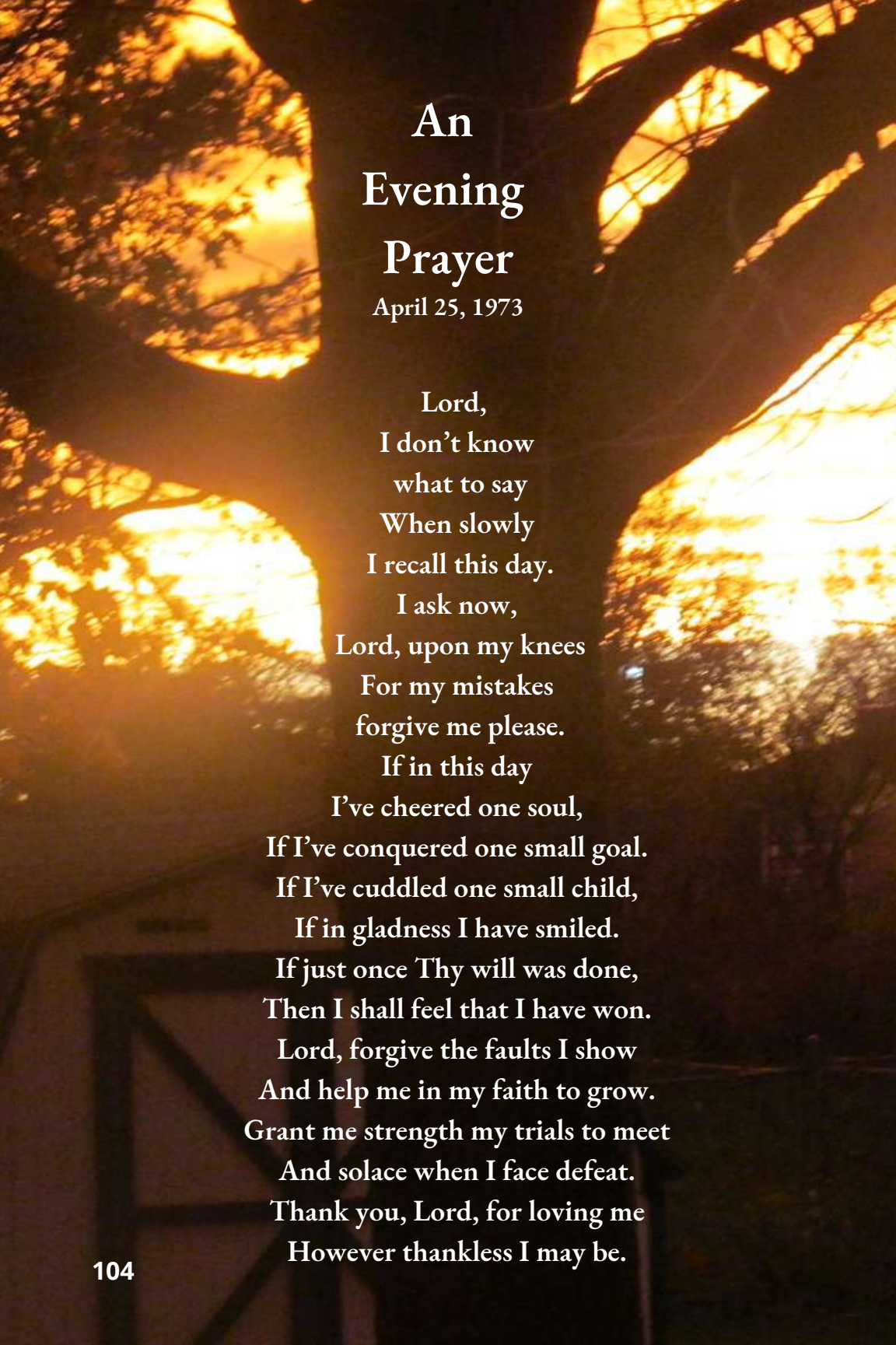
We've seen this year a turnabout
Protecting unborn life...
And yet in other countries
Small children live in strife.

Our savior born to Mary
So many years ago--
Reminds us through the seasons
He taught our hearts to know.

Another year is over
This New Year seems so cold;
Yet Jesus offers armor
And urges we be bold.

To him we owe each moment
We enjoyed last year.
We offer up each sorrow
We may have suffered here.

For all things count for teaching--
And growth within our soul.
Though we sometimes stumble...
A Savior sets our every
Meaningful Goal.



An
Evening
Prayer

April 25, 1973

Lord,
I don't know
what to say
When slowly
I recall this day.
I ask now,
Lord, upon my knees
For my mistakes
forgive me please.
If in this day
I've cheered one soul,
If I've conquered one small goal.
If I've cuddled one small child,
If in gladness I have smiled.
If just once Thy will was done,
Then I shall feel that I have won.
Lord, forgive the faults I show
And help me in my faith to grow.
Grant me strength my trials to meet
And solace when I face defeat.
Thank you, Lord, for loving me
However thankless I may be.

Evening Blessings

June 5, 2019

Evening slowly beacons
Our hot sun soon will be
Orange and red in glory
As it sinks behind the tree.
Just beyond the garden gate
Are early streaks of night
Blending with the sunset
God's artistry in light.
All is still this evening...
Our wildlife is at rest;
The show is almost over
And I have been the guest.
Evening is a blessing
A closing of our day
I take this quiet moment
Bowing head to pray:
Thank you for the reminder
I praise you Lord,
The grand designer.
My gratitude I share
Thanking Lord my Savior,
Forever for His care.

Dreams

January 17, 2019

Vivid dreams come streaming
Unbidden from the past...
I know not their meaning
Their realm so often vast.
I dream of wide blue rivers
And meadows brilliant green,
I meet peculiar faces...
Of souls I've never seen.
Babies seem so precious
Cradled in my arms,
In my dreams I guard them
Protecting them from harms.
Suddenly the image changes!
And darkness then appears,
The pleasant dream no longer
Becomes now crowded fears.
Aha, I must be wakened
The dark is far too deep.
I pray my God will aid me
Return my restful sleep.
On you Dear Lord,
I'm always leaning--

Dreams do come and go
Revealing not their meaning.
Perhaps they have a message
A warning from the deep,
Or do I dream of past life
Of love I could not keep?
I shall dream this evening
Of friendship long passed.
My treasure of another day;
I bid this dream to last.
Good night, good night
Again and once more,
My dreams come unbidden
And drift beyond the shore.
Dear Lord, stay close...
As dreamland leads the way
New vistas I shall follow
The pathway to a new day.
Enter golden sunlight
Away with silly dreams--
Embrace each new reality,
However daunt it seems.

My Rest

June 4, 2018 Part I

My lord is ever present,
Here in darkest night.
My shelter is his nearness;
My safety in his might.
I look upon my Savior--
He guards me in the day.
He hears me in my pleadings,
He holds me when I pray.
I lift my every moment
To rest within His breast,
Only God... my Savior
In Him I find my rest.

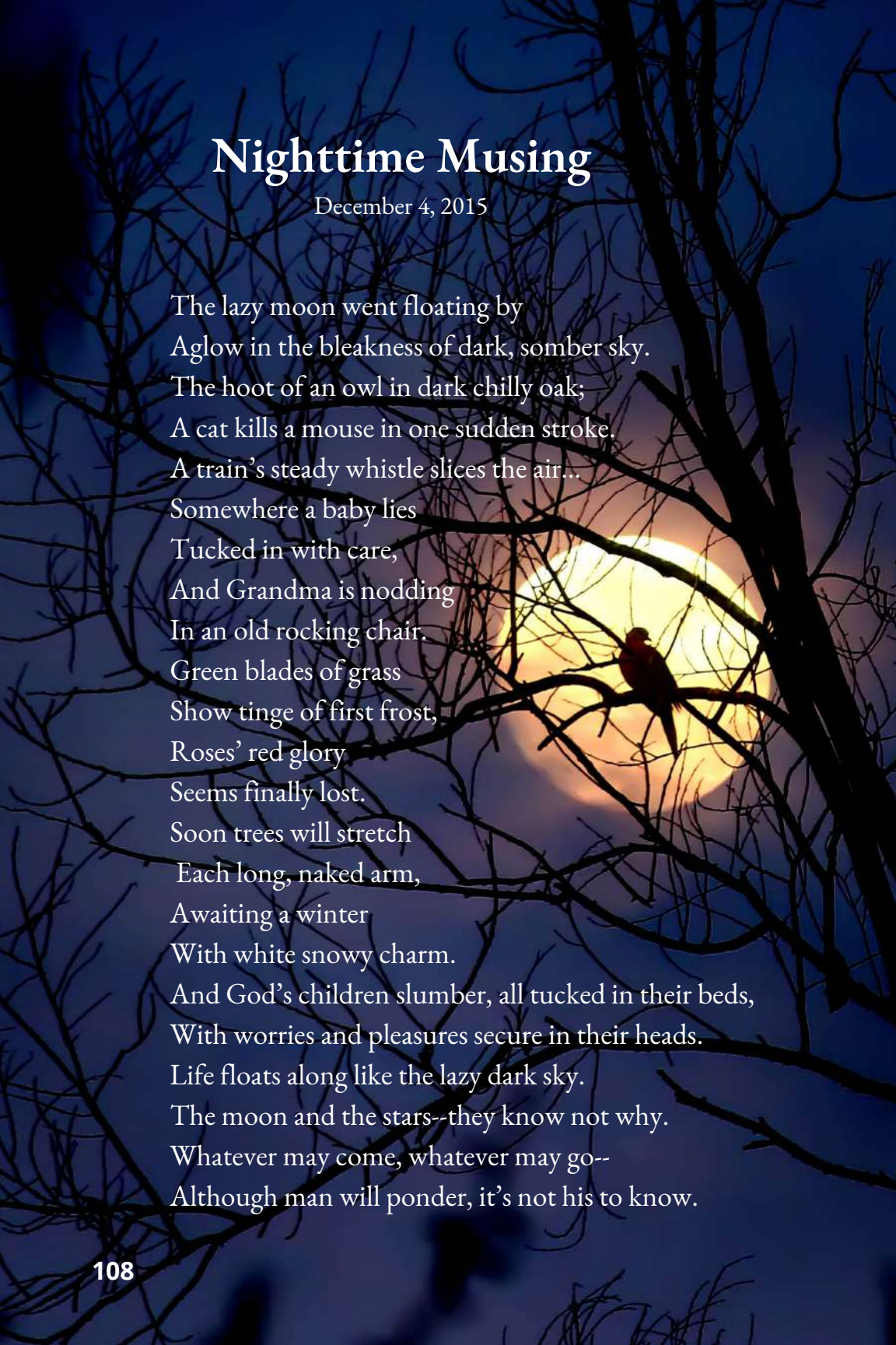
My Rest

March 22, 2020 Part II

I trust my God to rescue
And save us from this strife,
The fierceness of this illness
That spreads and takes a life.
My hope is burning brightly,
The world is filled with fear...
Yet, we shall still remember
Our Lord is ever near.

Nighttime Musing

December 4, 2015



The lazy moon went floating by
Aglow in the bleakness of dark, somber sky.
The hoot of an owl in dark chilly oak;
A cat kills a mouse in one sudden stroke.
A train's steady whistle slices the air..
Somewhere a baby lies
Tucked in with care,
And Grandma is nodding
In an old rocking chair,
Green blades of grass
Show tinge of first frost,
Roses' red glory
Seems finally lost.
Soon trees will stretch
Each long, naked arm,
Awaiting a winter
With white snowy charm.
And God's children slumber, all tucked in their beds,
With worries and pleasures secure in their heads.
Life floats along like the lazy dark sky.
The moon and the stars--they know not why.
Whatever may come, whatever may go--
Although man will ponder, it's not his to know.

A Child's Faith

By Helen Steiner Rice

“Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so”--
Little children ask no more,
For love is all they're looking for,
And in a small child's shining eyes
The Faith of all the ages lies--
And tiny hands and tousled heads
That kneel in prayer by little beds
Are closer to the dear Lord's heart
And of His Kingdom more a part
Than we who search, and never find
The answers to our questioning mind--
For Faith in things we cannot see
Requires a child's simplicity
For lost in life's complexities,
We drift upon uncharted seas
And slowly Faith disintegrates--
While wealth and power accumulates--
And the more man learns,
The less he knows,
And the more involved
His thinking grows
And in his arrogance and pride,
No longer is man satisfied
To place his confidence and love
With childlike Faith in God above--
Oh, Father, grant once more to men
A simple childlike Faith again
And with a small child's trusting eyes,
May all men come to realize
That Faith alone can save man's soul
And lead him to a Higher Goal.

I saved this poem for over 40 years,
because it is my favorite always--
The more I re-read it, the more I
realize how true the words are. Her
poetry has always inspired me.

Brenda L. Gentile

*Brenda recorded her praise
and life emotions in poetry--
revisiting them often to relive
the memories, to be
encouraged by their healing
message, and to be reminded
of God's glory and grace.
She never planned to share
them. God must
have thought otherwise,
because at nearly 80,
the opportunity to
publish them came
completely unexpected.*

*Through them
may others be
blessed and
reminded that God
is always near
and listening!*

An Excerpt from Sweet Stories



In Brenda Gentile's book *Sweet Stories*, she shares short stories to enjoy and ponder.

If Cats Could Talk

2006

These are things they would say:

More head kisses! I want to play.

Why the lint roller? That's my bedspread, and I like the hairs just fine.

You loving that spoiled kitten again? I thought I was your favorite...

Suitcases? Boarding again--lousy food--I want my blankie.

You set the darn plate on the coffee table. I thought the spaghetti was mine.

Here comes that rotten kitten. We mature cats were having a conversation.

Hmmmm...grovel...we get a treat every time.

Dumb birds--stupid glass windows.

Phone's ringing! Sharpen claws in living room.

So get over the shoelaces. No big thing.

Black cats have attitudes? Sniff...

Do I smell FISH? Captains D's? She won't share.

My chair. My recliner. No kittens.

I'm getting fat? What's that thing you squeeze into on Sunday mornings?

Thanks for rubbing my neck--guess you're worth keeping after all.

ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A CAT!

If Birds could Talk

1. Hi, Cat! Too bad you can't fly.
2. Oh, Mrs. our feeder's empty!
3. Send more peanuts, please.
4. Keep your "kitty" in the house.
5. Thanks for our new house.
6. We really need the birdbath.
7. Quit peeking at our nests.
8. Sorry about your blackberries.
9. We sing to thank you for caring.
10. Only God can make a bird.



Peanut & the Woodpecker

2017

There are at least five healthy squirrels in my backyard wildlife sanctuary and three huge nests in trees. Blue jays are abundant and many other birds fill up at my feeders daily--particularly during the cold days of winter. Hawks and crows are unwelcome but occasionally create havoc among the good guys out back. There is a fair amount of foliage and bush cover for the birds--and flowers galore during summer months for the many butterflies and bumble bees--honey bees, too. (They visit from the beekeeper's yard in back of me.) I do not do insecticides simply because I am not that fussy about the yard. After all, it is littered usually with empty peanut shells. "C'est la vie."

One frosty day last week my little squirrel galloped up the very old, tall Maple out back and disappeared into the nice big comfy hole, which I believe our red-bellied woodpecker has slowly renovated for himself over time. "Peanut," (my name for him) nicely cuddled in the hole, was visited by Mr. Woodpecker, who politely looked inside, saw the occupant and left.

The woodpecker returned a few days later and seeing the abundance of sunflower seed ate his fill and flew to the comfy hole and entered it. This I watched. A few minutes later, there goes Peanut up the tree full speed and shot into the hole. Surprise! Suddenly I saw feathers, wings, and the red of the woodpecker head pecking my darling pet Peanut. Peanut, taken by surprise had no idea what to do, so he turned and shot back down the tree in full retreat. He seemed dazed a bit at the foot of the tree. Meanwhile, the woodpecker had retreated back in the hole.

I worriedly watched my favorite little squirrel but he seemed ok a few minutes later. Peanut immediately approached another fairly young squirrel eating on the lawn and picked a fight. Reparation for his ego? Poor guy.

As for the woodpecker, he obviously subscribes to the idea that "Possession is nine tenths of the law," or was it "First come, first serve?"



POLITICALLY CORRECT

2007

Santa Claus is politically incorrect. He is not only incorrect because he is too fat, but he eats cookies which are not fat free. We all need to look into whether he is feeding his reindeer Science Diet food and “organic tree and shrub leaves.”

Also, does he have humane people to care for his reindeer?

And about his elves –

Are they unionized? Are they getting at least the minimum wage?

I hope none are illegal in the United States. What is the racial makeup of his elf population? Is he violating the Civil Rights Act?

And the Women’s Rights groups in the U.S.A. are considering a lawsuit against Santa for having no female representation in his delivery system each year.

It is clear that he has mostly male reindeer represented, too, by the names given them.

Additionally, we all wonder if Santa is a Democrat or a Republican.

We might check into whether his sled was made in China...might be leaving dangerous lead on rooftops in our cities and towns.

In closing, we should find out more about Santa’s marriage to Mrs. Claus. There might be a small scandal there--maybe he isn’t always cheerful with her--maybe, God forbid, Santa smokes a pipe and gives her secondhand smoke in the evenings. We really must check Santa out.

**This is one of my
favorites!**

Brenda