

## Timothy Johns: My Everlasting

Some people go through life  
feeling lovely and sad,  
and whenever something happens  
it always turns out bad.

These people need something special  
to help them along their way,  
and to give them a reason to keep going  
on their darkest day.

My life was filled with bad times,  
one right after another,  
and sometimes trouble got so thick  
I almost started to smother.

Then something special entered my life  
in the form of a little boy,  
he is my biggest reason for living,  
he is my pride and joy.

Things sometimes get so bad for me  
I feel like ending it all,  
but then I think of this little boy  
so beautiful and so small.

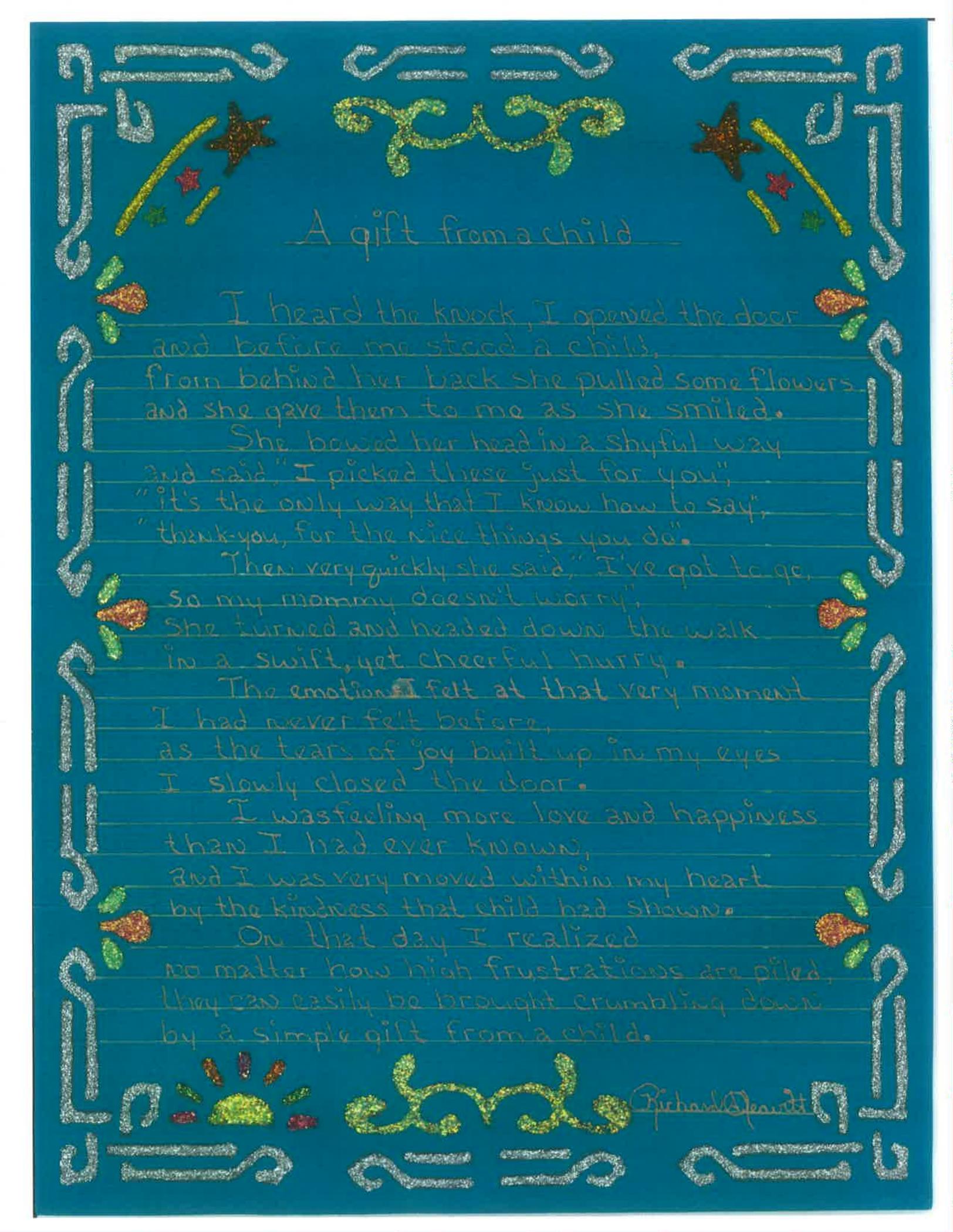
He gives me the strength to keep fighting  
and to hold my head up high,  
and no matter how dim my life is,  
thinking of him makes me try.

If I ever lost him  
I really don't know what I would do,  
I would probably just give up  
and let my life be through.

For although our lives together  
was small in terms of measure,  
he means more to me  
than any amount of any treasure.

If a person could get inside of me  
and feel what I do in my heart,  
then they would know what I'm talking about  
and that would be a start.

For they could witness my feelings  
and they would understand,  
just how much I need the help  
of Timothy Johns little hands.



## A gift from a child

I heard the knock, I opened the door  
and before me stood a child,  
from behind her back she pulled some flowers  
and she gave them to me as she smiled.

She bowed her head in a shyful way  
and said, "I picked these just for you",  
"it's the only way that I know how to say",  
"thank-you, for the nice things you do".

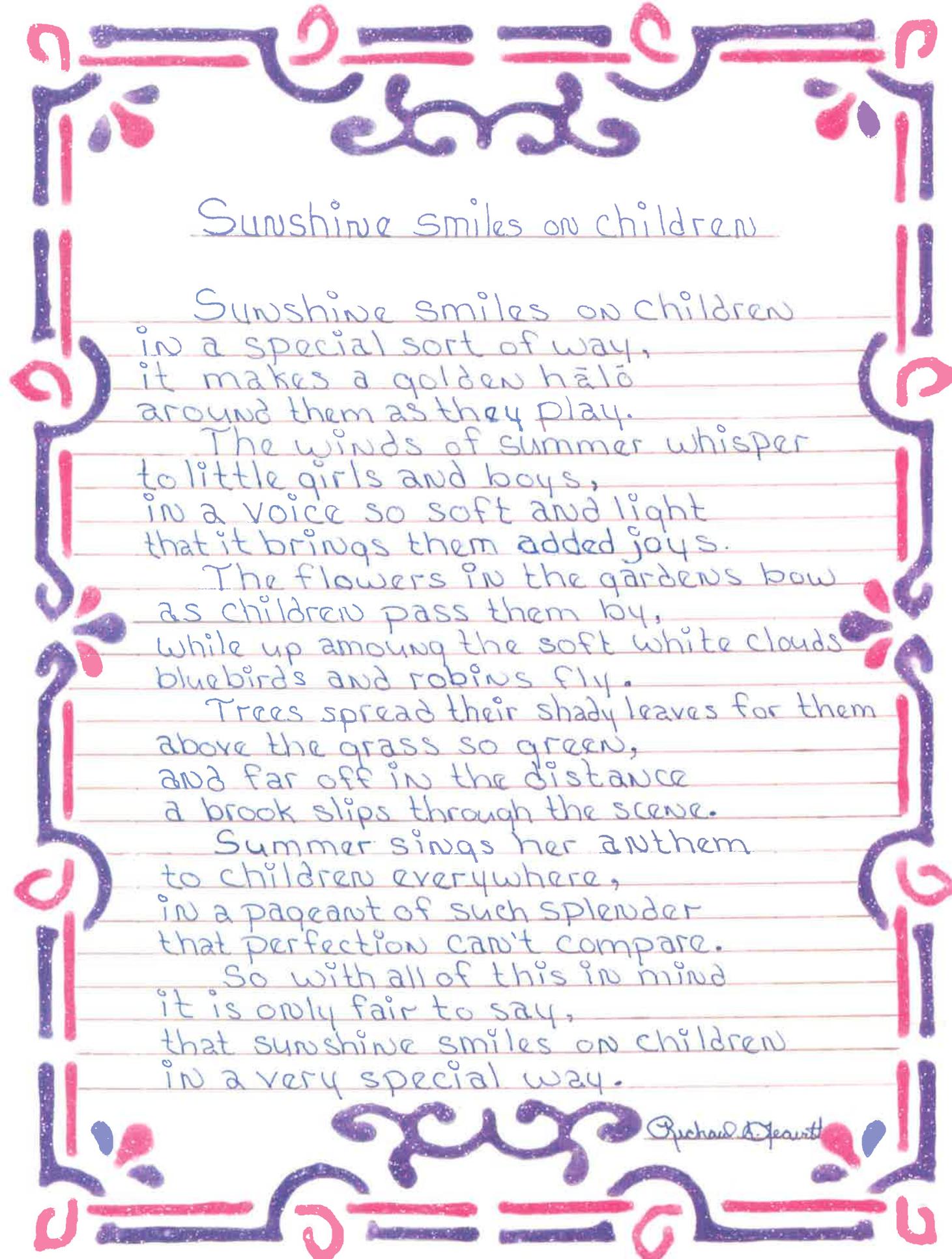
Then very quickly she said, "I've got to go,  
so my mommy doesn't worry",  
she turned and headed down the walk  
in a swift, yet cheerful hurry.

The emotion I felt at that very moment  
I had never felt before,  
as the tears of joy built up in my eyes  
I slowly closed the door.

I was feeling more love and happiness  
than I had ever known,  
and I was very moved within my heart  
by the kindness that child had shown.

On that day I realized  
no matter how high frustrations are piled,  
they can easily be brought crumbling down  
by a simple gift from a child.

Richard Derritt



## Sunshine smiles on children

Sunshine smiles on children  
in a special sort of way,  
it makes a golden hālō  
around them as they play.

The winds of summer whisper  
to little girls and boys,  
in a voice so soft and light  
that it brings them added joys.

The flowers in the gardens bow  
as children pass them by,  
while up among the soft white clouds  
bluebirds and robins fly.

Trees spread their shady leaves for them  
above the grass so green,  
and far off in the distance  
a brook slips through the scene.

Summer sings her anthem  
to children everywhere,  
in a pageant of such splendor  
that perfection can't compare.

So with all of this in mind  
it is only fair to say,  
that sunshine smiles on children  
in a very special way.

Richard A. Jewett

## The Ultimate Price

The row was deathly quiet as the guards went on the tier, the rattling of the chains and keys was all that you could hear.

This night was entirely different than all of the others before, because in less than two mere hours a human life would be no more.

It seemed to take forever to finally escort the condemned man away, everyone else remained silent for lack of knowing exactly what to say.

Instead, they all got on their knees and prayed to God above, to please accept the soul of a man that they'd all grown to love.

They took the man to a room next to where the spectators were being kept, some of them were standing and smiling but his family sat and wept.

I couldn't bear to see that sight so I turned my head to the side, the condemned man made a sudden jerk, then relaxed and slowly died.

As I stood and watched that poor man while he took his final breath, I began to wonder to myself if we should have the penalty of death.

For perhaps somewhere down the judicial line a grave mistake was made, and it is too late to correct that error once the price by death is paid.

Richard D. Jewett

The most special person

The most special thing  
on the face of the earth,  
is a person who's cared for you  
since before your birth.

This person was there  
to teach you to walk,  
and is also responsible  
for your learning to talk.

This person would take care of you  
whenever you got hurt,  
and would always keep telling you  
to stay out of the dirt.

This person stood by you  
when you were a child,  
and was still right there with you  
when you had grown wild.

Incase you haven't guessed,  
I am speaking of no other,  
than that very special person  
each of you call mother.

So for no special reason  
or further delay,  
call her and wish her  
a very nice day.

Tell her you love her  
and say other words of cheer  
because that is something a mother  
really likes to hear.

Robert D. Smith

## Plenty of Beauty

I heard some people talking  
about the world today,  
they were saying it was ugly  
as they hurried on their way.

I thought to myself  
why don't they stop and look around,  
because there is plenty of beauty  
just waiting to be found.

There's the beauty of an eagle  
with its wings spread in flight,  
and that of a mountain  
at the first break of light.

There's the beauty of a flower  
as it basks in the sun,  
and that of the deer  
or the elk as they run.

There's the beauty of squirrels  
gathering nuts in the park,  
and that of the horizon  
just before dark.

There's the beauty of a rainbow  
with its colorful stripes,  
and that of the fruit  
as it's just getting ripe.

There's all kinds of beauty  
in most living things,  
it's in the color and fragrance  
that each of them brings.

So if you think the world is ugly,  
stop and look around,  
you'll find there is plenty of beauty  
just waiting to be found.

Richard Stewart

## My Dad

With hands cracked and calloused  
from work that never seems to end,  
there is a man in this world  
that many of you call your friend.

This man is a whole lot more  
than just a friend to me,  
and if I could have anything I wished for,  
like him is what I'd want to be.

This man is not rich or famous,  
in him you'll find no greed,  
and if you ever have a problem  
he'll help you in your time of need.

This man will assist you in anything  
but will not ask for pay,  
and he will never complain  
if things don't quite go his way.

This man is kind and gentle,  
he is loving and caring too,  
and if he puts his mind to it  
there is nothing that he can't do.

This man has done a lot of good  
and never any bad,  
and I am proud to tell you all  
that this man is my dad.

Richard Stewart

## ~ Guilty of Innocence ~

~ Our prisons are full of men guilty of crimes...  
so it just doesn't make any sense,  
to see a man doing time, when his only crime...  
is being guilty of innocence.

Sweet justice, sweet justice, where have you gone...  
sweet justice, oh where can you be,  
can you tell me sweet justice, whatever happened...  
to the land of sweet liberty?

Now we all know, that our system's not perfect...  
and that sometimes mistakes will be made,  
but an even greater mistake, is ones freedom we take...  
for a debt, someone else, should have paid.

Sweet justice, sweet justice, where have you gone...  
sweet justice, how can you prevail,  
when a man's doing time, and his only crime...  
was believing in a system that failed.

How can we ever make our system work fairly...  
where there's truth and justice for all,  
if we turn and run, when a wrongs been done...  
and heed not, an innocent mans call.

Sweet justice, sweet justice, where are you now...  
sweet justice, can you please tell me,  
what ever happend to a mans right to life...  
the persuit of happiness... and... liberty?

Well perhaps our prisons wouldn't be so full...  
if we'd just take a little more time,  
to make sure a man's deserving, of the sentence he's serving...  
lest' he be innocent of his crime.

So sweet justice, sweet justice, please hear my cry...  
'lest you become guilty of the "offense",  
for the man doing time, who's only crime...  
is being "guilty".... of his innocence. ~

Richard A. Hewitt  
6-17-81 I.S.C.I

# Respect the Vietnam Veterans

For many years I have heard bad names and so much more directed at the Veterans who fought in the Vietnam war.

So I am going to say something that some folks may not like, I might be called some names myself or told to take a hike.

Our soldiers had no choice to say whether it was wrong or right when they were ordered by our government to go over there and fight.

They were involved in the war regardless of how they may feel and the bombs and bullets surrounding them were very, very, real.

They fought for their country in every way they knew only to come home again missing a limb or two.

Some of them were lucky and lived, many of them did not because the real war was different than on the base where they were taught.

They had to be fully alert in the darkness as well as the light because the enemy would attack them even as they slept at night.

Sure, many bad things happened, some that should not have been done but the same type of things had happened in both World War two + one.

If the people would look at the reality of the war that was taking place the next time they seen a veteran, they wouldn't kick dirt in his face.

So don't you think it's time that all of us Americans has learned to take pride in our Vietnam Veterans and show them the respect they earned.

Richard A. Jewitt  
5-30-88

"MEMORIAL DAY"

# "MY BIGGEST PRAYER"

Dear Lord above I pray to you,  
to stand by me, and pull me through -  
I ask of you lord, in this time of need,  
To influence people, that I should be freed.  
I am in here lord, for something I didn't do,  
And for that one reason, I am asking you  
To help me be, a free man again,  
to laugh, and Joke, and smile, and grin.  
To be with my family, night and day,  
to show them lord, the Rightous way.  
But if you can't help me, dear lord I pray,  
that you'll be there, on my Judgement Day.  
That you'll except me, with open arms,  
And protect me lord, from all other harms.  
And as I close, this prayer to you,  
I want you to know, that, ~~all~~ I've said is true.  
So please help me lord, if you can,  
To be oncee more, a happy and free man.

"AMEN"

By Richard A. Leavitt

12-15-84 = 12:19 AM

The monster weighed two-thousand pounds, it seemed in Sharon's sight,  
With express-train thrust, power and speed, and force of dynamite!

Sharon had a plan in mind. So she put it right to work,  
A poison-tipped—powered spear—built to kill a whale. . .  
She swam the surf in her scuba suit. The sea she didn't shirk,  
A super-swimmer. Sharon Rose; with no intent to fail!

The Great White killer shark appeared. . . primed to slash and kill  
Tiny Sharon Rose that night. His cold, evil eyes a-gleam. . .  
Sharon drove the poisoned spear deep in his vicious throat!  
The deadly poison spread like fire, into his mighty spleen!

Twenty seconds later, the Great White shark was dead. . .  
Two thousand pounds of sea-spawn hell sank slowly out of sight,  
Sharon in her scuba-suit swam back towards the shore,  
Elated with the stirring thought of what she'd done that night!

Courage comes in many forms. . . no limits and no bounds,  
Sometimes at sea. . . high in the sky. . . on distant battle-grounds. . .  
And swimmers swim in safety now, in waters deep and dark,  
Where Sharon Rose. . . a tiny girl. . . destroyed a great white shark.



Shirlean Mason

Shirlean Mason  
I'M WONDERING TOO!  
My Love for birds is rarely known.  
I keep the secret hidden.  
I can't help but wonder how, they fly so very high.

It seems as though they touch the sky.

Oh! Please don't ask,  
I'm wondering too!

And when they fetch a rabbit or rat.  
Oh! do they close their eyes real tight.

And wish and hope with all their might,  
that when they zoom and fly back up.

That they have touched and didn't get stuck. Oh! Please don't ask,  
I'm wondering too!  
So many birds up in the sky.

And when they fly all in a crowd or each will land along a wire.

Who's the first to shout out loud, "Hey let's land below this cloud.

And one by one, or two by two, each one land in a straight line, better than me or you.

And if one leaves, the line is through. It's like the rest, shouts, "yes", we'll follow you.

Oh! Please don't ask, I'm wondering too!  
And I have unanswered questions just like you!

Toni Lesko  
I LOVED YOU THEN AND NOW

You asked me about you the other day and how we met.  
I guess this love affair began when we lay belly to belly, I 25 and you just ten minutes new.  
You didn't do too much and I was too overwhelmed with the newness of motherhood to react.  
You just lay there all pink and wrinkled. . .  
Eyes squeezed tight. . .  
Tiny teardrop nose and the lips of a bud not yet ready to open.  
I felt the breath of your weight and softness of your skin and there was just one moment of deep surrender. . .  
before I fell in love.

R A Schlofner  
SOLILOQUY FOR MOTHERS

You gave birth to me in a land that was torn.  
You have given me all of your soul as you nurtured me and I have grown.  
I fell so many times, yet, you picked me up,  
dusted me and said: "You'll be all right."  
. . . and you know what?  
I was.  
You cried as I was hurt and smiled as I accomplished the greatest tasks of my life.  
Mother, I am sorry that you suffered as I did,  
but am so happy you could laugh as I laughed and sang of my happiness.  
Now—I shall be remembered forever since it is by the soul you gave me that I live.  
Thank you for being with me when you were needed  
and even when you weren't.  
and always remember. . .  
I love you and your soul is my soul.  
Your heart is mine.

Joan H Colombe

RUNNING  
Here I am in my running suit. . . oh,  
Lord, I've been so busy;  
I've ran at work, and ran at home,  
enough to make me dizzy!  
There's so much that's needed doing,  
and only me to do it. . .  
There's no one else to lean on, or help me to get through it.  
I've run up and down the stairs, at such an urgent gait. . .  
You'd think I'd lose a thousand pounds (or at least some of this weight!)

But, in it all, as days go by, help me Lord to always know  
That you are there to lift the load as I must, running, go.  
Help me never to lose sight of YOU along the way;  
And help me always take the time to read your Word and pray.  
Help me to keep a quiet time, in which your love is shared;  
And when you come to earth again, Lord, help me to be prepared.

Pearl Heer  
TRAVELER

Traveler out of step with time,  
I take my poetry with rhyme,  
I take my songs with melody. . .  
"Beat" is not enough for me.

For I go back a long, long way  
To ballad, ode, and rondeley.  
To deathless poems—the masters' art,  
Sonnets written on the heart.

Traveler, lost with lute and lyre,  
Shelley's "Skylark", Byron's fire,  
Why squander present indiscreet  
To wander with the obsolete?

Raucous Rock 'n Roll is in,  
Electric bass cedes mandolin.

Elia Marguerite Spang  
NEW LOVE FOR OLD

To my beloved.

Safe, in a very secret part of me  
Where nothing's been discovered;  
Lie feelings green, untouched  
And longing to be free.  
They baffle my old head  
For they are the stirrings  
More common in the younger  
And immature I fear.  
They are a mystical joy  
With newness and freshness  
Yet, very, very comfortable.  
They foretell of my planting  
wildflowers  
In your backyard  
Of clasping hands  
And whisperings behind old trees  
That have heard it all before.  
They mirror two patient hearts  
Now proudly showing off their  
virgin dignity.  
I knew you loved me then;  
And now I know, I love you too.

A B Beyer  
THE RIVER

The river is partly frozen from shore to shore;  
At the rocks, white, shining mist splashes high as of fore;  
Deep, at areas, it peacefully moves on its way,  
Steadily gliding with no thought of pay.  
Sometimes clear, and still as a mirror, continues  
Moving—so silent—as tho' in deep thought  
Of the Father's magnificent plot.  
Shallow, at areas, where it sings its songs,  
Merrily bubbles over the stones in throngs;  
Giving them sparkling hues of greens and blues.  
Sometimes over-flowing—bursting its boundaries,  
Over-powered, with no choice of course;  
The color of chocolate, from a down-pour

That it could not absorb in such a roar.

Like us—its path unknown for sure,  
It does not ask for favors of lure;  
It has the sunlight in day, for untold beauty and strength,  
The moonlight at night for mystic shadows and service at length;  
One of God's most beloved endowments;  
May we have enough pride,  
knowledge, and foresight  
To always protect it from its possible plight.

Richard A Levitt  
DON'T TAKE SO MUCH FOR GRANTED

People take a lot for granted, things that seem trivial as can be like having legs to walk on or eyes so that they can see.

How about having children to watch as they run and play or to see their expressions of joy as they open gifts on their special day.

Let's not forget our hearing or the food we have on our dish or the fact that we have the freedom to go anywhere we wish.

How about having a voice so we can verbally express what we feel or the family and friends we see each day that seem to be no great deal.

The next time you're taking a walk and see something pretty along the way just stop and think what the handicapped and blind are missing everyday.

When you see your children so happy that their faces seem to glow think of the many unfortunate adults who were deprived of watching theirs grow.

When you're sitting down for a meal that makes you feel like turning the other cheek just stop and think of the millions of people who can't afford to eat that much in a week.

When you are sitting and visiting with someone on the telephone someday think of what the deaf and mute must do when they have something to say.

When you're with friends or family think of the inmates in prisons for crimes that may not be guilty of anything, but are actually victims of our times.

If you will think about what you just read and really give it some thought you will quit taking so much for granted and value every little thing you've got.

Tammy Sue  
PURE ANGEL

To David, who I love in forbidden moments.

Pure whiteness of angels surrounds me as my heart quivers now, but quite awhile since it ever did before,  
try as I might to fight them down those feelings cut me open leaving me vulnerable with nowhere to run

## Driving drunk (My fatal mistake)

The night was cold and snowy when I got into the car since it was New Years Eve, I was headed to the bar.

When I arrived at my destiny I ordered myself a drink and by the time the New Year came I could hardly even think.

After a while it was closing time and I got in my car to go I noticed the weather had cleared up but the roads were covered with snow.

Some friends of mine noticed I was drunk and offered me a ride but I turned them down, real fast, because I had to protect my pride.

Well, I was driving home when something happened that I can't explain because the next thing I remember I was on the ground and full of pain.

It seemed to take forever for the ambulance to finally arrive and I over heard somebody say I probably wouldn't survive.

When they got me to the hospital they rushed me to a room and everybody's faces showed an expression of gloom.

As I laid there on the table my thoughts were running wild I was thinking of the things I'd done since I was a child.

I was wishing I had taken seriously the fact that I shouldn't drive drunk and that I should have acted like an adult not some irresponsible punk.

Then suddenly the lights went out and I couldn't hear a sound and now if you want to find me I am buried in the cold, cold ground.

Richard A. Jewett

1-1-88

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Richard A. Hewitt

12.23.87