

Open Window

By

J.K. Gravett



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Baltimore

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First printing

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This is dedicated to my family, and especially to my husband, and my son, Justin, who is becoming a marine. I'm proud of you!

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Chapter I

Urban Cries

What Happened, America?

Our motives were once pure and true—what happened, America?
Now they're tarnished and soiled. We had dreams of peace and
Brotherhood, for all mankind—what happened, America? Now, that's
Really hard to find. We once could trust our leaders—What happened,
America? Now there's dissention in the ranks. Where once a great
Nation once stood—indifference, violence, scorn, and hatred rules—torn
Apart by factions divisive, people run and children cry; old ones shake
Their heads, and ask, "why?" One group says, "come, this way"; the other
Says, "you will surely die, this day!" Religion, humanity's one true call,
Now secretly, is worshipped...the lack of it, is why the land is in such
Turmoil. Oh brothers and sisters, listen to their cries, as they raise their
Eyes to the skies!! The madness must stop—life's balance restored, or all
That was gained, will surely be lost!

Frustration

Tension—high in the air...
Pointless worry—why should you care? Aimless
Wandering, to and fro...wondering, wondering,
Which way to go—near or far, up or down—this is
Indecision's way.

Frustration, is why you go crazy! Line, wrinkle, old as time—
Frustration, frustration, worry and whine—make
Your way from here, keep clear!!!

Time to clear this horrible crime! Frustration is what drives
You crazy, wild and mad! Take a stand—make strong decisions...
Find a antidote to heal the rift, that this has wrought, and time
Has stolen.

With that being done, I'll end the song....Comfort and Peace,
Be on your way...Tranquility, the order of the day.

Good Night.

Despair

The pitch black of night—the darkness there; the bottom of the Well...this is despair. An endless song, that goes on and on. The Great abyss—unseen and unheard; no sound is uttered—no scream Is heard. In darkness, all sound is swallowed up, like acoustics, in A sound-proof room...no light can penetrate, no hand can reach.

The only way out, for that person, is to seek a way out, from that Abyss—to come toward the light! They themselves, must put up a Fight! Not to stay down, but to get up, and stay out of the darkness, And into the fray! The battle is hard and long, but one thing you learn, Is that you come out strong! So fight the good fight, and don't lose hope, Learn what you must; try to cope. Despair is a place, no one should go. The chains are solid, forged hard, to the core.... But they can be broken, by one good strong pull...the pull of Life, Pulsing and pure. Come with me, and be happy.

Child's Lament

Child of poverty, child of woe; child that was born, so many years ago—hunger
Seems a constant friend; death, it seems, really is the end.

Living poor is life's greatest sin—it is not your fault, the state that you are in.
Society tells you to quit, you won't win—give up, give up, you are at the end.
But with the strength of Love, you begin, to struggle forth—never to give in.

Hooray!!! You've made it! Now, climb up from out of the state you were in.
In some small way—the beginning is not the end...

Because YOU decided to change, the state you were in.

A Child Betrayed

Child of anger, child of woe; do you know which way to go? You're not trusting
Of anyone; you act so mature, but tell me, child, are you sure? Your childhood
seems a mirage; you grew up so fast...tell me, child, do you think the past, is
past? Lies told, promises broken; your past seems gone, your future, uncertain.
Rage is your byword; deceit, your friend; your world is shattered, never to
blend.

Someone tries to help you, you shy away, or when it suits you, run away.
When things go your way, it's ok...but oh, when it doesn't—lashing out is ok.
You think, rules—screw 'em, they don't apply to me...they're made to be
broken,
Says you to me. You are such a rebel...at no one's beck and call, your life, is
just
One big ball!!!!

But, all in all, when your are alone—when no one sees—don't you wish, just
one time, that trust was not an issue; that someone could see the little child
inside,
Waiting to be free? Free, from mistrust; Free, misery; Free...free...Free!
Free to be that child inside, innocent and free, oh how happy you would be!!!

A Child Betrayed—alone and afraid...it's time to end this lonely charade.
Time enough for mature things much later, right now, living life is greater!

Someone loves you and wishes you to see, that they can be trusted—that you
Can break free! Life is many, many things, don't you see? Rules are there to
Protect and help you, can't you see?

Love is the reason—open your eyes—SEE! Even though someone has hurt
You, someone else still cares...the one who loves you, enough to go through
All the rage, tears, lies, and fears...who feels all those things for you, and with
You...as you go through.
Even when you don't believe it's true, goes to bat for you, even when you can't
or won't. I love you, I may not like the things that you do, but I love you....
NO MATTER WHAT!!!!

Chapter II

Remembered Seasons

Winter

Austere—in its starkness... Pristine, in its beauty—
Winter. Freezing, cold, and icy; a joy to behold.
School's almost out, for the holidays—winter break.
See the lake, grow cold and freeze; snow falls down,
Pull out your skis! Shushing down the mountain—wind
In your face—powder flying everywhere—come on,
Let's have a downhill race! Lace up your ice skates—
Down here, at the lake. The winter skating dance, is
About to begin! What a winter wonderland...as you
Walk through the forest, ice crunching under your
Feet...all is quiet, serene, and peaceful—a picture-perfect
Scene. Seedlings and saplings, have all gone to sleep;
Waiting, dreaming until spring's thaw...when they
Will wake from their long sleep. Time seems to stand
Still...in winter's grip...like all the world, had ended
Its trip; but do not fear—spring's rebirth is near! Sleep,
Sleep, in winter's domain, just for a while...sleep-till
Warm, gentle winds blow, and then away, you creep.

Fall

Sweet, clean, crisp and clear—Fall is here! Leaves of brown,
Yellow, red and gold, fall to the ground—not uttering a sound,
Signaling winter’s approach, from around the bend. The
Brilliant foliage is a sight to see—God’s golden tapestry!

Children collect leaves, for their class, marveling at the different
Trees. Families rake the yards for leaves, piling them high—
Children jump into them, from on high. Bonfires, shooting flames
High into the air, as we dance around, to the crackling sound!

Animals—birds, and plants, start getting ready for the long
Winter’s fast—all is well.

Summer

Long, hot lazy days—cicadas come out to play their
Song, as the sun goes down. Children squeal as they
Play in the swimmin' hole.

Some even go away to camp; bringing back happy
Memories... Mom and Dad, sitting on the front porch
Swing, talking to each other in a language, only they
Could understand. Grandparents come to visit, for a
Spell—all is wonderful, all is swell.

Baseball games, at the park, are played. Hot dogs, popcorn,
Corn on the cob—the vendors are out there, doing their job!

Night falls—all is quiet; mosquitoes buzzing, bugging
One and all...driving all inside!

Nothing else to do, but plenty to see...let's go for a ride, just
You and me. Summer—is all those things and more—fond
Memories, and love, by the score...hazy days, lazy nights...
Barbeques, by the score!

Fireworks, parties too! That is summer, for you.

Spring

A time for new beginnings...
Spring, spring, marvelous spring!
The buds are springing; the flowers are blooming...life
Begins anew, from winter's deep sleep.

Animals awaken, from their long rest, shake off winter's
Sleep, come out and play! Bees buzzing to their hives,
Humming with activity—so alive!!

Salmon moving upstream, bringing new birth...oh yeah,
The bears see their worth!

Beauty, wonder, movement all around....
Spring brings new life...what a wonderful sound!

Chapter III

Life and Its Mysteries

Why

This word is a question—a question often
Asked. The answers may vary; some hard,
Some fast.

Children use this word a lot. Teenagers try
To antagonize you with it; young adults, are
Annoyed by it; old people just deal with it.

Everybody, at one point or another, faces this
Single word, what or how it gets answered, is
Up to you.

This word leads to research, probing, and
Prodding; adventure abounds, when this word
Is around.

Curiosity is the reason, this word is used.
This word truly, is abused. The bane of parents,
Teacher's delight...it will never fade out of
Sight.

This word encourages, challenges, enquires;
This word will never lose its fire!!!! I salute
You, WHY, and all the questions you bring.

As long as there are questions, in our minds,
You will sound, loud and clear—long may
You reign!!!

Do You Know Me?

Do you know me? I don't think you do. You say you
Know me, the way you say you do...I only let so much
Of myself out-shine through; the part you see, is only a
Small part of me.

The part no one ever sees—the private part, the one I let
Out, when no one is about—the one that cries, the one that
Fears, the one that holds memories, bold and clear.

No one sees the private me; that's the way I want it to be....
You don't see the tears that I shed, desperately, yearning,
Wishing my heart would stop hurting, from the pain I hold,
Deep in my breast, wishing the pain would pass.

Then I could breathe—and be free!!!! Free to be the total me!!

You don't know me—you thought you did; but the real me
Is strictly hid....

Do You Know Me?

Growing Constantly

Whether as plant or DNA—we start as seeds; change is
Inevitable; growing constantly. Look how we change
And grow—we become aware of changes, all around us;
We are aware of colors, changes, and also when elements
Are ordered, then added, it changes the order of things;
As in hybrids, whether as seeds or DNA.

We all change—it is in all of us... a part of life.
Always occurring; from seedling to plant; from
Embryos to babies, changes are constant—ever near!
We could learn more from this, teach me—and it
Was so.

Things Happen

Things happen, every day; the world revolves;
The grass grows. The waves crash and roll, against
The shore.

People go away, people stay; some don't let
Anyone get in their way.

Babies are born, children grow; Teenagers rebel and yell.
Young adults move away, and the old grow wise, and
Begin to face the end; fighting time's relentless march,
My friend.

The sun rises and sets, the moon waxes and wanes; nothing
And no one ever stays the same.

We all change, you and I, at an ever-changing rate.
Some would say, "The more things change, the more
They stay the same." I would say, "The more things
Stay the same, things change."

To us, each as individuals, things change. The sky is
Blue, or the sun shines brighter.

The air, is cleaner, sweeter, fresher. Even the
Food tastes different; someone may say, "This
Dish might taste funny to them," but let that
Same dish be made later, it would taste great!

Many things change, depending upon our paths in
Life...

Well, the verdict is in...things definitely do change.

Watching Over Me

Sometimes, when I feel like a lost soul, and things seem really bad...
I think that there is something out there...watching over me.

Prior to their leaving this world, they were always taking care of me,
Protecting, guiding, and teaching me

When I was bad, they of course, corrected my behavior, and taught
Me the right way to be...always watching over me.

But now, they are gone...I sometimes feel that they are near...especially
When I think or feel I need their help, or wish they were here; like a
Sudden breeze, or a quiet touch, they are near...letting me know, that
They are truly...watching over me.

What I've Learned

I've learned—That being an early riser, can bring a quiet joy and peace.

I've learned—That it is the sweetest thing, to see a baby smile.

I've learned—That from trials, tribulations, and the passage of Time, the gift of wisdom, is born.

I've learned—That a pat on the back, a hug, or a smile, goes a Long way.

I've learned—That a good friend is hard to come by, and even Harder to find...cherish them.

I've learned—That a person who is loving, fair-minded and Kind, may not have much, but they are so much richer than Those who have it all!

I've learned—That when you are down, feeling low—count Your blessings, from above, and be grateful that you can.

I've learned—That forgiveness is hard work, and that forgetting Is hard-pressed, but is worth the effort.

I've learned—Misery truly loves company—but I'd rather be Happy.

I've learned—That trying new things, can definitely be fun.

I've learned—That hatred is a hard thing to deal with, but Love Is the force, that overcomes all.

I've learned—That seeing the love in someone's eyes, can make Your day!

I've learned—To accept the differences in myself, and to be Tolerant of others.

I've learned—That arguments are a waste of time, emotions, and energy—
Try to find a better way to communicate.

I've learned—That words DO hurt; that compassion and kindness,
Are truly virtues; try to use them, when you talk to each other.

I've learned—That Marriage is a work in progress—always, constantly
Changing, always, constantly learning. Cherish it, as you do each other.

I've learned—That from birth to death, is a very short time, what you do
With it, determines how you will be remembered; use your time wisely.

I've learned—That God's love is never failing—it is in everything, all
Around us...from the sun that shines on us, to the moon that bathes
Us in its glow; to the world that we live on.

Finally, I've learned—That from the time you are born, until the day
You die, you never, never stop learning!

Journey's End

A plan is formed—a course is planned—the path is laid out, it is plain.

What to take with you? What do you leave behind? The answers are
There, in your mind.

The distance is plotted, the origin; here. The destination—who knows
Where?

Expectations are high! The cost—low; travelers cross many paths,
You know. Going, going, not a destination in mind—I think that it
Is just a state of mind.

All journeys have an end, when it comes right down to it, my friend.
Life's highway is long, hard and steep; not really easy, on the feet!

Sometimes, it brings sunshine—other times, rain. Oftentimes, joy
And pleasure, and sometimes, pain.

But, the road must be traveled, and pain must be endured—otherwise,
You would never be sure, of finding your end.

The journey begins here; run, travail, walk while you can...because,
Someday, we will all find, where our journeys end.

The Friend I Never Knew

Time and circumstances, did not allow us to meet each other, properly. It has been some years, for us both, even though there was no answering “click,” there still may be one, as long as we speak. I wish to let you know, Time will pass...we’ll soon both know. Hopefully, this works out, I don’t Want to have no doubt. I have plenty of time...to find this out, and if we Don’t become a couple, we will be great friends, and that will be till the end. So, with this, I’ll close this line, until we speak, next time.

Someday

Someday, people will be free, from all diseases...someday.
Someday, we will be able to walk down any street, in this world,
And have not a worry about being safe...someday.

Someday, we will call each other brothers and sisters, and
Mean it...someday. People will love and care after each
Other...someday.

Someday, we'll all be seeing a new Earth and a New
Heaven...Someday.

Jesus said, "Not to be afraid, of the things of this Earth,
Because, there is a New Place I have set out for you."

Someday...we will all see Heaven; someday, we will all
See His Face!!!!

Someday...we all will sing Hallelujah, we're going home,
No more to roam...someday.

Wandering Souls

In a sea of millions...people go to and fro—looking for someone,
Somebody to love. People searching in bars, cars, trains, and
Aeroplanes and Laundromats, too, looking for something...someone
New. Someone who will be theirs; someone to walk up the stairs with,
Someone to cuddle up to, and be with.

Everyone has a criteria; they must be this; they must be that, they must
Be honest...oh no, not that!!! The Game is played, with skill and great
Care...don't get caught, beware! Someone wants you; someone new,
Someone who wants to be with you!!!

At work, at play...on the road, far away...wandering souls, find each
Other and try to work things out...want to be winners!!!

To find one another, would be so fine. To love, to hold, till the end of time,
Is it their goal—their wish, to be able to find and not miss...that one in a million,
That one sublime; someone special, someone fine.

Relationships are on the line...and though it is on their minds, marriage is
The bottom line!

Wandering souls...find each other, love and live. Isn't that the way we
Wish it could be?

Rise

Beginnings—off the horizon...slight movements; slow, steady, but sure,
Begin to simmer, to boil over—finally, leaps up to the skies! So it is with
Us, we are born, we live, we grow...when adversity comes, we fight, we
Persevere, we go beyond...we rise!

We rise against our problems; we rise to all occasions! We rise, we rise,
We Rise!!! To work, we rise, to the travails of birth and child raising, we
Rise! To the challenges of adulthood—we rise! To the challenges of Old
Age and Medicare, we rise!

To death—we rise—we know our final rise, will be glorious!!!

One, in which we will be with Heavenly Father! We will rise,
As He has risen.

Time

Time—relentless, ever moving, faster than a heartbeat...stronger than any Song...like the beat of a steady drum...it goes on.

Or quietly, like a breeze, blowing softly through the trees...like a stream, Running to river, and then to the sea, it builds up and runs on.

The passage of time shows itself in our lives. As babies, life is new; as Children, we learn new things, and make new friends; as teenagers, we Rebel and yell; as adults, we grow and expand, and as older adults, we Reminisce about it all!

We celebrate life, and its challenges, as time passes. But nobody thinks About how to celebrate time, and its amazing passage, through life!

Maybe it's time we should. Maybe then we will appreciate, how much We have invested in our friends, and our lives.

Glory Days

“Those were the days when...” My grandmother used to say, every time she started a story, or wanted to teach a lesson on life, such as it was, back then. Times that were hard, but oh, there were many things! Things that were sad, wonderful, marvelous, great, and good. Things to do, see, hear, think, feel and say. Life—was happening. Love, it seemed, was everywhere, and it really meant something; people got along with each other.

Neighbors talked to each other, at home, or passing by on the streets, not afraid to look you in the eye. The only gangs were ones that wore leather jackets, and drove either hot rods or motorcycles, and sported pompadour hairdos. It was a simple time; old folks were considered wise, full of wisdom to impart to the young, and the young listened.

Children felt safe, playing in their neighborhood parks, streets, and yards; babies could sleep soundly, in their bassinets, having all the fresh air they could breathe; or while being pushed in their strollers, while their parents looked down and smiled at them.

When the end of the day, meant looking forward to being with family and friends, relaxing from a hard day of work or play; coming home to a home-cooked meal, prepared by Mom, saying Grace, before eating.

Those were the days—when presidents really tried to keep their word; when serving in the Armed Forces was exceeded by serving God. When helping your fellow man, made you feel great inside, instead of making you wonder when they would return the favor. Oh please tell me, where those days have gone?

Nowadays, with job and peer pressures pressing in on you, you wish...you long, for them, to revel, to relive, those happier days, when things were understood, not fouled, by the things that complicate our lives today.

Oh, where are those happy, wonderful times—those glory days!!!!
Can we bring those day to the present? One can only wonder, hope...and dream.

Children Dream—Parents Wish

There are many things that children dream of; A new home, a new bike; a pony, or even something special, like a new brother or sister; or a new mother or father.

Parents also wish for many things; that their children are born normal, full functional; that their child will be smart and clever; that whatever they teach them, will stay with them.

That their children will make wise decisions; and if they make mistakes, that they will stop depending upon them, after they are grown, and deal with it.

We all have our dreams, wishes, hopes....we all fear the worst; but expect the best. All we can do, is our very best as parents, and do our best, as children, to make our parents happy.

All in all...they are one and the same, when children become parents, then dreams become wishes, and the new children, have dreams. It's the circle of Life, never ending...never changing; always wishing...always dreaming.

Questions

We all ask questions, that's how we learn.
Why, who, what, where, when, and how...
These are the questions that are raised.

As children, we are full of them; as
Teenagers, we constantly demand of them;
As adults, we seldom ask them, because we think
We have learned it all...only to find out that we
Haven't learned everything after all!

So, questions we must ask, in order to
Learn...no matter what our ages are.
Because without them, life would be
One big, long, never-ending, slow
Burning question!

In the Length of a Year

In the length of a year, many things happen...
Changes, not seen by you or me. The obvious things,
Like birthdays, growing up; getting old, with all the
Bells and whistles, aches and pains; and of course,
Death.

But there are more subtle changes, like the way expressions
Fly across a child's face; one minute, it's there, the next, gone...
May never be repeated quite the same way again....
Those times that make you wish you had a camera stuck on
Your hand!

The way one surprises another person, with a sudden insight;
Something absolutely profound and unexpected...those are
Some of the things that can happen...in the length of a year.

But to me, I have found that in the length of a year, self-discovery
Was made...subtle changes, in myself...I found solace, in a quiet
Morning, listening to the sounds of life, as the world around me
Woke up. That getting away from the rat race did not necessarily
Mean take a vacation, just soaking in a tub, floating in a pool; or
Listening to something uplifting, can do you good. That sometimes,
The lessons taught to us, by our parents and grandparents, when
Listened to, are the very lessons, that keep our rear ends out of
Harm's way...I thank God, my parents and grandparents, who
Taught me those many lessons, sitting at their feet!

My great-grandmother was a wonderful woman, she was also the
Keeper of our family's history. I would listen, for hours, to
The stories she would tell...some were great, and some were sad.
But, I hung on to every word, hearing history unfold, in my mind.
There is one great, subtle thing I feel that we all learn, but not many
People talk about...that is the wisdom we gain, as time passes...the
Absolute knowledge, that's ours to take...in the length of a year.

Pain

Blood rushing...body-wracking, mind-numbing force—pain.
Pressure-building; intense, all on its own—pain.

Dizzying, breath-taking; blinding, searing; pain holds you,
Grabs you, can't withstand it!

Aspirin? Drugs? They barely scratch it...nothing left, but
To sleep, praying for escape, praying for release...AHHHH!

Forgive Me

For the many times I've hurt you...for all the things I've done,
Said, or thought, whether they were behind your back, or to
Your face...forgive me, please?

For when promises were broken, and deals were not followed
Through; for unwittingly assuming things, believing they were
True...please, forgive me.

For having indifference and intolerance, in heart and mind....
Please, forgive me.

Wait! I'm not the one needing it; I think man, as a whole, should
Forgive, forgive each other, so we all might live....FORGIVE!

Days Gone By

Memories in my mind; echoes from then and now...resound in my head,
Days gone by.

First day of school; first school crush...all tumble by, in a rush.
Changes during that horrific time of puberty! Voices changing pitch,
Bodies too...days gone by.

New moves; old friends, styles change; once long gone, are now new—days
Gone by.

Summer days—parties; campfires, romances too, forge new memories,
Then so soon, they too, are gone.

Time, ever fleeting, marches on... You do all you can...to hang on...

Memories slip away, one by one, till at last...there's none, and wistfully,
Someone remembers those...

Days Gone By

Chapter IV

The Psyche—Its Ups and Downs

Why Do I Cry?

Dark, deep never-ending grief—hard to keep up the façade, that I seek... Why do I cry?

Crime, terror, darkness everywhere... in my mind, so deep that I cannot sleep, Why do I cry?

Trouble in the past, present, and future, too, things that bother not only me, but You too—why do I cry?

I cry, for the mothers, who lost their daughters and sons, to the streets; for the families torn apart, by war and terror, so deep.

I cry—for the babies lost, in every conceivable way, be it by drugs, or abuse; whatever the case may be... I CRY!

For the widows and widowers—I cry; for love, known and lost—I cry; for Prejudice and intolerance—I cry; for all these things, and so much more.... The tears fall down, like a heavy rain—rain that cleanses, purges and purifies!

These tears I cry, because I must; the pain is too hard to bear as mine alone.... So, I cry... to try to express the innermost thoughts and feelings, down inside, The pain I can no longer hide; the dam has burst, the flood is released—Oh, What blessed relief!

For now, the danger is past, my heart and mind clear... Hopefully, to see a greater, brighter Morn... where I will not have to cry, Anymore!

Alone, Utterly Alone

Once I had a myriad of friends, all over the place; went many places, did many things, and had lots of fun and made many new memories, too...then I settled down, had children, then things slowed down somewhat; not so many friends came by anymore...it was kind of hard to deal with.

Now, no one comes by to see me...I'm alone, utterly alone.
Nowhere to go, but church and doctor's appointments now,
Now, hardly any of my friends come by...alone, utterly alone.

My husband, doesn't understand, the desperate feelings I have,
Even though he says he does; there is no way that he can...I have
Dealt with this decline in my life, for years now...a lot of emotions, and feelings
of despair, is there—alone, utterly alone.

Can no one hear me? Does anyone care? I guess everyone is caught up in "I'm out here, only for me."

What ever happened to "we," to "us," to "they" or to "them"? No one knows or cares.

I feel I'm sitting out here, in the darkness, try as I might...somehow, I can't see
Daylight...the sun can't penetrate it.

Is this the destiny that I must accept? To be...alone, utterly alone?

Hearts

Every second of every day, millions of gallons, pass my way, through one area and down the other—the heart.

It pumps, like no other...life, it gives by taking impurities out and bringing oxygen in; pushing it through veins, all day long, throughout the body....Whew! Doesn't that sound like work, to you?

The beat is loud and strong, but that's what it takes to carry it on, from our head, to our feet; our bodies are tuned, to that steady beat.

But sometimes, the heart hurts, and we must work to help it keep its pace, for when it slows down, it's time to rest. Then the heart does what it does best—heal itself.

His great design, was and is truly a work of art!

It holds fond and wonderful memories, and also remembers the pain, of the bad ones, too...still, it pumps steadily, day by day!

So, thank you, dear Lord, for this heart of mine....I will take care of it, till the end of time.

Disillusionment and Rebirth/Ways of the Heart

The phone rings—you answer...

The mail comes—you open it...

The call is not what you wanted to hear—

The letter is not what you wanted to see—tears, hot, stinging tears, run down your face—disbelief, ringing in your ears; pain, hiding in your heart—someone you thought loved you, has gone away...either way, it hurts!

No one understands; no one really cares...they tell you, they understand, but they are not in the same boat you are in, right now!

You feel so alone, so lost; you seem to have nowhere to turn to; nowhere to go...your emotions run wild, run deep; you lose sleep...you lose your mind, trying to keep up.

The one who let you down, did not even give you a chance, let you down, without a second thought, or backward glance.... But, you know, deep down inside, that this is only temporary. The inward feelings will become the outward; the heart, shattered, into a million pieces, that seemingly time cannot totally heal.

But somehow, someday, it tries to reach out, to someone, anyone who will listen, to its cries. We try not to overburden our friends, with our seemingly insurmountable grief—try as we might, it is hard to keep it bottled up, or tightly covered, so none of it would seep.

But soon, those feelings will explode! You can't keep them down for long. You learn to cope; you learn to deal with the hand life gives you. Your wounds will heal...you keep yourself closed, and everyone else, at arm's length, because you don't want to go through that again.

Someone tries to reach out to you; you make a half-hearted effort, but to no avail.

Try as they might, they too, will fail.

The Circle of Life, starts again...maybe this time, you'll win; the chance to be happy...with a new friend...Good Luck!

Two Worlds

Two worlds, different as night and day, exist on the same plane...day by day. One is a world of turmoil and uncertainty; the other, of coping and peace—two worlds.

The one—wanting to be like the other, the other, wishing it could. So many variables, don't know quite where to start; only one thing to do—follow its heart.

Open its arms wide and reach out—joy and peace pouring out; calming waters, to soothe weary souls. Waterfalls flow, bringing calm and added bliss, sealing restoration, like a tender kiss.

Tranquility, softly and quietly, from above, floats to the ground...all around, bringing the solace so desperately, that was urgently sought.

Now, two worlds, once apart, are now one! Sharing, caring, loving and living...not just existing!

Two Worlds—different as night from day—brought together by love, tolerance and patience—showed them the way.

Which one would you have live on?

Listen

People talk every day, but do we really listen? Words are created by man, used by man, but do we really listen? Meetings, conferences, and conventions, are held every day; words, in business are used and listened to. But when it comes down to listening to each other, do we really hear, what is said, or do we hear only what we want to hear? This is a major problem, if we were to really listen, not just with our ears, but with a hearing that goes beyond the physical; beyond the mental; we need a hearing of the heart...that is rich with understanding.

If man listened with this heart, man would not have the problems, we have today. Our lives, would be so much better, richer, more full of life...so full of understanding and tolerance for all, wouldn't that be wonderful?

The word "war" would not be such a commonplace word, or fact of life, as it is today; it would only be truly a absolutely last resort.

We would be a stronger nation; we would become a stronger people!
This is what I wish to see, in my lifetime...wouldn't you?

All you have to do first, is listen.

Puzzles

Pieces, pieces everywhere...where do they go? Only the puzzle maker knows.

Try as you might, to put it together, by the picture on the front.

It takes time and patience, mixed with great skill and care, not to lose the parts that are already put together there.

But oh, when you complete the puzzle, it is so grand! To have a picture of somewhere far away, someplace we'd like to visit someday. To mount on a poster board, and put it on the wall, like some fine painting, you've just acquired!

One done by your own hands, with patience, steady nerve and good eye coordination!

The picture is yours, take a bow...you have done well!

Now, go and take a rest...you've earned it.

The Power of Emotions

There are many ways to feel or express emotions:

Anger, sadness, gladness, joy, excitement, tears, laughter...

But the greatest of these emotions is love.

Love will make you giddy.

Love will make you feel like the happiest person on Earth.

Love will have you shouting from the rooftops, how you feel about your mate.

Love will make you feel protective, towards the one you love.

Love will make your heart feel all warm and cozy.

Love is a most wonderful thing.

Love will make you do the craziest things.

Love will create a harmony that only two hearts will know.

Love can be a most powerful force to reckon with.

Love can break through a lot of barriers that others have tried to pass through, but failed.

Love, indeed, is a very wonderful thing!

Chapter V

Love and Special Memories

Generations of Love

From the time of Adam and Eve, Love was born.

Across time and space, it lives on...Across the Heavens, it is sung, by multitudes of angels; in darkness, it is whispered; in Church, it is preached.

By our parents and grandparents, it is taught and shown; and in a baby's eyes, it shows!

The wonder of love, is in its simplicity...the beauty of love, is that it knows no bounds...it is unconditional...it is ageless! With each new birth, love is reborn; with each death, love is remembered.

With each new day, it is re-discovered... From generation to generation, love is there.

To a Special Love

Everyone has had a special love—at one time or another.

He was the most unusual person I've ever met. Witty—in a sarcastic sort of way; bold and daring, often to the point of rudeness.

Other times, sweet, loving, protective and kind; yes, he was all those things, and so much more...all those special things, that made me love him, even more.

Many were the nights we shared, staring at the stars, and breaking bread. Some rainy days, were spent roaming the countryside in his old pick-up truck. Those days are gone now, he's no longer here, but his memory will always be clear.

A special friend, that's what he was, that is why he will always have a special place in my heart, and a special place, in my soul. God bless you, my friend.

The Wedding Day

Morning sunlight shines through my window, upon my face....darkness from sleep flees, as I rise, with a smile on my face.

Today will be a wonder, for everyone to see; a jumble of feelings run through my mind: happiness, anxiety, trepidation, to be sure...it's a giddy merry-go-round! Questions arise; "Will this last?" "Will it last forever?" "Will I be a good wife?" But those flee, when the preparations for this day, get underway; everything is chaotic; people scurrying by, pushing, fretting, fussing—making sure everything goes just right.

Finally, it's my turn to get ready...it is a time to wonder and plan...to reflect and dream. This is a new beginning to prepare for...no longer a distant dream. This day is more, much more than it seems! Now everything, and everyone is in place...it is time to begin, open the door, and march down the hall.

Watch the look on everyone's faces, but especially the look in my beloved one's face, as I glide towards him, as if on air! Butterflies in my stomach, sweat on my hands...my heart constricts, seeing the love on his face...our hands touch, eager to grasp, as I draw near him. I know, deep in my heart, that I will always love him.

Words are spoken; vows are repeated; rings are exchanged...
No longer alone—forever to be one!! The past is remembered, the present is now...the future...is to come—there is so much to celebrate, now that happiness has come!!!!!!

For today is a special day...Our Wedding Day!

Love's Song

Like a butterfly on the wing, love's song, it brings. Sweet is the harmony; easy is the rhyme—together orchestrated, they shine!

Beauteous to behold, soothing to hear—love's song, always, always please, be near. This world needs to hear you, enter their hearts, minds and souls more—then maybe the world will finally heal, from the wounds that ignorance and hatred has wielded.

This song has a power that transcends all barriers—through time and space. Come together we must, in this special place; unity and peace sublime, will make love's song shine! The Earth—its people, would become friends, and not enemies.

We must believe, we must pray—that the world will make it, someday. I'd like to see the world do just that, and soon! We are not promised tomorrow...so while I can, I'll spread love's song, throughout this land!

From shore to shore; from one stand to another, I wish to see this song go further.

Daydreams

Fluffy clouds, billowing waves, gentle winds...Birds flying overhead—Daydreams. Starlight, Moon glow...things that you love and know...Daydreams. Sunny days, children at play; Old men, playing checkers day by day...Daydreams.

Inventions brewing, problem solving, machines coming into view...Daydreams. The inventions, dreams and hopeful thinking, and wishes too, all are the daydreams, waiting to come true! Some come to fruition; some never do. Some become the things that make everything new—A different point of view! Daydreams are the special things that make life worthwhile, the special memories that make you smile!

Sometimes, they get you into trouble—daydreams do—but I know, I feel that they are worth it, don't you?

Daydreams, daydreams, all the time...peeking through the windows of your mind...dare you travel, to where you'll find, something special, in your mind?

The Magician

There's a chill in the air—Amazement abounds...the Magician is coming to town.

Things floating high above...not a word is spoken, as he points to you, silent and proud, as one by one, they float low to the ground. Legerdemain—his religion...sleight of hand, his game...when the Magician comes to town.

Ageless as time, movement and space; wonder around each corner; amazement on every face...each act a thrill, for the soul to embrace. Shadowy figures and beautiful creatures, conceal more than the eye can see or follow, as he makes his rounds.

Some say, it's magic; others, who knows....Only one thing for sure...he knows.

When the show is over, he takes his bow...then POOF!!!! He's gone...until the next time...the Magician comes to town.

Ode to Linda

Poodle skirts and ponytails—Mustangs and Corvettes too....This is Linda's world—she's really cool!

Sweet and caring, loveable and kind...This is what makes her divine! To her friends—she's zany! To her clients, she's a saint! That's what all of us think!

You'll never know what Linda thinks!

She's quiet and thoughtful, when she is near—to those that need her, has a listening ear. But to those that are wrong—look out, she's strong! Laughter on her face, a smile on her lips—if you laugh too hard, you might trip!!

When problems arise, give her a yell—she'll respond, quicker than h—! Makes you feel safe—really cool.

So, to you, dear Linda, we raise a toast—You're a good friend...you are THE MOST!!!!!!!

My Time

Wake up, get busy—another day ahead.

Things are always that way, you know.

Take a break, during the afternoon, slow down a bit...evening falls, time to come together...and feast on each and everything, that the day has brought...challenges, changes...you know...the lot.

Kids sent to bed...hubby's watching TV...Now it's your time...to unwind, to gather back the fragments that were you...mom, wife, cook and bottle washer, chauffeur...bring them back, become the whole you.

Sitting in the bath, soaking it all in...ahhhhhh! Unwind, relax. Enjoy the quiet, peace and calm....It's My Time!

On Being Stood Up

One thing men and women can't abide—is being stood up—left behind.

The feeling hits deep, down in the pit...if you try to apologize, it's not worth spit!
The person who was stood up, will not deal with it.

Your name is Mud, in fact—that's not much, jack.
If you try to say anything more, it sounds like a cow, chewing cud.

So, beware of who you stand up, because someday, that person could be you!

Chapter VI

Life's Darkest Moments

Alone

Some people say...things will look better, tomorrow.
I say, tomorrow will never come...I am alone.

When you find yourself surrounded by a sea of people, and you don't feel like you belong...you feel alone.

Alone, alone...aren't you tired of being alone?
Get out, get up, and live!!!! Put yourself out there...involve yourself in anything that you might find interesting and fun!!!

No longer alone. Not solitary any more. The world is yours, Enjoy.

Darkness

Blue, midnight, blue...pitch black...dove gray...charcoal; different degrees of darkness, we deal with it, day by day. We produce pictures in darkrooms, lit by a red light, for the sun is too strong. We watch films, in dark theaters, because the colors are sharper and clearer...but do we really stop to think about darkness, as a whole? Do we see what blind people see? Do we know what blind people know? Or do we just get up and go? When one of the body's senses fails, doesn't it learn to compensate, learn to prevail? Or does it just give up? All the answers to these and so much more, live in the dark recesses of the mind.

The soul also has a dark area, but all the results, depend on what you do; the way you live your life, and how life treats you, makes the darkness seem far away. It is where thoughts become action, movement, work. Ideas form in your mind, becoming something worthwhile, when they are known—exposed to the light—people, artists, and the like, work through what they find, creating something new, beautiful, thought provoking and kind, from the darkness mirrored, in their minds.

Musicians, create dark pictures, rhythm, and rhyme...oh what a picture they define! Darkness, can also be kind...when trouble comes and rules the mind. So I present this story, for you to view, it holds many secrets, both wonderful and harsh; old and new...the rest is now, up to you...treat it with respect, because sometimes, it comes back...to the recesses of your mind. Look in there, see what you can find.

Pride

Mama always told me, “Pride goeth before the fall.” I always ignored it, I guess I thought I was not prideful. Boy, was I wrong! I thought I was the most humble creature on this earth. I was wrong. My thinking was way off key. I fell down, hard; my ego bruised. My soul confused. I did not believe, could not believe, that this had happened to me.

Well, Mama, had I listened to you, I would have not been brought down. My pain would not be so new, and life’s bruises, would have been few.

Pride blinds you from what you should do; You know that Mom was right: that the damage did not have to be. But, you learn from the fall. You make a new call. You learn that pride is a lesson hard learned. But once it’s learned, you become humble...and you learn to think twice, before you speak. Be more thoughtful of others, more compassionate, more of a human being, than a selfish one...becoming a part of the human race.

Grief

Painful, sorrowful; gut-wrenching, mind-numbing...grief.

One of the strongest emotions, next to anger. Grief, is the start of a self-awareness, when a person dies. People grieve; they cry, they prostrate themselves, on the floor, or over the casket. Sometimes, for days at a time, lay around the house, no daylight, no change of clothing; looking worse than hell, itself. No one answers the phone; don't want to be bothered, by anyone, or anybody.

Then one day, grief leaves, and very special memory takes its place...some emotion triggers some special times...some sad, some good, come flooding through, to your heart and mind...your soul, keeps the better ones, they remain, in your heart.

Grief, once again, has done its job...to remind us, that life, even though we lose someone, we can still remember them, get through it, and go on—life is still going on~

The Therapist

There is someone who can help ease the way, bring you back to center; make you whole again.

One who thinks, before they speak; lays the problems down, at the Master's feet. They take a lot, upon themselves, almost, always never time for self. Considerate and kind, she probes into your mind, trying to bring some sanity and peace, in kind.

Troubled hearts, troubled souls, it is a sore thought—a sight to behold. The mind can do the most dizzying things...trying to keep up, now, that's the thing!

With depression, grief, and sadness, so deep; the mind never rests, never sleeps! One is hard pressed, and open mind to keep. Which treatment is best—the therapist knows, she'll show you the way—and you begin, to see your way through—to live!!!

Seeing you whole again, is their reward. Being able to cope, to feel to overcome! To rise to the top, and never stop!!!!

The job of the therapist—to bring saneness and peace, to our world—one person at a time.

Chapter VII

Personal Moments/Reflections

Morning

Wind—clean and cool, sweeps away the boughs of sleep, from the world...it is dawn. Birds fly overhead, going about their early morning activities; the Sun, unfolding its sleepy rays, ready to announce the birth of a new day.

Flowers open their buds, after a long night of sleep—spreading their lovely petals, for all to see. Bees buzzing by, gathering pollen and early morning nectar, from each and every bloom.

Baby birds wake, hungry mouths to feed. Beauty, beauty everywhere—Morning touches us all, bringing its peace, once again.

Remind us all of God's great plan, it truly is a glorious morning!

Salvation Room

Whenever I need an answer, when I go to pray; I look for God's salvation, it's always there. Salvation given, full and free, that's the Grace He has given, to you and to me.

God knows our woes; we brought them on ourselves, because of the Original Sin. But we have free choice, and we can let God be!

His Son gave His life, on that special tree, took on our sins, so we would live...and not be damned. To take on our spiritual death, was a price, heavier than anything that we face, daily. To be able to come to the Altar, to lay our troubles down, knowing that in God's time, the answer will come.

Oh, Glorious Wonder, Joy and Relief! When you lay your problems, at the Master's feet! Know this, that the Joy of the Lord, is not a one-time thing...every day, you can bring your troubles, your cares, and lay them there; knowing, trusting, and believing, that the answer is there.

Praise the Lord, while He may be found; seek Him, while He is near.

Salvation is the Knock, on the door of your Heart...all you have to do is open it.

Lost

One day, I found myself thinking, wondering, what happened to my life—why did things not turn out the way I thought they would? I was at a loss for answers.

Why? When? How? Where? Who?—I was lost in the questions...so bogged down, that I couldn't see my way to a clear answer...lost, lost, Lost.

On the superhighway that I call Life...Lost; someone, anyone, show me the way. Lost—please help me this day! Lost—Wanting to run; trying to hide, from unfamiliar feelings, welling deep, down inside.

Lost—Oh Lord, please I pray, help me, give me strength to make it through this day! Send your Peace, like a dove, that special blessing from above. Steady my fear, Lord, help me to see; I know now that you were always near: I only had to ask; instead, I only had fear.

Because I was afraid, I could not forgive...I thought I had nothing else to live for, nothing left to give; I was lost.

But, I have found when you lean on the Master, your fears, your doubts, your troubles, will all be put to rest. Because all He wants, is our very best. I love the Lord, with all my heart.

Jesus is the way, to make a new start.

My Mother

From conception to birth, you knew I was there. You loved me and took care of me, until I was physically here. From birth to high school, you scolded, punished, doctored, hugged and loved me...raised me the best, that only you could—then, on that fateful day, in 1976, you left my sister and me...the Lord decided it was time for you to come home to Him. We were bereft; Here I was, on the threshold of womanhood, with no one to guide me, or so I thought...you were always there, helping me out, when I thought all was lost, so much. Unseen hands, keeping me and my sister safe, until we were able to stand on our own two feet! I know you were praying for us...even before you left us. In the wee hours of the night, knowing God's will, would make it right. Now, with children of my own and my sister grown, I realize now, what you did...what you went through, even what you hid. Many prayers, activities, and tears. Being a mother, is a very hard job to do, but being a single parent, the workload doubles by two!

Thank you, Mother, for all and everything you did, even though you are no longer with us—I still feel you near...

I LOVE YOU.

My Father

Tall as a sequoia; strong as an ox, my father once seemed to me. Many memories come to mind; some happy, some sad; but they are what made my father real to me.

Now, as I sit and remember, I see just how much my father, I miss. The way he smiled and joked; the way he would spin stories or sang songs, even the way he would frown, when I did something wrong.

The way he could enjoy a homemade cake, that I made when I was four years old; and never tell me, if anything I made tasted bad.

My father was many things to me; but he is no more, that flesh-and-blood human, you see, His flaws, as well as his good points, made him special; perfect for me. You are sorely missed, my father...to you I blow a special kiss.
I Love You.

Steady On

When the storms of life assault you—steady on. When your whole world suffers mightily—steady on. Steady on, steady on...though the road may be rough and the path, rock and steep; there is a Power greater than anything that life, sends our way...Lean on that power, depend on that strength, it will steady you...strengthen you; bring you to a new level of being.

Steady on, through the night...steady on, when you think all is lost...steady on, steady on, Steady On!

One Speck

From one speck of dust, the Heavens were formed. From one speck of dust, the Planet Earth was born. From one speck of dust, came the land. Oh, there were so many things to bore, but it needed something, one thing more. Animals, fish, and trees by the score; clouds, rivers, lakes and streams, but still needed more, it seemed.

Mountains big, and mountains small; a beautiful sky, to be viewed by all, but still something was needed, something special, one thing more.

So, from one very special speck of dust, man was formed, to care for this world; but he needed to be mindful of the rules, that the Lord had put down, for him. He noticed something; man should not be alone, so from another, beautiful special creature, from Adam's rib, was made, and Eve was her name. Together, in the Garden, they played.

Till one day, a serpent came, and put in Eve's mind, a seed, soon to shame. The Fruit looked good, good enough to eat; but yet, in her eyes she did not see the shame. She took the first bite, and ooh, it was so sweet, but in an instant, she knew of the deceit! She gave the Fruit to Adam, and he did eat, and then, he too, felt his defeat.

From the Garden they were cast, never to return; became outcast. Pain and hardship, became their veil. Oh, what a heavy price, because they failed! But now, that we have that history, we too can prevail.

Because of that choice, we too can change. Oh please, Dear Lord, do not leave us in despair! Bring back the Garden, oh, so fair!

From one speck of dust, sin was born; but now, we can look forward, to a greater Morn!...From one speck of dust.