

Poetry Series

Betty Keck
- poems -

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Betty Keck(Feb.20,1938)

Retired church secretary, living in Texas with my husband, J.C. and our tabby cat, Rascal.

We have four children, four grandchildren

Ever-Changing

Sitting alone on her grassy hill
amidst shades and hues of flowers
Tears of blue beginning to spill
until the beautiful sweetness sours.

Mirroring the winds of doubt
revealing her hidden sadness
Long buried from her soul's vision
gentle whispers of madness.

Recalling the warmth of the sun
shining brightly through the clouds
Reflecting glistening dew drops
her tears now wrapped in shrouds.

Sitting alone on her grassy hill
amidst shades and hues of flowers
Pinks, reds and yellow, spill
sweetness o'er her spirit's power.

Like flowers from heaven
gently scattered o'er the earth
Ever-changing.

Betty Keck
(May 27,2006)

Betty Keck

Finding Peace

The wind blows, calling your name
resounding with your laughter
Thunder rolls, shouting its acclaim
love for you in the hereafter.

Lightning flashes, reflecting your face
striking smile, a pure sensation
Rain falls, I feel your embrace
reminiscing sweet salvation.

Sun rises, glistening warmth and light
shining glory from heaven
Stars sparkling, eyes in the night
bringing blessed peace within.

Betty Keck
April 18,2005

Betty Keck

Last Night I Saw A Dove, , ,

Last night I saw a dove
returning to its nest
Gentle little dove
needing a place to rest.

It had a wounded wing
and lost its lively zeal
Come home, the master said
your faith will help you heal.

Master used the Spirit
healing with holy power
Now flying in splendor
this its finest hour.

Again I saw a dove
flying toward the sky
Heaven's gate opened wide
eagerly it did fly.

Welcome home, my child
breathed angels of love
For you, my dear child
are the gentle dove.

Betty Louise Keck
(October,2006)

Betty Keck

'Tis Death And Me

Tis Death and me...

Tis Death and me, walking hand in hand
upon the sands of time
Sifting through the hour glass...
~ the dance of time ~
Treading each step softly, awaiting
fragile peacefulness, radiance
of Heaven's rays...
never ending light, beckoning
me to follow the gentle, soft
call of the Lord.
Now whispering "Farewell"
to the blinding, wind-blown sand
of rolling swirls;
"Hello" to the tender,
sacred rains of blessedness.
At the end of the day, my heart beats
soft breaths of yearning
for the essence of the Creator.
Entranced by the wondrous white light,
soaring upward onto the Other Land,
'Tis Death and me,
walking hand in hand.

September 16,2006

Betty Louise Keck

Betty Keck