

Poetry Series

Carmela Patterson
- poems -

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Carmela Patterson(10/26/40)

I was born in L.A., brought to West Philly, Pa., at the age of 4 by my single mom to live with my grandfather as he was a widower. I graduated high school, worked as a dictaphone operator, became secretary to the treasurer of an insurance company. Married for fifty years to my late husband. There are five children, eleven grandchildren and five great grandchildren. I started college at age forty-four and graduated at age forty-seven with a nursing degree... by the time I retired it was a a coronary critical care registered nurse.

I started writing poetry in 2003 and am still writing poetry... a lot of it at and I will be transferring many more poems here from there and adding new ones to

If you have gotten this far, thank you kindly for reading it.

Mel

' A Briney Sea '

I see the rolling waves undulating in the deep blue ocean,
I hear the gushing, the rushing and the turbulent motion;
While many of us are in the waters thrashing all about
Frighteningly and frantically, 'Save us! ' we shout.

Our vessel has sunk; we were tossed into the rough sea;
How could that upset have happened, how did it come to be?
Life boats filled to capacity, life rings clung to in a death-grip
Help comes, rescuers arrive to lift us onto another ship.

I taste the salty brine and choke on what I swallow;
I drift in and out of consciousness and helplessly wallow
In waters of oblivion, with others just like me ~ in that sea
Until I hear the sound of a bell ringing in the distance
Ringing and ringing with great persistence.
It snaps me out of that horrific situation;
I find blessed relief without hesitation.
A new day has dawned, and I stretch with a yawn.

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Carmela Patterson

' A Child Needs.....'

We are products of our environment it is said
and from birth through life we are variously led
From infancy to childhood others are in charge
When you are little, others seem rather large.

A child needs benevolent and respectful care
As well as being taught to love and play fair.
If a child is taught to respect God and others
He will love himself and likewise his brothers.

Whether our childhood was nurturing or not
Comes the time when we must deal with our lot
The decisions we make will color our future
And show what we're made of as we mature.

If victory is to be won, it's upon God we trust
Knowing, loving and serving Him well we must.
Getting through life is hard enough we all know
Traveling with the Lord is the only sure way to go.

Guide the little ones in the ways of the Lord
So they, too, will praise Him, and to Him accord
All Honor, All Glory, and All Adoration
hearts full of joy and expectation,
toward the day of eternal jubilation
and
infinite exaltation.

4-22-08

Carmela Patterson

' All Nature Praises God'

Captured in the Psalms are the most eloquent Praises
And to read and ponder them affords one great graces.

The Lord's is the earth, and the sea, and the sky;
His is the moon, stars, sun and clouds rolling by.

His Seasons glorify Him each in their own way.
Think of the hope in the beauty of a Spring day,
Thunderclaps and lightning of Summer at play,
Fall's russets, browns, and yellows in breezes sway,
And Winter's cold, chill, and ice, with snows that lay.

Ponder the land with rocks, hills and mountains,
Rivers, streams, and geysers spewing like fountains.

Consider the lilies, roses, shrubs and trees
Which cause one to thank God on bended knees.

Think about the creatures on the land and in the sea
And Praise God for everyone that has come to be.

Praise the Lord morning, noon and night
Sing out His Praises with all of our might.

Keep a book of prayers within easy reach;
Devour everything it is meant to teach.

~ Let's remember ~

captured in the Psalms are the most eloquent Praises;
To read and ponder them affords one great graces,
For the Word of God throughout all ages
Is contained in our Bibles' well-worn pages.

Carmela Patterson

' Bidding Us '

You call us to a closer union with you
A place we have never been before;
You beckon us to follow your every cue
Upon us every good grace you pour.

You extend your hand and gently lead
Taking us on the journey of our lives;
One day at a time you bid us proceed
To be with you, Lord, the soul strives.

We see your hand outstretched toward us
Bidding us lovingly, 'Come follow me.'
Lord, with plenteous blessings award us;
Hear us, O Lord, and answer our plea.

Graciously hear us, O Lord, when we cry,
Cry out to you in prayerful petition;
Be our stronghold we prayerfully sigh
As we submit to you in humble contrition.

Unite our hearts with yours forever more
Assume us, Lord, into your own Heart afire
Then will our souls and spirits ever soar
Praising you with heav'nly harp and lyre.

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Carmela Patterson

' Bless The Babe '

Bless the babe born of my womb,
Now sleeping in my keeping,
Safe and sound in this room
My love for him deepening.

Tiny little man with eyes closed
I love watching God's Son sleep;
In a needed nap now reposed
This infant I am blessed to keep.

He has sweet little rosebud lips
That frequently seem to smile
As from my breast he lazily sips
And tenderly I stare awhile.

Precious little One, oh so small
I want this moment to last for ever
Rest in my arms in peaceful pall ~
May this bond never, ever, sever.

Carmela Patterson

' Chilly Today '

Chilly! It's very chilly today!
Whistling winds sweep the air
Playing havoc with one's hair
Scarves pulled tightly
Coats buttoned rightly,
Brrrrrrrr.
It's very chilly today!

Chilly! It's getting more chilly today!
Whirling winds surging even more
Twirling, remaining leaves soar
Like a hundred birds flying in the sky,
An awesome view to delight the eye.
Brrrrrrrr.
It's even more chilly today!

Chilly! It is most chilly today!
Winds are calming slightly now
Got through this rough day somehow
Reddened cheeks and nose tip frozen
Now swiftly to home, I have chosen,
Brrrrrrrrr.
It was extremely chilly today!

Chilly! It WAS chilly today!
Warming up by the hearth's fire
Feeling toasty, beginning to tire
Hot chocolate tasty and luscious
How I love it so muchous.
Ahhhhhhh,
It WAS chilly today!

Time now to hit the hay
but not before I say
Thank you, Lord
For this invigorating day.

Lord, it WAS chilly today!

' Do You Love Me? '

What is the first thought of the day
As you awaken wiping the sleep from your eyes?
Do you roll over and continue to lay
Or shuffle to the window and look at the skies?

And when you do look at the skies what do you see?
Do you see mist and fog or clouds and rain?
Do you see sun above the cover which eventually
Bursting forth causes the clouds to wane?

When you begin your day do you say a prayer
And say thank you, Lord, for a brand new day?
Are you optimistic and do you really care
About the opportunity you have to walk in His Way?

Do you think of God and pray to Him often?
Or do you give him not a thought at all?
Do you have a hardened heart that doesn't soften?
Do you open your mind and heart to hear His Call?

As long as this big world keeps going
He calls each and every one of us by name.
All He asks is our love and service in sowing
and reaping
the harvest He plants.

In joyful song and dance...
Come!
Are we going?

Says He:

' Are you not coming? '
I'm all loving and all-knowing
My LOVE is overflowing;
Please accept it.
Do you not hear the humming
of the angel choir
full of fervor and fire?

They sing and play for Me;
Come, and you will see
they'll also play for thee ~
Come, be with Me...
for
Eternity. '

' I deeply Love you, don't you.....
love Me, too? '

Carmela Patterson

' Eve Of The New Year '

The Eve of the New Year is upon us this day
May the good Lord bless us as we pray
Peace to reign over all the lands
As we trust in His capable hands
To effect that longed for goal
And the good of every soul.

There is the new day with a new way
May the good Lord bless us as we pray.

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Carmela Patterson

' Find Our Voice '

When things go well, it is easy to be of good cheer;
Life seems good, we're happy, no time for a tear.

When the good times are over and we wear a frown,
When problems weigh upon us and wear us down,
Find our voice, give thanks for the blessings given;
Pray to the Lord for whom the soul has striven
We will be blessed and Holy Sprit driven
To Praise Him morning, noon and night
Even if life seems a plight
Soon troubles will take flight
In Him we will delight.

Find our voice!
He's our Choice! !
We Rejoice! ! !
Find our voice!

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Carmela Patterson

' Flame '

An ecru jar candle burns ~
Vanilla fragrance fills the room
The flame flickers brightly
Banishing an oppressive gloom.

The gray-stone fireplace logs burn ~
Warm heat wafts through the room;
The flames lap like tongues of fire
Banishing the cold and gloom.

With snow outside, warmth within ~
The comfort and warmth of this room
Cause my grateful heart to burn with love
For my Lord Who banishes all gloom.

Contemplating the Lord's goodness
As I sit in my comfortable room
My spirit soars; the fire roars ~
All is LIGHT ~ gone is the gloom.

Carmela Patterson

' Fly Me, Lord '

I see the swaying of the trees in the breeze -
I see their branches reach high in the sky;
In His Praise I'm brought to my knees -
My soul soars and I breathe a sigh.

I want to leap out of my body and run with my soul -
I want to fly like the song birds of the air;
I want to be with You, Lord, my ultimate Goal,
Not content simply on a wing and a prayer.

Fly me through white clouds in the azure blue -
Fly me there, Lord, I humbly beg of You;
Fly me ever closer to where You are
Higher than the highest star;
Near to you my soul do take
Lest a detour I foolishly make.
Fly me high above the tempter's snare -
To You, Lord, my very soul I bare;
I come to You in heartfelt prayer -
I read Your Word with great care,
O my Lord, God, So Fair.

In PRAISING the LORD the soul takes flight
and burdens bourne are made light;
O Lord, God, of power and might
You are the soul's delight.

Take me now if it be Your Will -
I know You are God and I'll be still.
I love you, O Lord,
and I joyfully accord,
through Your Blessing and Grace,
HONOR, GLORY, WORSHIP and PRAISE
In an Eternity of Heavenly Days
Beholding Your Adorable Face.

Carmela Patterson

' Follow Me '

Follow me wherever I am leading;
To my Father I am interceding,
And in my heart pleading.
I love you. Follow me.

Follow me wherever I am going;
Gifts of my heart to you I'm showing,
I am your Jesus, all-knowing.
I love you. Follow me.

Follow me; I want you where I am;
I am gentle and meek as a lamb.
I'll help you out of that jam.
I love you. Follow me.

Follow me, let's walk together
Side by side in all kinds of weather
Your burden will lighten as if a feather.
I love you. Follow me.

Follow me as did Peter and Paul
They were attuned to my call
And they gave their all.
I love you. Follow me.

Follow me joy of my heart;
I never want us to be apart.
Blessing and Grace I'll impart.
I love you. Follow me.

Follow me my beautiful bride;
Within my arms you may hide.
Within my heart ever abide;
I love you. Follow me.

Carmela Patterson

' Fool For Christ '

Do Thou rend our hearts, O Christ Jesus.
Who art we that Thou should please us?

Thou lovest us without measure,
Creating us for Thy holy pleasure.

We love Thee with hearts on sleeve
To Thine own heart our hearts cleave.

Teach us Thy way, Thy Truth and Thy Life;
Guide us through all earth's pain and strife.

Teach us to love as Thou dost love
And bringest us to Thy Heaven above.

We art fools for Thee, O Sweet Lord
Loving and Praising Thee in one accord.

There is not one other at all like Thee
From highest heaven to the swelling sea.

We art fools for no other but Thee
It is through Thee we camest to be.

Those fools for satan who follow his way
Lack love, light and peace in their day.

We prayest for them with hearts afire
That they wilt change their hearts desire.

Mayest many be saved by our constant prayer;
Mayest they know that we Christians care.

Thou wert a Fool for us on the Cross dying;
Our own hearts art thus panting and sighing
And in sorrow for Thy Passion art crying.

Thou didst buy our souls with Blood so red;
Like a Lamb to slaughter Thou wert led.

Fools for Christ Who wert Fool for us men
Through Thou ~ Salvation 'tis ours. Amen!

© Mel Patterson, April 1,2009

Carmela Patterson

' God, Our Father '

God, Our Father, Father of all fathers,
We thank you for the innumerable gifts you give
You bless us with the sunrise and the sunset
We'll thank you and praise you as long as we live.

If not for you, El Shaddai, Abba, God and Father,
We would never have been born nor ever know you;
You have loved us with an everlasting love for all time
We shall praise you ~ and glorify your Holy Name, too.

To reconcile us to yourself, you sent your only Son
To save us from the slavery of evil and of all sin;
If not for your love and plan in the fullness of time,
We shudder at the thought of where we might have been.

Your glory shines all around and about you, Father;
Your radiance and majesty fill us with joy and elation
When we contemplate your goodness and mercy
We praise you with unbridled jubilation
and
We await in anticipation
the grand celebration
When with the mighty trumpet blast
You will come again, at last
And take us to the place you have prepared
Simply because you cared
For us,

lowly children...

O FATHER,

THANK YOU

and

PRAISE YOU

for ever and ever!

AMEN!

Carmela Patterson

' Guard The Tongue '

Guard the tongue;
Do not speak ill of anyone.
If nothing nice can be said,
Put negative thought to bed.
Rebuke the evil one's bait
And find a positive trait.
Say only what is kind and good
To build another up as we should.

Let your light shine upon others;
Bless your fathers and your mothers,
As well as your sisters and brothers.
Be a beacon in every storm one faces;
Be open to God's blessings and graces.

Be Jesus to all whom you meet;
Be his arms, his legs and his feet.
Speak warmly, always with a prayer;
Show them Christ's love and his care.

Forgive others as you would be forgiven.
Pray to be Holy Spirit driven.
Thank and Praise God for all he has given.
It is for Eternal Life we have striven.
It's Paradise we wish to live in.

Carmela Patterson

' Holy Mass '

Opening up before me
a panorama I spiritually see
of Thy Mother, Thy Saints,
Thy Angels and Thee,
gathering 'round Thy Altar,
in prayerful, peaceful Psalter.

O my Lord, Thou art wholly Divine!
The gift of wheat and the gift of wine,
bread of heaven, grapes sanguine,
by the Celebrant are consecrated
into Thy Body and Thy Blood
And Thy graces upon us flood.

Do bid us 'Come, ' to Thy Table
While we are able
to receive Thee in Communion
the Gift of Holy Union.

When we are at Mass and fully attentive
and in worship and prayer are sensitive
we are as close to Heaven as we can be
this side of the veil unto Eternity;
Lord, God, we exalt Thee.

Lord, we are not worthy to receive Thee in this fashion
Please fill our souls with spiritual passion
for
we are as close to Heaven as we can be
this side of the veil until Eternity;
Lord, God, we exalt Thee.

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Carmela Patterson

' I Run To You '

I run to you, O Lord, in joy and in sorrow;
How can I face another tomorrow?
I cleave to your Word this day;
On bended knees I continue to pray.
Today the tears won't stop;
I am so weak I could drop.
My heart is breaking;
My soul is aching.

I run to you.

The future is unknown;
But you have shown
That there is hope beyond now,
Faith to believe somehow.
Your love is ours;
Above our own it towers ~
I count the hours
Through your mighty powers
To see that satan cowers,
And Victory is won
By you, God's only Son

I run to you.

Save me from the raging sea;
Grab my hand and hold onto me.
Be my strength while I am weak;
Yours is the true love I seek.
I nestle my head close to your heart;
Do Thou every grace impart.

I run to you.

I bare my soul, my sin confess,
You are my Goal and I profess
You, O Jesus Christ, are Lord;
Praises to you, I do accord.
My Lord, my God, my All,

I'll ever abide by your Law.
O my Lord, my God, my All.

I run to you.

Carmela Patterson

' I Wait '

Do you hear me, Lord, when I call to you?
Do you know my every thought and word?
Do you know and see what I say and do?
When I am sad and cry, am I heard?

O dear child of mine, I hear every cry.
I hear what you say and I see what you do.
I am always near; I hear your every sigh
I cherish you and love you endlessly, too.

Before time began I knew you ~
I thought about you for a very long time;
I gave you life and an everlasting soul
That we might sing together in rhyme
For the wedding of your soul to Mine.

I offer you an eternity of wedded bliss,
A grand banquet set before your eyes;
I'll bless your soul with a Holy Kiss
And smilingly take your hand
to my promised land.
Say... 'yes'...
Take my hand.
Let me lead
I plead.
It is all for you all that I do.

...I wait....

Carmela Patterson

' Joy And Peace And Love '

Year's end is swiftly encroaching,
Leaving the present year behind,
The New Year is fast approaching,
The goals we sought, did we find?

Were we satisfied with mediocrity?
Did we strive for so much less?
Did we flaunt an air of superiority?
Did we make of ourselves a pitiable mess?

The time is coming for a new resolution
The New Year offers new promise and hope
We plead with God for His absolution
And trust in His mercy to help us cope.

Starting afresh, let us begin the New Year
By recalling His Tenets and His Law
Remembering that He is always near
Ready to catch us if and when we fall.

Seas may rage and oceans may heave
And fall we shall ~ but do not always fear it
For Jesus told us that He will never leave
Through the Power of His Holy Spirit.

Spiritual things are seen and unseen
It is within the soul we come to know it;
In evaluating our walk we see where we've been
Growing in holiness ~ or ~ wallowing in sin
Forgiveness is needed without a doubt
And when it is given we want to shout
for and with
Joy and Peace and Love
All Blessings from God above!
Joy and Peace and Love! !
Joy and Peace and Love! ! !

Let's begin the New Year
with renewed

JOY and PEACE and LOVE

Carmela Patterson

' Little Bundle '

Little bundle of pink fluff
You did not live long enough;
You stole my heart since first I saw you
Not to hear your voice, nor little coo,
Little infant babe born so long ago~
To God I offered you, even though
My heart was ripped and ill-equipped
To handle the morose sorrows
Flooding my spirit and my soul
Upon my heart your passing took its' toll.

As these forty years unfold
(For you, today, would have been that old) ...
I rejoice in the gift of your precious life
You were spared this earthly strife ~
On your third day, Jesus embraced you
And took you away to where you are
Way above every star
In God's Kingdom ever to be,
And you wait for me
That I can plainly see,
our

little...

Erin Mary.

Carmela Patterson

' Living Water In An Arid Desert '

Empty, depleted, withdrawn, and dry
From the depths of one's heart comes a cry;
What does one do when caught in this lie
Where satan wants one's soul to die?

Nothing negative is of God we know
So how can the tempter deceive us so?
He gains entrance easily in susceptible souls
Who strive for worldly rather than heavenly goals.

While we see where the wrong may lie,
Jesus and satan for valuable souls do vie;
The battle is between principalities and powers
Our Lord's, far above satan's, indeed, towers.

Lean not on our own but upon the Lord's power
And believe His Majesty demands satan cower;
The Blood of Jesus covers us stem to stern
And saves us from the hell-fires that burn.

Rejuvenated, renewed, restored and healed
Thru the precious blood of Christ we are sealed;
The desert aridity is now replaced by living waters
Gifts He gives to His sons and daughters.

While peace of mind does indeed wax and wane
As life sends us the sun as well as the rain,
Be uplifted to know we can come to Him in prayer
And believe no matter what, He will always care
Lord, into Your Everlasting Life, we wish a share.

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' Longing For You, Lord '

Lord, you know my heart and soul,
That you are my passionate goal;
Show me how to serve you
Even though I don't deserve you-
Permit not evil to take its' toll.

Lord, you know me far more than I do,
And every morning you make me new;
Show me how to rightly love you -
Protect me from evil acts and desires;
O, Lord, to you my very soul aspires.

I dream of you, Lord, night and day;
Your holy and sacred heart hold me sway -
For intimate communion with you I pray.
O keep me faithful and keep me true;
Blessed Lord Jesus I love and Praise you.

I long for Heaven and all things above
Pondering being encapsulated
in your everlasting love.
Bring me to the Cross upon my knees;
It is you I ever want to please.
Route out all that is not pure,
I beg my soul you will cure,
So one day I will sinless be
Finally to dwell in Heaven with Thee.
Thank you for the joy that awaits me.
I love you, Lord, for eternity.

Carmela Patterson

' Lord, God, I Thank Thee '

In the velvety black of the midnight sky
Sprinkled with a glitter of stars on high
What lies before me is a sight to behold ~
I would not trade it for rubies nor gold.

The moon rises in the shape of a crescent
The sight of which is most pleasant;
I marvel that it seems to suspend in the air
And I wonder how far away it is up there.

Contemplating the vast beauty above me
I survey the panorama I see.
I am blessed beyond measure ~
Viewing the scene is sheer pleasure,
A hint of heavenly treasure,
Lord, God, I thank Thee
For this incredible beauty.
Lord, God,
I do thank Thee.

Carmela Patterson

' Mother Of My Lord '

Mother of my Lord, full of purity and grace,
You were selected above the entire human race
To bear God's only Son infused by the Holy Spirit;
Of Gabriel's announcement? Did you fear it?
When you said, 'Be it done unto me
according to your word, '
Did you think it absurd
or were you in awe
of the angel's call
in that place,
'Hail, full of Grace? '

Mother of my Lord, model for all mothers,
Intercede, please, for our sisters and brothers.
Ask your Son to root out all division,
Depression, anger, hate, and dirision.
Ask Him to bless us with provision
In our every need; plant the seed.
Upon His Communion we'll feed;
We'll follow His lead.
Thank you, Mother of Our Lord.
To Him all Praise we accord.

Mother of my Lord, you walked the earth
And were blessed with a Virginal Birth,
O Mother, holy and undefiled,
You raised Jesus, your precious Child.
He grew in dignity, wisdom and love
His heart focused on God above
He was like us in all things but sin
Speaking parables where'er he'd been;
Your heart was pierced as Simeon foretold.
Your Crucified Son's Body grew cold;
He was buried and rose on the third day ~
For our freedom, Your Son did pay.

Mother of my Lord, assumed into Eternal Bliss
I can see Jesus welcoming you with a holy kiss.
You reside with Him, all the angels and the saints

What a beautiful canvas of eternal life He paints.
God made you a perfect Mother, a Holy Vase;
Now you behold His Adorable Face ~
O, Thou willing vessel, full of Grace.
On this Feast of Your Assumption, Lady Dear
Look kindly upon us who remain here
And intercede for us, if you please,
We pray, on bended knees.

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Carmela Patterson

' My Savior '

O my Jesus, my Savior, my Lord,
It is for us your blood was poured.
The hour soon approaches
As the time of your death encroaches
Upon our minds, hearts, souls, too.
We see what we have done to you.

We sorrow at the foot of your cross;
In reverence to your suffering we pause,
Pondering the meaning of so vast the love
Given to us by your Father above
That in the fullness of time and space
He saw fit to bless us with undeserved grace.

We humbly lay prostrate at your feet;
Our broken hearts barely beat
For we have gravely sinned against God
Yet you came with your staff and your rod
To lead us to the promised land,
Guiding us with your loving hand.
O my Jesus, my Savior, my Lord,
It is for us your blood was poured.

© Mel Patterson, Good Friday,3-21-08

Carmela Patterson

' O Lord, Thou Art '

O Lord, Thou art
Radiance Divine
Rapture Sublime
For all time.

O Lord, Thou art
All Holy and Pure
Rock -Sure
Come to cure.

O Lord, Thou art
Heaven sent
For souls rent
Your life spent.

O Lord, Thou art
Crucified Lord
Blood poured
So Adored.

O Lord, Thou art
Risen from the dead
Holy Spirit fed
Our souls to wed.

O Lord, Thou art
Love Giving
Ever Living
Forgiving.

O Lord, Thou art
Our deep desire
To aspire
Higher.

O Lord, Thou art
Coming on a cloud
Spirit endowed
All are bowed

O the crowd
On Holy Ground
Trumpets Sound!
We are Heaven bound! !
Joyous praises resound! ! !

O Lord, Thou art
Radiance Divine!
Rapture Sublime! !
For all time! ! !

Carmela Patterson

' Open Hands '

Lord, you stand before me open hands extended;
I see those deathly wounds, your life expended!
I reach for them and my soul is at peace;
For my sins, Lord, forgive me, please.

How I have grieved you, I'll never really know.
The look in your eyes your deep love does show;
My heart breaks for the sorrow I have caused you,
I'm very sorry for my own heart was tossed too.

Why did it take so long for me to come around
For me to realize I needed higher ground?
You, O Lord, are all that I will ever need.
Just walk ahead of me and kindly lead
me to that place of heavenly peace
where humbly I adore Thee on my knees;
O, great King, my Lord and my God
I kiss the ground Thou dost trod!

Open hands reaching out to me,
Lord, forever I thank Thee
And evermore I'll praise Thee.

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Carmela Patterson

' Peace, Under God '

Let every God fearing nation's flag furl
Representing freedom, a valued pearl
Paid for at the expense of battles fought
Peace, under God, be what is wrought.

Let every nation God's peace procure
Where every man and woman can be free
To live and breathe with safety secure
Their souls preparing for eternity.

Carmela Patterson

' Reaction To Distraction '

Why is it when we are drawn into prayer
Distraction and noise can be found there?
Our minds easily wander from our good intention;
Refocusing upon Jesus is a necessary prevention.

Distraction undisciplined carries a price;
A soul's more valuable than a toss of the dice.

Wisdom can be found in the Bibles we read
The Word of God within we'd do well to heed.
Open up often to Proverbs and Psalms
The wisdom inside soothes and calms
Far better than sensual balms.

We can pray in a quiet room or a sandy beach
Listening to the Holy Spirit gently teach,
Urging us to do all that is right and good
Loving others and ourselves as Jesus would.

There seems to be much ado about nothing,
When what we ought to do is do something
That raises minds, hearts, and souls
To much higher and loftier goals.

Folding our hands or kneeling in prayer
Deep in our hearts our souls we bare,
If we come to the Father with true contrition
Confessing sins of omission and commission,
We are forgiven and must make amends
To those we've hurt in the flock He tends.

There is one Shepherd and one flock
Some day soon the gate He'll lock.
Not one more to enter, nary a one;
When the mighty trumpet blast is done
The flock of sheep will follow the Son.

Let us not be caught off guard
Nor from heaven eternally barred.

Get right with God before it's too late
Do it now; don't procrastinate.

Ready the soul with reverent care,
Stifle distraction by heartfelt prayer.
Focus upon the things of God often
Pray a hardened heart may soften.
Be a disciple and evangelize
We can do it, let's visualize
And realize
It's all about Jesus
Who loves to please us;
THANKS and PRAISE
be to
CHRIST JESUS!

Carmela Patterson

' Renewal '

If my heart is pained and stripped bare
Is there anyone at all who would care
If I lived or died, screamed and cried,
Sobbed, trembled, choked and sighed?

If I wore my heart upon my sleeve
That for a life not lived well I'd grieve;
Would anyone at all notice my pain
Befriend me for their own gain
After waxing, see none, then wane?

Is it worth it to bare one's soul?
Will I ever be made whole?
That would be my ultimate goal.
Heartaches are taking their toll;
Lord, grant the drudgery a lull.

Upon bended knee
I plea
Thee
Forgive me.

With soul renewed and restored
I thank Thee profusely Dear Lord;
Thou lifted my burden and my heart
Thy love upon my being, please, impart,
So I may become more like Thee,

Thank Thee,

And Praise Thee...

Eternally.

Carmela Patterson

' Same Time Next Year? '

I looked in my friend's eyes today
I could see clear into his soul
His eyes spoke volumes I must say
The illness is taking its' painful toll.

Although his face seemed devoid of pain
And his words gave him not away
His eyes bespoke of awful strain
And I silently began to pray.

Seeing the soul in another's eyes 'tis true
'Twixt spirits unspoken words were shared;
May blessings upon him swiftly ensue
I hope and pray he knew I cared.

We said goodbye until the next time
With cheery words of holiday cheer
Can't help wondering sans reason and rhyme
If we'll see one another same time next year.

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Carmela Patterson

' Save Us, Lord Jesus '

Lord, God, your children are calling;
Our brothers and sisters are falling.
The weight of the world crushes;
Tide water rushes and gushes.

Save us, Lord Jesus.

Save us from perilous waters ~
We, your sons and daughters
Fall to our knees - help us, please;
Hear our passionate pleas.

Save us, Lord Jesus.

Come to our aid, O dear Lord
You are forevermore adored;
We place our faith and trust in you ~
Upon our hearts your Love imbue.

Save us, Lord Jesus.

Immerse us in your saving grace ~
Help us to always keep the pace
With your will, teaching us the skill
To be true to your tenets,
Reaping benefits,
O Wholy Holy Lord!

Save us, Lord Jesus.

~~~~

© Mel Patterson,8-9-06

Carmela Patterson

# ' Saved From The Pit '

Ho Hum. Life is humdrum.  
Nothing worthwhile is at hand;  
I'm bored clear out of my gourd.  
My feet are sinking in quicksand;  
No one loves me; no one holds the key.  
How is it I ever came to be me?

Wallowing in my own woes  
I guess that's how life goes  
The devil has a hold I suppose  
Just look at me - it shows.

A spark! A vestige of hope  
Perhaps I can cope  
A whisper in my ear,  
'Take my hand, my Dear.  
I am the Way, the Truth and the Life  
Come to save you from the strife  
To take you away from rife  
Come with Me  
And you'll see  
I promise Eternity  
Come, be with Me.'

I acquiesce. I say, Yes.  
Yes to all You say.  
I repent, forgive my sin  
My life I will amend  
To Your Will I bend  
My soul to You I commend.

I firmly recommit and humbly submit  
You have saved me from the pit.

Thank You, Savior mine  
You are  
Holy, Sacred and Divine  
Make my heart like Thine.

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Carmela Patterson

# ' Sing, Sing, Sing '

The Season's fast arriving;  
For what are we striving?  
Gifts are sought  
and bought.  
No time  
for things sublime  
Rushing here, there  
Nerves threadbare  
Care rare.

Buying, wrapping  
Resource-tapping  
Sleepless nights  
Nocturnal lights  
All's done;  
race won!  
Not fun?

Christmas Eve is here  
Christmas Day is near  
Hurrying and Scurrying  
now behind us  
How will the Baby Lord Jesus  
find us?

Let us kneel in adoration  
Rejoice in jubilation  
At Bethlehem's stable  
While we still are able  
Time is of the essence;  
In The Babe's Presence  
We sing Songs of Joy,  
Adoring the Baby Boy,  
JESUS, Little King,  
Salvation He'll bring!  
Sing!  
SING! !  
S I N G ! ! !





# ' The Autumn Of My Life '

In the Autumn of my life it's a hill that I see;  
To others a huge mountain it seems to be.

We are in shadow, black figures in the dark,  
Moving upward with few eyes on the mark.

Some are stalling, sitting, resting, sleeping,  
Others are beaten, backtracking and weeping.

Yet many move on and upward no matter the cost  
Supporting others who otherwise might be lost.

At the top of the mountain is a brand new day,  
Where the sun shines brightly holding me sway.

I see the mountain is only a hill and no more;  
What once was, no longer holds store,  
Past work is no longer a chore,  
Peace blesses the core.  
Rest, my soul, the job is done;  
Look, He's coming, the Son,  
For the little soul He has won.

© Mel Patterson,6-21-08

Carmela Patterson

## ' The Spirit's Teaching Me '

O Holy Spirit, you teach me many things  
About what your Divine nature brings.  
You are the Love between Father and Son  
O Triune God, truly Three in One.

The Word issuing from God's mouth was Jesus  
With every teaching of His sweetly to please us.  
Three in One, Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Wisdom of ages, may we wholly hear it.

If I listen carefully when you speak to me  
You say your Presence is with me eternally.  
The dimension in which I live here and now  
Is only a thin veil away from you somehow.

That being the case it's like a mother's womb  
With immanent birth issuing forth soon.  
You're close as that mother and unborn child;  
By this teaching my soul you have beguiled.

I wish to feel your Presence with me ever;  
To be prayerful and reverent is my endeavor.  
Keep teaching me the wisdom of your ways  
That I may attain heaven one of these days.

Carmela Patterson

# ' Thy Love I Have Sought '

For Thou alone my heart sings  
O Lord of Lords, King of Kings;  
How can I love Thee as I ought~  
Thy love I have so long sought.

When I contemplate Thy goodness to me,  
I am in awe and enveloped in humility  
That Thou O God from infinity  
Saw fit to create one like me.

My heart overflows for love of Thee  
Like swelling waters of the blue-green sea  
Like the roaring waves splashing ashore;  
It is Thee O my God whom I adore.  
Permit that I may love Thee evermore.

When my earthly life comes to an end  
My sinful wounded soul wilt Thou mend?  
May I one day behold Thy radiant Face  
And reap the joy of inestimable grace?

How I pray this will be so, O Lord,  
As to Thee alone all Praise I accord;  
To be in Thy company one of these days  
Hearing choirs resound in Praise  
To Thy Holiness and Grace  
In that heavenly Place~  
And behold, I gaze  
upon Thy most  
beautiful~  
Face.

© Mel Patterson,12-3-07

Carmela Patterson

## ' Time To Take Stock '

Do we want it all and do we want it right now?  
Do we become frustrated trying to figure out how?  
Do we demand and require many needless things?  
Heartache and tears are what selfishness brings.

Do we pass the beggar by and give him an evil eye?  
Do we look down on the poor with a snickering sigh?  
Do we think we'll never walk that particular mile?  
Do we go our own way with a sneer and a smile?

It's time to put the skids to that kind of thinking,  
Or deeper down the slippery slope we'll be sinking.  
It's time to take stock of our soul and our spirit,  
Or the scorching hot flames of hell will sear it.

Open the eyes of our soul to see as Jesus can see,  
He who gave His life up for the likes of you and me.  
He gently chides us and within His heart hides us  
To protect us from satan who desires to fight us.

Open the eyes of our hearts and think kindly of others;  
Be in tune to the suffering of all our sisters and brothers.  
Love them as Jesus teaches us how to love them rightly;  
Learn and pray the Lord's Prayer daily and nightly.

Every provision we need the Lord will provide  
As long as we travel our long journey by His side.  
He came that we might gain eternal life with Him;  
Through His Blood we are freed from satan's whim.

The Lord's is the earth, mountains, sea and sky,  
As well as sun, moon, stars, and clouds rolling by.  
Expand our minds, hearts, spirits and souls;  
Immerse ourselves in loftier goals.  
It is time to tend to Heavenly Fare  
A Banquet awaits us there,  
Lord, hear our prayer.

© Mel Patterson,2-25-08

Carmela Patterson

## ' Times Three '

I heard my name called in the early morning rising,  
a call to prayer or an action to take I am surmising.  
There was no accompanying dream I can recall;  
it was the voice of a man and no vision at all.

Whose voice could it have been that I heard  
that summoned me to wake, my sleep deferred?  
Why was I called in the wee morning hours,  
this cool cloudy morn with sprinkling showers?

I did not know the voice of the man who spoke  
but I wondered if ~ was it me the Lord woke?  
I still hear my own name called one times three  
And I wonder, Lord, could it have been Thee?

I will take from the mention of my name  
that it was a call from Thee, Lord, who came  
bid me rise and begin the day with prayer  
for our world which is in need of repair,  
that national resources we share,  
that everyone for all will care.

Until we learn to love one another  
As sister, brother, father and mother  
the way Thou knewest before the start,  
O Thou Loving Sacred Heart,  
cleanse us of all that is not of Thee  
Thy Blood to bathe us, ah Sweet Purity,  
Help us grow in spiritual maturity  
Lord, I Praise and Thank Thee  
For Thou didst call me ~ one times three.

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Carmela Patterson

# ' With Thee I Want Always To Be '

Lord, teach me balance in my life,  
How to weigh what is good and what is right,  
How to see beauty and not dwell on strife;  
Be Thou my everlasting Light.

Lord, I look to Thee every Morn,  
Greeting Thee with thanksgiving and Praise;  
Thy Hand was upon me 'fore I was born,  
Thou hast blessed me with Thy grace.

Keep me forever close to Thee  
Permit me not to stray;  
With Thee I want always to be,  
For this I so fervently pray.

Take the seeds that I have sown,  
Make them blossom to full grown,  
Take my heart, make it like Thine own;  
Take my soul, wed it to Thee alone.

O Lord, may I better image Thee  
More and more toward eternity;  
With Thee I want always to be,  
And dwell with Thee eternally.

Carmela Patterson

# 71

How did I ever get to be seventy one?  
When did I get to weigh almost a ton?  
How is it my wrinkles have wrinkles?  
Why do I have a back that now crinkles?

Who is that old lady in my mirror?  
If it's me I think I need a beer!  
Why do I have the spirit of a teen  
But my hearing is no longer keen?

I am no longer speed-walking  
My feet really are squawking.  
I now have a middle-aged spread  
And my ample bottom feels like lead.

This little ditty is penned in jest  
To make you smile is my quest  
The cycles of my own life amuse me  
Of being silly you may accuse me.

Now that I have lived all of these years  
I think I'll have just as many beers  
To allay all of my fears,  
Stave off life's mournful tears  
and bring on lots of happy cheers!  
Wooo HOOOO!

Carmela Patterson



# A Grain Of Sand

A little grain of sand upon the beach  
Has a lesson in humility to teach  
Considering the numbers vast and wide  
So high so deep a grain hides inside  
Unnoticed, unknown, there nonetheless  
Warmed by the sun in a warm caress.

Little grain of sand hidden from view  
Still with his own little job to do  
Fitting as placed there by the Creator's Hand  
Right there on the beach within the sand  
Unnoticed, unknown, there nonetheless  
Warmed by the sun in a warm caress.

So are we, each one, one of many, yet all one  
Placed here by the Mighty Three-in-One  
Embraced by the Father, Holy Spirit and Son  
One grain, in all the sands of time, won  
From the plight of everlasting duress  
Unnoticed, unknown, there nonetheless  
Warmed by the sun in a warm caress  
Enveloped by The SON in His Loving Caress.

© Mel Patterson 7-1-10

Carmela Patterson

# A Man Named Art

A man named Art was sitting on the edge of his bed  
Seeing him there alone we were strongly led  
To go in and greet him with a warm 'Hello, '  
He looked a bear of a guy, an appealing fellow.

He was a black man as black as a man can be.  
In that hospital room it was obvious to see,  
He was staring at the blank green wall,  
Leaning on the table cupping his jaw.  
We told him we were led to call.

He smiled and told us his name  
We smiled and did the same.  
As we left we said, 'God bless you, Art.'  
He in kind, said, 'Thanks from my heart.'  
He thanked us warmly with a twinkle in his eye  
This benevolent seeming very tall guy.  
He made us smile, this gentle giant;  
To the Lord's wish we were compliant.  
Thank God Mena and I went;  
I know Art was heaven-sent.

For the little we did for him, He did for us so much more;  
We couldn't know the blessings that were in store.  
We saw Jesus in him and in his smile  
So happy we visited him for a while....  
The memory of a man named Art  
Is forever etched in my heart.  
Thank God  
for that man named Art.

© Mel Patterson,9-1-08

Carmela Patterson

# A Matter Of Time

Why is it, O Lord, hard as I try  
There are times my soul is very dry?  
Many are the times numbness sets in  
And I wonder is it that I am in sin?

Then I remember satan and his wiles  
Robbing me of Son-Light and smiles.  
He wants to make me feel deserted;  
His evil efforts are sadly and crudely concerted.

Patience is the virtue we need to attain  
Perseverance, too, will be our gain  
It is imperative to keep trying  
To not give up mournfully crying.

Through prayer and God's Grace  
We will assuredly win the race.  
We must continue the daily climb  
'Til we reach heav'ns heights sublime  
It's a matter... of... eternal time.

© Mel Patterson,10-14-09

Carmela Patterson

# A Place

In centering upon God in prayer I am made aware  
of the music of a heavenly choir  
accompanied by angelic flute and lyre;  
of so lovely a sound I never tire.

It is by God's grace my soul is released and pleased  
to accept within my spiritual hearing  
celestial reverberations so endearing  
and I praise God for their appearing.

I bask in the midst of a surround of sound  
taken out of the shell of my physical being  
transported to a place of also seeing  
that Light and Music are ever agreeing.

May this transcendent moment never end,  
this heavenly place blessed with every grace  
where one can be lost in time and space  
taken away from the daily chase  
that seizes the human race.

O, Love so tender, you radiate splendor;  
may these moments be evermore mine  
transport me often to that place divine  
where music and radiance combine  
and where Thy Light does ever shine.

May all Praise and all Thanksgiving  
always and everywhere  
be Thine.

© Mel Patterson,4-16-08

Carmela Patterson

# 'A Valentine For My Lord'

A Valentine for my Lord  
In words that I record  
On paper or book,  
In poem or story,  
Devotion or allegory,  
I pray tells of a love  
I give to God above  
Smaller than His for me  
O Lord, I truly love Thee.

My heart I give to Thee  
My soul belongs to Thee  
May I always cling to Thee  
Do Thou, O Lord, stay with me.

No heart is greater than Thine  
Thou Who art ever Divine  
Who gives us His Heart;  
Praise Thy Mighty Power,  
O Strong and Holy Tower,  
Be in us every hour,  
As on bended knee  
We pray to Thee,  
Hopefully.

Remember:

The GREAT HEART of GOD:

Envelops you,  
Embraces you.  
Encompasses you,  
Encapsulates you,  
Encircles you,  
Is in front of you,  
Is in back of you,  
Is on each side of you,  
Surrounds you,  
because

GOD LOVES  
you,  
For all Eternity,  
Then,  
Now,  
AndForever.  
~~~~~

© Mel Patterson, Feb.,2007

Carmela Patterson

Adonai's

My eyes see the beauty of God's Creation
And my heart throbs with jubilation.

My heart wells up when I ponder Thy glory
And my ears absorb Thy ageless story.

My ears hear the choir music Thy angels play
And my spirit rejoices in the Praises they relay.

My eyes are lifted higher than the highest mountain;
My heart is filled with grace from Thy Holy Fountain.

My heart senses Thy Presence all around and about me;
My ears hear Thee silence the thunderings of the stormy sea.

My ears are open and listen for Thy gentle call to 'Come.'
My spirit longs to ever be with Thee...how awesome!

My spirit, my eyes, my heart and my ears Thou hast created,
But I have sinned ~ and for all sin Thou hast expiated!

My eyes can see only through imagery the beauty of Thy Face;
When will my heart be overflowing with that Ultimate Grace?

My heart begs Thee to forgive the stains of my soul;
May my ears hear: 'I forgive you, I AM your Goal.'

And again my heightened spirit soars the heavenly skies
For upon Thy Holy Face, I wish to feast my eyes.
My heart beats with hopeful sighs;
My ears hear my soul's cries
I am ADONAI'S!

© Mel Patterson,8-16-11

Carmela Patterson

Adoration

Excitement builds as I pull open the heavy Church door;
the Holy Water font invites me to make the blessing:

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

Upon the Altar up the center aisle
I see You encased in golden filigree
And see You turn to face me.
No matter what side of the Church I enter
Our Lady's side, St. Joseph's side or the Center,
I see You seeing me.

A number of people come to Adoration and yet
when I come in and see that You are looking right at me,
my soul soars and I smile broadly because I feel loved,
Lord, truly loved just for coming to see You
because I love You.

This gift of Your Presence is so appreciated.
I love how You love me.
Help me to love as I ought.

This prayer comes to my mind now:

'We adore you, O Christ, and we Praise you,
Because by Your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.'

(July 20,2007)

Carmela Patterson

Ah, Victory!

Toying with a soul for his own malicious goal,
satan puts enmity between God and man,
But in the chase, through God's Grace,
he's been unseated, defeated, and depleted;
he's lost the race! ! !

When Jesus Christ is the choice,
The soul can openly rejoice.
Victory is won through God's only Son
And after all is said and done
The race was well run....

Carmela Patterson

All The While

When first I heard of you, O Lord, I knew not who you were.
My young heart knew nothing outside my own concern
I had not the guidance in my early years to learn
With Baptism at seven, my heart began to burn
And as I grew I was able to discern
You were with me all the while.

If not for the man of God who evangelized in our neighborhood
Who knocked on every door and came to our own row home
I do not know where I might have been or come to roam
Buried in sin infected mire or in a frothy dampened loam
But you chose my soul to groom as with a fine tooth comb
You were with me all the while.

When I began to learn of you, O Lord, you won my heart
You guided me from early childhood to my adult years
Allaying through your grace all of my unfounded fears
Drying each and every single one of my copious tears
And still through your Holy Spirit my soul hears.
You were with me all the while

As the years unfold and I grow old
Thank God my poor soul was not sold
I kicked satan to the ground and still do
As I stumble, get up again, and reach for you
The rough journey will all be worth it one day
As I reach heaven's gate and hear you say
'I am the Truth, the Life and the Way
and
I was with you all the while! '

Yes, Lord, you were with me all the while.

Carmela Patterson

'All Things New'

My Son told me He would make all things new;
How could I have known what that would ensue?
He told me He'd die for a cause that was just
And the suffering He would endure, He said He must.

When He grew from a tiny baby into a child.
With Joseph His Father, much wood they piled,
To make many a frame, a door, a table and chair;
Working together they were quite a pair.

For a time after Joseph passed on we were grieving,
And after some years later, my Jesus was leaving;
It was so hard to see Him go off into the world,
I felt my heart was ripped out and hurled.

He must be about His Father's business He said;
So many men and women to Heaven would be led.
Within I knew God had designed and planned
That all would all come to pass at my Jesus' hand.

If only people would listen and heed Him
And realize they desperately need Him;
He wants them to recognize God our Father,
And not feel that salvation is a bother.

The joy that awaits those who obey His Law
Graciously given to those who heed His call
Is unconditionally and everlastingly given
To every soul that is Holy Spirit driven.

When my Son was arrested and tortured, I cried,
'My sweet and beautiful Jesus they crucified.'
The hole in my heart was mended in three days
As Jesus was resurrected; to God I sang praise.

Praise God with me everyone who loves my Son!
Your precious souls my Jesus has won;
Victory's with Him now and forevermore.
One day we'll all Praise God on Heaven's shore;

Only Him for all eternity we'll adore,
Where every soul will blessedly soar.

My Son made all things new

Especially

for you ~

~~~

Carmela Patterson

# Alone On An Island

Alone on an island of my own making  
Away from friends whom I am forsaking  
For the solace of my broken heart  
I'm shallowly wallowing a world apart.

Alone on an island of my own choosing  
And of my own volition losing  
The battle of peace versus vexation  
At the risk of serenity's cessation.

Alone on an island apart from the crowd  
Pondering my trials crying out loud  
Groaning and bemoaning my fate of late  
I hope all the sadness will soon abate.

Alone on the island looking out on the ocean  
Seeing in the undulating waves a boat in motion  
Waving frantically from shore, few logs afire  
From this island hell I wish to aspire.

Carmela Patterson

## 'As The Lord Draws Near'

In the prime of my life I did not think about where I was going;  
I had not the sense to be aware of what I was sowing.  
Gradually the obscure became clear as our Lord drew near  
The cloud of indecision faded from my sight  
Away from my soul left the long dark night.

If you see through the glass rather darkly these days  
And cannot make out even one of the sun's rays  
The obscure can become clear as our Lord draws near  
Open wide your heart and permit the Lord do His part  
Upon your precious soul His Image He will impart.

© Mel Patterson,3-9-08

Carmela Patterson

# Ascending Into Glory

O Lord, you deserved to ascend to the Glory of the Father  
Far beyond the Passion and death with which you had to bother  
For our sakes, the sheep of your pasture aimlessly wandering  
So taken up with earthly treasures wantonly squandering.

For forty days after your Resurrection you walked the earth  
Your Ascension foreshadows our soul and glorified body's rebirth.  
To you, O Lord, be all glory, praise, adoration and laud  
Hopefully and faithfully we await your coming on a cloud.

After the resurrection of the dead, final judgment to come  
Many are being called, yet sadly, answer only some.  
When all is done, you take your sheep  
to the best, heavenly rest,  
while others go to the deep  
Where pit fires burn and no one can sleep.

In Heaven all the angels and saints adore you  
We will be with them praising and worshipping, too.  
Choirs of angels will sweetly be singing  
Our hearts on our sleeves we'll be bringing  
To your heart ours will be clinging  
Joyous bells will be ringing.

O Lord, you deserved to ascend to Glory  
Your life told the most beautiful story  
of Love unequivocal and Blessed  
You O Lord are our Saving Guest.

© Mel Patterson,5-19-09

Carmela Patterson

# Ascension

O Lord, you have risen from the dead  
Exactly as you have said.  
We miss the YOU we came to know  
Yet we wonder why it must be so

That you will again leave us  
When You're taken will they believe us?  
Will they understand why You came  
Will anyone ever be the same?

We see You, Lord, as You appear  
Your soon leaving evokes a tear.  
We wish you could longer stay  
Please just for one more day?

To the Father You must return  
With deep ardor my soul does burn  
We approach the place of your leaving  
Already my poor soul is grieving

The sooner You go to the Father  
Without further adieu and bother  
The Holy Spirit will light His fire  
Then our spirits will never tire

To spread the good news of salvation  
To every soul in every nation  
So, take Your leave Lord, if You must  
In You forever we shall trust

We see You leaving fading from view  
And after You go we'll take our cue  
To go back to our family and our friends  
Rapt in Your Love that never ends.

We await with Faith, Hope and Love  
Holy Spirit blessings from above  
To light our souls with ardor and fire,  
To spread the Kingdom as You desire.



Per Your command all will transpire  
And to that great call we do aspire.

© Mel Patterson,4-30-08

Carmela Patterson

# A-Thon Thoughts

They gathered for cancer ~ survivors as well,  
Amassed to aid thousands in that insidious hell;  
Many the people running and walking on  
Going the distance in that run/walk-a-thon.

They raised awareness and money for good cause  
And were filled with our praise and applause  
For we marshaled each corner as they went by  
Under that sunny and cool September sky.

All completed their task, mother, father, child, teen, senior  
And two wheelchair-bound ladies in a most happy demeanor;  
Everyone accomplished the task to the finish line  
Amid the cheers of peers for having done so fine.

Accolades to those behind the scenes  
Those who exhausted all means it seems  
To help others realize their dreams.

What a wonderful day to have been out and about  
For on that day we all wanted to shout:  
' See you next year same time same place '  
To gather again and be blessed ~ by God's Grace.

Carmela Patterson

# Awake? Pray

While the night unfolds and the hours tick by  
The world sleeps but why can't I?  
I wonder how it is this sort of thing has come to be  
Perhaps it is the Lord who wants me to see  
There are far more who toss and turn like me.

How do we use the time that is now handed to us?  
Do we use it wisely or do we fuss and cuss?  
Do we mis-use this gift of time that has been dealt?  
It is far better to pray that peace may be felt  
And that bitter sin encrusted hearts would melt.

The world is in need of salvation and much prayer  
Nations need warriors to lift them up in care  
To the Lord our God who alone can mend the ills  
With Love each human heart He generously fills  
As His Holy Spirit over the receptive soul spills.

It seems the reason for the wakefulness is now clear  
As we pray for our world and those we hold dear  
In the right frame of mind inspired by God above  
We lift up our neighbor in prayer and in love  
Then we retire again blessed by the Holy Dove.

© Mel Patterson,1-4-11

Carmela Patterson

# Ball In The Court

An unusual gala was held at the basketball court;  
satin, velvet, taffeta, silk gowns were gliding  
while tuxedos framed their dates in waltzes,  
to music of the hired disc jockey's collection.

Not only was there a Ball but each couple  
vied with one another in shooting baskets,  
the winners being crowned with a  
crown version of the rim and net upside down  
and starched to sit upon their heads  
as King and Queen of the Court.

A ritual promenade ensued to music  
and delight of everyone as  
blues, pinks, yellows, greens, violet gowns  
and accompanying tuxes gleefully  
pranced in group Congo lines.  
Thus there was  
a Ball in the Court.

Carmela Patterson

# Be In Constant Prayer

Patience, child, the time has not yet arrived.  
I'm with you regardless of what satan's contrived.  
The time has not yet come to leave this world  
Even though you're tired of being hurled  
here, there, and everywhere.  
Be in constant prayer and know I care.

I will never leave you nor forsake you.  
You are in my Heart for ever and ever.  
Remember that I make all things new  
My heart from you will never ever sever.  
Come to Me for there are Blessings to share;  
Be in constant prayer and know I care.

Come to Me, child, in prayer often  
It's the key by which my Heart will soften.  
You, Precious, are the apple of my eye  
My Love for you is higher than the sky.  
I love you, yes you - like no other  
After all, you're my mother, sister and brother.  
I want to give you Graces, child so fair  
Be in constant prayer and know I care.

© Mel Patterson,8-27-09

Carmela Patterson

# 'Because You Prayed, Someone.....'

Because you prayed:

Someone's spirit is being lifted.  
Someone's burden is being lightened.  
Someone's health is being restored.  
Someone's disease is being healed.  
Someone's finances are improving.  
Someone's Salvation is occurring.  
Someone's addiction is being defeated.  
Someone is being forgiven.  
Someone is forgiving.  
Someone is making peace.  
Someone is benefiting from that peace.  
Someone's family relationships are healing.  
Someone is going to bear martyrdom.  
Someone is being delivered.  
Someone is being born.  
Someone is being borne again.  
Someone is being born into eternal life.  
Someone is seeing Jesus.  
Someone is living with Jesus for ever -

Because.....you.....prayed.

Carmela Patterson

# Behold!

To celebrate the Resurrection of Our Lord  
We rejoice in one accord  
Wondering at what great a price  
He has gifted us with Paradise.

It was necessary for Christ to suffer  
Without leniency, without buffer  
Left behind was the Glory that was His  
The holy realm of heavenly bliss  
He was sent by His Father above  
To teach us the ways of Christian love.

Because of us He was denied Glory for a while  
Teaching and preaching travelin' many a mile  
His followers loved Him until His cruel death  
Until in the tomb by sweet Holy Spirit breath  
He rose up out of the grave our souls to save  
What glorious gift our Triune God gave.

Jesus was given back His Glory as was foretold  
Even though for thirty pieces of silver He was sold  
And passion and death to Him was doled  
He gave us Salvation, more precious than gold.  
O the Resurrected Lord Jesus.....BEHOLD!

© Mel Patterson,4-25-11

Carmela Patterson

# Bigger Than Life

While at Holy Mass on May 29th this impression was made upon me  
and I felt impelled to write it. I did wait before sending it but find I can no longer  
withhold it from your view.

Prayerfully, Mel

~~~~~

' BIGGER THAN LIFE '

Standing before me, Lord, I see your cupped hands
and within them I see the new Jerusalem
gold and in miniature.

Then I see the earth in the form of a globe
and it also is in miniature,
also in your cupped hands.

You are bigger than life standing above all else
gazing upon Jerusalem so tenderly
and upon the earth so lovingly.

To picture Jerusalem so small
as well as the earth
speaks of your grandeur and majesty.
We are so small in the grand scheme of things,
yet always under your watchful eyes,
those eyes that bespeak of your love.

© Mel Patterson- 5-29-08

Carmela Patterson

Blood-Bought Salvation

As we meditate upon Your Crucifixion, O Lord
We are drawn to Your Holy Head crowned with thorn
And our souls and spirits within us mourn
Seeing You so sorely afflicted;
It should have been us they convicted.

O Sweet Head so wounded and bleeding
Here we are for mercy pleading
That many lost souls begin heeding
The message you delivered to every nation
News of Your Blood-bought Salvation.

O Precious Blood trickling down and past Your brow,
Eyes burning mercilessly yet You bore it somehow.
Your Body aching and itching as I think of it now
Nailed and suspended in excruciating pain
O Lord anyone else would have gone insane.

O Sweet Head so wounded and bleeding
Here we are for mercy pleading
That many lost souls begin heeding
The message you delivered to every nation
News of Your Blood-bought Salvation.

Struggling to breathe with your back arched
Unfathomable suffering, thirst, lips parched,
Thank You, Lord, for suffering such horrid anguish
In expiation for the sins in which we languish.
Accept our heartfelt sorrow for our sin
For in the netherworld we might have been.

O Sweet Head so wounded and bleeding
Here we are for mercy pleading
That many lost souls begin heeding
The message you delivered to every nation
News of Your Blood-bought Salvation.

Carmela Patterson

Buoyed

As this blessed and glorious day unfolds
I want to grab all the beauties it holds
And cleave them to my very breast
Where in the Lord I may take my rest..

Only hours ago the raging sea
Violently lapped angrily 'round me
Heavy chains fiercely pulled me down;
It seemed I was about to drown.

As I thrashed and splashed trying to pull free
Two mighty arms took a strong hold on to me
Those chains fell off and steadily up I went
With grateful relief I began my ascent
O My, Jesus, you are heaven-sent,
Buoying me up with grip so strong
O Triune God, to you I belong
Now I break into joyful song!

As this blessed and glorious day unfolds
I want to grab all the beauties it holds
Basking in the warm rays of Son light
Buoyed by Him my soul takes flight.
Thank God I'm ever in His sight!

© Mel Patterson,10-8-11

Carmela Patterson

Burning The Midnight Oil

How many times does one burn the midnight oil,
from a problem which one might wish to recoil?
I daresay there are many too numerous to count
and, seemingly, too very many to ever surmount.

Often in the wee hours of the early morning it seems,
when the body is weary but the mind indeed deems
it is required to burn that midnight oil again,
this particular poem is being written thru' my pen.

If there were no hope and there were no tomorrow
this life would be pitiful and full of sorrow.
When, however, there is faith in a Supreme Being
then comfort and consolation is what one is seeing.

There is a soul encased in the body of skin and bone,
of blood, sinew, muscle tissue made by God Alone.
To lift one's mind, heart, soul and spirit to God above
Is to experience God's comforting and everlasting Love.

So, whatever may cause you to burn that midnight oil,
keep the Lord God in your heart with you thru' that toil,
and you will see the dawning of a brand new day
full of hope and encouragement to hold you sway
as you fold your hands and to our God pray,
Lord, teach me to do it your way.

© Mel Patterson,5-19-08

Carmela Patterson

Calling You

Where did you go? I was looking for you
You are never out My mind or My sight.
With every good grace I will you imbue
Come with me, My little one into the Light.

It is time to set aside your worldly pleasure
Time to focus inwardly upon what matters
Opt for spiritual rather than earthly treasure
Before your fragile heart shatters.

Be steeped in the recesses of your heart
By my Holy Spirit Who abides within you
Every good grace to you I will impart
And every blessing to guide you, too.

My mercy is showered upon you
Every single moment of every day
It has served you your entire life.
Come with Me; what do you say?

My love for you is boundless
From the highest mountain to the deepest sea
My gifts to you are countless
It is with Me you are ever meant to be.

Take My Hand and walk with Me
Toward the eternity I planned for you
Keep your eyes fixed on the heavenly
Where every moment begins anew.
Come, I AM is calling you.

© Mel Patterson,8-29-11

Carmela Patterson

Caroline

Madeline's protruding girth
Indicated an impending birth

We had returned from her shower
Her firstborn was due any hour

She grew weary for the long wait
She foolishly brought on the due date

I saw her jump up and down in the middle of the floor
And was sure paramedics would take her out the door

She settled down and told me she would be alright
As I left we exchanged... 'Have a good night.'

The next morning as I was sipping my brew
The phone rang, hubby said, 'It's for you.'

Madeline's hubby called to say Caroline arrived
Her swift birth, my impetuous friend contrived.

Tony gave out cigars his chest button-popping proud
It seemed he floated higher than the highest cloud.

There was nothing in those cigars to make him giddy
All he could think of was, 'Gee, Caroline is so pretty!'

Carmela Patterson

Christian Ramblings

In the venue of Christian Ramblings Magazine
Many topics from many sources have been seen
Whetting the appetite for what is wholesome and clean
And testing mental skills to keep our minds keen.

There are devotions and comments that we share
Biblical Trivia, and prayers that show we care
Even Silly Sentences are in there;
Scripture quotations to answer if we dare
And many questions, a variety of fare.

Hope you enjoy what inside is contained
And your merry laughter be not constrained;
Sit back, relax, and enjoy your favorite brew
And see what is inside waiting just for you.

© Mel Patterson, 1-15-10

Subscribe: christian_ramblings-subscribe@

Carmela Patterson

Clap Your Hands!

Clap your hands, the Lord draws nigh
The time is nearing; look to the sky
As was told in the age-old story
He comes again resplendent in glory

Clap your hands, dress in fine attire
Stir up the spirit with hearts afire
Play instruments and joyfully dance
Sing out ~ your joy to enhance.

Clap your hands, be en garde
Let not your souls be marred
Your spirits can soar to the height
Be ready for the most radiant Sight.

Clap your hands - He is here
Permit the Lord to draw near
Run to Him hearts aflame
You are the reason that He came.

Clap your hands, the Lord draws nigh
The time is nearing; look to the sky
As was told in the age-old story
He comes again resplendent in Glory!

Carmela Patterson

Come Into His Presence

Come into His Presence
And be blessed by His essence;
He's close as we permit Him to be
If we realize this we can see...
He's been close to us ~ actually ~
Being aware of Him is the key.

Find a quiet place to stay and pray
And listen to what God has to say;
His Joy can be ours for the asking,
In His Son's Love we're basking.

Open the heart, soul, and spirit,
Quiet time and silence, endear it
Listen as God speaks to the heart;
Graces and blessings He'll impart
From us He wants never to be apart!

Union with You, Lord, is our heart's desire;
Lift us up out of the filthy mire,
Forgive our sin;
~ Again let us begin
To know, love and to serve You,
We truly do not deserve You,
Nothing is anything without You;
To You we cleave
Never wanting to leave
Help us perceive
Your unconditional love
Straight from heaven above
We come into Your Presence
Blessed by the transcendence
Of Your Purest Essence,
O Thou Holiest Eminence.

© Mel Patterson,11-3-07

Creatures

There is joy in seeing a colorful butterfly
As the winged creature flutters by
Delighting every eye.

There is awe in witnessing a chick peck
Through its' egg shell, head then neck,
And on tiny legs take its' first step.

There's expectancy watching fish in the sea
Looking for dolphins that romp and leap free
The sight evoking excited glee.

There is happiness in seeing a wagging tail
Belonging to a puppy with a yapping wail
Chewing cookies leaving a trail.

There's wonder when an eagle is in flight
A wingspan so huge designed for might
A glorious bird to bless our sight.

In His great mind, God willed them all to be
Fish, birds, butterflies in the air, land and sea
All through His wondrous Creativity.

Carmela Patterson

Creatures Of The KıNg

All creatures of the seas and oceans
Live in an underwater world we cannot see;
And the beasts of deserts and fields
All depend upon God to feed adequately.
Each one roams a vast expanse of sea or land;
Each lives and breathes as God has planned.

Birds of the air flying here and there
Seem not to have a worry, a fret nor a care
They hunt for twigs to build a nest
for their tiny babies to rest
Finding food is their continual quest
The provision of which is
God-Blessed.

Respecting the creatures God has made
We treat them with kindness and care;
Some are fierce and strikingly fearsome
We ought not impose upon them nor dare.
The world is big enough for ev'ry living being
When we realize this ~ we are truly seeing.

God made all creatures, some mammoth, some small;
He made some animals short and some He made tall.
From the tiny ant crawling in the dirt
With the ostrich his head to insert
And the Giraffe with neck so long
To God almighty they all belong.

And so we, too, are creatures of The King
Our repentant souls to Him we bring
To Him forever after we long to cling
Praise and Worship songs to Him we sing.
We all are creatures of The King!

Carmela Patterson

Crime And Punishment

Why the torture, why the pain?
What on earth is there to gain?
By inflicting vicious evil thought
Even though it is all for naught
Venum spouts through clenched teeth
Demoralizing, burying underneath
Dehumanizing 'til the last bequeath.

Wrongdoing will not be tolerated
One will sooner or later be incarcerated
It will result in a prison term life-long
Or shortened life with needle injection
No time left for making correction
In one whose life had no direction
Satan instilled lies and deception.

© Mel Patterson,1-29-11

Carmela Patterson

Crunch A Bunch

Fall is upon us;
Let us enjoy the sight...
Of colors so bright
And crunch a bunch o' leaves
Afore ev'ryone grieves
That Winter is here
Altho' children cheer
Stomp and romp
'n Joyfully play
in the flakes
God makes
for their sakes.

Fall is upon us for a while longer
Let us enjoy the Canvas God creates
For He changes the season
According to His reason
Soon we'll be freezin'!

11-5-06

Carmela Patterson

Dawn

Early morning has begun and the dawn sky
Fills the horizon with ribbons of purple, pink and gold;
What a beautiful sight to behold,
high in the sky to delight the seeing eye.

All is quiet and You speak to the silence in my heart
Lovely serenity is the gift You impart
I drink it in and breathe a tranquil sigh
For the blessed scene will soon say goodbye.

But as I gaze upon those magnificent hues
Now stretching for as far as my eye can see
My soul swells and my ears hear the cues
And I thank and praise You exuberantly.

O that everyone could take in the glowing sight
Of the early morning radiance, a mere shadow of your Light
A promise of an eternal life that awaits the faithful soul
Where You are the God who fashioned it all,
O Lord, our God, our Ultimate Goal.

© Mel Patterson, 2-1-10

Carmela Patterson

'Decision'

Outside interference plagues my mind
as I try to unscramble my thoughts,
collect my wits, settle my soul
and rebuke enemy onslaughts
which attack the peace I seek.
Odorous sin does indeed reek
robbing me of inner joy,
as satan wants to employ
all means in all his schemes
to make of me ~ his toy.

No more devil's manipulation!
I decide for God's stipulation,
To set me back on track
And toss the monkey off my back!
I pray the Lord to fill my lack
With blessing and grace
To run the race
However slow the pace.

It is here I begin to see
That prayer is the key
And confession sets me free.

With refreshment and renewal
I see Faith as a precious jewel;
I am forgiven because I confessed;
With God's Graces I am blessed
Beyond all measure
with heavenly treasure.
Such,
Is the Father's good will and pleasure.

Carmela Patterson

Don'T Ask Me

Don't ask me about myself if you please
Unless you want to see me dropp to my knees,
For I cannot share what is deep within my heart
Because to bare it would simply rip me apart.

I do better when I serve many others
Like you, my sisters and my brothers;
I don't do well to focus upon only me,
Try to understand and try to see
This is how I've got to be.

The Lord made me this way I dare say;
I can function with Him close by my side,
Leaning upon Him day after day after day
In Him forever I want and need to abide.

So, don't ask me if I am okay.
Just accept that I am this way;
The best way to help me is let me help you
And upon us both His favor He'll imbue
Pouring blessings down from heaven above
Gracing us with His everlasting Love.

© Mel Patterson,6-30-08

Carmela Patterson

Double Blessings

The young woman of large girth
Was near to giving birth
She would soon see for the first time
Her infant miracles, how sublime.

Ten tiny fingers, ten tiny toes
Little rosebud lips, cute little nose
Of these wee ones born of this mother
A bond forms like none other.

Playful babe, happy giggles
Out of loving arms he wriggles
Stuffed animals, many toys
Very typical of baby boys.

Full of glee this little girl
Tousled head with red curl
Twirling and whirling in a dance
She's a ballerina perchance.

As Mom watches her child grow
She wonders where did the time go?
How is it my baby grew up so tall
When once he was so very small?

When did she stop needing me
Now all she does is needle me
She once wanted her door left open
Boredom sets in and I see her mopin.'

Applications to many a college
In an effort to grow in knowledge
Doctor, Lawyer, Commander in Chief
So many choices, good grief!

He met a girl; she met a guy
Two engagements, rings to buy
Twins met twins, who would have guessed
Both families to be doubly blessed.

Double Wedding Day done
Of a daughter and of a son
Our home is now an empty nest
It's time for a much needed rest.

Roses arrived in four lovely hues
I realize what the gift imbues
I am delighted and I have to say
The blooms are for me on Mother's Day.

(5-7-11)

Carmela Patterson

Early Morning Rising

Why this early morning rising? Why this sleepless night?
Could it be a chastising or a lesson with new insight?
How shall I read this moment at hand right here, right now?
Shall I delve deep within my soul or forget myself somehow?

A soft whisper within my heart I hear, a hint of your will
To pray for a someone whose heart only your love can fill.
Someone is crying out in his own wilderness, his pain;
Let this simple prayer be for him a blessing, a gain.

Bless this brother with what he truly needs
Plant within his heart plentiful seeds
That nourishment, water, and sun will sow
his soul to peaceful pallor and grow.

Inspire him to be a blessing to others
That he will pray for his sisters and brothers
As ripples in a stream that widen to river and sea
Spreading over an expanse into eternity
Enveloping everyone, even me.
Lord, God, we Thank and Praise Thee.

Why this early morning rising, this sleepless night?
Lord, thank you for the blessing of insight
of your calling me to stay and pray
so early this day.
Thanks and Praise to Thee.

© Mel Patterson, 7-21-09

Carmela Patterson

Ever After

It was a Wedding everyone had been looking toward
When a week before the Wedding the groom got floored
He broke his leg falling from a roofer's ladder
He and his bride-to-be could not have been sadder.

To the emergency room for endless hours of waiting
All the while the angst groom himself was berating
It was medically decided surgery would be needed
To the Orthopedic Doc bride and groom conceded.

Surgery completed, a full leg cast was applied
The disappointed bride bitterly cried
How was her Wedding going down the toilet?
Could her Fiance be trying to foil it?

Within the week he was bounding about,
Mastering crutches they let out a shout!
The Wedding did take place nearly as they planned;
At the reception the musicians struck up the band.

When all ten Bridesmaids and Groomsmen were announced
Each couple emerged to the howling of exuberant laughter
As one by one ten men on crutches sprightly bounced
The volume of jocular sound hit the rafter,
A fun-filled memory to last ever after.

Carmela Patterson

Facing A Challenge

When faced with a challenge
We swiftly want to flee
From making a decision
To move or cop a plea.

Is it better to go with it or wait
As life quickly passes by
Or better to hesitate
Bewailing our fate, not try?

Deciding to move ahead or not
Making a list of cons and pros
Helps make it easier to discern
Keeping us on our toes.

So, if we go or if we stay
Is not really wrong or right
It is simply a matter of choice,
Of fight or flight in hindsight

Carmela Patterson

Far Spent, The Old Year

The old year has far been spent;
What have its' twelve months meant?
Did we use the year wisely or not
Were we miserly....or not?

Did we serve our neighbor kindly
Or selfishly act blindly.
Did we see our brother's need
Or did we feed our own greed?

The old year has far been spent;
Let's take it to God and repent.
The New Year has arrived today
Let's be kind in all we do and say.

Let us cover one another in prayer
Showing we are Christians by our care
Evangelize to those who need our Lord
And to Him all thanks and Praise accord.

Let them see to Whom we belong
Let them hear our Praises in song.
Be Christ to all whom we meet this year
Bringing love, encouragement, hope and cheer

To souls who by the wayside might be
Waiting for us, for you and for me
To tell them about Jesus Who came to save them
That He treasures each one like a precious gem.

The New Year has arrived today
Let's be kind in all we do and say.
For everyone's Salvation we'll pray
God is with us come what may!
He's the Truth, the Life and the Way.

© Mel Patterson 12-31-08

Carmela Patterson

Fire Ring

(Jesus' heart afire came to me during Mass
in an inner vision - triggering this poem)

My spiritual eyes see You standing before me,
Your heart is ablaze with leaping flame
Ignited with love for all of us;
Out of deep burning love You came.

Now in the middle of a large ring of fire
Whipping up all around me,
I am untouched by the fire-tongues
Of eternal love that surround me.

It's my sense, O Lord this is Your Love ring
Encapsulating us within Your burning Heart;
How can our spirits not shout and sing
For the infinite Love You bring
It's consummation to impart?

Send Your Ring of burning flame over the world
Engulfing satan and to hell have him furled,
While we are protected from harm and pain;
Thru Your Heart's fire heaven is our gain.

Your love burns so deeply, Lord
Showing us in ways we cannot measure;
When we praise You in one accord
You fill us with heavenly treasure;
Such is Your Holy Will and pleasure.

© Mel Patterson,5-16-08

Carmela Patterson

First Day Of The First Month Of The New Year

The first day of the first month of the new year
God's eternal Love has placed us here
When we are open to His Word He stays near
May all of us to the Lord's Law lend an ear.

The first day of the first month of the new year
Holds promise, hope, and an awesome fear
The Lord's Joy in our hearts evokes a tear
What a blessing we cannot into 2011 peer.

The first day of the first month of the new year
Welcomed at the stroke of midnight clear
Amidst festivities celebrated with cheer
Includes families and friends we hold dear.

© Mel Patterson - 1-1-11

Carmela Patterson

For The Love Of God

For the love of God our hearts beat with ardor;
For love of us He died ignobly as a Martyr.

How freely God gives from eternity to eternity
Jesus and His apostles in Christian Fraternity.

Unconditional and unfathomable Love He gives
To His every creature who breathes, who lives.

For the love of God our souls soar to the height;
He permits us to share a glimpse of His Light.

How freely God refreshes the earth every day
And renews our souls when we penitently pray.

Unconditional and unfathomable the graces He showers
While the immeasurable blessings He grants are ours.

For the love of God we are each unique, one of a kind
Lovingly created, directly from our Father's Mind
Carefully formed, all members perfectly designed
Each mind, heart, soul and spirit dignified;
Praise God His heart to ours is entwined.

For the love of God we join together in Praise
Worshiping Him joyfully ~ for endless days!

© Mel Patterson,6-4-11

Carmela Patterson

For You

I'm calling, My little one; do you hear Me?
Do you hear My Call? For you I gave My All.
Come now, rest in My peaceful pall.

With My arms open wide to enclose you inside
I look upon you, My love, in humble pride;
Come, within My Heart and abide.

Do you know 'I AM' loves you?
Do you know My Father loves you, too?
Do you know the significance of what He did for you?

His Great Heart panted for you from the beginning.
He sent Me to help you to stop sinning;
To forgive the sins you were committing.

It was My Mission to save you from evil,
To uproot and crush every form of upheaval,
Since Eden's sin, hence your soul's retrieval.

Come, before it is too late to seal your fate
Be with Me, learn to love and serve, not hate.
I promise your Heavenly Reward will be great!

So, My love, gaze only upon Me!
Trust as I lead you faithfully
Through the ebbs and tides of swelling waters,
Up and down the mountains' disorders.
In the valleys and the galley's of earth's pain.
Faith in Me will keep you sane
I, The Son, will dry all the rain.

I'm calling, My little one; do you hear Me?
Do you hear My Call?
Come to rest in my peaceful pall.

For you I gave my All.

© Mel Patterson,6-25-11

Carmela Patterson

Gibraltar

Gray black fog folds and unfolds
within my mind and my space
hiding heavily laden dark clouds
that rain intermittently upon my face
they bedew my bed in mournful moan
I do not like this hateful zone
My fragile heart has turned to stone
I become Gibraltar

© Mel Patterson,11-25-11

Carmela Patterson

Gift Of Life

In the secret recesses of a woman's body conception takes place
And the cells of a new person are replicated through God's grace
Before time, as we know it, began, God willed this baby to be here
And that when birth occurred, heaven and earth would cheer.

Isn't it sad when a human life is stifled, not permitted to grow?
How is it human gods decide life is not worth living, how so?
It is sad enough when a baby dies in utero or after its' birth
How much better adoption, instead of sadness, joy and mirth.

To see baby for the very first time and to hear its' tiny voice
Affords mother and father the perfect reason to rejoice
And they are grateful to God they made the right choice.

Let us PRAISE GOD for the gift of life He gave us,
He is the Author, Creator and Finisher, His Royal Majesty.
Ardently pray to still the unconscionable travesty!
Unite for life from conception to natural death
Feel and hear baby's sweet breath.

Hear our voice ~
Life, a beautiful choice ~
In it we rejoice.

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Carmela Patterson

Gifts Of Nature

Clear azure blue sky,
Fluffy white clouds floating by,
Sun shining brilliantly,
God's gifts captivate me.

Gentle rustling of trees,
Undulating in the breeze,
Branches swaying as they please,
Gratefully I fall to my knees.

Fragrant flowers in many a hue,
Pink, red, yellow and blue,
All budding according to cue,
Praise to my Creator is due.

Melodious songbirds of the air,
Each chirping in unique flair,
Flitting and flying here and there,
With soaring soul I say a prayer.

Carmela Patterson

Glory, Praise, And Honor

Glory, Praise, and Honor
Be upon our minds, lips and hearts
For ever and ever!

O Father, thank you and Praise you
For every Gift you lovingly give;
May Glory, Praise, and Honor, too
Be on our lips for as long as we live!

When I am tired and weary
Whining and teary
Bemoaning my fate of late,
Help me to see it's not about me
But about my neighbor
Through whom Thee I see.

Bless my neighbor with all that is needed;
Permit me to provide it if possible.
Let no word you speak to me go unheeded
And all required of me be plausible.

Permit me to be an emissary for you
Someone who carries out your will;
May the words I say and deeds I do
Your most Holy Will fulfill.

It isn't easy to always tow the line
Who knows better than you, my Lord,
Who bore our sin, your Cross the sign
Upon us may your graces be poured.

O Father, thank you and Praise you
For every Gift you lovingly give;
May Glory, Praise, and Honor, too
Be on our lips for as long as we live!

Glory, Praise, and Honor
Be upon our minds, lips and hearts
For ever and ever!

Carmela Patterson

Golden Rose Bouquet

O Sweet Virgin, Mother of God, to you I give
At least one golden rose for each day that I live
As humbly and with love I most fervently pray,
A garland of Hail Mary's in heartfelt love I say.
Please accept each one ardently prayed
With my heart upon God and thee staid.

© Mel Patterson,5-31-10

Carmela Patterson

Got Chocolate?

Snowflakes the size of marshmallows fall to the earth;
Frosty icy winds play havoc with her red curly hair.
She delights in frolicking in snow so deep;

Bundled up in bright green coat and leggings,
pink hat, scarf and gloves
she brightens up the gray day.

Grandpa dons his own snow gear, dark brown coat,
black ear muffs, gloves and red Santa hat;
shovel in hand he begins to clear the path
when 'she' playfully jumps into it re-snowing it
to Grandpa's chagrin as he grins
pretending to be annoyed.
but he re-shovels again with great patience.

The worst of the storm has passed. The white stuff
is the perfect setting this day, this Christmas Eve.

Cold, wet and tired Grandpa and granddaughter
come in to warm up to hot chocolate with marshmallows
and it reminds curly head of the snow fall today.

Grandpa's white mustache is chocolate dyed.

Curly Head's mouth says: 'Got chocolate? '

Bedtime has evolved, Santa's on his way.
Curly head has left him a treat in a cup.
Santa arrived;
he put Curly Head's presents under the tree

Santa's white mustache gave him away;
he looked at himself in the mantle mirror
and laughed a hearty, 'HO, HO, HO'

His white mustache was chocolate dyed
and he cried aloud:

'GOT CHOCOLATE?

'HO, HO, HO! '

© Mel Patterson,11-2011

Carmela Patterson

Handlebars

Handlebars drape on a downward slope
parted, groomed to perfection
prickly to the touch on the mannequin
unreal sable hair, 'stash 'n eyes
black panted, white shirted
sitting on a unicycle
holding handlebars sloped downward
in the window,
shoeless at Payless.

Carmela Patterson

Happiness Is

Happiness is watching the sun rise in the east
As it gradually peeks over the canyon so grand
While watching it set in the west is quite a feast
All of it is through God our Creator's hand.

Happiness is walking barefoot along the beach
Salty ocean waves frothily rumbling ashore
The ebbs and the flows of the tides reach
Hot white sands sweeping them offshore.

Happiness is planting yellow sunflower seeds
Watering them daily watching them grow tall
Tenderly caring for them, removing the weeds
Blessed be to God ~ He made them all.

Happiness is in serving our neighbor and sharing
Loving one another in this world that we live in.
Happiness is being alone with God in praying,
Repenting of our sins and being forgiven,
Thanking and Praising Him for every gift given.

Carmela Patterson

'Have Faith In Me'

Have faith in Me and you'll see
It is wise to come, follow Me.

Weary from the walk and the steep climb,
How much longer and how much more time
Must we travel this long, hard, rocky road
And shoulder this large heavy load,
Before help is given
And we are driven
to the depths we could possibly sink
Lord, we are at the brink
of drowning in the seas.
O, save us
please.

Have faith in Me and you'll see
It is wise to come, follow Me.

I come to you when you cry out
When you don't listen, I have to shout
In ways you cannot yet understand;
It is with deep love I reprimand.
Be still and know that I am the Lord
Trust and Mercy to Me accord.

Have faith in Me and you'll see
It is wise to come, follow Me.

Have you walked my way and my steep climb?
Did you know that it was my appointed time?
Did you travel the long, hard, rocky road I did?
Did you shoulder the wood of the Cross as I did?
I asked my Father to lift the cup I was to drink
But it was not to my own will I would think
It was to my Fathers' I would say yes
To His will only I did acquiesce
to my last breath
Even to death.
all for you

As I was born to do.
Why? you want to know?
Because I love you so.
I want you to be where I am
with greatest affinity
Infinitely
For all eternity.

Have faith in Me and you'll see
It is wise to come, follow Me.

© Mel Patterson,1-29-08

Carmela Patterson

Have You Ever ?

Have you ever felt that for one step forward
You found yourself taking two steps backward?
Have you ever tried to swim the undulating ocean
But grew in weariness and lack of motion?

Have you ever hiked to the mountain height
And found yourself repelling down in chilling fright?
Have you ever attempted to climb a high hill
And on your way up you took a hard spill?

Have you ever walked unencumbered in the Spring sun
With gentle breezes to refresh you when you were done?
Have you ever sailed the waves of the ocean blue
And seen the far horizons as shorelines came into view?

Have you ever ascended a mountainous terrain
And felt the freedom from all ailments and pain?
Have you ever climbed a lovely Fall meadow's hill
To be blessed with more joy than your heart could fill?

Have you ever heard the whisper of the Holy Spirit
And inhaled the Peace of the Lord? ..and endeared it?
Have you ever wondered when Christ will come again
And when He will come to take, with Him, all men?

Not to worry, not to fret;
He hasn't come as yet.
Keep your lanterns lit with enough oil for the wait
And Jesus will take you to Heaven's open gate.
One day at a time unknown
His Glorious Coming will be shown
And upwards we will be flown.

Carmela Patterson

Have You Ever Felt Like This?

Have you ever felt like banging your head on a wall?
Have you ever wanted to scream, holler and bawl?
Was there ever a hole in which you wanted to crawl?
Well let me share this with alla ya'll.

Frustration visits us all at one time or another
You may feel like punching your brother
Or stomp your feet, even something other
Your sister? You might feel like sluggin' 'er,
You really don't feel like huggin' er.

Working thru these feelings is hard to do
Especially if the person to blame is you
This advice is very much for me, too
I've often felt like yelling: 'Oh, Phoo! '
And so many times crying: 'Boo Hoo.'

Venting is good as long as no one is hurt
Making sure our replies are never curt
We can work through it all and reassert
What is the good we possess and to avert
Negativism, being very aware and alert.

So let's be en guard and protect our person
Being aware of the need to gently unburden
Nurturing friendship and to determine
That kindness and love are worth immersion
Within our spirits ~ tending to our brethren.

(8-19-11)

Carmela Patterson

He Brings Me Coffee

He brings me coffee instead of flowers
Almost everyday without fail;
Upon my heart his love he showers
He causes my spirit to sail.

For him I am grateful every day,
As I thank our God above
For sending my husband my way,
And for blessing me with his love.

I may not get flowers often,
I may not get blooms in my hand;
From the outset my heart he did so soften
Our married life is anything but bland.

He is my life partner, sage and wise;
He picks me up when I am down,
Makes me laugh at least he tries,
And quite often he's a delightful clown.

He brings me coffee instead of posies
His beautiful spirit blesses me.
Everyday to Wawa he moseys,
Coming back home to me - with coffee,
back home to me
with coffee.

April 2,2006

Carmela Patterson

He Shows His Love

When I gaze upon the morning sunrise
I ponder the grandeur of God
Who has blessed our sight out of the night
Into the dawning of new daylight.

The sun may shine and the rain may fall
The snows cover the earth in peaceful pall
The earth may heave, waters may swell
Ebb and flows of tides in time quell.
Every season's beauty we can see
Through God's creativity.

The Lord our God shows us and tells us
In countless ways - one after the other
Of His everlasting and unconditional Love
For you and me, His sister and brother,
His Heart to uncover.

Humility personified is Jesus, the Lord;
Thru God's Love His Blood was poured.
Our Saviour Jesus we run toward;
To Him alone all Praise we accord,
Forever and ever may He be adored;
Jesus Christ is our saving Lord.

© Mel Patterson, 9-18-08

Carmela Patterson

He Washed Their Feet

Their Master donned a towel girded about his waist
Each sandal of the twelve was purposely unlaced
And with basin of water each foot He bathed clean
A lesson in sheer humility they had ne'er before seen.

The Lord and the apostles together shared the last meal
Broken bread and blessed wine filled all but one with zeal
Jesus, with heavy heart, said one of them was a betrayer
Knowing already Judas was wallowing in satan's lair.

Their Lord taught them to serve rather than be served
That the seeds of faith He planted would be preserved
He said He was the True Vine and would prepare a place
That the Spirit would visit them with a powerful grace.

.

They did not want their Master to leave them so soon
In three days time His Passion and Death would loom
They didn't know they would add to His pain
Hiding and denials before the Lord would be slain.

Jesus explained that they would start the first church
To preach, teach and welcome all in their own search
To follow His Way, His Truth, His Life and His Light
Because each man and woman's precious in His sight.

On this Thursday Eve it could not be perceived
That the Lord and Master would be so deceived
That vile and evil acts could be so conceived
And that Crucifixion by Jesus so humbly received.
They insisted. He persisted....
to His very last breath
and
to His Death.

Carmela Patterson

Hear Me

What have I done, my child, that you treat me this way?
Do you not know I love you without question, forever, too?
I hurt every time you partner up with my enemy, Satan;
do you love him more than me? What's happened to you?

Decisions you make on earth will proffer to your end;
it's yours to choose evil or let your soul be led by Light.
I'm seeing how you struggle to make it through your life;
don't think for one second you're ever out of my sight.

Hear me then, my beloved, when I speak to your soul;
listen when I knock on the door of your precious heart.
I lovingly listen to every plea you utter in deep prayer;
there, for your asking, are the blessings I will impart.

Carmela Patterson

Heavenly Dance

My penitent heart was heavy praying in Church
I knelt sorrowfully until completing my search
for You, Lord,
were coming t'ward me in robe of rose
Gently lifting me up to a blessed and sweet repose.

The gift of Your Divine Presence, how can it be?
I can still see Your coming, Lord, walking towards me
Cupping my elbows with Your tender and loving hands.

You invite me to follow You ~ if I would perchance?
Satan swiftly flees at Your firm commands
And I'm free to waltz with You
in the Heavenly dance.

This is the place I never want to leave;
My soul to Yours will forever cleave.
Invite me again ~ if You would perchance?
That I may join You once more
in the Heavenly dance.

© Mel Patterson,4-24-09

Carmela Patterson

Her Sweet Voice

In contemplating the Mother of our Lord
Meditating upon her as Mother of the Word
I hear her sweet, soft, tender voice
And I feel my soul in gratitude rejoice.

What does she say to one such as me;
To ponder such, how the possibility?
She would say, 'Child, follow my Son.
By His Blood your soul He has won.'

Her voice is sweet, soft and tender
To her, reverence and love we render
We pray her Holy Rosary alone and together
And plead her graces in all kinds of weather.

Speak, Mother, your children are listening
Your holy purity and radiance are glistening;
Our souls are alit with the fire of love
As you show us the way to heav'n above
To Father, Son and Holy Spirit
Teaching us never to fear it
But to everlastingly endear it.

We hear your sweet and tender voice
And our souls within us gladly rejoice.

© Mel Patterson,7-1-09

Carmela Patterson

Hold Fast

Perseverance is a virtue great blessings to imbue
Through it the soul is nurtured as it heeds every cue
From the Holy Spirit who indwells within it if it is true
To the faith of our fathers who guides us through
This earthly life on our way to heaven above
Where finally we'll rest in God's peace and love.

Hold fast!

While the road we travel is strewn with rocks and hills
And we are faced with pain, suffering and many ills,
Still we hold to the faith we were taught
Even though with slings and arrows we are fraught
Sliding and hiding, caught in the tangle
of satan trying every angle
our souls to wrangle.

Hold fast!

He comes, the Lord God of Hosts
The liar-satan snidely boasts
And sneakily slips away,
No more to hold us sway.
Our Savior bathes us in His Blood
His Graces our souls to flood

Hold fast!

HE COMES!

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Carmela Patterson

Holy Happy New Year!

As the year draws to a close
How did we do, do we suppose?
Have we tried as hard as we could?
Did we accomplish all we thought we would,
Or at the very least.....what we should?

Let's begin anew, again, if you please
By getting down upon our knees
We can greet the dawn of the new year
Without the superfluous cheer of a beer
Placing God first where He belongs
Correcting all of our wrongs.
And with inspiring lovely songs
Thank and Praise Him
For the gift of a new day, a new way
'to see more clearly
and love more dearly...'
Let us mean these most sincerely
As we approach two thousand ten
and do all we can
To be what we ought to be
Loving and living peacefully
God bless us all immeasurably.

HOLY HAPPY NEW YEAR!

© Mel Patterson 12-26-09

Carmela Patterson

How

How much more must we suffer anguish?
How much more will we wantonly languish?
How is it the world is weaving and heaving?
How is it peoples are leaving and grieving?
How much more will the lands be soaked?
How many years will we be so cloaked?
How many ages through earth so dry?
How many the tears people will cry?

One day the tears will cease
And there will be gentle peace
Anguishing no longer a chore
Languishing will be no more
Grieving will be ended
Broken hearts will be mended
And souls will be transcended.

How is it we are gifted with the reward
Of the hope of eternity with the Lord
Where angels sing in rhythmic accord
To the Triune Godhead who is adored
In Heaven where every blessing is poured?
We Thank and Praise Him for the award.

Carmela Patterson

'Hsssssss'

Hasten, time's a wastin'!
No time for procrastinatin'!
Get it done now, get it done quick ~
See the clock tock 'n tick!
Get the job done in a flick!
Snap to it lickity split!
Hsssssss.

Run here, run there!
Be swift, no one'll care!
Do the job fast and furious!
Slow down? Are you serious?
No time to putter and sputter;
Don't grumble and mutter!
Job might as well be in the gutter!
Hsssssss.

Do more and do it now;
Don't fool around, pal!
Get with the program, man!
You can do it, yes you can
according to my time plan!
No break, no time!
Breaking your back for a dime?
You say it's a crime?
Hsssssss.

Well, I don't care 'bout you!
I want to break you, I do!
I snarl and bark and hiss, too.
If you don't know by now,
I'll get you somehow
and to only me will you bow!
I'm your worst enemy you see!
Legions swarm around me!
You're down? I'm happy
so full of glee...
Hsssssss.

Only one thing makes me flee!
When you get on bended knee,
get smart and so prayerfully
call upon Him who cast me out,
out of Eden for tempting Eve;
O, how I did seethe
Hssssssssss.

Don't do that! Don't pray!
Overtaking you needs one more day!
Don't worry 'bout what God'll say!
Don't call upon the One who died,
Him who was crucified!
His Blood is on me now
He calls me 'foul! '
I growl!
Hssssssss!

My pinions release you..
Let HIM please you..
He grabs you from the rim.
You're safe with Him.
I scurry along
slithering away,
looking for other prey,
another I can hold sway ~
Today!
Hssssss!

© Mel Patterson,5-26-08

Carmela Patterson

Humbled

Upon this early morning rising before Church bells peal
I find my soul at best basking in a presence so real
Where the Lord speaks to the core of my spirit
I pray my ears be open to hear it
As He gently enters and centers
His attention upon me
and...
I am humbled.

His great love for us is impossible to understand;
Each one of us came into being at His command.
There is no other quite like the person you are;
You are as unique as the brightest sparkling star.

Stretching before us is the gift of another new day
With its' moments, minutes and hours we hold sway
What is it we will accomplish as the clock ticks away
Will we use it wisely and set time aside to pray?

It would be well to start the day in thanksgiving and prayer
And Praise the Lord God with deliberate heartfelt care
So...

Upon this early morning rising before Church bells peal
Let's place our souls in God's Presence for real ~
Where He will speak to the core of our spirit;
O may our ears be attentive to hear it
As He gently enters and centers
His attention upon us
and...
we are humbled.

© Mel Patterson - 1-18-09

Carmela Patterson

If Ever

If ever there was a morning quite like this
Where God's love fills me with bliss
I would want ever stay in this lovely place
And bask in the gift of His blessed grace.

If ever there was an afternoon like this
And I did not share I would be remiss
That God has so blessed my soul to sing
Praises to our Almighty King.

If ever there was an evening like this
It's golden quietude I shant want to miss
This show of His glorious majesty
Reveals His magnificent tapestry.

If ever there was a night quite like this
When man approached the deep abyss
Earth was given a divine kiss
When Emmanuel came as a babe
Grew, and a new life began to pave
Our wretched souls to save,
His Precious Life He gave

If ever there was a midnight like this
Blue-black starry-studded night that is
A reflection of the mighty power of God
On this very earth where He trod
His love and mercies have no limit!
We praise Father, Son and Holy Spirit!

© Mel Patterson,10-4-11

'If I Could'

When my soul is elevated during deep prayer,
I am transported out of myself to a place where
I have no physical consciousness of self or surrounding
Being caught up in God's peace and love abounding.

It seems Jesus comes to meet me there,
Takes my hand and greets me with great care
Leading me to that place
Where there is no time and no restrictive space
But an openness and freeing up of His grace.

Gliding upwards with Him gently and slowly
My feet barely touch the stairs in the climb;
How could one so simply and pitifully lowly
Gain entrance to an event so utterly sublime?

It is here I see Heaven's Gate in billows of pastel mist
I see pinks and blues, all manner of lovely hues
And I know Heav'n is promised to all on God's list
For He calls each one of us if we listen to His cues.

The vision ends even though my soul transcends
The world and its disturbances to my soul;
Being open to the graces and blessings He sends
Fortifies the spirit in steadily approaching the Goal.

If I could take the Peace I experience at this time
And spread it over and above my limitations,
I would give it to you to assist you in your climb
Then you, too, could taste joy-filled expectations,

If...I...could.

Carmela Patterson

If I Were To Wander

Lord, be Thou my Holy Guest
Thou art my ultimate Quest
My soul Thou hast blessed
In Thee I find peaceful rest

If I were to wander away
Other gods to hold me sway
This fool can truly say
Without Thee there is no day.

Permit me not to take my leave
Like a magnet to Thy heart I cleave
Thy boundless love may I receive
O Lord Jesus in Thee I believe.

I long to see Thee face to Face
When finally I'll win the race
Blessed by Thy every grace
O Triune God, it's Thee I Praise.

Carmela Patterson

If Not For You

If not for you we would not have been
You lovingly deemed we should exist
You sent Jesus, your Son, to heal us of sin
For our souls He did and still does persist

No bigger than a grain of sand on vast beaches,
You know when we sit and when we stand,
May we ever cleave to what Jesus Christ teaches
Each tiny undeserving speck of sand

O what a loving Father we have in you
Who willed all creation into being
For us every blessing and grace you imbue
Blind were we; now we are seeing

Accept our thanksgivings and praises
As we worship you with unabashed hearts
Pour upon us the blessings and graces
Your Holy Spirit imparts.

Carmela Patterson

In My Season

As I sit in the calm of my solitude
And ponder the quality of my attitude
It's good to have this quietude.

Taking time to ponder the reason
I feel a sadness in this season.

It seems all I do is for naught
With insecurity I am fraught
And in a futility I am caught!

Taking time to ponder the reason
I feel frustration in this season.

Yet, I want to change my thinking
I'm wearied by the feeling of sinking!
From a well of hope I wish to be drinking

Taking time to ponder the reason
Where's the joy in my season?

It is happening, peace is arriving
I find my wounded heart surviving
And my scarred spirit is striving
With hope to the point of thriving!

In taking time to ponder the reason
I've found serenity and purpose
in my season.

© Mel Patterson, Nov.2011

Carmela Patterson

Insight

Whether our lives are cloud-filled or clear and bright
That attitude determines altitude rings keenly true
We can descend to the dregs or bound up to great height
Forging ahead developing strength or missing every cue
To be what we can be and soar, our spirit in flight,
Through the power of our sheer might...
What we need is a clear insight.

Carmela Patterson

Into The World

In my head I hear the tick tock of a clock
The sound of its' ticking sounds like a knock
My head rattles with loud banging inside
I want to stay under the covers and hide
From the world outside.

Time constraints force me into a poor decision
I tried handling the matter with precision
In my mind's eye bloody tears begin to flow
The time-line is closing in; it's time to go
Into the world's show.

I play the music of the world on my drum
And put on a show even though I feel numb
What helps me deal is getting on with life
Get up, go and do, not dwelling on strife,
Into the world!

Carmela Patterson

Invoking The Holy Spirit

Unbridled thoughts imposed on the mind
Cloud the eyes of a soul that is nearly blind;
Where the spirit is almost thread-bare,
We invoke The Holy Spirit in solemn prayer,
' Do Thou shed Thy Light in there.'

With soul illuminated by the Light
The evil one must take his flight;
Strengthened by Divine Power
Graces upon the soul God will shower.
We give You Thanks and Praise,
O High and Mighty Tower.

Carmela Patterson

Jeep

Sitting at the top of the stairs
Trying to see presents under our tree
I can see that my Mommy glares
'You're up too early! ' says she.

I've got 'ants in my pants! ' she yells;
I didn't know they just went to bed.
Daddy laughed, guffaws he quells
'Get back to your bed, sleepyhead! '

Wide awake in bed I lie waiting;
My parents had then fallen asleep.
Since I was nervously anticipating
I snuck down to see a new jeep.

Playing with that toy through the night
And dozing off as morning started
Mom and Dad flicked on the light
And off to my bed ~ I was carted.

© Mel Patterson, Dec.2011

Carmela Patterson

'Jesus Christ Crucified Have Mercy On Us'

Jesus Christ crucified
have mercy on us.

It seems our world is steeped in sin;
I wonder how it all might have been
Had Lucifer not wanted to be like God.
Robed in pride he defied, and he lied,
Every scheme he contrived
To bring man down low;
To hell man could go
Except for Jesus
To release us
from
the bondage of sin.

Jesus Christ crucified
have mercy on us.

Daily are the struggles we face
Every day holding its' own disgrace.
Battles within ourselves to win
Purge us, O Lord, from our sin.
Wars on land, air, sea and shore
O Please, Dear God, no more!
Save us from ourselves,
For our very souls satan delves.
Cast him to the pit of fire!
It is to YOU ~ our hearts aspire.

Jesus Christ crucified
have mercy on us.

We come to YOU, Lord, pleading
O Holy One, wounded and bleeding.
We see what we have done to You;
We are sorry and beg forgiveness, too.
It is by Your stripes we are healed
Even as your precious blood congealed
On that fateful Good Friday afternoon

On the Cross of wood they had hewn.
O merciful Lord, so loving and tender
Upon us Your Blessings please render
As we approach You on bended knee
Praising and Worshipping You,
Keeper of the Key,
to Everlasting Eternity,
KEEPER of the KEY
to Everlasting Eternity!

Jesus Christ crucified
have mercy on us.

Carmela Patterson

Joyfully In The Lord

Joyfully in the Lord we run with hearts in our hands
Our souls burst within us for it is as He plans.

Joyfully in the Lord we are heartily singing
And to Him all our Praises we are bringing.

Joyfully in the Lord we are skillfully dancing
All the while toward Heaven we are glancing.

Joyfully in the Lord we walk a smooth steady path
For in His precious Blood our souls took their Bath.

Joyfully in the Lord through all kinds of weather
His Thanksgivings and Praises we will sing forever.

Joyfully in the Lord the blessing of the gift given
Will be the Kingdom of Heaven where we will live in.

© Mel Patterson

Carmela Patterson

Lenten Prayer

How have I prepared for the Season of Lent?
How shall I feel when my forty days are spent?
Will I be satisfied that I have done my best
Had I kept a clean house for our Saving Guest?

Would I have hidden my face in shame?
For sins I committed - others would I blame?
Or will I shoulder that which I had done
And repented sorrowfully to God's only Son?

How can I prove my love is sincerely true?
How can I fast and pray when it is so hard to do?
When will I find the time in my already busy day
To put You First, Foremost and follow Your Way?

Help me, Lord, to make these forty days holy.
Show me how to love and sacrifice for You wholly.
Cleanse me of all that would keep us apart.
Grant me a repenting, forgiven and renewed heart.
How I pray for a new beginning, a fresh start,
Every grace to my soul please impart;
My Lord and my Savior,
O Thou art.

Carmela Patterson

Little Innocents

Holy Innocents who died as little Martyrs
Their blood poured, now God's Partners
Because of the reigning King Herod's fears
Those stripped parents shed copious tears.

Wailing in sorrow in every tomorrow
Not one hour could one parent borrow
Hearts rended in indescribable pain
Never would mourning their babes wane.

Is it not the same today here and now
Babies are ripped apart somehow
Hearts rended in indescribable pain
Never to know why the seed became.

O Lord, send your Holy Spirit
That a pregnancy they might not fear it.
Give insight to the new mother to be
To deliver her baby because of Thee.

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Carmela Patterson

'Longing'

The longing in my heart and soul for Thee
Transcends all other longings there ever could be.
For you, my Lord, my God, and my all
Have won me over by your truth and your law.

How is it you have willed that I be here?
I'm sorry for my sin; O Lord, still my fear.
Help me to be forgiving as you are to me
That one day I may more ~ image Thee.

Quench the thirst of my soul and my spirit
I pine for you, Lord; my soul ~ please, steer it.
Let me not look for earthly pleasures...
But seek only your Holy Treasures.

Prime me and align me with your Holy Will;
Your fire within my heart and soul instill.
Lead me along the long and torturous road;
In prayer I find a lessening of the load
as I travel along
my heart in song
To you I long.... to... belong.

The longing in my heart and soul for Thee
Transcends all other longings there ever could be.
For you, my Lord, my God, and my all
Have won me over by your truth and your law.

Carmela Patterson

Made In Our Image

Imagine if we can, how Jesus was made into man
A man like us in every way except sin
How might it have actually been
Had Lucifer not lured Eve, Adam and kin?

We are made into God's Image 'tis true
But Jesus was made into our image to save us
His precious blood was shed to bathe us
The ability to attain Heaven He gave us.

Lord, as you image me, may I image you
May I follow you when you call out to me
Help me as I stumble and fall clumsily
From satan's pinions, Lord, set me free.

To ponder your humbling yourself for us
Assuming the body of a newborn baby boy
Growing into a man all graces to employ
We Praise you, O Lord, our Ultimate Joy.

Carmela Patterson

Mary As Queen Of Heaven

In praying the Holy Rosary in the Chapel this early Morn
within my spiritual being I saw Mary as Queen of Heaven.
She was motioning for me to come to her,
waving her right hand and pointing to her heart.
I took it to mean, 'Come here to me.'
She wanted to enclose me within her heart.
Her appearance was as if delicate flesh colored porcelain.
Except she looked a little like a statue,
she moved with a gentle grace,
her dressing muted pale pink/mauve.

© Mel Patterson,11-30-09

Carmela Patterson

Mended

When turbulence overtakes me
And it seems everyone forsakes me
My heart within me is rended
Yet my soul is ascended
And my spirit is transcended
Because through blessed visitation,
Jesus invitation, and Holy Spirit inspiration
I am mended

To be healed one must yield to God's Will
A repentent and humble soul He will fill
With graces enough to get through the day
And upon bended knees one begins to pray
Promising to follow Jesus' Way
Because through blessed visitation,
Jesus invitation, and Holy Spirit inspiration
One is mended.

Carmela Patterson

Mighty Trumpet Blast

While at prayer in Church this very morning
I heard within my spiritual soul as it was soaring
The sound of that mighty trumpet blast
That Christ Jesus is coming again at last.

There's not much time left, soon the dye will be cast
We must mend fences now and rectify our sins of the past
And be fully aware this earthly existence will not last.

Not much longer will we nonchalantly walk this earth
Whether we are young or old in this place of our birth.
Being caught off guard will not serve us well
Better to be heaven bound than to land in hell.

I still hear that trumpet blast deep within my spirit;
It serves as warning to us all and we really should fear it.
God gives us instructions in the Ten Commandments we know
It is imperative to live them exactly as He told us so.

The blast gets louder and will not leave me
Until I can convince everyone to believe me.
This admonition given me I must pass on to all
Who will listen and heed Jesus' Divine Call.

Will we be ready when He comes? Will we listen?
Will our souls be blackened or radiantly glisten?
Whether the trumpet blast is heard reading the signs
The foregone conclusion is He'll come when least expected
Pray to be every hour of every day Holy Spirit injected.
For Judgment will be ours as by Him we'll be inspected.

The Blast gets louder as Jesus nears
O that we'll all open our ears
Let's pray that everyone hears
So there won't be seas of endless tears

© Mel Patterson, 1-15-10

Mind Journey

In exploring the expansions of my mind
my imagination runs away with me
and I can see a panorama, a vista of possibilities;
I want to run with the music of the wind in my hair
toward the far horizon that appears in my mind's eye.

Limitless are the labyrinths of my passage
through eternal time always changing, always moving
toward the hope of a new day and a new way.
Mental challenges and journeys are growth producing
expanding understanding and bridging old and new thresholds

Reining in my mind is not easy when it speeds toward an ethereal goal
which must be tamed but not without huge and great difficulty.
It can be understood how a mind could lose its' way and be lost
in the intensity of the battle but with an eye on temperance, moderation,
patience, perseverance, I can gain control and grow.

Carmela Patterson

Mitt And Apron

The 22 pound turkey was roasting
And inwardly I was boasting
...but....

Its' spilled juices were hot;
I simply had to blot!

I flung off my red oven mitt ablaze with fire;
I stomped on it hard, my need dire.
Then noticed other flames - Holy Moly!
Why didn't I choose to serve Bertoli!

I ran to the sink my apron enflamed
Ran the water - Whew! I exclaimed.
I calmly trod into the family room
Fire put out, there was no fume.

Everyone sat with eyes agape;
We all laughed for heaven's sake.
A charred hole was visible to each eye;
The apron and the mitt the tale did bely.

A roar of laughter sprung from their guts
At the expense of this silly ole dumb klutz.
The smile this evokes when I remember
My apron and mitt became an ember
On Thanksgiving Holiday that November.

Carmela Patterson

Momma

Wanting to be together, longing for yesterday
her journal, a treasure without measure
reading every comforting word, relishing
her embellishing, being totally absorbed
we are aware of nothing else at this time.

Why did mother have to leave us this way
leaving us alone, sorrow holding us sway
as we try to live out each and every day?
O God, help us! , we pray.

She became ill from consumption they said
we didn't understand but knew it was not good
[we want to be with her, if only we could.]
Then that dreaded day came; she died,
seeing her we cried, 'Momma! Momma! '

For now we shall take one day at a time
loving sisters walking together in rhyme
going through the rigors of our daily climb
to see Momma again one day,
will be sublime.

Carmela Patterson

Mr. Zets

His basement was his pride we could plainly see
with trains against all four walls like a virtual town,
engines chugging in many directions at one time
captivating us turning frowns upside down.

There were small buildings, little stores, bridges,
trestles, trees, bushes, benches, lights, and hills,
twists, turns, up, down, all over his man cave
large tables holding it all up to it's window sills.

Mr. Zets was an avid Lionel Toy Train lover for sure
you could see in his eyes the joy all of it brought him
as it spilled over to all who expectantly visited his set
but when illness took his life, the trains became dim.
Fondly I remember him..... Jim.

Mr. Zets was the father of a friend with whom I attend High School and his first name was actually George - I chose Jim for rhyming purposes.

Carmela Patterson

Music Of A Soul

The azure blue sky with white wisps of cloud
Spans the horizon as far as my eye can see
Soft breezes cause tree leaves to dance
And play a rustling symphonic melody

Caught up in the beauty delighting ear and eye
I am swept away through gentle breezes
To ponder the grandeur of God's manifold gifts
O how He loves and blesses us as He pleases

We are raised from being earthly bound
Lifted up to a heavenly musical sound
Where lilting harp and lyre resound
And choirs of Angels joyfully sing
To Christ Jesus, our God and King

Carmela Patterson

'My Blood'

As my Blood coursed through my veins
I was forced to suffer horrendous pains;
I was beaten with cruel whips of fire,
Humiliating disrobed of all my attire.

The crown I wore they savagely applied
The Agony so great, I silently cried.
Dragging that cross upon my shoulder,
The crowd's taunts became much bolder.

I beheld the loving face of my mother
My heart was wrenched; I loved her.
Veronica kindly wiped my face
Giving me brief rest from the pace.

Three times I fell on jagged stone
Ripping my knees and shins to the bone.
Soldiers summoned Simon from Cyrene
I was the most pitiful sight he'd ever seen.

Bloodied and battered I looked a fright
Women and children wailed at the sight.
As we made our way to the fateful hill
Spittle and jeers were hurled at me still.

They threw me onto that cross of wood
Mobs of onlookers curiously stood
Watching the nails being pound
Hearing my mournful sound.

They saw the Cross raised;
In a frenzy they were crazed,
Hanging around glaring
Not one of them caring
Except my loved ones who were there
I wondered when I died how they'd fare.
I gave John and my mother
One to the other
So they would have one another.

For those who judged me
For those who crucified me...
Father, forgive them;
They know not what they do.

I thirst.....I thirst.

Father, into your hands
I commend my spirit.

It is finished.

~ Blood coursed through His veins ~
He was forced to suffer incomprehensible pains;
Through His Blood Heaven for us He gains.
~ Now in Heaven Our Savior reigns ~

© Mel Patterson,3-24-08

As my Blood coursed through my veins
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Carmela Patterson

My Canoe

Standing on the edge of the sea
I wondered what happened to me?
The waters churned readying for the storm
And the winds whipped from early morn.

My own storms rattled my sense of self
And fumblingly I placed them all on a shelf
How could I be feeling so sad and blue
And stopped paddling my own canoe?

When time and life beat me again and again
I picked up the catharsis of poetry and to pen
Rhymes of all kinds, stories, and journals too
And returned to paddle my own canoe,
May you
paddle your own canoe....
too.

Carmela Patterson

My Face!

It is said no pain, no gain.
If this is true why feign,
hiding tears that rain
down my face!
It's no disgrace to cry
And wonder why
I sob and moan
and suffer alone.

Pain is subjective at best
It needs to reach its' crest
Wailing I detest
On my face!
Finally the crying stops
My heart flip-flops,
My soul has flown
My spirit has grown.

Carmela Patterson

Nativity

An angel of God visited me today,
I could hardly believe my eyes.
When I heard what he had to say,
I could hardly believe my ears ~
I was nearly frightened to tears;
He did, however, allay my fears.

He said I would be mother to a son.
I knew not man ~ I wanted to run
But I said, 'unto me your word be done.'

At the appointed hour, the Holy Spirit
Will overshadow you and you'll conceive;
Be not afraid, Mary, no reason to fear it.

This is God's will for your Son and you;
With every good grace you He will imbue~
Jesus is the Infant King and Saviour, too.

Joseph will be a good husband and father,
He'll be your protector all his life ~
He loves you much, Mary, like no other.

He'll love your Child, teach him many things`
He'll be blessed with the joy fatherhood brings,
Both of you'll delight when Baby Jesus sings.

So Mary rest easy for now and dream
Of the exciting and blessed life you'll live.
God, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit deem

You have been chosen and blessed~
The Son of God is your womb's Guest~
Saving humanity from sin will be his quest.

Carmela Patterson

Newts And Me

When the chill winds blow and there's nowhere to go
The hearth's flames lend a comforting glow
Rocking on his easy chair, he sips a cup o' Joe.

When the chill winds blow and to somewhere he scoots
He dons winter regalia, hat, scarf, glove, coat and boots
Braced for the cold, steamy-breathed, out goes Newts.

The walk needs shoveling, the driveway, too,
Steps front and back, the car - so much diggin' to do
To warm-up he's armed with a thermos o' hot brew.

When all is done and he comes back all done in
His scarf and gloves are thrown in the laundry bin
Then he drinks his favorite, tonic with a spritz of gin.

Sizzling steak aroma fills the entire first floor
As the dinner hour nears, I hear Newts roar
'O my aching back is so awfully sore! '

The downstairs now has the aroma of Ben Gay
I slather his back as prone he does gently lay
In 15 minutes he says, 'Thanks, Hon, I'm okay.'

Dinner done, washer loaded, I'm tired now, too
And join Newts by the fireplace sipping our favorite brew
Basking in the fact there's nothing left to do.

After sometime we both become drowsy and doze
Upon waking up we both felt lousy and rose
To go up to bed and cover up to the nose
The chill winds blow
and socks warm our toes.

© Mel Patterson, 1-1-11

Carmela Patterson

Noise!

Shattering peace is the disturbance of noise
Which invades the soul from its prior poise,
As the soul soars in heavenly contemplation
It's then catapulted into painful vexation.

Where is the peace that once was mine?
The Gift given to me once upon a time?
It shall come again; of this I am very sure
As I release my spirit to God so pure.

In the meantime I patiently and hopefully wait
For the blessings from the Keeper of the Gate
He lifts my heart, my soul and my spirit;
For temporary loss of peace, I'll not fear it.

I'll continue to pray to Him without ceasing
For to the Lord our God it is most pleasing
To ever thank Him and lift His Name on high
Keeping eyes fixed upon His azure blue sky.

Once again, His peace does blessedly visit;
When it leaves briefly next time I'll miss it.
For now, through His Grace, I attain it;
O my Sweet Jesus help me to sustain it.

Grant that I may ever bask in your love
Amid any noise be buoyed by your Dove,
The Dove of Peace fluttering His Wings
Blessed Lord Jesus, how my hearts sings.

Carmela Patterson

'Not Only Me...'

The Holy Spirit came upon me today
Reality sweeping over my tear strewn face.
Knowing I'm perfectly loved by God I pray
With grateful heart, blessed by His grace.

Not only me has He loved to His Death
But everyone to whom He has given breath.

Without His having created me from a seed so long ago
Eternal Life would not be possible; this I know.
He placed me in the tender palm of His hand
Gazed upon me with a love so grand
Me, only a little speck of sand
Waiting the eternal Fatherland.

Not only me has He loved to His Death
But everyone to whom He has given breath.

May evangelizing be our ardent endeavor
Teaching that His Love will never sever
Spreading the gospel by thought, word and deed
Following the Lord's lead as prayerfully we intercede
For our brothers and sisters, all mankind
That they may see who may be blind.

Not only me has He loved to His Death
But everyone to whom He has given breath.

Let us to the best of our ability, help others to see
The saving power of His Majesty
That the Father sent His Son,
The Holy Mighty Three -in-One
Planned from the beginning of time
An Eternity so Divinely Sublime
~ It can be yours and mine ~
Oh God, Thou art wholly Holy and Divine!

Not only me has He loved to His Death
But everyone to whom He has given breath.

The day will come with Blood bought souls
Thus purified soar to heavenly goals
Pure hearts to Him we'll bring
All Praise to our Almighty King!
Thanksgivings and Praises ever ring,
With heavenly choruses we shall sing!

Not only me has He loved to His Death
But everyone to whom He has given breath.

© Mel Patterson,7-13-10

Carmela Patterson

O Holy Spirit Of God

O Holy Spirit of God when I cannot pray as I ought
Because with so many duties I am fraught
Is it true You pray when I am unable to do so?
Does my own spirit unite with Yours, then, too?

O Holy Spirit of God clearly I am overwrought
And not nearly as strong as I once thought
Be my Stronghold, my Fortress, my Deliverer
Increase my blessings and grace this believer.

O Holy Spirit of God Your wisdom I have sought
And I thank You for all that You have taught
You were the Force from the beginning of time
With the Father and Son, all three Sublime.

O Holy Spirit of God Author of pure thought
Arranged for generations to be Blood-bought
I thank You profusely for all that You give
And shall sing Your Praises as long as I live.

Carmela Patterson

Oh, What A Crowd

I miss him... the man who was my spouse
fifty years together in sun and storm
not unlike any other couple's norm
simple people, not proud
we cried... laughed out loud
with the entire family together...
oh, what a crowd!

I miss him... yet I've learned
to smile for more than just a while
it would be as he wished for me
the man who was my spouse...
who knew he would leave before me
I saw him slowly fade away
how his mind fogged, he became a boy
he became as a baby... the man
who was my spouse.

The entire family gathered together...
oh, what a crowd.

Carmela Patterson

Only

Floating above the clouds my heart takes flight
Unfolding loveliness enveloping my sight
Light as a feather ascending higher
To my God in prayer I so aspire.

Taken out of myself my soul does see
The loveliness, O Lord, that is wholly Thee,
O Radiance sublime
For all time
In perfect rhyme!

To be caught up in this secret place
Is nothing save Thy generous grace
O that I may ever stay in such peace
All cares behind, a blessed release.

My heart and my soul Thou hast captured
My body and my spirit Thou hast raptured
As in prayer I ascend Thy heavenly throne
Where Thou hearest my soulful moan.

This communion,
This blessed union
Surpasses time and space
And I keep pace
~ Only ~
through Thy grace.

© Mel Patterson, 1-4-2010

Carmela Patterson

Out Of Control

No, I am not my own universe
The world does not spin around me
Thinking so is utterly perverse
Why has it taken me so long to see?

How is it scales covered my eyes
And I refused to listen to good advice?
The evil one wore an angel's disguise
And seduced me with so many lies.

I was bitterly tossed and torn
I didn't know if I was coming or going
My mind, heart and soul were worn
Confusion and fatigue were showing.

Darkness overwhelmed me
And nothing existed for a short time
I felt as though I ceased to be
Then a tender hand helped me climb

I was lifted out of that black hole
Into the daylight of His eyes
He healed and restored my soul
And for Jesus my spirit sighs.

I relinquished my being and now am seeing
That I was out of control ~ clearly!
I repented deeply from the core of my being
And now cherish the Lord ever so dearly.

No one living soul is yet lost forever;
Jesus forgives the repentant sinner.
Pray for the lost, a noble endeavor;
Pray that every one will be a winner.

There is a battle raging right now
One we may not want to face;
There are those who to satan bow
Pray they receive God's Grace.

The time is coming have no doubt
Jesus is coming as in Revelation
Be done with the evil one, the lout!
Unite under Christ Jesus as one holy nation.

© Mel Patterson,4-25-08

Carmela Patterson

Part Of Me Now

Stepping out into the springtime of my life
Soft breezes lift my soul and my spirit
I want to run toward the farthest horizon
Escaping the clod I trod and not fear it.

Reaching out to the unfolding before me
Of dreams dreamt I had looked toward
The realization is they are coming true
As pure joy into my heart is being poured.

Embracing the new spirit growing within me
I'll hold onto it and thrust it into my spirit
I'll cleave to it mightily and never ever let go
It is part of me now and I'll heartily endear it.

Carmela Patterson

Penelope

Out of control being blown with Autumn leaves
Penelope has abruptly lost her grip.
Shockingly she hollers: 'Yelp, Yelp me, please! '
'Save me from this unexpected trip! '

There she blows and there she goes
Spinning along with the mighty winds;
Her picture had been taken in this pose
As the mirthful photographer grins.

Penelope is safe now landing in a huge pile
Of reds, russets, and golden leaves, Autumn!
She bounced back up in usual doggie style
Landing on the hind haunches of her bottom.

© Mel Patterson,12-2011

Carmela Patterson

Pink And Gold Ribbons

These are the thoughts as my eyes see
Pink and gold ribbons calling me.

In the early morning rising I run to my window
And peer toward the far horizon
To see ribbons in the sky delighting my eye,
Bands of pink outlining oak and evergreen
This is the prettiest sight I've ever seen.

The pink precedes golden ribbons now appearing
Stretching wider into bands of color nearing
The onset of the sun so big, bright and beautiful
In daily praise and thanksgiving I am dutiful.

On a cloud-filled morning, no sun adorning
I know far above the gray and stormy cloud
Are angels in joyful chorus aloud
Waiting for me to join in their singing
And my own soul finds itself winging
Through the clouds, through pink ribbons
Through golden bands toward the Son
When my earthly life is done
My soul He has won.

Such are the thoughts as my eyes see
Pink and gold ribbons calling me.

© Mel Patterson, 1-2-08

Carmela Patterson

Pledge

O Lord, when I find it hard to pray
And the words will not come my way
Bless this unsettled soul of mine
So it may come into line with Thine.

How is it at times I am inspired
And much of me is required?
How is it at times I am depressed
With feet of clay that are hard pressed?

I long to be lifted out of this abyss
To understand why I have been remiss
In obeying Thy patient knock and call.
O Lord, I do not deserve Thee at all.

There is a spirit battle being waged
I want to break out but I am caged
Those pinions digging into my soul
Begin to take their tortuous toll.

Reach down and grasp my feeble hand
Lord lift me high out of this quicksand
Pull me up and engage me to Thy heart
Hold onto me that I may not again depart.

Instill within me Thy Holy Spirit
That I may always and ever endear it.
Lead me to Thy Truth, Life and Way
And I shall be blessed again to pray.

To Thee I come with repentant heart
And plead with Thee we never ever part
Lord, I adore Thee and upon bended knee
I pledge my heart and soul to only Thee.

© Mel Patterson, 1-6-11

Powder Puff (About A Kitty)

Little Powder Puff
Pawing and tough
Sniffley 'n snuffy
Paw-batting, roughly
I pinch your scruff
and say
'That's enough! '

© Mel Patterson,12-8-08

Carmela Patterson

Praise Be Jesus

We are swept up in your Spirit.
You teach us your Way.
We are caught up in your grace;
You bless our every day.

Praise be Jesus!

Praise you to O Lord, on high
Mounted on Your Throne in the sky.
Love songs we sing,
Adoration we bring
To You, Our Heavenly King.

Praise be Jesus!

O Fountain of Living Waters,
Lord, of Spirit and Life,
You well up within us
Blessed freedom from all strife.

Praise be Jesus!

Majestic One, Abba, El Shaddei,
Glorious God from above
Our hearts are bursting,
Our souls ever thirsting
For the Blessing that is your LOVE.

Praise be Jesus!

Thank you, Father and Son,
Holy Spirit too.
In Adoration bending,
Our love we are sending.
PRAISING You
In all that we do.

Praise be Jesus!

Praise, Adoration And Honor Ever Be Thine!

Keeping our eyes fixed upon the Prize
In the face of distraction and temptation,
We firmly rebuke the evil one's lies,
Calling upon You, Lord, for emancipation.
Glory and Praise is our bold proclamation!

Our desires are for the things above;
Jesus, O Lord, You are our ultimate goal.
You bless us with unconditional love
Wanting to save each and every single soul,
May Praise songs from every Church bell toll!

You, Lord, are the Glory of the Father;
You are Splendor and Majesty Divine.
It is with us mere mortals You bother ~
For You, O Lord, our souls do pine;
Praise, Adoration and Honor ever be Thine!

© Mel Patterson,10-29-06

Carmela Patterson

Pride Vs Mercy

Who knows what you are going through each hour?
Who knows how to seduce you and make you cower?
Who loves you to the point of His passion and death?
Who wants to choke you to your very last breath?

Who wants for you the very best and loves you madly?
Who wants for you the worst and treats you badly?
Who wants to lead you through trouble and trial?
Who wants to chew you up and spew you out like bile?

Is it not clear to you the 'Who' you want to lead you?
Is it not the One Whose Love and Mercies freed you?
Are you so blinded by worldly things you cannot see
The One Who through great love caused you to be?
Are you stuck in the muck of your own making?
Do you not see it is your own soul you are forsaking?

Think on these things and ponder their meaning
Try to find the path upon which you are leaning
What happened since the day of your birth?
What is it you want out of this life on earth?

You are on a path to heaven or to perdition
And the choice is of your own volition
Do you choose pride or contrition?

(7-12-11)

Carmela Patterson

Priest ~ Levite ~ Samaritan ' (Who Am I?)

Who am I? Whom do I purport to be?
Do I recognize the you I see?
Do I see Jesus in you, or in me?
Do I walk by blindly, unkindly
Leaving you to another brother?
Do I not turn back?
Alas.....my lack!

Am I the priest who crossed the road?
Am I the Levite who, by you, strode?
Treatment by them was not received;
How that priest and Levite were deceived,
What thoughts were conceived?
They did not do as they believed.

Oh but the Samaritan kindly stopped;
By your side he compassionately dropped
To bind your wounds with care
When he saw you lying there.
He made arrangements 'til you were well;
What a lesson your story will tell
For numberless years
To quell fears and tears.
You, Lord, you it was who lay there,
Robbed, beaten, and bare.
Did not anyone care?

It was I who passed you by...
For that omission I bitterly cry.
Wipe my tears dry ~
Give me one more try,
I prayerfully sigh,
Next time I won't pass you by.

Carmela Patterson

Pursued

In the depth of my sin, I hear You;
When I run, You steadily follow.
You see all that I wrongly do,
And watch as in mire I wallow.

The mountainous terrains are rough;
The dark nights blind my sight.
The cavernous valleys are tough;
Why do I put up such a fight?

You tap on the door of my mind,
Touch the hardness of my heart,
My mud caked soul you unbind
Washing it, salvation to impart.

Why so relentless Your pursuance
Of my soul small as a grain of sand?
Why lift me to You with the assurance
All I need do is take your Hand?

Your Precious Blood bathes my soul
You cleanse the depth of my being
You show me the Prize, the Utmost Goal
The scales fall away and I am seeing.

Your boundless Love surrounds me
I begin to see the reason I'm here
With peace and joy you crown me
You've wiped away my every tear.

© Mel Patterson, April 2, 2009

Carmela Patterson

'Questions And The Answer'

Are you so busy about many things
That you can't see what peace brings?
Is your mind racing here and there?
Do you have any time to spare?

Do you ever wonder what's it all about?
Do you get so upset you want to shout?
Is your life not so happy for you?
Have doldrums set in? Are you blue?

It would be well for you to take stock;
Slow down, be calm and hear His knock.
Jesus is tapping on the door of your heart;
Blessings and graces He wants to impart.

Take the time to settle down and pray;
You'll be glad you did one fine day.
You'll find the heavy load will be lightened,
Less and less will you become frightened.
The dark night of the soul will have brightened
Your love for the Lord Jesus will have heightened.

Be encouraged and uplifted, dear soul
You've had enough and paid your toll.
Now is the time for an earned spiritual rest
You've crossed the desert to reach your quest.

Jesus is here and longing to embrace you
With innumerable blessings He will grace you.
Welcome Him with your arms open wide;
In His Love you'll joyfully abide,
And at the appointed time
One day in Paradise you will reside.

Carmela Patterson

Reach Me, Teach Me

When it seems the inspirations do not come
Could it be that I am not listening to the voice within?
Could it be too many outside forces beat like a drum
Within my mind as satan strums his evil hymn?

Clear my mind, my heart, my soul and my spirit;
Thy gentle voice within, Lord, O let me hear it.
Wash away the mire my clay-clad feet are treading
Cleanse me of that sludge of evil I am so dreading.

Purify me as with remorse I come on bended knee
Never again to so thoughtlessly offend Thee.
Take my heart and soul and do Thou rend it
Hold it, mold it, enfold it and mend it
So shall I ever hear the gentle whispers within
And pen what my cleansed heart should have been.

Reach me, teach me, I beseech Thee!
Come to me, O Lord my God now, please.
As I humbly and sorrowfully fall to my knees
For I shall promise to listen well and long
To put to pen a thankful and praise-filled song
As my heart opens up for Thy filling
And joy beyond measure is spilling.

Reach me, teach me, I beseech Thee!

© Mel Patterson, 12-30-09

Carmela Patterson

Realization

As another day begins, the sun peaks over the horizon
And holds the promise of blessings yet to unfold
The act of this realization is itself a mighty gift
And the majestic powers of God appear, Behold!

Wind, chill, sleet, snow, rain, sun ~ all bathe the earth
And claim the world belongs to our God above
The act of this realization is itself a mighty gift
That He gives to us through His unconditional love.

The pilgrimage from our births to the end of our days
Plunge us into valleys yet elevate us to the skies
The act of this realization is itself a mighty gift
Keeping us ever under His watchful loving eyes.

The day will surely come when our journey is done
The Lord will come to meet us His arms open wide
The act of this realization is itself a mighty gift
He'll embrace us and with Him forever we'll abide.

© Mel Patterson,10-3-11

Carmela Patterson

'Released From Purgatory'

When I think of the Holy Souls in prayerful mode,
I see millions of lights float to the heavenly abode;
They speedily travel upward right before my eyes
Floating swiftly yet gently to the skies.

Surely their souls were Blood-bought
As they yearned and hungrily sought
To be cleansed of all of their sin
In that refining place they've been;
Their sufferings are not for nought!
God knows what our prayers have wrought.

Our prayers can help them attain the Goal
As one by one there is refined a precious soul
From life to death to purgative cleansing,
The Holy Souls purified begin ascending.
Freed at last from their painful load
Lighted souls float to the heavenly abode
Speedily traveling upward before the eyes
Floating swiftly...yet gently...to the skies.

© Mel Patterson,11-4-08

Carmela Patterson

Rosaries Encircling The Globe

While praying the Rosary in deep reverie
The world appeared as a globe beautiful to behold
One Holy Rosary after another encircled it,
Every bead encrusted in a brilliant gold.

The world was bedewed with tears and prayer
Fervently prayed one decade after another
As souls reached up to Our Lady and Our Lord
Praying for each brother, sister, father, mother.

As Mary leads us to Jesus, her Son
She points to the Cross where He died,
The price He paid for the souls He had won
And Whose loving arms were opened wide.

Heavenward from the earth
the Rosary praying soul soared ~
Toward the Object of her desire,
her heart afire,
~ To His Holy Eminence,
Our Lord.

© Mel Patterson, 2-6-11

Carmela Patterson

Running The Race

I run the race trying to keep pace
His grace forgiving my disgrace
He makes all my limbs strong
Loves me even when I'm wrong,
I wonder why it takes so long
To hear the sound of His Song

Hurdles though many or few
Come at the right time as if on cue
The race, marathon or sprint,
Running and girded as flint
My spirit bears a subtle hint
Of God's Own.....but a glint.

It's not for me to say 'That's enough'
Or whine the road is far too rough.
It is for me to accept God's gift
As the Lord my soul does sift
And pray my heart never to drift
As I continue the run ever so swift.

'Tis good we do not know what lies ahead
That we may forge on in good stead
Keeping our eyes on our Savior at all times
While we are facing our own climbs
Even though they seem slow sometimes
For each one's soul God primes.

Stretching forward to the finish line
Striving for the reward Divine
Cheer us on as we come to that line.
As you did Paul when he ran his race
Give us also Your fortifying Grace
That we, too, may see your Face
When finally we reach... your heavenly Place.

© Mel Patterson,10-18-11

Save The Day

'Get up! Arise and pray, '
I heard His words say
At the beginning of this day.
'Stop mumbling and grumbling
The world is tumbling and rumbling.
Pray to save the day!
Do not keep my mercy at bay
I want to give it away
To those souls in need.
For them you must plead and intercede
My time is coming! Prepare!
Do not be caught unaware.
To those who do not care, BEWARE!

My time is coming like a thief in the night
Then I shall emit My power and My might.
The faithless, affright and pitiable sight
Will not see the glow of My Light!
Of My wisdom ~ they have lost sight.

My mercy is yours if you but ask
Take off that prideful mask!
Repentance and prayer are your task.
Humble yourself; in my Radiance bask.
I forgive all your sins if you ask sincerely
My Heart longs for you; I love you dearly.
Be blessed and see more clearly
That I am here...nearly...
I AM coming, stop running!
Where can you go?
Stay..... Pray
To save the day!

Carmela Patterson

Seasonal Solaces

Sitting in the Summer sun, my eyes closed
I feel the gentle breeze rustle the trees
Being awake yet in peaceful repose
It almost feels like heaven I suppose
So much so I nearly doze.

Strolling along I enjoy Fall's view
Russet, red, and gold, colors to behold
With green, yellow, and amber, too,
All blessing my spirit anew
Sadly to Fall I must soon bid adieu.

Gingerly dashing thru sleet 'n snows
The bitter cold chilling my bones
Dreading arising choosing to repose
It is freezing outside, I suppose
I see an icicle take a sleek pose.

Heralding the doom of winter gloom
Little buds are beginning to bloom
Into lovely flowers to delight the eye
Birds singing and winging in the sky
And I breathe a thankful sigh.

© Mel Patterson, 1-29-11

Carmela Patterson

Sleepless Night

Sleepless night
Is my plight
In the wee hours
O His Powers
Get me to my knees
Hear my pleas, please
As I pray
This early day
For lost souls
On all poles
To know You
Love you, too.
Lord, bring them in
To the glory of heaven
Send Your grace
To every race
To every tongue
That's ever sung
Send your Spirit
That all endear it
Let's hear Your Voice
Then we shall rejoice
You alone are our choice.

© Mel Patterson,12-26-10

Carmela Patterson

Snow Angel

Little girl pink and pretty playing in the snow
Frolicking, tumbling, running, and on the go
Bundled up warmly, head to toe
Now supine through a sled-like slide
Gleefully waving an arm by each side
And creating snow angel wings that glide.

There is such joy to watch this little girl
Crowned with brunette helmet of curl
Dreaming of balleting in graceful twirl.

The Seasons come and go but..
Winter's her delight!
Watching her snow-happiness,
O such a sight!
To be her age again?
I would in a minute,
if I might...
if I might..
if I might.

© Mel Patterson,12-330-10

Carmela Patterson

Snow Fun

Snow is falling, flakes big as your eye!
Pure white, its' beauty emits an 'ah-ing' sigh
Skies above appear as a milky gray
Evergreens adorned as glistening snows lay.

Reminiscent of times gone by
When mounds would cumulatively lie
Snowmen created and snowballs thrown
We played amidst that snow so blown.

Anxiously we'd don our gear with great haste!
Ankle deep, knee deep, even to the waist
We'd play and romp, frolick and slide
And on our red and brown sleds we'd glide.

For hours upon hours outdoors we'd play
Until we finally came in at the end of the day;
Off came each wet boot, scarf and glove
Hot cocoa served expressed thru Mom's love.

To be a child and enjoy all of the snowfall,
Unlike adults who might deem it awful,
Snow-white mountains are a child's glee
With no other place he'd rather be.

© Mel Patterson, 1-8-11

Carmela Patterson

Snow So White

God must delight in the sight of His snow so white
Should not our souls, too, be just as bright!

Gazing upon the newly fallen snow and what a pretty show!
It seems so pure, white and undefiled ~ for a while.
The tall evergreen's heavy snow-laden branches
Seem to frolic in the wind as each fine pine needle prances
To a distant song that the Lord sings and He dances.

God must delight in the sight of His snow so white
Should not our souls, too, be just as bright..
For Purity to strive with all our might?

Oh but the change that takes place when flakes reach the earth
And are tread upon by playing children to their great mirth
Or sullied by the necessity of living our lives to the full
The once beautiful snow becomes rather dull,
White, gray and black, the colors upon which to mull.

Beyond the snow and the winter season
Spring brings hope we reason
When new earth begins to bloom
Wiping away cold and gloom.
The falling snows help to water the earth
Preparing it for Spring's rebirth
Each Season has it's unique worth.

God must delight in the sight of His snow so white
Should not our souls, too, be just as bright!

© Mel Patterson, 2-3-10

Carmela Patterson

Soaring

Why is it sometimes I feel strong
And other times everything seems wrong
Yet, there are times, I break forth into song
Knowing the Savior to whom I belong?

The ups and downs of life I know
Often have me heaving to and fro;
The fact of the matter is that life is so,
Thank the Lord to whom I may always go.

The seesaw of life springs me up and down
You might see on my face a doleful frown
Yet here is Jesus adorned in golden crown
With a red mantle over his long white gown.

He keeps me focused on the things above;
Filling my emptiness with his everlasting love.
It is through Him, with Him and in Him
I have the strength and courage to live
Thru the grace His Holy Spirit does give
Boundless blessings upon me alight
I praise the Lord with all my might
He is sheer Heavenly Delight
It's Joy to be in His Sight
My soul takes flight
Soaring...
ultimate height.

Carmela Patterson

Song Of Praise On Resurrection Day

As you lay in the tomb, Fruit of Mary's womb,
How did the Holy Spirit descend and engineer it
That your precious body be empowered to rise
Revitalized, Fortified, Glorified, Sanctified?

O Lord Jesus Christ, our Risen Lord, we exalt you!
We Worship you, love you, thank you and Praise you! !
You are the Savior of the World! ! !

Our Salvation has been won ~ by you, God's only Son;
From the Cross to the Grave to Resurrection,
No more doubts, no more insurrection.
Mighty is your Power; You are our High Tower;
We see satan glower and fearfully cower.
Gone is his hold over us!
Your Resurrection is Glorious!

O Lord Jesus Christ, our Risen Lord, we exalt you!
We Worship you, love you, thank you and Praise you! !
You are the Savior of the World! ! !

Carmela Patterson

Sorrowful Mystery - #2 -Scourging At The Pillar

Soldiers are bringing a man toward me and are tying His hands around my circumference tightly, so tightly I can feel his chest and his heartbeat upon my white cool column.

They tie His legs and feet so He cannot move about.

I feel His head and hair as His face is forced violently against me while they rudely switch Him repeatedly.

I feel His voice in vibration as He tries to control the groanings of pain from the fierce blows upon His body.

These soldiers are relentless in their torture of him almost as though they are the devil themselves.

This beaten body is beginning to hang heavily on me and if the lashings do not soon stop, they will kill him right here upon me.

My white beauty is now splattered with stripped flesh and blood.

Now I know my purpose, at least for a while,
I beheld a King and Glory touched me.

© Mel Patterson,2004

Carmela Patterson

Sorrowful Mystery - #3 - Crowning With Thorns

They have pulled me from the briars and are bringing me to the palace.

Someone is placing me with others like me into a circular wreath.

I wonder what we will adorn.

I see a beaten man being brought toward us, hands crudely tied behind His back, bloodied in ripped and stained clothing.

They lift us up and place us upon His head.

We are a crown of thorns.

Not do they gently place us there, but they press us so our tips cut through His head, brow, scalp and then they mock Him and spit upon Him.

I feel their spittle and I begin to feel the blood from His head dampen me.

His blood that dampens me drips toward his brow and down His face.

My place is the center front just above His mid brow and if I could, I would not press so hardly.

If I could pray, I would ask His Father to lift me off and out of this thorny crown of torture.

Now I know why I came to be at this point in time....
part of a thorny crown to adorn an Innocent Lamb.

© Mel Patterson,2004

Carmela Patterson

Sorrowful Mystery - #4 -Carrying Of The Cross

Wood of a cross!

That is what they have made of me.

Taken from a mighty tree, they splintered me and formed me into a cross. They bring me to a man who will carry me.

He hardly looks as though He could carry much; He is a beaten man, weakened from tortures of which I know nothing except that they are mocking Him and heaving me across His shoulder.

My whole weight is upon Him as He drags me across the ground.

With each stone I am scraped over, I dig deeper into His flesh opening a new wound on this already bloodied body.

Why are they doing this to Him?

I see wailing women as we pass by.

I see men with soulful glances.

No one is able to do anything to stop this torturous journey as I begin to realize an innocent man is dragging me inch by painful inch.

It is not me who wishes to penalize this man but I am causing Him great pain and it hurts me to know that the weight of my wood is torturing Him. Blessed relief, an unwilling man is ordered to help Him carry me.

The innocent man would have died right here, had not the Cyrenian been ordered to help.

The arduous journey continues.

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Carmela Patterson

Sorrowful Mystery - #5 - Crucifixion And Death

They take me off His shoulders and lay me down on the ground and throw this man upon me, stripped of everything except a simple cloth to cover His body.

They stretch his arms across the shorter crossbar and pound nails into each Hand.

I hear His cries of pain and I want to cry with Him because they are also nailing me.

Then they take His feet, cross them, pull them, and with all of their force again pound nails into His feet and into me.

O His cries torture me.

We are hiked up and with great force dropped into the hole they have dug and His body is rended with even greater force and tortuous pain and He gives a loud cry which is more than anyone can bear to hear.

I feel His flesh, his warm blood ooze down and across my width and length.

They have also nailed a sign above His head...mocking Him with the words, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.'

Slowly I feel His flesh become cold and His blood congeal.

His breathing is labored and after several hours an end is drawing nigh.

I hear Him utter His last breath, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

My purpose for being is a sign for the many.

Soon friends will come to take Him down from me.

I see the tears of His friends and His Mother who has agonized much for love of her Son, Jesus.

Here I stand, once a proud tree, now a SIGN of this SACRIFICIAL LAMB.

© Mel Patterson,2004

Carmela Patterson

Sorrowful Mystery #1 - Agony In The Garden

He is coming toward me and the look upon His Face tells me He is agonizing.

Come rest here a while, I am your rock.

Sit beside me and lean on me.

I begin to hear Him pray in a whisper.

His friends are nearby but do not hear Him as I do.

They are reclining and appear puzzled.

For the moment, I was distracted but this man is in anguish and I am here for Him.

I feel His flesh upon my hard soil; I become moist as He perspires.

His voice is warm, soft, eloquent, prayerful. He prays, 'Father, if this cup cannot pass....'as He sweats droplets of blood upon me.

His voice becomes saddened and tortured.

His soul grieves, not for Himself, but for all men.

If I had a real heart, it would be breaking as I hear Him pray...
'Thy Will be done.'

He gets up several times to speak a word or two to His friends, then He returns, each time more pained in spirit.

He practically lies upon me and now, I understand it is my moment, my purpose for being.

I am His rock.

© Mel Patterson,2004

Spire

When dawn arises from the midnight of my dreams
My eyes flicker open and I stretch with a wide yawn
The fleeting void of the night has vanished it seems
And with the arching of my back all slumber is gone.

Shuffling toward the aroma of morning's fresh brew
I'm revived and looking forward to the unfolding
Cloudless day of bright sun in the sky of azure blue
And I'm seeing the glories of nature unfolding.

I bask in this early morning contemplation
Marveling at the many faceted prisms of my mind
With thoughts spiraling to the most lofty meditation
To realms insatiably evolving I am inclined.

The hour has come to snap out of my ethereal flight
Rein in the thin thread of my thought and my desire
And reluctantly be about the work I early fight
Preferring loftier heights to which I aspire
And when duties' done I may acquire
A higher spire.

Carmela Patterson

St. Anne's Chapel

A group of us gather in St. Anne's Chapel everyday
Drawn together the Rosary and Divine Chaplet to pray
While Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament holds us sway.

I see God's Graces streaming from our Holy Lord
Upon each one of us praying in reverent accord
As was the case one day when my own soul soared.

I saw the Fire of God's Love ignite each heart
For it was and is His desire this gift to impart
To mirror His own Heart ablaze in flame
I'm compelled to share thoughts that came

Each one had a heart like Jesus' blazing afire
United to Him raised in ardent desire;
The power of reverberating prayers
Banished, for a time, all of our cares

In St. Anne's Chapel we gather to pray
Rosary and Chaplet after Mass everyday,
Jesus, our Love holding us sway.

© Mel Patterson, 11-1-09

Carmela Patterson

Stay

You are important to me and I care deeply;
If you go away, sadly, I will become weepy.

Stay a little longer to see if things change a bit;
Life is transitory and surviving is for the fit.

Others may have misjudged you and lied
But my heart to your heart is lovingly tied.

Be with me in life's rough and rugged terrain;
Together we can make it while staying sane.

Time is of the essence and now is the time;
Make it last, two hearts in perfect rhyme.

Stay, don't go away....
please....
stay.

© Mel Patterson, Dec.2011

Carmela Patterson

Summer Son

On this crisp wispy clouded sunny summer day
The azure blue panorama holds my spirit sway
I bask in the beauty God places before my eyes
And dream beyond the clouds, beyond the skies.

On this breezy clear moonlit summer night
A midnight star studded view delights my sight.
I am awed by the magnificence of God's creation
And am blessed with and by my soul's elation.

Summer days and nights may not always be clear
Yet the memory of lovely ones can be held dear
While we weather storms, thunder and lightning
Pondering the meaning can be enlightening.

May we be blessed with the Son on a cloudy day
And be attuned to what His Spirit has to say.
May we hear the Lord call us in the night,
Run toward His Radiant Light,
Embrace Him and hold on tight,
To Our Lord of Power and Might!

Carmela Patterson

Surf And Turf

Does the mouth not water at the thought
Of so delectable a dish that could be bought
When taking someone out on a dinner date
Thinking about the dish that is sure to sate
one's appetite
appealing to taste and to sight?

He took her to a local pub and bar
In his cool red convertible car.
He was casually dressed, she more so,
He, in shorts, a dress on her torso;
The host took them to their seats
She feared he'd hear her heartbeats.
She was nervous and could not decide
So he ordered for both with pride.

She demurely asked what did he choose
He replied 'Surf and Turf and some booze.'
She giggled and wiggled in her seat
And took the high heels off her feet.
They chit chatted about this and that
'fore the night was done, tho', they had a spat.

She was disappointed when dinner arrived!
She expected fish and steak and gamely writhed!
Up she stormed out of that place
Painfully humiliated and disgraced.
The Surf and Turf was not what she expected
Hot dogs and tuna fish were largely rejected.

The price was right or so he thought;
Two tasty dinners the waiter brought.
What do you expect when you pay \$4.95 a meal?
Where else could you get such a great deal?

He ran after her and apologized on the walk;
She settled down and they began to talk.
They returned inside to the meal at hand
Later they danced to the music of the band.

What could have been a disastrous night
Turned out to be a most enjoyable delight.
Love came and they sealed it with a kiss;
A year later they enjoyed wedded bliss.
The reception was held in that pub and bar;
Bride and Groom came
in their cool red convertible car.
Surf and Turf was exactly as expected
As the Hot dogs and Tuna Menu
was duly
resurrected.

© Mel Patterson,7-1-08

Carmela Patterson

Sweeping The Web

Just yesterday I tore up a spider's web again,
Sweeping it away with a fling of my right hand
Yet I ponder that spider's handiwork,
See its' diligence and I think... 'How grand!

The silky web feels sticky to the touch
In an instant with broom it is swept away
One reason for the spider's intricate network
Is to ensnare and feed upon unsuspecting prey.

We can liken the cleansing of our souls
To the removing of cobwebs from our portals
Always cleansing, scrubbing and purifying
The lifelong endeavor of Christian mortals.

If the cobwebs in our lives hold us bound
We push and pull to no measureable avail
We're stuck in that web unable to let go,
Bemoaning our fate in that cagey travail.

Cleaning the threads before they form webs
Keeping after them day to day, hour to hour
We wash them all away in the Blood of Jesus
Watching satan back off, slither and cower.

What we learn from the spider and her web
Is her instinct to persevere in weaving it
Our souls are worth the same diligent care
In faith, hope and love we are believing it.

Carmela Patterson

Swiftly As The Wind

O Lord, when will my span of years come to an end?
Will I be strong in fervor as I come round that bend?
Will I be faithful to all You've asked me to do?
Will I lay all my selfishness aside
And run swiftly as the wind to You?

Lord, You know the very recesses of my heart
It's only my own sinfulness that keeps us apart
O that I may be faithful to all You ask me to do
Please align me, Sweet Jesus, with Your Holy Will.
For satan it pleases my soul to kill.

The Blood You shed for love of all men
Your Sacrifice our very souls to transcend
Extraordinarily Issued from God, our Father
Triune Godhead, Lord God, and Holy Spirit
Jesus Christ, Your Holy Love, we endear it.

When our span of years comes to its' end?
Will we be strong in fervor as we round that bend?
We we be faithful in all You asked us to do?
Will we have lain all selfishness aside?
And run swiftly as the wind to You?

Trusting in Your mercy having Faith to believe
That we repentant sinners You will receive
We hope when our journeys are done
We may image Your Divine Son
Swiftly as the wind, with Him, run
And through the power of His grace
Enter Your Courts for Worship and Praise
In joyful chorus singing for endless days
Beholding the Beauty of Your Holy Face...

Swiftly as the wind we run!

Carmela Patterson

Take It To Jesus

When you are weary from the burdens you bear,
When you feel no one anywhere will ever care,
When you think you cannot go one step more,
When you are in pain through to your core,
Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

Life throws anything and everything our way
Often times it is satan who holds us sway
Storms and clouds, and tempests' shrouds
Coming upon us in leaps and bounds,
Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

As pilgrims we meander here and there
Like nomads only heaven knows where
We have only one life to live nary a spare
Sometimes provoked we sin on a dare,
Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

It takes great effort from sin to relent
Graces are ours if we choose to repent
All blessings given us are heaven-sent,
How have our lives been foolishly spent?
Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

Jesus Alone can fill the empty heart
Every grace and blessing He will impart
With open arms He proved His Love
The Only Son of the only God above,
Take it to Him.
Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

© Mel Patterson,6-27-10

Carmela Patterson

'Teetering On The Edge '

We stand on a precipice and teeter on the edge
O Lord, help us not to slip and fall;
Let satan not draw between us a wedge ~
Speak loudly that we may hear your Call.

Lord, we are so weak and growing very weary
We stumble, fall, drag ourselves hour upon hour
Our eyes are swollen shut, tired and teary;
O lift our crosses with your almighty power.

We can't live up to our own expectations
Let alone try to live up to Yours;
Help us to revel again in jubilation,
Help us fight off satan's lures.

Our bodies, minds, hearts, souls and spirit
Suffer under the weight of the cross we carry;
Your humble submission, may we mirror it,
Permit your guiding hand not to tarry.

It becomes clear to us that we are to blame
For the position in which we find ourselves;
In soulful petition we call upon Your Name,
Lord, forgive us and hold us to Thyself.

Thank you, Lord, for the blessings you bring ~
Thank you for removing sin's sting ~
In gratitude and Praise to you we sing ~
You are our Lord! You are our King!
In Heaven and earth Praises ring ~
In Adoration we all sing!
You are Lord and King! ! !

Carmela Patterson

Thank You For Coming!

From time to time we would talk about our deaths
As it inevitably would ~ at our very last breaths.

The cycles of life are like the seasons we know
When deader than dead into the ground we'll go.

He has chosen a casket of shiny deep bronze metal
For another deep and dark hue he would not settle.

As for me, I have chosen a light amber color
The palest shades of brown seemed to be duller.

Positioning of the corpse is important of course....

Lying supine, the gazers' eyes come to gawk
We'd blink our own and hear them squawk!

The best position is lying sideways so we can see
Family and friends walking toward him and me.

There will be rigged, we chuckle about it now
That within the kneeler a switch will somehow

Be activated as a visitor kneels to say a prayer
Be audibly spooked and spit out a swear

As.....

'Thank you for coming! ' fills the air.

Carmela Patterson

'Thank You, Hubby'

Snow and ice, sleet and rain
Pinging against our windowpane
Conjures up thoughts of cozy-ing up,
To the roaring fire mozy-ing up,
Sipping a hot apple cider brew,
And snuggling up ~ with you.

You are so precious and dear to me
Anyone of course can plainly see
That we mesh together
In all kinds of weather
You' re my hubby, I'm your wife
I can't imagine any other life.

So, thanks, Dear, for being you
For all of the neat things you do,
For the sweet things you often say,
To make me happy most ev'ry day,
I'm happy and content beyond compare;
I pray I've given you your fair share.
Thanks for always being there;
It shows me how much you truly care,
You, my big cuddly ~ Teddy Bear.

Carmela Patterson

The Falls

The sound of the Falls
Thunders with applause
Glorifying God as it races,
Much as do His Graces
Bestowed upon mortal man
Simply because He can,
To the edge of the precipice
Mixed with foam below
White as the snow ~
~ The Falls,
O the beauty of that show!

In the waters of the green sea
Plunging, gushing, twisting, misting.
The Falls glorifies God's majesty ~
O the beauty of His Tapestry!
What fools are we
If we do not see ~
~ The Falls,
His captivating Beauty!

The Gorge flows with swelling waters
Ever dashing, thrashing, and crashing
Upon rocks and docks;
It swirls, whirls and twirls
Panting in a prancing dance
As at God's Wonders I glance
Then in a trance
I stare
at the Beauty there.

Praise God for eyes to see!
Praise God for ears to hear!

Carmela Patterson

'The Flowering Of A Soul'

Deep within the recesses of my being
The unfolding of pink petals I'm seeing;
Continually they open petal after petal
And blessedly within my soul they settle.

How lovely this sight that delights my eye
My breath is spent in a long soulful sigh;
I imagine the fragrance of this blushing flower
And my senses praise God's creative power.

The flower can be likened to an opening soul.
The more it opens the closer to its' Goal;
The closer to the Goal who is God above
The more He fills it with His infinite Love.

While the flower blooms it is full of life
It sees all that is good not dwelling on strife.
It needs sun and rain to nurture its' growth
It needs enough nutrients and good soil both.

The soul thrives on the radiance of the Son,
And the reign of God which through Jesus was won.
Thank you, Lord, for the gift of your Presence
And inviting me to partake of your Holy Essence.

While the soul is in a constant state of becoming
It hastens expectantly toward its' Beloved running
Toward arms open wide, enclosing the soul inside;
The Bridegroom, then, lovingly embraces His Bride.

Carmela Patterson

The Moon Managed To Erase The Distance

When I remember your leaving for a far off land
miles stretched for seventeen hours of flight
moon hanging heavily upon my heart;
my tears were as many as the stars;
missing you before you left, I felt bereft
of your presence, of your essence.

As I thought of you on Air India flying to Bangladesh
realization became my friend; I actualized
the same sun shining over me shone also upon you,
the same lunar blessing over me glowed over you
closing the gap between us like a warm navy comforter;
the moon managed to erase the distance
until you returned.

Carmela Patterson

The Silent Night

Behold this infant wrapped in swaddling clothes
Downy light hair, rosebud lips and tiny little nose
He may be that Christ Child mentioned I suppose.

His radiance absorbs me and I am taken to a place
Of humility, peace, holiness, blessings and grace
O, the purest beauty of that adorable little face.

His mother tenderly whispers in His tiny little ear
'Rest peacefully, son of mine, mother is near.'
My heart melts and I thank God I am here.

I watch the scene unfolding before my very eyes
Enthralled by the holy family I breathe in sighs
And hear the baby utter the softest sweetest cries.

As foretold Jesus has arrived, this little baby King
My heart and voice burst forth and I joyfully sing
Then I hear from a distance the sound of a ring.

The holy scene disappears from my sight
The ringing pierces the 'Silent Night; '
Dawn brings early morning light...
Tsk. Tsk.....I'm alright.

Carmela Patterson

The Spirit's Teaching Me

O Holy Spirit, you teach me many things
About what your Divine nature brings.
You are the Love between Father and Son
O Triune God, truly Three in One.

The Word issuing from God's mouth was Jesus
With every teaching of His sweetly to please us.
Three in One, Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Wisdom of ages, may we wholly hear it.

If I listen carefully when you speak to me
You say your Presence is with me eternally.
The dimension in which I live here and now
Is only a thin veil away from you somehow.

That being the case it's like a mother's womb
With immanent birth issuing forth soon.
You're close as that mother and unborn child;
By this teaching my soul you have beguiled.

I wish to feel your Presence with me ever;
To be prayerful and reverent is my endeavor.
Keep teaching me the wisdom of your ways
That I may attain heaven one of these days.

Carmela Patterson

The Upper Room (Pentecost)

In the Upper Room there gathered
were those who greatly mattered
being followers of Jesus who died
waiting humbly, devoid of pride.

The Lord bid them be present there
and they were in quiet deep prayer
when they heard a wind-like rush
envelope the room in a mighty gush.

Upon each one alit a tongue of fire;
they wondered what would transpire.
It became evident as they began to speak
in other tongues they did not seek.

Filled with the Holy Spirit, each one
could proclaim how God's only Son
came to save all men, Gentiles and Jews
who would listen and follow His cues
for in their own native tongues
They all could hear ~
the Good News.

So the apostles set out two by two
Preaching to many a Gentile and Jew
Romans and thousands of others, too
Spreading the Gospel of Salvation
To every people and nation
As the Holy Spirit ~ inspired them to do.

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Carmela Patterson

The Veil Thins

O my people the veil thins
Between goodness and sins;
It draws nigh that swiftly I come
Loving all, taking some,
I mete out justice over all.
If only all,
would hear my call.

I come to you in the night
When you muse upon my might;
I chase the spirit of darkness and gloom
I protect you from sins' vacuum
I lift your soul in my hands
And gaze upon you with heart aflame
Would that you truly understood
why it is.....I came.
Ponder what is above
Come with me, my love.

Upon a steed, in armor adorned,
I come soon; you are warned
Prepare your soul for my visitation
All will know of my justification.
Soon the hour of completion will be done
Be ready for me ~ I AM ~ God's only Son.

These things I tell you out of deep love
I'll take you to my Father above
O my people the veil is thin
I break forth, come in,
Where our souls wedded will be
For ever and ever in eternity.
Come....
Come
with
Me.

Carmela Patterson

The Visitation

When Gabriel announced to Mary she was to bear a son,
She wondered how on earth it could be done.
For a virgin she had been and intended to remain;
She thought of her betrothed's and her parents' pain.

The Angel told her she would be infused by the Holy Spirit,
That she would remain a Virgin and not to fear it;
With this knowledge Mary acquiesced to God's Holy Will
And the gracious Vessel who was Mary is honored still.

Gabriel told Mary that cousin Elizabeth was with child,
Expecting a boy, the Forerunner of Christ-undefiled;
Mary journeyed to visit her cousin, each expecting a boy,
When John sensing Jesus' Divine Presence leapt for joy.

By their meeting, though yet unborn, the boys connected;
Little was it known both, eventually, would be rejected.
For now, however, the mothers would lovingly prepare,
Each in her own time, the child each would bear.

Hail, Mary, the Lord is with you,
Woman so full of Grace;
Blessed are you who nurtured Him,
And Kissed His adorable Face

© Mel Patterson, May 30,2008

Carmela Patterson

The Wings Of Prayer

Do you feel as though you are being tossed about,
As if in high seas with the storm's pounding clout?
Do you feel battle weary, fatigued beyond all reason?
Do you wonder if you'll ever reach a peaceful season?

As the rolling waves of the ocean ebb and flow
And the fierce winds blast your life to and fro
Know you're in a temporary and not permanent place
And ask the Lord to fill your heart with His Grace.

The storms of life are many; this we know as fact.
We've tried every conceivable thought, word and act
When all has been said and done seemingly for naught,
We pause finally and listen to God's renewing thought.

At times we wonder why no one comes to our rescue
Feeling defeated and deserted, our lives all askew.
We come to the realization that God truly does care
And we can see a new horizon on the wings of Prayer.

© Mel Patterson,3-16-08

Carmela Patterson

'Thru Jesus I'Ve Won'

All I can say is my heart bleeds for you
And to God it lovingly pleads for you.
You can't know how hard I pray
That the pain will go away.

The Jesus in me wants you healed;
In His Love you are forever sealed
His pure heart gives your soul wings
To soar and fly where the sparrow sings
Peace and Joy is what He brings
This Lord of lords, this King of kings.

I pray His Healing Hand to draw you
Softly, tenderly, gently, to His Heart
For your healing and restoration, too
His wholeness and holiness to impart

May the day be swift, quickly the night follow through
When we may sing His Praises because of you
For the healing that is sure to come
As prayers are prayed for you, Dear one,
We place our full trust in God's Only Son
One day you will say, 'thru Jesus I've won! '

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Carmela Patterson

Thy Perfect Love

Why dost Thou cry, O Lord?
Dost Thou cry because of un-repent-ed sin?
Thou dost know where every man has been.
Is it because sinful man shows no remorse
Is it because apathy abounds? Of course!

We have sinned against Thee, O Lord our God
It is because we permitted ourselves satan to prod.
We beg forgiveness of the pain we caused Thee
With rend-ed hearts we plead, mend our hearts;
Grant the blessings Thy Holy Hand imparts.

No more shall we grieve Thee, O Lord
We band together in one accord
Thanking Thee and Praising Thy Name
Thou art always and ever the Same
Holy Trinity, Holy Unity,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit
Thy Heart, O to be near it
Thy Word, O to hear it
Thy Perfect Love,
We endear it.

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Carmela Patterson

Time Is Of The Essence

Where will we be when the Lord comes again?
How disposed will our souls be at that time?
If the Lord comes tomorrow to judge all men
Will our souls be pure or sullied with grime?

Time is now of the utmost essence
It is far shorter than we think
We need to prepare for His Presence
Lest to hell we very well could sink.

We must open our ears and our eyes
Unlock the prejudices and the hates
Repenting and reforming is very wise
These are what the Lord anticipates.

We were born to know, love and serve God
His Son, Jesus came to show us the way
The Sacrificial Lamb a tragic road trod
O Lord Jesus, forgive us as we pray.

You were slain for us mortal men our souls to save
You rose on the third day to give us hope and joy
You ascended into the Heaven we desperately crave
Where Angels their songs of Praise employ.

Time is now of the utmost essence
It is far shorter than we think
Desires of earthly life lessens
As from His chalice of love we drink.
We need to prepare for His Presence.
Time is now of the utmost essence.

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Carmela Patterson

To God Be

The morning begins with a prayer.
Thank you Father for your care.
Praise you for your marvelous deeds
And caring for our numerous needs.

Because of you we have breath and live.
All good graces and blessings You give.
You are the Lord of Lords and King of kings;
Peace is the gift that your mercy brings.

Father, you are our heavenly treasure,
And loving us is your pure pleasure.
We are grateful for the Gift of your Son.
In your great plan our souls He has won.

To God be the glory; to God be the praise.
Let's sing to the Lord all of our days.
Raise His Name on high, shout it out loud.
We yearn for His Coming upon the cloud.

Keep oil on hand and your candle always lit.
Be on guard! Avoid being enticed to the pit.
The evil tempter wants to own your soul.
Remember that the Lord is our Final Goal.

O God of Glory! O God of Might,
We'll keep you within our sight.
Lord, you are Holy, Sacred and Divine.
May Hallelujah Praises always be Thine.

February 24,2006

Carmela Patterson

To The Mall

As the evening unfolds, out comes his red costume.
It still fits well as he gets ready to visit little ones
Donning boots, belt, hat, and gloves; off he runs
To the Mall.

By the fire stockings are hung, red and green together;
It's good to be cozy inside than out in that snowy weather
Our tree has been decorated and tinsel applied
Angel atop, colorful lights lit.. I almost cried.

He's coming back in good humor for the night he had,
Each small child with a list, all were good, no one bad.
He roared a hearty 'HO, HO, HO! ' and I laughed too;
He loved the Santa job, exactly what he wanted to do
At the Mall.

We sink into the comfy couch in front of the blazing fire
And chat about this and that until it's time to retire
It is well past midnight and time to get up to bed
Crawl under our comforter of white, green and red.

Snuggled, warm and exhausted, sleep comes easily
The cold chill from a window open an inch blows breezily
Dreaming he raises his arms and belts out a HO, HO, HO!
I laughingly know exactly where he'll go, go, go! ...
To the Mall,
To the Mall,
To the Mall!

Carmela Patterson

Traveling

Entering the Springtime of my life years ago
Myriads of emotions sprinkled with bouts of woe
Tested my metal and kept me sway
As I traveled a journey toward The Way.

Little did I know in the heat of the Summer
Eventually I would surmount as an overcomer
Obstacles of draughts and fires that charred my soul
As I traveled a journey toward The Goal.

As the Autumn of my life came and went
I pondered if prior seasons were well spent
Resolving to focus on others, myself as least
I now traveled a journey toward the Banquet Feast.

Now in the Wintertime of my Salvific traveling
Avenues of serenity are oft pitted by graveling
Step by stoney step I mount the steep climb
Traveling the journey toward a Heaven sublime.

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Carmela Patterson

Until Thou Callest Me

When I lift my eyes, my heart and my soul
In prayer to Thee, my God
I know Thy Presence is attending
As my soul seems to be ascending
Far and away from this earth's cares
And I know Thou art hearing my prayers.

Then all too soon I am ripped
And stripped
Back to earth again to be gripped
By woes here below
I wish it were not so
But here it is I must grow
Even though
By faith I know
I shall again ascend
and descend
Until Thou callest me
To be with Thee
Throughout
All
Eternity.

© Mel Patterson, 2-27-09

Carmela Patterson

WıDe Awake At Two

When one is wide awake at two in the morning
What does one do as the rains begin pouring?
Does one toss and turn or fret and burn
Or come downstairs and discern
It's time to pen a poem
Scoff at the devil 'n sho'em
Good can be had, negating the bad.
The soul is glad.

When one is wide awake at two in the morning
The soul enrapt in the love of God is glorying
For the communion of spirit to Spirit
is lost in God's Love and endears It.
The time is perfect for penning a poem
If one loves the Lord one begins to know'em.
Loving and serving Him
Though not deserving Him
Is preserving Him.

When one is winding down at three in the morning
And finally sleepy with the rain still pouring
The time has come when the long day is done
Barely able to crawl now, let alone run.
Thunder claps' soundtracks!
Lightning flash, adrenalin dash!
Pillow waits
Sleep sates.

When one is wide awake at 8 in the morning
Again the sun has one glorying
The rains no longer pouring.
Night is done and a new day has begun,
Joy-filled Praise to the Son
An embattled soul has been won.

Carmela Patterson

Wake Up !

The darkness of the earliest dawn awakens me this morn
A call to pray for someone in need, a person in pain;
I hear a bird chirping loudly as if trumpeting his own horn
Telling me my early morning prayer is someone else's gain.

Wake up! Wake up and hear what I say; it is, I, the Lord
Speaking to you in the early morning rising this day;
Lift to Me your brothers and sisters in prayerful accord
And I will bless them and you in the best possible way.

Listen to the birds of the air as they sing their songs of praise
See the beauty of each unfolding flower I created for your sight;
Feel the gentle rains cool the heat of the sun's powerful rays,
See that nature's replenishing speaks of my power and might.

It is for you I have created the ebbs and flows of the blue sea
It is for you I gave my only Son life, death, and heaven's key.
His rising from death to Resurrection is a foretaste of your own
Your own life's length on earth, only to Me, is known.

Heed what I say and be attentive to the silence in your heart
Where I speak to you when you permit Me entrance there
Teaching you lessons in life and sufficient graces to impart
For your journey toward heaven through my loving care.

Wake up! Wake up and hear what I say!
I could come for you today.

Carmela Patterson

Watch For Me

My people you crucify Me still when you forget Me!
You give Me not a thought; you grieve Me.
When will you see; when will you hear?
When will you realize I am very near?

Will you, My sheep, know and heed my voice?
When I come again, will I be your choice?
Will you help Me spread My Word to others?
Will you help Me save your sisters and brothers?

At a time unknown to you I will come to call.
O how I desire union and communion with all.
Watch for the signs the day is dawning
Satan is slyly prodding and taunting
Scathing sins many souls are flaunting
For them that day will be unbearably daunting

For those whose faith in Me is tried and true
I will come as quick as lightning for you
Every treasure in Heaven I bequeath to you
You are My bride and I am your Groom
Into Eternity you and I will assume.

Watch for Me; I am coming soon.

Carmela Patterson

Wayward Soul

O wayward soul where are you going?
What heavy crosses are you towing?
Into the wind are your dreams blowing?
Do you think that you are all-knowing?
What kind of seeds are you sowing?

When we can do no more to set things right
When what we want seems beyond our sight
Let's fall to our knees in the dark of the night
Pray to God with every bit of our might
Watch the evil one swiftly take flight.

Let's stand back and re-evaluate our lives!
With numerous trials the soul in pain writhes;
It's toward God Almighty every Christian strives,
Into His limitless pool of Mercy each soul dives
To soak up the forgiveness
and love God gives
For from infinity to infinity
His Divine Majesty lives
And He gives
and gives and
gives.

© Mel Patterson,4-4-08

Carmela Patterson

'We Have Need Of You, Lord'

I have need of you, Lord, this day;
Please hear my heart as I pray.
Listen to what my words cannot say;
I have need of you, Lord, this day.

We have need of you, Lord, this day;
Please hear what our hearts pray.
Listen to what our words cannot say;
We have need of you, Lord, this day.

Please hear the prayers of the heart ~
As we lift our needs to you, O Lord;
Your blessings and mercies do impart;
It's by you graces enough are poured.

We have need of you, Lord, this day.
Thank you for hearing, and listening,
Blessing and granting this day's needs.
Thank the Holy Spirit who leads
us to receive
the necessary grace
to come to you
in prayerful petition,
thanksgiving and praise.

Amen.

© Mel Patterson,8-7-06

Carmela Patterson

What Color Is The Soul?

The soul is a prism reflecting the Light
The radiance of which blinds our sight
A soul so attuned soars to great height.

The soul nearing the the Lord is lighter
And the closer to Him the brighter
Imaging Him it is even whiter.

God draws a beloved soul to His own
His Soul and the small soul coo in a moan.

The soul caught up in shameful sins
Moves away from God; satan wins ~
But God's love for that prodical son
Through the Blood of the Cross has won
The repentent soul and washed away
The filthy stain of blackness and gray.

God draws this soul close to His Heart
He blesses it by giving it a fresh start
He enlivens and enlightens the soul to pray
To ask for graces sufficient for the day.

The soul nearing the the Lord is lighter
And the closer to Him the brighter
Imaging Him it is even whiter.

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Carmela Patterson

What Do You Want Of Me, My Child?

When I knock on your heart you do not answer
When I speak to your soul you do not listen
It is to other gods you are a ready dancer
Yet you take on....the name of Christian.

What do you want of Me, my child?

When you came to that crossroad last week
You followed your own inclinations, not Mine
It was not My Holy Will you wanted to seek
But wantonly fell into the enemy's design.

What do you want of Me, my child?

You cannot escape My boundless affection
You are the love of My life and My death
Think of My cross as a source of reflection
For you I suffered up to my very last breath.

What do you want of Me, my child?

It is now time to ponder spiritual matters
Get things right with your war-torn heart
Confess and redress that soul in tatters
Open up to the blessings I wish to impart.

What do you want of Me, my child?

I know you wonder why you are here
And wonder where you might have been
With Me you will have no cause for fear.
My Blood poured, I died for all your sin.

What do you want of Me, my child?

You want to follow Me now? I rejoice!
Come to Me, My very precious one
I am happy that I am your choice
I who AM, God's only Son.

What do I want of you, my child?

That you be my faithful servant loving others
Mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers
Find fertile ground and seed it
Be sure to carefully weed it
Spread the gospel to those who need it
Pray that they learn to heed it.

That is what I want of you, my child.

Carmela Patterson

What It's All About

As I ponder the beating heart of our Father,
The image pulsates within my mind's eye,
And I wonder why He ever thought of me;
With thankfulness I breathe a prayerful sigh.

How can one understand the great heart of God?
How can one comprehend His supernatural powers?
How is it He has loved all earth's inhabitants
From the beginning of time in this world of ours?

What are the designs He has for you and for me?
Sometimes it takes a lifetime to figure it all out.
If you are blessed in your quest for meaning
Search and find it, with joy you will shout
Jesus Christ is Lord; that's what it's all about!
Of this fact we have no doubt.
JESUS CHRIST is LORD! !
HE IS....
what it's ALL about! ! !

Carmela Patterson

What's In Your Wallet?

What is it that is in your wallet?
Is it stuffed with ones, fives and tens?
Is it filled with ID's and credit cards?
What is the message your wallet sends?

What do you carry around with you?
What do you have in that wallet of yours?
Do family pictures take a place of honor?
Are there any stubs from evils' lures.

If today you are taken in an untimely fashion
In an unexpected event and/or place
Will your wallet tell more than you wish it would?
Will you be found honorable or found in disgrace?

We don't know while we still walk this earth
If and when we might be caught off guard;
Why not inspect what we carry with us
And not make our parting unduly hard?

Scandalizing others is so hurtful a sin
Let's not be found dishonoring friend or kin
By their finding out evil places we've been.
Listen to the still soft voice within
Through God's Grace, we can win
With HIM let us begin.

Our wallets tell a story of how we live,
What we love and to whom and what we give.
Let's keep those wallets neat, simple and clean
And polish them to a fine luster and sheen;
Let's care for them as we do for souls
And meditate upon far loftier goals.

This little admonition is not meant only for you
It is meant for yours truly, too.
For in poetic form the lesson I convey
Teaches me how to walk the right way.
I hope our souls have been gently seeded

Triggering thoughts that may be needed
And that together God's plan is heeded
By bettering our lives with the passing of time
And reach the heavenly home ~
- O how sublime.

Lord, for You,

I penned this rhyme.

© Mel Patterson,3-18-08

Carmela Patterson

When A Beloved Is Gone

'It is a long night' the soul cried,
As it wept for one who had died;
How is it that one so dear
Is gone! No longer here?

There seems no rhyme nor reason;
One feels betrayed as if by treason.
It is the cycle of birth to death,
Living until one's dying breath.

What must be remembered as one heals
Is to pray during trials with which one deals;
Although only a thin veil separates us
The evil one relentlessly castigates us.

Look upon God suffering soul
Lift one's thoughts to our Ultimate Goal.
To Heaven has our loved one gone
And now ever sings a heavenly song.

The Lord comforts us in every way
He is our Shelter in the endless day.
He brings the Peace we longingly desire
He fills our hearts with His Holy Fire.

What could be better than knowing
His Heart to them He is showing?
Death? No longer do we fear it.
Bless the Father, and Son's Holy Spirit
There is Hope as we draw near It.
Acquiescent hearts endear It.
Our 'loved ones' now cheer It.

Think beyond this valley of tears
Everlasting Hope banishes our fears
Our loved one has broken through the veil
My spirit watched as she took sail
With nary another travail.

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Carmela Patterson

When Is It Over?

When is it over you ask questioning soul?
It's not over until you reach the Ultimate Goal.
The road is rough, the waters run deep;
The roads are rugged, the mountains steep.

Struggle you do over miles of bleak terrain,
Scurrying, and hurrying, trying to stay sane.
Through turbulent waters you swim the race;
Upon maturity you gain His blessed grace.

How will you know when your life is done?
How will you know when your race is run?
Only God knows where your life will take you,
Your soul's disposition and destination, too.

He is the Author and the Finisher of life.
When asked He pulls you through strife and rife.
Prayer is the key to draw Him to the heart,
Communion and union, never nor ever to part

Dear soul carry on in the best manner you can,
Praying, thanking, and praising the Son of Man.
His great love for you is ever deeply abounding ~
Listen! Can't you hear the heavens resounding?

As the time draws nigh, longingly you sigh
To be where He is in the 'sweet by and by'...
And it shall be so.....one day...
For that you pray as you say,
As did The Son,
Not my will Father
but Yours be done.

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Carmela Patterson

'Who Do You Say I Am? '

My beloved, who do you say that I am?
Do you believe that I AM The Pure Lamb?

Are you blinded or do you truly see
That you could become an image of Me?

Who do you really think I am, Dear one?
Do you think when I died my work was done?

Do you believe you are my My hands and My feet
And that I guide you from Heaven's Holy Seat?

If you truly know my love belongs to you
It will affect what you think, say and do.

For if you truly love Me and follow my ways
You'll find My Peace will bless your days.

Who Am I to you? I really want to know.
Do you know I lift you when you are low?

Can you imagine the expanse of my love
That spans eternity, earth to heav'n above?

I AM the GOD who willed you to be here
Before anything that ever came to being;
My child, I AM yours, you are Mine
I've removed the scales and you are seeing.

Now ~Who do you say that I Am?
Do you now believe
I AM
The Pure Lamb?

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Who Of Us?

Who of us can love the Lord as we ought?
Many are the issues with which we are fraught
In the snares of satan we can be caught,
But through Jesus we are Blood-bought.

Who of us can love the Lord as we should?
At times we'd wish to be free if we could
When Jesus suffered where would we have stood
Run or tend to Him on his cross of wood?

Who of us can love the Lord with soul afire?
Is Jesus only the object of our heart's desire?
Jesus, the Lord, can lift us from the filthy mire
And through The Lord's Prayer He does inspire!

Who of us can love the Lord with heart aflame?
Do we really know why Jesus came?
He died to save us, our souls to enflame.
O Lord, Jesus, your Holy Name we acclaim!

Carmela Patterson

Who Will Stand Tall?

So much babble in my ears
A little from my peers
But most of it comes my way
From politicians who bark and bray
Promising this, promising that
Vacillating at the dropp of a hat
Do it my way or else you'll suffer
Their own errors they buffer
Talking heads each and every one
Wanting selfish validation
For no apparent action.
Each standing at a podium
Ranting ad nauseam
So hard to make up my mind
Who is the one I'll find
That will be aligned
For the good of all
And yet stand tall?

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Carmela Patterson

Will You Smile?

If I scrunch my nose like a rabbit, will you smile?
If I cross my eyes while I run a mile, will you smile?
If I purse my lips like a fish, in and out, will you smile?
If I do all three at the same time, will you smile?

If I do summersaults and pole vaults will you laugh?
If I scale a prison wall or dance down the hall, will you laugh?
If I do cartwheels in red high heels, will you laugh?
If I do all of these things together, will you really laugh?

If I hoot and holler and never take a shower will you chuckle?
If I walk on stilts and swing on a trapeze will you chuckle?
If I ride an elephant and cavort with a clown will you tee hee
If I do all of these things, will you laugh again? At me?

Carmela Patterson

Yearning

Words cease when the spirit requires peace
Oral prayer makes room for quiet meditation
The soul longs for constraints of life's release
And for the Holy Spirit's illumination.

Our souls long to be free to soar through the sky
To fly unabashedly upon our charted course
With spirits in flight ever upward our souls fly
We yearn 'til we reach The Ultimate Source.

Our Father, Creator of all that was, is and will be
Has instilled within our souls the desire
To be united with Him throughout all Eternity
With, by and through His Holy Spirit's Fire.

His Gifts are limitless but by far the Best
Was His Son to lead us on our quest,
Lifting our souls to the wing'ed height
Far beyond our mortal sight
To Heaven's Eternal daylight.

(7-6-11)

Carmela Patterson

Yesterday

As this 2 o'clock hour plays upon my mind;
Yesterday's events were one of a kind.
What thoughts do I find?

Well, Yesterday.

I stretched by my window and saw the sun in the azure sky;
A few huge puffy white clouds were gliding by
And I breathed a peaceful sigh.

My hot coffee tasted extra good as I sat in my easy chair
Opened my prayer book and read with great care
Knowing and believing full well God was right there.

Yesterday I took advantage of a gift given to me
By one of my daughters, from Christmas you see
It was a refreshing relaxing facial and felt heavenly.

With the car windows open, breezes blowing my hair
Tranquility drowned out a bit by the traffic there.
Yet it was a great day and I said a thankful prayer.

Ran into an old friend at an outdoor shopping mall
We exchanged phone numbers and she promised to call
Then and there another one of my daughters we saw.

We are empty nesters now, all five are married
Sometimes I wonder how much I was harried
As we pulled together in the load we carried.

It was all worth it to see them settled
Now with families of their own
So glad we never meddled
Family love has grown.
Thanks be to God, Alone!

Yesterday was lovely
I don't mind being up late
It's getting up at 7 ~ I'll not anticipate.

Good Night!

Carmela Patterson

You Are My Delight

I painted you skies of blue and hills of wildflowers;
I gave you the sun and clouds that rain showers.
I speckled the skies with moon and stars at night;
I gave my life loving you; you are my delight.

I brought forth snow capped mountains
And timed geysers that spurt like fountains.
I planted the trees and meadows for your sight
I've done it all for you; you are my delight.

I created the ocean, sea, river, brook and lake
Rock, stone, sand, dirt, soil~all for your sake.
I gave you graces enough to make your toil light;
I would do it all over again; you are my delight.

I fashioned you in my Image, my precious one
To imitate Jesus Christ, my own Beloved Son.
He sacrificed His Life to make your soul white.
Why? Because I love you; you are my delight.

I treasure nothing more than you, my child;
Your eternal Triune God is holy and undefiled.
You and all things were created through my might.
You belong to me, my love; you are my delight.

I lay my plan before you with wisdom for the day
To acquiesce humbly and follow my way;
Pray and ponder that your soul may take flight
And be joined to mine; you are my delight.

(7-20-11)

Carmela Patterson

You Showed Me A Chasm

O Lord, you showed me a deep dark chasm
Between good and evil this very morning.
Then I heard you bid me ' spread the warning.'

On one side was the Cross of our Salvation,
On the other, dank, black, putrid degradation.

The gap between good and evil truly exists;
Contamination by the evil one stubbornly persists.

He defies Purity and Holiness; he keenly drives wedges,
And gloats to see people sliding to the gap's edges

On the side of Salvation, souls are reaching out
Grasping the weak souls who experience doubt,

Trying to save them from falling into the chasm;
With temptations satan still wants to dazzle them.

The battle between good and evil is being fought
What is it our lives and efforts will have wrought?

Are we riding the slippery slope to a bitter end
With sludge, filth, sulphur, and fire our souls to rend?

Or are we on the road to Jesus who loved us to His Death
Will we love Him and be faithful to our last breath?

Come to grips all you who search for life's meaning;
Stay away from every evil thing that is demeaning.

Choose good over evil at every single chance!
The Lord looks upon us with His Loving Glance;
Do you not already see it, perchance?

The chasm is wide, deep and steep,
Evil ones shirk, lurk and creep,
They are snide, riddled with pride,
They want to take you on a joyride,

Then laugh at you all askew
Don't let it happen to you.

Choose our Creator Who willed us to be
Imitators of Jesus Who is the Key
To life with the Holy Trinity
For Eternity.

As the end of time approaches
And the closing of the gap encroaches,
Be aware of the Lord's exhortation
Heed his call every nation.
He tarries not for much longer;
Pray to be made stronger,
For the battle is not yet done.
Bring many to God's Son
In unity all for One.

Finally, the day will come
To hell many, to heaven some;

Choose God Who willed us to be
Imitators of Jesus Who is the Key
To life with the Holy Trinity
For all Eternity.

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Carmela Patterson

Your Nail-Scarred Hand

Your nail-scarred hand I see before me as you gently approach
And I take your hand and bring it softly to my cheek
Then lovingly and compassionately kiss the wound,
The wound you suffered for love of sinners such as me.

O Lord, for love of us you bore the ultimate in sufferings and death.
You became sin, horrid and putrid, as you bared your spirit and soul,
As you bore humiliation which truly was ours to bear.

God, in Jesus, through Jesus, magnanimous love profound
We attune our ears to choirs and lyres of heavenly sound
Eternity of bliss promised as paths are made straight
Come soon, O Lord our God, we can barely wait.

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Carmela Patterson

Your Presence Is What I Desire

O Father, Your Presence is what I desire;
Do Thou fill me with Holy Spirit Fire.

Without you I am lost and afraid;
Your Presence is what I desire.
Come, Lord Jesus, and save me
From the stench of sin and mire.

I can't believe you really want me,
So sinful and slothful as I am;
Accept my penitential prayer, my God.
Through your Son, Jesus, our Perfect Lamb.

I am sorely afraid of offending you,
And I pray to be a deserving child
Who serves you in my neighbor ~
You, my Lord, are Holy, and undefiled.

Be Thou our Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Rock, Lighthouse, Saviour and Friend;
Please guide each and everyone of us
And to each beloved soul do Thou tend.

We want to be pleasing to you
In everything we say and do;
Bless us with all virtue,
annoint us, too
For as you love us we also love you.

Your Presence is what we desire;
Fill us with Holy Spirit Fire.

October 5,2006

Carmela Patterson