

Poetry Series

Esther Thornburg
- poems -

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Esther Thornburg(10-30-1928)

Retired, enjoying country living, writing, poetry, music, and scripture searches.

A Better Self

Lost in deep essence of the mind,
Search for truth, true and kind.
Who knows what is there to find?
What is in the travels of the human mind?

In school days when lessons were dull
Eyes viewed yonder to the far hill.
The sight can reach some distance away.
It is searching for thoughts or of another day.

Years roll on and toil comes along.
The search of the mind reaches on.
Thoughts have ways of staying with you,
Where ever you go or whatever you do.

Sort and sift, discard a few, save the true.
Reality needs them to come through.
Deep and treasured knowledge can help.
It can build a secure and better self.

Esther Thornburg

A Book Search

There is a book our ancestors read.
They often told of things it said.

It gave them courage to go ahead.
Times were difficult and life filled with dread.

It was written on scrolls in Hebrew and Greek.
It was written over centuries, for all to seek.

It told words from our Maker, for our lives to mold.
It brings love, His knowledge, His wisdom, to unfold.

There are words to keep within our heart, and hold,
It has words to remember for both young and old.

God said, and it became real
Let there be and there is reality.

The earth is God's footstool.
View the wonders of His tools.

He had a purpose in making man,
It was part of a master plan.

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An Authors Day

The author opens the notebook to an empty page
To display the craft, to embed another image
Record another tale, try another style
Research well, check the file, may take awhile.

The scribble, the scroll, each a story told
A card, a letter, a note, their message to hold
Is it a hobby, a craft, a necessity or pass-time?
Satisfaction here and there, recorded on the line.

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Blessings From Difficulty

Not feeling well is cause to seek the herb garden.
Let us meet the contents standing guard.
Some plants used for centuries gone by
Holding secrets that work, is why.

Search for berries of reds and blues,
Deep rooted nuts are seeds to use.
Brilliant green leaves from the salad row
Is food for most things that grow.

There is food in the root, stem, leaf and bloom
To nurture life and make life bloom.
A little of this and a little of that
May supply nutrients that last.

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Caged Bird Sings

The caged bird sings
The sound waves echo rings
With honor to the maker of all things
Of the spirit within, His presence brings

There are great thoughts to sing
A precious message to bring
With guidance for living things
Let its memory echo ring.

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City Lights

Beyond the city lights
The stars shine bright.
Not dimmed by lights below
Unseen be those beneath the glow
Who are busy running to and fro.

When might they begin to learn?
Out on Observation Hill it shows
Bright stars, through the ages, shining still,
Not of man's making but God's will
Shining on until time is fulfilled.

A message they brought to those of old,
Of the virgin, and the child to hold,
Of the surper, of the shepherd, for the fold,
Of the cross, and of salvation, foretold.
Beyond the realm of stars is more.

The glorious throne of God is high above all.
It is unshimmered by city lights.
It is untouched by earth's decay or blight.
It shines on when time is gone.
It shines on eternally long.

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It Is Well

What a wonderful thought to be thinking!
We are trusting in the living Son of God.
There are believers found in Him.
They found His guidance can win.

What more could we wish than this?
We are a workmanship of His.
We are created unto all good works.
They are told of in His written word.

Our life here is in a troubled world,
It holds a mighty rush and whirl.
It is well to know His will.
We must keep it living still.

Yes, His spirit can dwell within.
Some find His guidance does win.
They have the love of His true word.
Keep grace and love in the world.

Fruits of the Spirit come from inside out,
They are displayed in life, there about.
Nine fruits are listed to bear.
They are to be displayed everywhere.

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Lets Chat Awhile

Lets chat awhile, country style
With a friend whose hair is silver lined.

Who tells of ways of his youthful days
Of wisdom learned the difficult way.

Lime-light, glitter and glare
Only holds a short seasons fair.

Took courage and will to search another line.
Had to guide the journey to a better find.

True worth is a treasure to refine.
It can pass the test of time.

With eyes filled with mercy, duty and grace
New meaning arrives to find its place.

Wisdom comes from where you find it.
There is always a story somewhere behind it.

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Missing

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Why miss out on:

The dawning of the day?

The sunrise first ray?

It puts the world on display.

Why miss out on:

Peace that is found within?

Ask for guidance from Him,

A life of faith, it works to win.

Why miss out on:

Faith and trust in Gods Son,

The resurrected living One,

A reconciled life then begins.

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Music For Life

Music is for a lifetime.
Keep the message grand and fine.
It holds great thoughts in every line.

In all the learning of life's ways,
Remember the part that music plays.
Enjoy a little in each and every day.

Time moves along with cares of a day.
Each melody has something to say.
Music lives on, it finds a way.

With great thoughts as an art
In music, they play a part
Expressing the desires of the heart.

Great music should last a lifetime.
Keep the message true and fine,
Great thoughts are expressed in every line.

Just keep on singing,
Let the clear rhythm be ringing.
Treasure the enjoyment it is bringing.

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One Happy Summer

Last day of school the teacher said,
'You have had all you need to know'.
The elated first grader shared the news
With mother, that learning thing was taken care of.
Mother smiled, but what a happy summer followed.

But the days of fall were sure to come.
Off he went to school thinking the learning was done.
The first few days went quite well,
But soon a story to mother, he must tell.
There were just a lot of things to learn quite well.

Many years have come and gone.
All those things of life just move along.
Now he is a grandfather daily learning on.
The world moved on to a computer age,
Learning still writes another page.

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Preserved Or Lost

Real life scenes can make the artist's day.
Norman Rockwell left many on display.
The rest of the story revealed a stay.

Hang them on the wall to be viewed by all.
The boy was digging worms for a fishing day.
Behind him, his pet geese were eating away.

In patient calm, a wise canine
Was watching the striped cat eating his food.
He shared and forgot and the day went fine.

What view may this reveal?
Will memory give it a grand appeal?
Is it left untold for time to steal?

Will the lesson, the view relays
Be with us to stay always?
Will it be lost and gone with yesterday?

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Reality Is

Beyond our control,
The Maker holds the script.
One day at a time, find what is.

God said, 'Life I give unto you, '
So, what should we think?
What should we do?

Read the script of life's plot.
It brings assistance on the spot.
Seventy years appointed is a lot.

Guidance is required for this day.
Faithfully face, duties of the day.
Know the Author of life's ways.

The Comforter can dwell within.
The Spirit offers guidance to win,
Make it through life's spin.

Give His word a place within.
Grow daily in knowledge of Him.
Believers are complete in Him.

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School Reunion Time

When it is school reunion time,
Walk again the old school halls.
Memories, emotions, review it all.
The auditorium, stage, and curtain call.
Hopes and inspirations, rose to fall.
The library, it's books and detention time,
All a part of memory, yours and mine.
A teacher who installed more than the book,
Into relity, with the patience it took.
Walk the halls slowly, one more time.

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Summer Time

When the sun rises to the north
Of the old north barn
And the day begins early
Out there, on the farm.

When the murcery rises
The growing crops hold surprises
The day is long
Life's rythem plans on.

When the pasture is in full bloom
It goes to seed very soon
A whole world is waiting to feed
Upon the bounty found in the seed.

When the deer are grazing near the pond
The spotted fawn sleeps on
The song birds sing the lullaby
To the rhythm of the wings of the butterfly.

When winter must wait in line
Cause this is good old summer time
Seed time and harvest are sure to be
Providing for living things need.

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The Fact

Words are free, facts remain
Thoughts live on, truth to retain

Choose a pathway simple and plain
Do not mumble, grumble, and complain

'In God we trust, ' must always, remain
In hearts and lives, on freedoms plain

Each must choose their words and thoughts
Seal forever in the believers lot.

Praises be to the greatest power of all
Answer diligently to the Maker's life call

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The Farmers Multipurpose Tool

The farmer and his pickup are not far apart.
Its multipurpose is a true art.
The end-gate is the official board meeting place.
It is here major decisions are given space.

Be careful when opening the cab door.
Its over-load even reaches the floor.
A greasy broken part may be found here.
And the tools used to put it there.

A clip board is the office for the day.
It is decorated with grease spots there to stay.
Precious part numbers make their play.
Hope the wind doesn't blow them away.

There's a abundance of 'just-in-case' provisions
To master the daily unpredicted decisions.
Guard well the cell phone connection.
It may be needed for untimely conditions.

From early, till late, the day is long.
Take the thermos and lunch along.
Independence true meaning has filled the day.
Now sunset's beauty seals it away.

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The Secret In The Rose

Thank You for the message in the rose.
It is slowly told as it unfolds.
Nourished by the sparkling dew,
Waiting for sunlight to come through.

Showing forth what only sunlight can do.
Warmth and comfort comes to you.
Opens the bud, welcomes the sunshine in,
Release its beauty, your heart to win.

The message of warmth and comfort comes.
There is beauty on display for you.
Hold its beauty in full view.
A reminder of what God can do.

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The Vine

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Grandma's vine is still growing fine □
time.

□□ Storing nutrients for another

There's a sweet potato vine

□ It is in the window with sunshine.

Then comes warm summertime

□ To the garden, goes the vine.

A long time they have been around.

□ They put nutrients in the ground.

□

All season long its runners spread

□ Hiding nutrients beneath a vine covered bed.

Time to dig, and dry, and save

□ The blessing the good earth gave.

Store where it is warm and dry

□ As the winter days pass by.

Plant a few in the flower pots

□ Put in the windows sunny spot.

Give to a friend you know

□ They to, a vine may grow.

For it is written, you see.

□ Springtime and harvest will always be.

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Time Was

Time was when:

Gods words were learned the spoken way
By those who came by to tell the story
Of the Saviour who came from glory.

Time was when:

The nations were given the written word
That in this world, they may learn and believe
The Son of God came for believers and eternal life gave.

Time is now:

God's words travel the airways to the computer screen
That we may live life pure and clean,
Comprehend their meaning and real truth glean.

Time is now:

Seek His message pure and true.
Evaluate God's true and living way.
His spirit can live within, be complete in Him.

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To Make A Tree

It took God to make a tree.
Study its lessons free.
Great are the wonders of His ways,
There are preparations for many days.

He can guide this journey's way.
Learn of His way and often pray.
His word is a shield,
Seek His plan and yield.

Grow in faith, let His powers be
The guide for you and me.
Hide His word within,
Make it yours and win.

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Treasure Found

The old prospector works alone
Seeks his find, makes it his own
The book on the shelf lays silent alone
Until the words find a home
Deeply planted, made our own

Life's road may change
Graze a new pasture, new range
In liberty, serve the one true God alone
May His word find a new home
Do not dare to walk alone

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Weigh It All

Many times destiny seems to call
Was it all handwriting on the wall

Difficulties over shadow the day
Preparations for another way

Dreams are laid aside
Face realities true ride

Not always choice but have-to
Must decide what to do

Time and life moves on
Changes come and are soon gone

Years soon fill histories page
Move on into another age

Weigh it all on reasoning's scale
Life is more than a fairy tale

Set the sails for a gusty gale
Often not a long smooth sail

Had to replace the computer
Should have done it sooner

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Which Thoughts Win?

Many thoughts flood the day.
They travel with us along the way.
Are they thoughts of admiration?
Are they dressed in respect and appreciation?

Thoughts can ease the load,
Carry you to the end of the road.
They are totally our own.
They must guide all the way home.

The battle of thoughts goes on inside.
They are on a battled ride.
Boy ask, 'Which thoughts lead'?
Father replied, 'The one you feed'.

The thoughts we feed
They are thoughts that win.
Hide God's word keep within.
It will guide through thick and thin,

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