

## Poetry Series

**Loyd C. Taylor**

**- poems -**

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## Loyd C. Taylor

I was blessed to have been born into a large family of 11 siblings; five brothers and six sisters. I grew up in farming community in North Carolina. I married my wife Katherine on March 28, 1972.

Most of my life was lived in modest and humble surroundings.

A poem I wrote "Winter Time Memories" will give you a good glimpse into a part of my childhood. Please, check it out. Many of my poems may be seen at [www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com) and [www.fanstory.com](http://www.fanstory.com)

I enjoy writing poems and songs. I also sing and play the guitar. Much of my writing reflects a deep sense of family, religious and southern roots.

I also enjoy a good clean joke. In fact, when I was born, instead of the doctor slapping me on my bottom, he took one look at me and slapped my dad.

Just kidding. It has been said that I have a good sense of humor. I figure that's better than no sense at all!

I try to love God, my wife, my children and my grandchildren. I try to be a friend to anyone who allows me to do so. I love life and living and I am thankful for every day God gives me! I prefer the mountains above the ocean, but love all of God's creation. I love America!

I also love dogs, our pet is a golden retriever named Missy. She lies beside me whenever I'm in my office and watches me work. A poem I wrote titled Missy Girl is about her. I try all my new poems out on her, if she doesn't complain, then I share them with humans. I don't want to tell you how she reacts to my singing. A few of my songs are posted on [www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com)

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I've often wondered if the phrase; 'that one's for the dogs' originated from someone who heard me sing?

I consider myself blessed to have someone read anything I have written.

But, what is even better is when they say that my poem spoke to them, or that they enjoyed it.

So, a big thank you to all  
who take of their precious time  
reading and commenting  
on my poetry and rhyme.

L C Taylor

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website [poemsnsuch.com](http://poemsnsuch.com)

YouTube [poemsnsuch](https://www.youtube.com/poemsnsuch)

You may wish to visit more of my work on [www.fanstory.com](http://www.fanstory.com)

Works:

[www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com)  
[www.fanstory.com](http://www.fanstory.com)  
[www.fanart.com](http://www.fanart.com)

## **A Baby What?**

I was taken a bit by surprise  
One day right out of the blue,  
When approached by a friend who asked;  
"Hey man, do I have news for you! "

"What news? " I could not help but ask,  
And started to get concerned;  
He said; "It'll sound unbelievable,  
But I'll tell you what I've learned! "

"Friend, I heard it on the radio,  
Earlier this very morn;  
That a young woman had given birth,  
And a special baby was born."

'So, I said; 'what's the great news,  
Bout a woman giving birth?  
Shucks man, happens all the time,  
Here and all over the earth."

He said; "This baby's part animal,  
Amazing, it is, but true!  
I swear, it's the God's honest truth,  
This thing I'm telling to you! "

"Part animal! Are you sure, " I gasped,  
"C'mon, surely you do jest! "  
Then what he confided in me next,  
I shall not too soon forget.

He smiled with a possum-like grin,  
As he shared every detail;  
'You see, it had a dear little face,  
And it had a bare little tail."

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Church Is**

A place one may flee to,  
For refuge from the storm;  
A place God's soldiers rest,  
From battles they are worn.

A place of fervent love,  
Amidst hatred and cold;  
A place His joy refills,  
Disheartened of the fold.

A place all find welcome,  
to the warmth of the Light;  
A place where His Word shines,  
Expelling the dark night!

A place He is worshiped,  
by grateful who attend;  
A place He is exalted,  
Let laudable praise ascend!

A place of communion,  
From mortals finding grace;  
A place of quiet repose,  
In His blessed and solace.

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Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Day More to Live**

In the darkness, He's  
Wandering aimlessly on  
Who's searching for him?

In the shadows dim,  
Wondering deep down inside,  
Will time run out soon?

In the chilling rain,  
Bargaining for one more day,  
Will God hear his cries?

In the awaking dawn,  
Harboring his soul to faith,  
A day more to live!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Dilemma**

### A Dilemma

It all started with my teeth,  
So artificial ones went in;  
Then I had trouble chewing,  
So they replaced my chin.

Then one day while out for a walk,  
Some terrible pain hit my knees;  
But after two more operations,  
I'm now walking like a breeze!

As old age has caught up to me,  
The Docs have done their share;  
To replace many of my body parts,  
From hip sockets to my hair.

So when from this life I do go,  
I'll leave a dilemma so hard;  
"Will they call the undertaker,  
Or the local junkyard? "

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Friend Like You**

When I have down times  
Days dreary and blue,  
I receive help right on time  
From a friend like you.

When I have struggles  
Days tough to get through,  
I receive a hand on mine  
From a friend like you.

When I face battles  
Days attacks are renewed,  
I receive just what I need  
From a friend like you.

When I think again of  
Days you brought solace too,  
I receive true friendship  
From a friend like you.

Thank you for being my friend!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Glimpse of Easter**

On a hill, He is crying!  
On the cross, He is dying...  
Oh see Him in agony!

Behold Him in cruel pain!  
Listen to Him cry out again,  
"Father, why hast thou forsaken me? "

For us, He is crucified!  
For us, He suffered and died,  
Taking our place on Calvary!

He died the world to save!  
He was buried in a cold dark grave,  
As His enemies celebrated in glee!

For three days and nights he lay,  
Until death's shackles gave way,  
As He arose triumphantly!

Arisen, on that first day!  
Arisen, He lives today!  
Arisen eternally!  
Loyd C. Taylor

## A Glimpse of Heaven

Note: I gave some thought to those recently released from being held as hostages for several years. I also thought of some helpless victim being held and abused. What would it be like to finally see freedom such as a view of the ocean and to know that in just a short while the horrible ordeal would be over?  
I hope it speaks to your heart. May you be blessed as you read and thank you for your time, Loyd

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Five years held in a metal container  
A nightmare that abused my sanity,  
No freedom and only rations of food  
Five years seemed an eternity.

Five years of brutal imprisonment  
My captors the only company,  
Once I enjoyed sweet freedom  
Now four walls seemed my destiny.

Five years since I was abducted  
My life came to a sudden pause,  
I became but a bargaining chip  
To help with their political cause.

Five years of praying and hoping  
Thoughts of freedom kept me alive,  
A rusty nail scratched off the days  
'One thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.'

Then I felt my metal cell lifted  
And hauled down a rocky road,  
We came to a stop abruptly  
It was here they dumped their load.

My captors shout, 'Freedom at dawn! '  
Would my stay in hell soon be through?  
Then I heard the sound of a seagull cry  
I smelled salt from the ocean blue.

After five years would freedom come?  
Hope lived as tears filled my eyes.  
I longed to look at my location  
So a tiny hole I began to pry

I peeled the rusty metal back  
Laboring until day turned to night,  
Ripping the metal one inch at a time  
Finally a small beam of light!

I continued to tear it open  
Bloody fingers gave all their might,

With will to live and thoughts of home  
my exhaustion brought on the night.

Sweet dreams did drown out the agony  
Of empty gut and feet bruised by chains,  
For I saw Shelby my golden retriever  
I tasted coffee and sweet summer rain.

Awakened as a sunbeam touched my eyes  
In the distance I heard an engine whine,  
Like magic I was drawn up to my hole  
On my face I felt the sunshine.

My hands gripped the jagged steel  
My heart was racing and pounding fast,  
Tears of joy poured as I shouted;  
'My God, a glimpse of Heaven at last! '

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Mercy Bow**

Beauty in the Sky  
Seven colors well blended  
Mercy after rain.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Morning Drive With You**

When I awoke this morning,  
You were on my mind.  
I thought of our lives together,  
Then journeyed back in time.

I saw the road we had traveled,  
My, how time has flown by!  
It seemed like but yesterday,  
We pulled on this road of life.

I had so many memories,  
Racing through my head!  
I thought of when I met you,  
Of how quickly we were wed.

I thought of some wrong turns,  
Destinations never made.  
Of the storms that blew upon us,  
As we continued on our way.

I know this road we've traveled,  
Has had its bumps along the way.  
I know we've had our setbacks,  
While traveling this highway.

But no matter how long Dear,  
Our road may twist or wind.  
I'll enjoy the drive better,  
With you here by my side.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Mother's Day Poem For You**

Written by my Grand daughter  
Cayce Taylor  
Her first poem.

May 6,2008

Mothers do not like it  
When their children are sad.  
Mothers do not like it  
When their children are bad.  
Mothers do not like it  
When their children are mad.  
But, Mothers do like it  
When their children are glad.

Dear mom, I am so sorry  
When I have been sad.  
Dear mom, I am so sorry  
When I have been bad.  
Dear mom, I am so sorry  
When I have been mad.w  
Dear mom, I only want  
To make you very glad.

Happy mothers day mom from Cayce

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Near-Sighted Romance**

A few years back I was out on a fling,  
So I drove over to a new hot spot;  
It would allow me a place to unwind,  
And for me, give romance another shot.

I entered the club, feeling some good vibes,  
When I saw a beauty across the room;  
As tingling chills went up and down my spine,  
I had the feeling love's blossom would bloom.

'Aw yes, I must pounce upon this moment,  
Good fortune had finally come my way, '  
Oh, I imagined a wedding bell's peal,  
While thinking of romantic things I'd say!

Then to look cool, I took my glasses off,  
And did shuffle around my jet-black hair;  
Next, I sprayed some mint into my mouth,  
When finished, I slyly slid out my chair.

Next, I trained my focus on her image,  
As cat-like across the stone floor I walked;  
I tried then to recall some poetry,  
Hoping I might steal her heart as we talked.

I would say; 'Thou art the rarest treasure, '  
And, 'T'was fate that ledest me here to thee'

But blindly I tripped, and fell in her arms,  
That's when I realized that she was a he!

As he wrapped masculine arms around me,  
The odor from his armpit found my nose;  
My eyes froze fixed on his gorilla legs,  
As to the floor fell his French panty hose.

My eyes refocused as my stomach churned,  
I thought; 'How did I get into this mess? '  
Then he said, with the Terminator's voice,  
'I'll be back, Dear, must go n' fix my dress.'

He winked as one of his huge lashes fell,  
But I ran as soon as I got the chance;  
Then vowed to always keep my glasses on,  
Whenever I go out looking for romance.

Loyd C. Taylor

## A Number for a Name

With my uniform on I entered my dingy cell  
I'd been given a number instead of a name.  
The gray bars slammed shut on an old inmate and me,  
as I sat down sadly on the tiny bed frame.

He stuck out his hand saying; "I'm 'two-one-three-five',  
Friend, what brings you here to this cold and hardened place? "  
"Hey Man, I'm 'four-nine-four-two', I'm in for a while, '  
as dread and sadness fell quickly over my face.

He said; "Pal, don't you go gettin so down and blue,  
for I've got a cure for your sad disposition."  
Then he jumped to his feet and shouted, "two hundred! "  
then laughter seemed to roar from every direction!

Up and down the corridors numbers were shouted,  
as men did roar with laughter time and time again;  
confused, but amused I asked; "Friend, what's going on? "  
He smiled at me and then laughingly he explained:

"You see friend, we've been in this hole so very long,  
we've heard all the jokes over and over again;  
we don't waste our time tell'em in detail any more,  
so, like us, we give them a number for a name.'

"Man that's great! Do you mind if I give it a try? "  
"You go right ahead! " my cell mate gladly exclaimed.  
I yelled "two hundred and six! " There was dead silence,  
then I shouted "fifteen, " but just silence again.

I sat back on my bed, embarrassed, I had to ask;  
"What's wrong, for it appears a joke teller I ain't? '  
He laughed, then spoke these words which set my mind at ease;  
"Friend that just proves, that some can tell'em and some can't."

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Part of Me**

You are a part of me child  
It's undeniably true.  
Look how you say certain words  
And through silly things you do!

I'm in your mannerisms,  
Little gestures and slight moves;  
I'm in your choice of clothing,  
Even in your taste of foods.

In many of your features  
Everyone can plainly see,  
A part of me in you child  
And a part of you in me.

I'm so happy that you are,  
I'm as proud as I can be,  
All can see you're just as proud  
That you are a part of me.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Past Life Lived**

He's waiting for her, any minute she'll be home. Outside he's moving about, his pigtail about shoulder height dangling out from under a blue Harley Davidson cap he has on.

Taking out a red handkerchief from his blue jeans he wipes over the Harley chrome. He walks to the mail box, looks across the street, waves, he's close enough that the eagle tattoo he proudly brandishes may be seen, reflective of a past lived life, one that was wild and free.

Putting the mail in his back pocket he plays fetch with the dog, takes out the garden hose and gives his banana tree a drink. He turns, moves a tricycle out of the way and kicks the volleyball.  
Look, she's coming up the drive!

He drops the hose and quickly makes his way to the place where her car comes to a stop. Reaching out for the door handle, he opens up her door...

Leaning inward... he kisses his wife as he takes a package from her hands; then takes her arm in his. Heading towards the modest split level where a family now lives... he and the wife... the kids... the dog and banana tree.

As they are walking away he turns looking across the street, waves, raising his eagle tattooed arm, his pigtail dangling about shoulder height out from under his blue Harley Davidson cap... reflective of a past lived life.

Dedicated to a good Neighbor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Prayer**

In need  
I made  
A prayer  
To Him

For strength  
To deal  
With my  
Great sin.

God heard  
My cry  
Reached down  
His hand,

Then set  
Me on  
A new  
Pathway!

To Him  
I give  
My thanks  
Each day.

Upon  
My God  
I place  
My faith.

And now  
I trust  
In His  
Sweet grace.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Prayer for You**

My friend...

Let not your heart be troubled,

Never give in to fear;

May these thoughts bring comfort,

As you keep them ever near.

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May Truth guide you,

And Hope raise you;

May Faith move you,

And Peace keep you.

May Joy fill you,

And Love complete you!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Rainbow Is...**

A Rainbow Is

A Rainbow is  
Undeniably a natural beauty,  
Appearing at times mysteriously.  
Seven colors of grandeur rare,  
As the sun touches droplets in the air.  
From earth's showers or waterfall spray,  
Opposite the sun... appearing in the day.

A Rainbow is  
Arrayed brilliantly in colors glow,  
Canvassed in the sky as a beauty bow.  
Red, orange, yellow, green, indigo, blue,  
Violet and others hidden from our view.  
A Masterpiece! A sign of mercy we know,  
This and more is seen in the Rainbow.

A Rainbow is...

Radiant!  
Amazing!  
Indescribable!  
Natural!  
Beautiful!  
Observably  
Wonderful!

Not reproducible by mortal man,  
But, created by the Maker's hands.  
More than treasure or pots of gold,  
All this and more is the Rainbow.

Loyd C. Taylor

**A Rose (a haiku)**

it begs for the dew  
to kiss its blushing red lips  
colored hues blossom.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Surprise!**

The status quo don't have a clue,  
Befuddled, they're scratching their heads;  
They never thought this could happen,  
In places where men dare to tread!

Politicians are in a query,  
She just doesn't fit their "ole-boys" mold;  
She's beautiful, clever and oh so dainty,  
Challenging the ranks of old.

You can bet she's wise to their tactics,  
So no matter how hard they might try;  
There won't be enough mud to mar her,  
Or cause her to blink those sparkly eyes.

A brave soul who knows how to govern,  
With strong, able and unerring hands;  
She's a loving mom with five children,  
And still in love with the same man.

She cooks homemade Alaskan cookies,  
And grills burgers from fresh Moose-meat;  
She uses no chauffeur, but hunts n' fishes,  
In her a true hockey-mom's heart beats.

She always wears perfume and lipstick,

So there's no mistaken identity;  
Just in case her and a pit-bull,  
Show up in the same vicinity.

She took everyone by surprise,  
By accepting the nomination;  
To stand beside Senator McCain,  
As they pledged to lead our great nation.

Common folk love and respect her,  
And think she's the real deal;  
And smirk at her enemy's charges,  
As they hypocritically squeal.

It's true; we have many good people,  
But they "Palin" when we compare  
To Sarah, the fierce barracuda,  
The frightened liberal's worst nightmare.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **A Wise Proverb**

There was a foolish young man named Sou Naive,  
He was easily swayed by bad company.  
Then a wise man a proverb he gave,  
It stayed with him for all of his days,  
When you lay down with dogs you get up with fleas.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Accomplishment!**

Dedicated to a friend's daughter upon her graduation.

First a baby... a beautiful little girl,  
A special gift of God sent into this world.  
Her parents were blessed as they gazed into her face,  
She was named Hannah, meaning "favored grace".

Then a child... a delightful student in her school,  
She also loved church and lived the Golden Rule.  
Studying hard, hitting the books both day and night,  
The choices made shaped her character for life.

Now a lady... a hopeful adult she's become,  
For twelve long years now this honor she has won.  
Graduating today turns life's page once more,  
Stepping from this stage into other open doors.

Congratulations Hanna!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Adventure in Wonder Valley - a short children's story**

Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley is a typical young girl, an only child with a lot of free time on her hands. She loves her colorful room, her stuffed animals and her dressing table. Her ceiling is painted blue and she has little balls of cotton pasted on it to look like clouds. The wall paper displays flowers of all sorts and her carpet is a deep green.

She had helped her dad decorate it and she thought it was just perfect! For Kristy, it had become a place of wonder and amazement as she would take fantastic trips in her imagination into all sorts of wonderful places.

Kristy loves adventure stories, especially ones that involved mystical places and interesting characters. Nightly, just before going to sleep she would read until sleepy. Then shutting off the light and closing her eyes, she would try to imagine being a part of the particular story she had read. The story she had been so caught up in on this night was entitled 'The Enchanted Kingdom.' It featured a gorgeous young maiden with golden blonde hair, complete with beasts, a dragon and of course one very handsome prince.

She read until her eyes became heavy, then she took her schrunchee out of her hair and laid it and her book on the nightstand. Lying back down, she drifted into her own private dream land.

She imagined an adventure to an enchanted kingdom from long ago in a land far, far away; a place where dragons were friendly and beautiful unicorns roamed free. Her dream also included a handsome knight. He always came dashing to the spot where some damsel in distress was screaming for help. Arriving just in the nick of time, frightening away some hideous monster. Of course, the young damsel, as most young girls would, would fall in love with the handsome hero and they would ride off into forever land and live happily ever after.

Kristy snuggled closely to her stuffed animals and began to get sleepier and sleepier.

Oh, how she longed to live in such a mystical, magical land as the one in her dream. A place where there was no school, no chores or annoying parents to make her life miserable.

As she drifted off, she thought over and over, I wish to live in a place like that... I wish to live in a place like that... I wish to live in...

She finally fell into very deep sleep, one that seemed like an eternity.

As she slept, she could feel herself tumbling over and over, falling backwards... backwards in time. Deeper and deeper into sleep she went and farther back in time, until she felt a thud and then awakened.

She found herself lying in a beautiful little meadow, with golden daffodils, multicolored roses and other flowers of all kinds growing all around. She heard the chirping of many different birds as they seemed to be singing directly to her, 'Welcome... welcome... welcome...'

She rubbed her eyes and looked around.

Where am I? Wow, it is so enchanting! She thought.

For everywhere she gazed, in whatever direction, she could find not one single flaw.

She located a tree, one perfect for climbing and shinnied up it to take a look around. From this higher position she could look out over the meadow. She noticed the glorious blue sky with tiny puffs of clouds and the luscious green grass, how it carpeted the little valley. It was like a dream! But, was it?

Just then, she spotted a crystal clear brook trickling through the center of the meadow. Straining, she thought she heard music coming from its direction!

She was rather thirsty, so she jumped down from the tree and walked over to the brook. Standing still, she listened. The joyful musical sound was coming directly from the stream as clear water babbled over the rocks. She bent over and scooped up some water in her cupped hands. She had never drank such sweet water before, delicious!

'Excuse me; excuse me, young one from the Future World.' Startled, she heard a strange voice say.

Turning, she saw a beautiful peacock with a full train of gorgeous feathers protruding from its feather laden body.

'Well, hello, Mr. Peacock, Are you speaking to me?' she asked, looking straight at the astounding bird.

'Mr.! Mr.! My name is Fancy Feathers, and I would have you know that I am a lady! What is your name, young one?' The feathered creature asked.

Kristy was shocked that a bird could talk, and answered, 'Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Fancy Feathers. My name is Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley. You are a... a bird... and you, you can talk!'

'Why of course I can talk, so can all of the creatures in our world.'

'And what world would that be,' Kristy inquired.

'It's the mystical world you wished for! One in which you could find an exciting adventure! You did wish for a mystical world, didn't' you?'

'Well, yes, I seem to recall that I did. But, that was just a wish and wishes don't come true. Do they?'

'Obviously some do, Kristy from the future world. This one did, for there you are and here I am.'

'Oh, ' Kristy said, as she pushed back the long blonde hair out of her eyes, 'and what do you call this place?'

'It is called Wonder Valley' Miss Fancy said rather proudly. 'Here we have everything a creature could wish for. Beautiful scenery, wonderful food and all sorts of friendly creatures. We love friendly visitors too. You are friendly, aren't you?'

'Oh yes, I am friendly, very friendly! I love all creatures and mystical places such as this!' Kristy said.

Then a tiny voice called out, 'Here, let me help with that beautiful hair.' It was a very sweet, babyish voice.

'Who's speaking?' Kristy asked.

'Oh hello young one from the future world, I am here, down here.'

Kristy leaned forward, straining to see the owner of the soft voice. She spotted a slender, glittering snake-like creature grinning at her with a big smile that took up most of its face. It moved a little towards Kristy, frightened, she jumped back!

'Oh, he's harmless,' Miss Fancy said, 'the gentlest creature in Wonder Valley.'

Kristy stepped closer and saw the creature more clearly.

'Hello' she said, 'I am Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley, and you, you are very beautiful and you, you sparkle too!'

'That's how I got my name. I am called 'Sparkle Smiley, because I smile a lot and sparkle from the many different colors of my skin. I'm pleased to meet you Kristy Kasady, young one from the Future world!' The tiny creature squeaked without taking a breath.

He continued, 'Now, let me help with that hair of yours before you go blind, for if you go blind you will not be able to see any more of the radiant items around you.'

Just then, Sparkle started to shake, he trembled, he shook and trembled again, then he let out a tiny grunt.

Kristy watched as the creature began to squirm forward, leaving what appeared to be his skin behind.

'Please pick it up and twist it around your hair. It will keep it out of your eyes, and then you shouldn't have any more trouble seeing.' Sparkle rambled on.

Kristy bent down to pick up the object, but that's when she heard angelic like twin musical voices singing and humming...

'Tweet, tweet, tweet,  
The gift is at your feet,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Amused, Kristy listened as they continued...

'Hello little Miss,  
Please let us help,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Pleasantly surprised, Kristy followed the voices. They were coming from above the tree where she had sat earlier. There she saw two joyful little birds, happily darting back and forth as their feathers gave off a purplish silver color.

'Oh, they are so adorable! ' Kristy thought, reminding her of humming birds.

She watched as the birds flittered to the place where Sparkle's skin lay. Each took an end in its tiny feet, and then buzzed around to the back of Kristy's hair.

Here they sang out again...

'Could you be so kind?  
Hold it up from behind,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy had heard that tune somewhere before, she thought, it sounded like 'the Farmer in the Dale' one of her favorite childhood songs.

Looking more closely at the object, she gasped! It was the most brilliantly colorful schrunchee she had ever seen! More beautiful than any hair piece she had at home, and she had plenty.

She reached around and took hold of her long blonde hair and gathered it in a pony tail, and then she held it up a bit from her shoulders.

The tiny birds wrapped the skin around it and sang out;  
'It's so grand you see,  
Grandest in our Valley,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy made her way back to the crystal clear brook and glanced at it and at her reflection.

'It's beautiful and it glitters! Oh, Sparkle Smiley, thank you so very much! '

Sparkle turned bright red and his skin blinked on and off like a fire fly. 'You are welcome, Kristy from the Future world, ' he called out.

The two little birds flittered down and perched one on each of Kristy's shoulder.

She looked at one and then the other and said; 'And thank you my happy little friends, I am Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley. And what, may I ask are your names? '

The bird on her left shoulder sang out solo,  
'I am Kindness Kathy,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Then the bird on her right sang solo as well,  
'I am Caring Cayce,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Next, together once again they sang...  
'We love to do kind deeds,  
To any one in need,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy was enthralled by all she had witnessed thus far in the enchanted place called, Wonder Valley.

'Are you hungry?' still another voice asked.

'Why yes, I'm famished, who asks?'

Kristy turned and saw another creature that favored a raccoon. He was pointing to a stone that was shaped like a chair.

She spoke up; 'My name is Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley, who might you be?'

'I am known as Otis Paws. It is my nick name because I have the best paws of Wonder Valley!'

'Come sit down. Let us prepare a meal for you.' Otis encouraged.

Happily Kristy went over and sat down on the chair-shaped stone, it was just right! She spread her hands on her lap anxiously awaiting what would come next.

All of a sudden she heard a jolly deep voice laughing, 'Hee, hee, hee, oh, oh, oh.'

She looked over and one of the trees was laughing and shaking at the same time!

Kristy was astonished by this laughing tree!

As it laughed, she saw several different kinds of fruit fall from its branches; grapes, cherries, apples and all varieties of berries. Amazingly, the fruit floated towards Kristy and fell neatly into a basket that Mr. Paws had provided.

Otis joyfully sat it before Kristy saying, 'Eat and enjoy my young friend. It is our very best for the young one of the future world.' Then all the creatures chimed together, 'eat, eat, eat!'

'Thank you very much everyone, this is my favorite food!'

Kristy picked up an apple and bit into it. 'Delicious!' she thought.

As she ate, Kindness Kathy and Caring Cayce sang a few more cute little songs. Otis and Fancy danced about with some of the other little creatures. Sparkle was blinking his body lights on and off joining in the fun and the brook played its delightful music!

Finishing her meal, Kristy reflected; the fruit was delicious, the festivity had all been out of this world! It was just wonderful!

Having a full stomach, Kristy yawned. It had also been a very tiring adventure and she was beginning to get a little sleepy.

Just then the birds panicked, spreading their wings, they quickly disappeared.

The forest trembled and creatures large and small began to scurry out of sight.

Just like that they vanished, all except for Otis. He had returned quickly to get his basket and warn his new friend.

The valley grew eerily quiet.

With great concern, Kristy asked, 'What's wrong? ' What's happening? '

Otis frantically cried out to her as he ran towards his home in the ground, 'It's the wicked beast of Fright Mountain. He's on the prowl! It's not safe for any one! Hurry, run and hide! '

Before Kristy could move, she heard an awful hurricane like wind. The cold breeze sent shivers up her spine.

Suddenly, there came a large creature swooping down from the sky, landing a few feet from where she now stood trembling. It was one of the most dreadful looking beings she had ever laid eyes on.

It had six large claw-like feet and one by one it placed them down on the ground. As each foot hit the ground there came with it a terrible thudding noise, shaking of the ground. The beast then reared up on its two hind feet, standing taller than the trees. It had four large wings and as it spread them out, they shielded the sun, causing dark shadows to fall over the meadow.

With saliva dripping from its mouth, it bellowed a blood curdling scream, 'I smell the flesh of a human! '

Then turning towards Kristy it once again bellowed, 'I smell you, my dear! You shall be my dinner tonight! ' Then it moved closer towards Kristy!

Kristy found herself frozen, backed against a tree. She shivered and screamed as never before! She smelled the sour odor like that of rotten fish coming from the mouth of the creature as he breathed heavily upon her. She felt the heat from his breath like it was a puff from a furnace.

Her heart like a drum was beating in her chest!

The monster's eyes, gleaming with delight, leaned towards Kristy, opening its mouth wide to devour its prey...

Terrified, she closed her eyes knowing this was the end...

Suddenly from out of nowhere a strong voice shouted, 'Leave her alone, you beast, and be gone now or else! '

Kristy opened her eyes and saw a tall handsome young man! With sword in hand, he was standing between her and the stinking beast.

Quickly, the beast turned from Kristy to face this young man.

As it was turning the young man raised his free hand to his mouth and whistled.

Just then a flapping noise was heard overhead as another large creature came flying towards the frightened Kristy.

Is that a dragon? She thought. Yes it was!

The dragon came over and whispered, 'Young one, quick, on my back! '

Without hesitating she grabbed a part of the dragon's wrinkled skin then pulled herself up.

The dragon turned to face the wicked beast from Fright Mountain.

Now the young man and the dragon stood face to face with the terrifying monster.

The beast let out another blood curdling roar, shaking the trees! Then it snapped out at the young man with its razor-like teeth! The closing of the animal's teeth sounding like that of giant steel trap slamming shut.

The dragon took a deep breath and blew out a red hot spray of fire from his mouth and hit the beast. It let out a loud yelp and began to back away.

Kristy could smell the odor of burning flesh; similar to that she had smelled as when grandpa had so often burned the bacon.

The beast cried out in pain indicating it had been wounded. It turned quickly, lifting itself up. Then like a flash of lightening, it was gone!

The dragon gently let Kristy down saying, 'Quick, get down young one. You must stay here for I shall chase this beast back to Fright Mountain!

With that the dragon winked at her then turned to fly away.

Kristy spoke up; 'Wait! Mr. Dragon, what is your name? '

'I am called 'the Faithful One, ' and I need to hurry! '

With tears of joy streaming down her face she gave the dragon a quick hug. With that Faithful One spread his wings and disappeared over the horizon, following fast after the beast.

The creatures came out from hiding dancing all about and shouting, 'Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

The young man came then to Kristy and said; 'Young one from the Future World, I am Price Lloyd of the Landing, located just west of Wonder Valley. My palace is in the Mysterious World Kingdom. Now, are you alright? And, what is your name? '

'Yes I am Ok, thanks to you and the Faithful One, ' she replied. 'My name is Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance! '

'You have saved me from a very horrible situation, it was very close, but you arrived

just in time! ' She exclaimed.

Kristy yawned slightly.

'You are very welcome my young friend. I can see that you are also very tired. You have had a very stressful and exciting time. Please allow me to take you to my palace at the Landing and give you a place to rest tonight.'

'Oh, gladly, ' Kristy said.

She thought to herself; 'Wow, a real Price, a real palace, this is unbelievable! '

Turning to her new friends of the Wonder Valley she thanked them for everything.

The little creatures gathered around. 'Goodbye, young Kristy of the Future World, please come again to see us! ' they chanted.

Kindness Kathy and Caring Cayce started flittering about singing once again...

'Goodbye, goodbye, until we will meet again,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.  
Goodbye, goodbye, you'll always be our friend,  
Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy promised them she would think of them and try to return some day.

She then turned to the young Prince Lloyd and said, 'I'm ready! '

He whistled and a beautiful white stallion came prancing out, kneeling) before him. He mounted then reached out his hand to Kristy. She grasped his strong hand, and was pulled up on the saddle in front of the prince.

The horse stood and turned away from Wonder Valley. It trotted west towards the Landing and the palace of Mysterious Kingdom.

Suddenly the horse seemed to lift off the ground.

Kristy looked down; the horse had large wings and was soaring as an eagle through the sky.

'We're flying! She gasped.

The prince just smiled and called out to his horse; 'Home, Thunder, home! '

She was feeling very sleepy. As they soared along she fell asleep resting on the Prince's chest.

She must have slept for hours, but it seemed like years.

Then out of this deep sleep she heard a familiar voice; 'Kristy, Kristy...'

'What! She thought, 'That sound's like mom's voice.'

She awoke startled and looked around. She was home lying on the floor in her bedroom. She sat up quickly! Something was tickling her nose! She reached up and scratched, then pulled away a tiny purplish silver feather.

'Hmm, where did that come from, ' she thought.

Befuddled and half asleep she flopped herself back down on the bed.

'Oh no, ' she thought, 'the Mysterious world, Wonder Valley, the handsome Prince, Thunder and the dragon... it was only a dream! '

She was so disappointed she wanted to cry. 'I knew it was too good to be true, ' thinking to herself.

She heard her mom call again; 'Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley, you need to get up and get ready for school! '

'Yes, mom, ' reluctantly she said.

Arising, she made her way to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth.

Crazy as it was she kept humming a tune in her head, 'Da, da, da, da, da, da...'

Then the words came, 'The Farmer in the Dale, the farmer in the dale....'

Shaking her head she thought, 'Why am I waking up humming that? '

After finishing her bathroom duties she went to her dresser then proceeded to get ready for school.

Sitting there thinking about just how she would wear her hair for school that day, she twisted a little this way and a little that, looking at herself in the mirror.

Talking to herself, she said; 'I think a pony tail would be good today.'

So she picked up the brush and as she raised it to begin brushing her hair, she caught a glimpse of something glittering on the back of her head.

Another thing caught her attention as well; her hair was already in a pony tail!

'That's strange, ' she thought, 'When did I fix my hair? And what do I have it wrapped with? '

Looking more closely at the shiny object in her hair, she asked herself; 'What is that? '

She turned around to be able to see her back better, then reached around, untwisted the glittering hairpiece from her hair and brought it around to where she could get a better look.

She was shocked, for she was holding in her hand the most beautiful schrunchee of any she had ever seen, that is, except the one in her dream of Wonder Valley!

The End

Loyd C. Taylor

## **ADVICE**

Run, but do not grow weary,  
Listen, His voice you must hear;  
Give, not for the wrong reasons,  
Pray, and then God will draw near.

Flee, sin's evil temptation,  
Trust, and on Jesus rely;  
Rest, from comfort of Scripture,  
Hope, until the day you die!

Dream, in better tomorrows,  
Believe, cast your doubts far away!  
Share, with unselfish spirit,  
Love, and get started today!

Loyd C. Taylor

## After Work

Forty hours of toiling hard,  
Can make a long tiresome week;  
But the work has to be done,  
Though these old bodies get weak.

Now, I've heard Pop often say;  
'Be glad when this work day's through,  
I just can't wait to clock out,  
Go home and rest with mom and you.

Son, it's been a long hard day,  
I'm worn down, clean to the bone;  
And when that whistle sets me free,  
You can bet, I'll soon be gone! '

Now that was many years ago,  
Today, he's grown feeble and slow;  
His doc just informed us kids,  
That soon we'll have to let him go.

Now as we gather around him,  
Pop lifted his weary head;  
Motioned for us to come near,  
And we listened as he said:

'Now, don't you fret about me,  
For I'm worn clean to the bone;  
This ole body is tuckered out,  
And soon now, I will be gone.

It sure has been a hard life,  
Can't wait for it to be through;  
But I'll rest soon as I get home,  
Where with Mom I'll wait for you.'

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Americans (A Memorial Day Tribute)**

As Americans  
We should all show gratitude  
For Americans  
Who have made the sacrifice,  
So Americans stay free!

### A Tanka Poem

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This is Memorial Day weekend and I would like to thank everyone who has lost a loved one to war. I remember them with heart felt gratitude for their willingness to serve their country and to pay freedom's price. My heart and prayers go out to the families who gave up their sons, daughters, moms or dads for our freedom. May God bless you this Memorial Day weekend. Sincerely, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Easter Gift**

There's a gift at the cross, a gift well worth having,  
It's lifted high, so it takes faith to have it.  
Believe in your heart, then reach out and take it,  
The Easter Gift... "Everlasting Life."

For by grace it is yours, just in His name believing,  
Surrender all to Him then trustingly receive Him.  
Confess with your mouth, freely you may have it,  
The Easter Gift... "Everlasting life."

For God so loved the world, He gave his only Son,  
That whosoever believes, should not perish!  
That they might have this gift, the gift of salvation,  
The Easter Gift... "Everlasting life."

John 3: 16

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Evening Drive With You**

The last thing I remembered  
Before drifting off to sleep,  
Was the smell of your perfume  
of your complexion sweet.

Though body was exhausted,  
Idle, my mind was not.  
I began reminiscing Love,  
Like counting highway dots.

I thought of miles traveled,  
Together... just me and you.  
Of the wonders witnessed,  
Like panorama windshield views.

We've spied scenes of beauty,  
Spontaneously parked along the way.  
Then at times... fleeing glances,  
In the rearview... fading fast away.

Memories reached for me,  
like billboards placed high.  
As road signs... or mile markers,  
Pointing out the way to drive.

Yes, we've come a long way, Dear,  
For me... the ride of my life!  
But I want to keep driving on,  
With you here by my side.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Insignificant Significant Woman (short story)**

I knew a lady who was never invited to the White House, and she would have never been on the top ten list of Who's Who or a guest on Oprah. To most people who happened to pass by her, she would have been considered nothing more than another poor person from the sticks. She was a woman who devoted her life to staying home and raising her children. She was not a modern day sex symbol and would never be nominated as a poster child for the women's lib movement. She had only known one man, one marriage, and she was true to her husband.

She pieced scraps of clothing together that others had discarded, and from those strips she made quilts, curtains, clothes and coverings. She saved old pieces of pants to patch other pants when they became holey. She didn't own a matching set of silverware and never owned a set of china. Her plates, saucers, cups and bowls were cracked and chipped, and the place settings for each of her twelve children had a different design. She walked most of her life on plank floors and dusty roads in poorly clad feet or barefooted. She raised a garden each year in ground that had been broken through the tools of the bended, aching backbone and human toil and sweat. She learned how to use scraps from every type of food in order to feed her family. Then, with the scraps from her scraps, she fed God's little creatures. She was godly, honest, humble and wise, but to many she was simply insignificant.

After seeing her children raised and living a long fruitful life, her heavenly Father called her home to a just eternal reward. I still remember that time just like it was yesterday. As the people gathered around her casket and later at the home place, they all had stories to tell of how this little insignificant mountain woman had made an impact on their lives. They came from near and far, each one sharing what a blessing this little woman had been to them. They told stories of how she shared food and gave clothing; many of the things given bore the fingerprints of her precious hands and the love of her heart. They told of how she had prayed for them and given them advice on everything from cooking and planting to how to keep love and romance in their marriage.

Yes, to many she was just a little insignificant woman, unnoticed on earth, but I believe greatly recognized in heaven. That same little woman prayed for me as a child; she taught me God's Word and sang to me songs of her sweet Jesus.

Sometimes people will praise me for some little thing I have done for them and they look at me as a person with strong morals and convictions, a man of honor and dedication. Oh, I am thankful for the compliments, and I would never take them for granted. But I have often reflected on why it is that I turned out like I did. I believe this little insignificant woman is the one mostly responsible for the good that others have discovered in me. Heaven only knows how much she was loved and has been missed. I loved her as well and told her so often while I had the opportunity, but still did not tell her or show it as much as she deserved.

I owe so much to this little mountain woman and I am so thankful that God chose to place me in her life. Today, as I thought about mothers, she naturally came to my mind. That woman that some may have thought of as insignificant was very significant to me... you see, that woman was my mom.

The End

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Old Friend Said 'Hi'**

Listen...  
If you should see her,  
Kindly, let her know  
Best wishes I send;

And please let her know,  
I would love to talk  
Again, friend to friend.

Let her know I miss  
Those sweet gentle smiles,  
That beamed on her face;

Tell her, if you would,  
That no other could  
Ever take her place.

Help her understand,  
That I do love her,  
Hugs and kisses I send;

Would you please convey  
How she's in my thoughts,  
And still my best friend?  
\*\*\*\*\*

You see...  
I've lost track of her,  
And it grieves my heart,  
At times I just cry;

Anyway...  
If you should see her,  
Would you please tell her,  
An old friend said "Hi"?

Loyd C. Taylor

## An Old Man's Prayer

He said; "Son, yah' look mighty troubled,  
But, they ain't no need t'be afraid.  
Fo there's One who can lift yo burdens,  
Frum a lifetime of bad choices made."  
When he placed his hand on my shoulder,  
The cares of my heart began to fade,  
For we took them into God's throne room,  
Through the gentle words that old man prayed:

\*\*\*\*\*

"O' Lord our Lord, how excellent is yo' name on  
all da earth, da only name where man can be saved.  
Father, yah said at da name of Jesus ev'ry knee's  
gon'na bow, n' ev'ry tongue's gon'na confess dat  
Jesus is Lord.

Now Father, yo' children come oft' b'fore yah with  
thanksgivin'; some're standin'; some're sittin', n'  
some kneelin'. Frum da depts of our heart we's  
humble ourselves n' confess dat same Jesus, He's  
our Lord n' God.

Mighty God, we's praise yah! We's glorify yah!  
We's honor yah! We's magnify yo' holy name.  
Father, we's thank yah fo dis day n' fo yo love, grace  
n' mercy, n' fo keepin' us frum all hurt n' danger  
all our days.

We's aks yo blessin' on hospitals, on institutions, n'  
on prisons. Those n' bed, bodied `n pain, dems dat  
are laid up n' nursin' homes. We's pray fo da cold,  
hungry, broken, n' thirsty... fo all mankind who bes  
fallen down `long da highways of sin.

We's pray fo dose whos knows Yah, n' dose that  
doesn't. We's pray fo yo grace on em in Jesus' name.  
We pray fo yo world... fo da earth is yo's n' da  
fullness there'n'. All good n' perfect gifts come from  
above, so we's thanks yah'.

We's pray fo our friend here t'day, a stranger ta me,  
but not so ta Yah, Father. Yo know all 'bout em. We's  
aks yah t'day fo yah is da one who gives us yo peace,  
who speaks n' it comes ta pass; We's praise yah fo  
ever mo!

We's b'lieve in yo power. Glory n' praise, n' majesty  
we give to you my Lord! Father, we's bes glad dat  
we's bes able ta walk n' step wit yah t'day, fo we's  
know it had dun n' been another day yah dun n'  
kept us safe by yo might.

Father, we's thank yah ta be able to lie down in yo bed of joy, b'tween yo sheets of grace n' mercy, wit our head on a pillow that is yo bosom of love. Yah give angels charge to protect us, yah give da Holy Spirit that breathes on us, n' seals us.

We's give glory n' praise n' thanksgivin'. If ya bless us ta see t'morra', we's knows we's be able ta `cept t'morra'. Fo Jesus is da same yesterday, t'day, n' fo'ever more! Yes, He is da one true friend dat sticks closer than any brother.

Dear Jesus, I's knows yah are da good Shepherd n' dat we's are yo lit'll sheep in yo pastor. We's bes keep'n our eyes on yah, cuz we's knows yah bes keep'n yo' eyes on us. We's trust yah to keep watch o're us, fo nothin' is out of you gaze.

Now, though we's walk thro' dah' fire, dah' storm, n' da dark valley; n' tho' thangs may look bad, we's be yo's. Now, God, we's gon'na be closin' dis `ere prayer, but we's know yah' will n'ere leave us or fo'sake us. We's pray this in Jesus Christ's name, Amen and Amen."

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When he finished, Lord knows I felt peace  
I had not owned in many a day,  
For as one who had been unshackled,  
Chains of worry and fear fell away.  
He then took his hand from my shoulder,  
I thanked him for the difference made,  
For we left my cares in God's throne room,  
Through the gentle words that old man prayed.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Old Soldier**

Friend, I have faced many a difficult battle,  
Dangerous missions that required some backbone;  
As a soldier, I have encountered hard times,  
But this trip was the toughest one I had known.

My feet became heavy, but still I walked on,  
Moving down the long hallway to where he lay;  
This man was my best friend and fellow soldier,  
But, I had received news, he would die today.

His room was now only a few feet away,  
I became frozen, standing there at his door;  
I had come to say goodbye to my comrade,  
For after today, I would see him no more.

He was sitting up, as if waiting for me,  
I noticed an old familiar smile on his face;  
He said; "Soldier, I'm sure glad you came today,  
For soon ole' buddy, I'll be leavin' this place.

He said; "Now you know I don't like hospitals,  
There's just too much sufferin' n' pain;  
'Sides, these places stir up many old memories,  
Some I've been reliving again and again."

"But, Soldier, I've got a brand new a'signment,  
I'm goin' t' a land where there ain't no wars;  
A place where winds of peace are always blowin',  
It's a long mission, away up b'yond the stars."

"Yes sir, I'm ready, be gone in a short while,  
But there's a thing or two I'd like you to know."  
"You, Sir have always been my very best friend,  
Sure gon'na miss our talks, and I've loved you so."

As he spoke, a glow came upon his old face,  
Like none that I had ever seen there before;  
He said; "Listen up Soldier, I'm being called,  
A messenger's a'standin' there at my door."

I took his hand as he squeezed mine so tightly,  
I swear, I have never seen him so at ease;  
He turned and spoke up again, smiling widely,  
"The Commanders' waitin', now I've got t' leave! "

And then, just like that, the old soldier was gone,  
Then I felt his firm grip on my hand release;  
I stood at full attention to salute him,  
As I said; "So long dad, now go... rest in peace."

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Overdue Debt**

Here is a special little poem  
It's written just for you,  
Words of rhyme to help me repay  
A debt that's overdue.

You're overdue a million thanks  
I always meant to say,  
You're overdue approving smiles  
To brighten up your day.

You're overdue a firm handshake  
For a great job well done,  
You're overdue a warm embrace  
For making learning fun.

You're overdue a needed prayer  
To strengthen you each day,  
So give me just a moment please  
To pray for you today;

God, bless the strong and gentle hands  
That hold our children tight,  
And bless their precious, loving mouths  
That teach them wrong from right.

God bless their keen attentive ears  
That listen for each cry,  
God bless the effort that they've given  
To guide our children's lives.

God, I sincerely need your help  
These overdue debts to pay,  
God, repay the "Childcare giver"  
Please bless them all today!

Written by Loyd Taylor, April 2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **An Unusual Romance**

It's sad, but so goes a dog's life;  
The master's gone and she's alone.  
Oh, when will he ever play fetch,  
Or give the poor doggie her bone?

Her puppy-dog eyes told the story,  
As she stared at four lonely cold walls;  
Then along came her slimy Prince Charming,  
As she waited for her master's call.

It was quite an unusual romance,  
A union made near her food pan;  
For Dusty Dog found her true soul-mate  
To ease her pining for a man!

I used to feel sorry for her  
For little time I could allow;  
When I noticed them snuggling together,  
My burden's guilt was eased somehow.

Sam Wart is what I have since named him,  
He's green and he hops on four feet;  
They're really an unusual couple  
Now neither is lonely, oh so sweet!

My friends, have you guessed this green creature,  
That fell for sweet Dusty the dog?  
I'll tell you the truth with no croaking,  
Sam Wart is a big toady frog.  
Written by Loyd Taylor, August 2008

My son asked me to watch his dog Dusty, a female pit bull mixture. I agreed to watch her for a few days until he moved and got settle in. Well, that's been many months ago. I felt so bad, leaving her outside for so long without any socialization. Then one morning I spotted this frog sitting near her food bowl. I assumed it was eating the flies that came to eat her leftover food. I named him Sam and took a photo for you to see. It appears Dusty is smiling in the picture. Sure enough, daily I have found Sam in the same spot and I must say he's getting pretty fat. Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **ANGELS**

Angels are God's holy messengers,  
Present even though we may not see.  
They are His ministering spirits,  
Assigned watchcare over you and me.

When frail humans make God their abode,  
They find Him a refuge from all storms;  
He gives His angels charge over them,  
To shield and protect them from all harm.

Holy angels may be anywhere,  
Silently guarding us night and day;  
Celestial beings sent from God,  
Overseeing finite creatures' way.

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee,  
to keep thee in all thy ways." Psalm 91: 11

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Are You Teasing Me?**

My heart beats rapidly!  
Are you teasing me?  
Well, are you?

Loyd C. Taylor

## Ballad of Big Joe

Hot and dusty, he ran into the saloon,  
A strong drink he gulped right down;  
'Everybody had better run!' he screamed;  
'Fer Big Joe's a'comin to town! '  
'Fer Big Joe's a'comin to town! '

'Big Joe... Who's he?' The new barkeep asked,  
With a puzzled look on his face.  
'The meanest, dirtiest man alive, ' he cried,  
'He's coming to clear out this place! '

He's big and ugly! He's tall and strong!  
Yeah, the baddest dude, thumbs down!  
Now when the patrons got an ear of this,  
They high-tailed it out of town!  
They high-tailed it out of town!

But b'fore the barkeep could up'n leave,  
He heard the most god-awful sound;  
Chains and spurs... cussin and fussin...  
So towards the door he whirled around!

There stood the biggest and ugliest man,  
Yeah, one that could do some harm;  
He had fists as large as cannon balls,  
And cannons he had for arms!  
And cannons he had for arms!

He had stringy, filthy beard and hair,  
A twenty gallon hat on his head;  
He came tromping towards the bar,  
With face a'glowin blood red.

His breath smelled like polecat fumes,  
His fire eyes stared fast and long;  
He growled as he slammed two bits down,  
A bottle of whiskey... make it strong!  
A bottle of whiskey... make it strong!

The bartender turned around slowly,  
Took a gallon from the shelf;  
This giant of a man drank and drank,  
Till not a single dropp was left.

He wiped his mouth on his sleeve  
His hand fell down to his gun;  
Said glarin at the barkeep;  
'Hey Mister, aint you going to run? '  
'Hey Mister, ain't you going to run? '

The barkeep was frozen like a statue,  
A'needin intervention,

Swallowing hard... he sent up a little prayer  
Saying, 'O God what can be done? '

This goliath said; 'I need a big strong horse'  
'And one that won't slow me down; '  
'And mister, you'd better come with me...

Fer ain't you heard? '

'Big Joe's a'comin to town! '  
'Big Joe's a'comin to town! '

Loyd C. Taylor

## Bear-shaped Bottle

Note: I went to the cupboard one day to make myself a cup of hot apple cider tea. As I pulled down my little honey bear-shaped bottle a thousand memories flooded my mind. I have one such memory I would like to share with you. I have placed a short story on [fandtory.com](http://fandtory.com) I hope you have time to read. Please enjoy, Loyd

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### Bear-shaped Bottle

I took out my little bear-shaped honey bottle from the cupboard...

I walked over to where my mug sat, empty-mouthed staring up at me expectantly, as if to say; "fill me please!" The water is whistling for me as the little boy across the street whistles for his retriever.

"OK, I'm coming!"

I pour the steaming water onto my apple spice tea; flip the lid open on my bear-shaped honey bottle. I pour the non-artificial sweetener into my tea. I feel some of the sticky substance on my finger; instinctively I lift it to my mouth, deliciously sweet!

With the aroma of apples and spice lifting up to my nostrils, my thoughts begin drifting back to that beautiful afternoon, driving along the Blue Ridge Parkway, with the family.

Man, were we hungry!

But, every spot was taken. It seemed like everyone from the rat race of city life had the same idea.

The constant chant from the little mouths "when are we going to stop? I'm hungry..." was similar to that of a scratched phonograph record.

"Just a little while longer," I said, trying to suppress my growing impatience, as well as that of Granny's in the back seat.

Please dear God, lead us to a place to park this car and to eat!

Suddenly ahead, could it be? There it was, to our right, an unbelievably refreshing sight, the perfect table for the spread. I stopped the car!

"Quick, everyone out! Grab the basket... grab the table cloth and drinks!"

Thank you Lord!

Oh the joy!

There we were, seated around, holding hands as we said grace. It was picture perfect, heaven-sent, and reminiscent of some scene from the Waltons.

Just then, mom cried out; "Careful, a bee!"

"It's just one little honeybee" I said. "Just leave it alone, it'll go away. Pass the chicken

and some bread.”

Then... our little friend had a little friend that joined him, now there were two little bees.

The kids were now swatting at them... as was Granny. “No, don’t do that! Just leave them alone and eat! ”

Then there were six or eight flying around our paper picnic plates... stealing drinks from the Styrofoam cups.

We then became deeply concerned for the first eight bees had summoned ... eight more, and then came more and more and...

Quick everyone.... grab the basket! Grab the tablecloth! Leave the drinks right where they are. Hurry, hurry, back in the car! Roll up the Windows..”

Man, what a day! Sure never thought things would go this way.

Safe now, but disappointed as we pulled back onto the road. I mumbled; “Those honey bees had spoiled it all! ”

Such determined creatures that would go to any length to make that pure non-artificial sweetener. You had to give them their dues.

I nonchalantly glanced back in my rearview, forgive me Lord, but I had to laugh.

“Look, I told everyone in the car... back behind us! ”

For, another family had an answer to their prayers.

We all giggled as we drove away.

Good luck, I thought, and have a nice day!

It was a sweet memory indeed. I gave my apple-spice tea one final stir, took a swallow and smiled to myself...

Then I placed my little bear-shaped bottle back in the cupboard on the shelf.

Written by Loyd Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## Beautiful America

My, what a lovely country,  
Americans, we are blessed!  
Any direction one turns,  
Her great beauty takes your breath.

The tall majestic mountains  
With glistening snow crowned heads,  
Blue mysterious oceans  
Waves of sparkling water spread.

Beautiful grassy meadows  
Cool refreshing mountain springs,  
The gorgeous golden sunsets,  
The wild untamed rolling plains.

Kingly trees with arms reaching  
To offer their treasures rare,  
Gorgeous flowered decor  
Of garden palaces fair.

The symphony of raindrops  
Pitter pattering the ground,  
Choruses of sweet song birds  
Serenading where they're found.

Musicians of small creatures  
From crickets to the jar flies,  
Lightening bugs wink at us  
Illuminates velvet skies.

Beautiful America,  
God has shed His grace on thee;  
Beautiful America,  
Yes, far as the eye can see.

Beautiful America,  
Blessed with strength and liberty,  
Beautiful America,  
Thank God, you are my country!

written by Loyd Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Blame George**

Now little George lived back in our neighborhood,  
But to some he was trouble and simply "No good."  
When things would go awry, he quickly gained fame;  
For kids would point and George would get the blame.

I asked my daddy; "Pop, how can they be so cruel? '  
He said; "Kids will be kids and sometimes play the fool.  
But, one day hopefully when they are more mature,  
We hope they learn that 'kinder' makes them good and pure."

He said; "Focus on the good and try not to offend,  
Be slower to condemn and quicker to commend."  
Dad's words protected me from criticism's snare,  
Balanced my judgment and helped me play fair.

But it seems though today, we have much bigger brats,  
Adult kids who always find fault, about this or that.  
Quick to point their fingers as they judge in shame,  
But most aren't willing to share a little blame.

They dismiss their reason and cave into their peers,  
Then the politicians use it to prey on their fears.  
Once Jesus was praised too, palm leaves were waved,  
But when he let them down they also went away.

It's easy to throw rocks at one in a glass Whitehouse,  
But to defend himself, George has opened not his mouth.  
Now I seem to relive childhood days others forge,  
When anything goes wrong, they just blame it on George!

Written by Loyd C Taylor, September 4,2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## Bring Back Christmas

There are presents to buy for family, friends or a significant other  
gifts to wrap, stockings to stuff and then my tracks to cover.

There are decorations to place on the tree inside the house  
then some on the trees and bushes without.

There is the writing of Christmas letters and addressing cards too  
more gifts to buy for old friends and new.

Then I need extra ones to have on hand just in case  
I forgot someone from some other place.

There are visits to make to my friends and families' homes  
then visits to those who are all alone.

There are visits of relatives, of family and friends  
so I visit and visit and visit again.

Then there are parades to watch with the little tots  
and the searching and searching for parking spots.

Then there's shopping for things on my Christmas list  
then shopping some more for the ones that I missed.

There are long lines of people in the stores and shopping mall  
trying to find that special gift before they sell them all!

There's the traffic and noise of this Christmas season  
so much to do, much for the wrong reason.

Then hurry back home, the house sure needs cleaning  
the pet needs attention and the kids are screaming.

So I stop what I'm doing and set them down to eat  
'O Lord, how I would love just to rest my feet.'

Then back at it again and the phone starts ringing  
someone wants to drop by, a gift they're bringing.

I'm tired and worn out and Christmas is still days away  
I wonder; "What happened to Christmas, how did it get this way? "

I must not forget one man, woman, girl or boy  
O the utter frustration in this "Season of Joy! "

'Lord, I'm so tired and I hate to complain  
but I'll be glad when it's over, I'm going insane! '

Then a voice I heard while trying to get my breath  
"A New Years celebration, I would like to suggest? "

I said; "I'm not even through Christmas and I'm nearly dead;

besides, I can't even think that far ahead."

But, what I have been thinking, I know it's hard to imagine  
we need to slow down take some time for relaxing.

Let's quit the hustling and bustling along the streets  
and bring back Christmas, a time of Peace!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Cayce (an acrostice poem)**

Cayce

she is...

Cute

Alluring

Yielding

Comforting

Excitable

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Changed Lives**

"Tongues"

That used to say ugly things no one needed to hear;  
Now speaking words of beauty praising the Savior dear!

"Hearts"

That used to beat to enjoy the wickedness of sin;  
Now broken for the lost praying that they make it in.

"Lives"

Once were torn asunder from their selfishness and shame;  
Now are healed through God's love and the power of His name.

O what grace immeasurable... O what love divine...  
O what hope immovable... and O what peace sublime!

Reaching down to the lowest of earth's sinful creatures,  
Redeeming freely from their undesirable plight!  
Reaching out to them through His Word and Holy Spirit,  
Redirecting them from dark to desirable Light!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Christmas - The Most Important Part of Christmas**

What is the most important part of Christmas?  
What do we celebrate each year?  
Is it the change we notice in people?  
Is it the spreading of Christmas cheer?

Is it wishing for falling snow flakes?  
Is it picking out a Christmas tree?  
Is it the laughter of little children?  
Is it people singing so merrily?

Is it the gifts wrapped so lovely?  
Is it tinsel, ribbons or bows?  
Is it the holiday decorations?  
Is it Christmas music or mistletoe?

Is it that kind old gentleman,  
dressed up in gold and red?  
Is it snowmen or jingle bells?  
Many thoughts race through our head.

Christmas means different things to people,  
and that is plain to see;  
but the most important part of Christmas is...  
C - H - R - I - S - T!

This is intended as a shape poem, shaped as a Christmas tree.  
For a better look, see it on [www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com) or [www.fanstory.com](http://www.fanstory.com)

Merry Christmas to one and all!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Christmas - Where is He?**

Where is the Hope of salvation?  
Where is all the celebration?  
Where is the One sent from above;  
Where is He, Divine gift of love?

Where is He, born the Jewish King?  
Where is He, of whom angels sing?  
Where is the One that shepherds seek;  
Where is He, of whom wise men speak?

Where is He, born this glorious night?  
Where is He, God's radiant light?  
Where is the One in manger low;  
Where is He, does anyone know?

Where is the Hope of salvation?  
Where is all the celebration?  
Where is the One sent from above;  
Where is He, Divine gift of love?

Where is He? Where is He?

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Christmas- What to Give a King**

Have you heard the news, a King is born?  
Yes, a King, born on this winter's morn!  
But He has no crown or lavish robes,  
He lies in manger, in swaddling clothes.

I long to visit this new born King,  
But, I need a gift for Him to bring;  
I have no frankincense, myrrh or gold,  
I have no treasure that He may hold.

As I pondered on some gift to bring,  
I know what He deserves as my King;  
My cherished treasure I will impart,  
This Christmas day I give Him my heart.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Christmas Wish for Everyone at Poemhunter

If I had one Christmas wish,  
A wish I knew would come true;  
One that would be granted me,  
What would I then wish for you?

Oh, I could wish for money,  
Maybe material things;  
Or, time for you to relax,  
Before the next doorbell rings.

I could wish you nice weather,  
To enjoy a few days outside;  
Or, I could wish you a snowfall,  
So you could snuggle inside.

I could wish you a family visit,  
Or, just some time to be alone;  
A time of deep reflection,  
Of a time that's long since gone.

If God would grant me one wish,  
And told me it would come true;  
After thinking long and hard,  
Here's what I would wish for you:

I would wish for you to receive,  
Christmas' true celebration;  
The gift of God's only Son,  
Who brings to us salvation.

That would be my Christmas wish,  
If I had one wish to give;  
For you to know God's mercy,  
And then eternally live.

\*\*\*\*\*  
So, from our hearts to yours...  
our wishes are sincere,  
A most Merry Christmas  
And Happy New Year!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Christmas, When I Think of You at Christmas**

When I think of you "Dear", on this joyous Christmas day;  
Of the many ways I love you, there's so much I could say.  
When I think of you 'Sweet', and the blessing that you have been,  
My mind is filled with many things, so where shall I begin?

I love the way you pick me up, when I am down and weak,  
I love the way you praise me and kiss kisses on my cheek;  
I love the way you hold my hand and for your beauty rare,  
I love the way you comfort me and show me that you care.

I love you for being faithful, for standing by my side,  
I love you for your laughter and the tender tears you've cried;  
I love you for our children and the model you have been,  
I love the twinkle in your eyes and your soft silky skin.

If meadows were my canvas and all rainbow colors used,  
I could never paint a portrait as beautiful as you;  
If the ocean were my ink and the sky my paper be,  
It still would not be enough to write what you mean to me.

Throughout this life one may be blessed with many treasures fine,  
But, I've been enriched beyond measure, just because you're mine.  
There's so many more things "Sweetheart, " about you I could say,  
But I'll just say 'I love you, Kathy', on this Christmas day.

Loyd C. Taylor

**Church (a A diamante' or shape poem)**

CHURCH

Church  
Warm friendly  
Shinning sharing showing  
Congregation Body family friends  
Looking longing wondering  
Lost found  
People

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Confusion**

What's wrong with this crazy place?  
Right seems wrong and visa versa too,  
People have question marks on their face.

Aimless, like upstairs there's vacant space,  
Are they part of the 'who's stupid' pool?  
What's wrong with this crazy place?

Searching, an empty dream they chase,  
No common sense and they act like a fool;  
People have question marks on their face.

Playing life's game in disgrace,  
Deceit and corruption are their tools.  
What's wrong with this crazy place?

Wanting away from this rat race,  
Learning their habits in the wrong school;  
People have question marks on their face.

They need bad to be replaced,  
For hearts and minds to be retooled.  
What's wrong with this crazy place?  
People have question marks on their face.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Court Day in the South**

Court Day in the South

O yes, O yes ... ever'body stand...

The honorable Judge Billy Bob,  
Over this'er court'll be presidin;  
Y'all lis'en fer us ta call yur name,  
Then tell where y'all be residin.

Now before we go any ferther,  
Into this respectful trial t'day;  
I'll warn yuh once, but not twice,  
Best hear what I'm bout t'say!

Ain't gonna be cell phones er pagers,  
No IPods or Blue-tooth in yer ear;  
We won't have them'ole baggy pants,  
You'd better pull em up rat here!

There's t'be no movin around,  
And no vulgar skin that's bare;  
We won't tolerate any fussin or cussin,  
Or it's a heap of trouble, I swear!

There'll be no wearin of any hats,  
No talkin er gawkin at others;  
No snoring, and no nose borin,  
Yuh hear me, sisters en' brothers?

Another thing I need t'make clear,  
'Bout them youngens there in the pew;  
If they make any'ole racket at all,  
They'll leave here, en' so will you!

Now listen up, now set rat down,  
Look up hear and hush yur mouths;  
I'm mighty proud ta welcome y'all,  
To my court, here in the South.

God save the South... God save us all!

Written by Loyd C Taylor, September 2,2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Crickets and Crosses**

.One early Easter morning I stood before a graveyard,  
the crickets were chirping their morning song for me.  
I saw three crosses that had been placed there by the church,  
they were to be as a reminder of the Hill called Calvary.  
Calvary... where Jesus was crucified between two thieves;

The middle cross represented the one upon which Christ died.  
As I stood still and gazed upon the scene,  
I let my mind drift back in time,  
I moved slightly closer as the crickets grew strangely quiet.  
My eyes scanned over the graves, shadowy in the early light;

The crosses stood on a small hill between the graveyard and me.  
A thought played upon my mind... "Without the cross, the empty cross,  
what would this mean for you and me? What would it mean for me? "  
I pondered...and I came to this one conclusion,  
we would be nothing more than crickets.

They are born, they live... and then they die...  
for them it all ends at death.  
Graves would just be holes in the ground for decaying bodies;  
no hope, it would end at the grave,  
we would live and then die. We would die.

But, the empty cross gives Hope for life beyond this life, for all humanity!  
I thought of the empty tomb,

I thought of how Christ came forth on the morning of the first day,  
He came forth alive. Alive! ALIVE!  
I was suddenly filled with praise as joyful tears came to my eyes.

I will always remember that cool, still, early morning; there in communion  
and worship on this mortal journey, Jesus once again made his presence so  
obvious. Just as the True Gospel teaches and the Son began to arise,  
The only thing between us and cold death was beautifully symbolized by  
the rugged cross that stands between.

O, thank God for Hope!

O, thank God for the cross!

O, thank God for the empty tomb!

Thank God for Easter, because He lives we may live eternally!

Not like the crickets which die... they just die.

Loyd C. Taylor

## CSI Appetite

Fianlly, the opportunity I found,  
To satisfy this appetite of mine;  
One that had been lying all day long,  
In the dark crevices of my mind.

Stealthily, moving across the floor,  
So the sleeping I wont disturb;  
Slight, the creaking under my feet,  
Occasionally could be heard.

Grasping firmly with my hand,  
I pulled the covers quickly aside;  
One by one, peeling them back,  
Wiping the tears from my eyes!

The touch was firm and silky,  
Perfect and firmly shaped;  
Prepared now, I surgically begin,  
Like a predator to its prey.

I stood with knife in hand,  
Sharp piece of stainless steel;  
Hesitantly, but unable to turn back,  
My appetite had to be filled.

By now my eyes were watering,  
Burning with unromantic tears;  
Voices screaming in my head; 'Stop! '  
But the appetite pushed out the fear!

I wanted to dropp my knife and run,  
But NO, this appetite is too real;  
My craving lust is winning the battle,  
Resolved, I pushed down the steel.

Slicing and dicing I must persist,  
The tears now began to flow;  
I unzipped the bag lying near me,  
Removing the cold contents slow.

Two slices I laid bare on the table,  
Aiding to kill my appetite pains;  
Then piling on the Ham and Turkey,  
And a stack of raw onion rings.

Appetite filled!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Cyclone Devil**

Tai-fung, it is named,  
The Great Wind, deadly and mean,  
Mad fierce heavy rains!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Dad, Happy Father's Day!**

I thought about the many people I could write about today,  
I thought of many beautiful and lofty words I planned to say.  
But as I began to write an image seemed to inspire my hand,  
So this little poem is for all our dads, a really awesome man.

He's one who seldom gets the credit for the sacrifices made,  
He's one who seldom gets to rest at the ending of the day.  
He's one who you will hardly ever hear complain of being used,  
He's one who wouldn't ever think of giving up on me and you.

He's not into pretty flowers or fancy presents all gift-wrapped,  
He's not into hot spas and massages or costly things like that.  
He's one who loves his wife and works to meet all his family's needs.  
He's one who loves his children and prays for them on calloused knees

So to this unsung hero, to this man who's given us so much,  
We just want to say thank you and tell you Dad, you are truly loved.  
We wish you joy and happiness in every possible way,  
May your life know true fulfillment and love - Dad, "Happy Father's Day! "

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Daisies Don't Lie**

The Daisy looked up at me  
And said; "Don't you want to know? "  
Hold me close and let me help,  
His heart I'll surely show.

I smiled and spoke back softly;  
"Pretty friend, you've got a deal,  
But I can tell you right now,  
I know his love is real.

I held the flower gently,  
One petal I then set free;  
The truth flowed forth from my heart,  
He loves me, he loves me!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Dawson (a Cinquain (Quintain poem))**

Dawson

Dawson  
With dimpled cheek  
Brings joy into my life  
He always loves and hugs me tight  
Grandson

a Cinquain (Quintain) poem

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Dawson (an acrostice poem)**

DAWSON

he is...

Daring  
Ambitious  
Winsome  
Silly  
Outgoing  
Notable

And so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

## Descriptions...

'caution,  
slow down,  
curve ahead,  
turn right,  
yield, stop,  
crosswalk,  
R/R Crossing, '  
Road signs!

'trees, clouds,  
flowers, birds,  
sunshine, rain,  
wind, snow,  
sleet, floods,  
stars, rivers,  
the moonlight'  
Nature!

'love,  
romance,  
time, trust,  
intimacy,  
oneness,  
together,  
commitment,  
companionship, '  
You and Me!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Devouring Earthquakes**

Ground trembles greatly,  
Earth moves, cracks and breaks open;  
Devours the living!

Written by Loyd Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Do You Know How It Feels**

Do you know how it feels to receive a gift?  
But, do you know how it feels to give a gift?

Do you know how it feels to have a good friend?  
But, do you know how it feels to be a friend?

Do you know how it feels to enjoy true love?  
But, do you know how it feels to give true love?

Do you know how it feels to discover joy?  
But, do you know how it feels to bring one joy?

Yes, we all know how good, the getting does feel,  
But, do we truly know how it feels to give?

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Doing versus Thinking**

You may say you care, that you don't mind at all,  
You may smile warmly and answer when I call;  
You may reach out a hand to help should I fall,  
But God knows what you are thinking.

You may act concerned and happy to assist,  
You may give me money from your loosened fist;  
You may take time to sit with me for a bit,  
But God knows what you are thinking.

I want to think you love me and really care,  
I want to call you and know that you'll be there;  
I want to share burdens I'm trying to bare,  
But God knows what I am thinking.

O God, help us to do, not just think the deed,  
By acting in love to meet another's need;  
O God, as you are, may we be so indeed,  
And help us do as we're thinking.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Don't Point**

In a little French village,  
Near a meadow green;  
A rock sculpture stands,  
A wonder to be seen.

Tis' claimed by villagers,  
That a miracle did appear;  
A shape like a finger,  
In clay hearts it struck fear.

The land suffered drought,  
The crops could not yield;  
So the villagers prayed,  
For rain for their fields.

When rain did not fall,  
To save flock and lands;  
The feeling of hatred,  
Would force evil hands.

In their state of sin,  
They pointed at God;  
Climbed 'top the mountain,  
And spit on the sod.

That night clouds darkened,  
The thunder did crash;  
The countryside was flooded,  
As lightening did flash.

Early the next morning,  
When the sun beamed bright;  
A shepherd boy gathered,  
All the folk to the site.

The mountain was gone,  
But standing in its place;  
Was a giant rock finger,  
Pointing right in their face.

The villagers were shocked,  
Not one made a sound;  
For God in rightful anger,  
Had stood his ground.

The lesson of this story,  
Is one that is true;  
When you point at God,  
He points back at you!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Drops**

Pitter patter  
O' they splatter,  
As sad drops fall down today;  
Dripping dropping  
There's no stopping,  
Since you turned and walked away.

Dropping, dropping  
My heart's throbbing,  
Careless words fly in the air;  
Sobbing, sobbing  
Hopeless watching,  
Yet, you left me standing there.

Sighing, crying  
Think I'm dying,  
Praying you come back my way;  
Dripping dropping  
I can't stop them,  
Falling from my eyes today.

Laughing, crying  
Glad tears crying,  
You're back in my arms to stay.  
Loving, hugging  
Turtle-doving,  
Let us always stay this way.

Written by L C Taylor May,2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Easter Must Be Near!**

When Parson Ike's preaching improves,  
And the choir choruses' in their room,  
And the parishioners fill the pews,  
And Don's Dogwood blossoms bloom,  
When lovely lilies grace the hall,  
Then the message is heard by all,  
He lives! He lives!  
New life He gives,  
Then Easter must be close at hand.

When they worship in early light,  
And gather around earthly graves,  
And praise the resurrection sight,  
And all may come, for Jesus saves,  
When hearts are open to His call,  
Then the message is heard by all,  
He lives! He lives!  
New life He gives,  
Then Easter must be close at hand.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Elusive Dreams**

Some hearts chase elusive dreams.  
What do they search for?  
Reality?

Loyd C. Taylor

## EVE

In the beginning the world was great, the creation was good,  
But something was missing in Adam's neighborhood.  
The heavenly sky was a perfect blue, the air pure and sweet,  
What else could man wish what more could he need?

Each of God's creatures had its mate, a true partner for life,  
A companion for support through sorrow or strife.  
But sadly, it was yet not so for Adam, for alone he is seen,  
Sadder by each lonely moment, like a horrible dream!

We read that God said; 'it is not good that man is alone',  
So, He set about to bring happiness to Adam's home.  
God gently took Adam aside and put him in a deep sleep,  
Surgically He removed a rib to make a helpmeet.

God presented His gift to Adam, his wife she would be,  
From that day forward and for all eternity.  
She was superb in her beauty! A graceful joy and delight!  
She is called Woman to stand by Adam's side.

Adam's loneliness is defeated with God's great surprise,  
His gift of woman who shall become his wife.  
Now, the sky is much bluer! The trees are a deeper green!  
Songbirds sing sweeter, the earth in beauty gleams!

God creation is now perfect, the final touch of His hand,  
His masterpiece is completed by creating Woman.  
An awesome thing happened, as God always knew it would,  
For through "Eve", He turned 'not good' into 'Good'.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Fathers (Tribute)**

### FATHERS

Fathers ...  
They are strong  
When we need protection.  
They are tender  
When we need affection.

Fathers ...  
They are near  
To chase our fears away.  
They work hard  
To provide day after day.

Fathers ...  
Their tasks many  
Free minutes are so few.  
They are special  
For all the things they do.

Fathers ...  
They are disciplinarians  
Yet soothe our pains away.  
They are spiritual leaders  
And taught us how to pray.

Fathers ...  
They are heroes  
Though perfect they are not.  
They are gracious  
Our flaws some how forgot.

Fathers ...  
They are misjudged  
In time they've given us.  
They give wisdom  
Through words spoken in love.

Fathers ...  
They are treasures  
So today let us start,  
Honoring our Father  
And love with all our heart.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Fathers Are**

Fathers...  
Are faithfull, strong and true,  
Providing for our needs;  
They give us words of truth,  
Imparting wisdom's seeds.

Fathers...  
Are always there for us,  
Chacing our fears away;  
They work hard willingly,  
Sacrificing each day.

Fathers...  
Have firm unerring hands,  
Living the words they say;  
They are spiritual leaders,  
Showing us the right way.

Fathers...  
Are the unsung heroes,  
Refusing any fanfare;  
They avoid the limelight,  
Serving is their desire.

Fathers...  
Are God's special people,  
Showing His image true;  
They love to hear the words,  
Saying; 'Dad, I love you.'

Loyd C. Taylor

## Final Words

This is a rhyming poem with no set meter.

I recently helped a close friend on mine make his funeral arrangements and tried to comfort him and his wife. I helped him write his final letter to his friends. He has only a few months to live. As I thought about his letter and final thoughts, this poem came to me. I hope you enjoy, Loyd

I'm glad you're here, was concerned you wouldn't make it,  
Don't know how long Dear, I'm afraid, I must admit;  
Your presence brings me comfort in a special way,  
Besides, there are few things I just needed to say.

I can't tell you enough just how much I love you,  
Yes, 'Sweetheart, I have no doubt, that you love me too;  
I thank you for the years we've had, my how time flies,  
Here, Darlin' take this tissue, wipe those pretty eyes.

Now don't you fret about me, for I'm really fine,  
Just make sure you use that Life policy of mine;  
Yes, it does hurt and may need something for the pain,  
Oh, I'm sorry, for I've gone and made you cry again.

I signed those last few documents late yesterday,  
And Good Will came early and took those things away;  
Guess I'm 'bout as prepared as any one can be,  
Just never thought Dear this could happen to me.

Got to see some relatives, I never knew I had,  
Was nice they came by, just hated to see 'em sad;  
They whispered in the room, not knowing I could hear,  
Every now and then, I had to wipe away a tear.

Oh, the preacher came by about an hour ago,  
He read, then made sure that I was ready to go;  
Just love that Psalm about the Shepherd and his sheep,  
Sure hope it's read when I finally go to sleep.

It's amazin' all the thoughts a'floodin' through my mind,  
Of the tasks left unfinished and things I'll leave behind;  
But it won't be long now, I feel a little cold,  
Come a little closer... I need your hand to hold.

My breathing's gettin' heavy, I can't feel my heart beat...  
Look! Are those angels a'standin' there at my feet?  
Sweetheart, something's different, I don't feel the same;  
Shush! Listen, for I just heard someone call my name...

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Free From the Shadows (A long story of suspense)**

Using my free hand, I pulled my trembling body up on the edge of the bed and peered out fearfully from the red curtains of my prison. I could only pray, 'Oh God, help me! ' One moment the need to fight for my freedom filled me-wanting it so badly I ached. The next I wished death would take me, putting an end to it all.

It seemed as if weeks had passed since I had eaten; my stomach cramped with hunger. I knew I was dehydrated. My captors gave me just enough food and water to keep me alive. They injected me several times a day with some kind of drug that made me dizzy and weak but would not let me sleep. I found myself trapped in a world where everything seemed psychedelic with occasional returns to reality. I recalled a small, dim light in the center of the room, the murmur of voices all around me, and of course, those horrid red curtains. The reality of what happened to me was so hard to deal with that I found myself thanking God for the periodic blackouts.

My captors chained me to a bed for what seemed like eternity. My arms ached and my wrists burned as if acid ate away at my flesh. My bruised body found relief only in the numbness brought about by the abuse. I had tried to end it all by wrapping the heavy iron chain around my neck and falling to the floor, but my scheme failed. When my abductors discovered my attempt, it only brought more torture. Yes, death would be such a relief, from the slobbering animals that crawl onto my body and invade my very being. Daily I hoped for a miracle.

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I am Melati. Melati is an Indonesian name given to me by my Indonesian mother and American father. Melati is Jasmine in English, a fragrant white blossom that grows in both countries. My story began when I left the safety of my home back in the USA to take a short summer vacation with some friends. Our destination was to the beautiful Indonesian island called Bali.

My dad, retired Major Samuel Matthews, found himself stationed there as a young soldier, and that's where he met my mom, Malia. Mom, a native Indonesian, lived on the island and worked as an RN at Rumah Sakit Umum Sanglah hospital. Their love fit the typical war romance story in which the soldier suffered shrapnel wounds and found himself in the hospital under the care of a beautiful young nurse. Mom treated him, and like a fairy tale, they hit it off right away, fell in love, and married. Two years later I came along, but, sadly, complications during my birth took my mother's life. Dad single-handedly raised me, and over the passing years he and I have grown inseparable.

Though I had not traveled much when growing up, it remained a life-long ambition. I had just celebrated my 20th birthday, and although I did not see it coming, my life would change in a way I could never imagine. I felt so grown-up and wise, but I had never ventured out of the country or gone too far without Dad.

Just before beginning the last year of school, Dad had asked what I wanted for a graduation present. Having always dreamed of visiting my mother's ancestral home on Bali, I asked for a trip there. He agreed, and all year I had anticipated it. With the help of my best friend, Elizabeth, we researched the region, did our homework, and planned the trip down to the minute. Two other friends from school, Sarah and Dawn, joined us on our adventure. Many young people, just like us, targeted this fabulous place because of its reputation of catering to Americans. We were excited about the

prospects of beautiful beaches, fun, freedom, and boys! As with most school-weary college students, I felt all my hard work over the last several years merited a little fun and relaxation. Besides, what better way to get re-energized before settling down to my next long-term commitment? I didn't know then what I wanted to do with my life, but because of the nurturing values learned from my dad, I had a desire to make a difference in some way.

So, Elizabeth and I, along with Sarah and Dawn, booked our flight to the Ngurah Rai International Airport. Next, we made our reservations at Grand Hyatt Bali, the crown jewel of resorts in Nusa Dua, located on a luxurious stretch of magnificent beachfront. Our plans included hitting night spots and sight-seeing, but more than anything, I wanted to find my birthplace. Dad had given me the names of several people who had known my mother, and I hoped to make contact with them.

I had dreamed of this trip for months and now in just a short while it would become reality! Fourteen days to enjoy our getaway from the concrete jungle of New York City, where we lived, to an island paradise, and I couldn't wait! Soon, we would fly the friendly blue sky, on our way... just the four of us. It all seemed just too good to be true!

Dad pleaded with me to allow him to chaperon the four of us. That might have come about because of his military background or maybe because he acted like a father. He promised he would not get in my way and would let us have our freedom. But, as most young adults do, and maybe being a little too trusting, I detested the idea that I might need a baby-sitter. Besides, I didn't want to look like daddy's little girl. After all, how much fun could I have with my dad close behind me? I felt I had to break away at some point and this seemed as good a time as any. Looking back, how I wish I had taken him up on his offer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dad and I picked my friends up early and we headed for the Newark Liberty International Airport. I had asked him to drop us off and let us handle everything else, and he reluctantly agreed. However, on the way, he gave us a final lecture on how to conduct ourselves in a foreign country and the dos and don'ts to keep us out of trouble. I could see his concern, and even though I felt a little embarrassed in front of my friends, I knew he loved me, and that made me happy.

To ease his mind, all four of us girls had agreed to stay together, at least in part. We had booked at the same resort, on the same floor, with two of us to a room. We had exchanged all pertinent information and worked out little signals, should any of us get into trouble. We felt perfectly safe.

It all seemed to help, but he still remained a bit hesitant. So, he made me promise to call him as soon as I checked in, then every other day thereafter. I gave him my word; we kissed, hugged, and then said our goodbyes at the airport before hurrying on our way to freedom!

\*\*\*\*\*

After arriving at the Bali airport, we immediately struck up a conversation with a cute guy who introduced himself as Wijaya. He was working as a baggage handler. Smiling

at us while lugging our suitcases, he said; 'Halo... selamat datang', which means 'hello and welcome.' He spoke very good English, but with just a slight accent, which made him so interesting to talk to. He was so nice, and so well-mannered.

Each of us said hello in return, as the girls goggle-eyed each other, giggling as they walked to the waiting cab. We were all starving after the long flight, so after loading up the cab with our baggage, we asked our new friend about restaurants.

Wijaya suggested a place near our motel called 'Kafe Batan Waru, ' saying, 'They are sure to have something for you. It serves delicious Indonesian food as well as many other tasty dishes! '

We thanked him and then I surprised myself by boldly inviting him to join us. He readily agreed. We waved goodbye and heard him shout 'sampai jumpa, ' which is goodbye in Indonesian, then the taxi pulled away and took us to our resort.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah and Dawn had indicated that, because of being so tired, they would take a little nap and grab a bite to eat at the resort's restaurant. After we all were settled in our rooms, Elizabeth and I grabbed a cab and headed out to meet Wijaya at the Kafe Batan Waru. Wijaya had invited his close friend, Paku, to join us, which was fine and dandy with Elizabeth.

Soon, we sat down, ordered and began to make small talk over a delicious island specialty of fish roasted in Banana leaves. Wijaya and Paku had been longtime friends and grown up near each other, much like Elizabeth and me. We learned they both attended a local university and lived on campus. We also found out that they had never traveled outside of the Indonesian Islands. Amazingly, we discovered that we had a lot in common, even though we were from two completely different worlds.

Wijaya taught us that the Indonesian people gave names with special meaning to their children. 'My name, ' Wijaya said jokingly, 'means the victorious one and Paku... well his name means ore.' Paku spoke up, "Hey, my name means silver, not just ore! " We all had a good laugh.

They filled us in on some of the local hot spots and a few fun places where many young adults went to hang out. Wijaya said something that should have set off a warning in my mind, 'Please be very careful and do not drink too much. Our island is beautiful and can be a fun place, but you are not in the United States. There are many no-good fellows out there who would possibly hurt you. OK? '

We assured him that we were big girls and would be careful. Laughingly, I said, 'You sound like my dad and you're only 24. Are you working undercover for him? ' I had to explain that my dad owned an investigation organization which specialized in finding missing people or those running from the authorities. A strange, confused look crossed Wijaya's face, but we laughed it off.

We all made plans to meet up later that evening for a time of partying at a club called 'Dewa's.' Dewa's was a favorite night spot and we felt safe since it was so well-known. I found out later that Dewa means 'little god' in the native language. It was then I remembered that I needed to call my dad, so I excused myself to make the call.

When I received no answer, I left him a message on the voice mail that said; 'Hi Dad, sorry I missed you, but we have all checked into our rooms. I'm calling you from a little restaurant where we are enjoying a delicious meal in the company of two nice university students. Their names are Wijaya and Paku. Now, please don't worry. We are as safe as four bugs in a rug. Here is the number of the phone in our room. Its 2 p.m. Monday afternoon and I will call you every two days to check in like I promised. We are already having a good time. So, I will talk to you on Wednesday. Thank you again for this gift, you're the greatest! Love ya! '

After leaving the message, I returned to our booth to find Elizabeth and the guys laughing and having a good ole' time. Wijaya explained that he had to be back to work in an hour, so he and Paku rose to leave, then grabbing the check, insisted on paying for the meal as his 'welcome to the island' gift.

I thanked him and felt a little silly, but I asked if I could get his number. He smiled and wrote it down on a napkin and handed it to me as he asked for mine.

I reached in my purse and immediately saw one of Dad's business cards, so I turned it over and wrote our room number down and handed it to him. He glanced at the card, smiled, then placed it in his shirt pocket and they said, 'sampai jumpa' and left. Elizabeth and I came away from that little restaurant cheerful and more optimistic than ever about our decision to visit this island.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah and Dawn had decided to go with us, so later that night the four of us met Wijaya and Paku in the motel lobby. To our shock, the guys were driving a small, faded silver Toyota. It was so hilarious to see six people cramming themselves into that small car, but we made it and headed towards Dewa's.

The place was full of life, colorful lights and live entertainment. What a fun night we had! Though enjoying the partying, we still were very watchful, keeping an eye out for each other and being cautious about limiting our alcohol intake. I remember thinking, If the girls back home could see me now, they would be so jealous.

We left the club at about 1: 30 a.m., Wijaya and Paku came back to our room where we talked and laughed for hours, making fun of each other's customs and accents. Both guys were real gentlemen and the conversations we engaged in were mainly about how different our countries, upbringing and lives were. We took turns talking about our families, and goals for our futures. Surprisingly, we realized that we had many of the same desires, such as making a difference with our lives. The time slipped away and one by one we crashed in exhaustion, some on the floor, and others on the furniture.

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Awaking the next morning, I found a note from Wijaya stating that he would meet us at Dewa's around 10 p.m., since he had to work late. I thought about how sweet he was, of how he had kept very good control of himself, drinking ginger ale the entire night. Then he had driven us safely back to our resort, where he and Paku had escorted us to our rooms. It was nice meeting someone so sweet on my first trip to a

foreign country, and then striking up a friendship so quickly... unbelievable! It seemed as if we had known each other all our lives and this only my second day here. I remember feeling quite relaxed, and that may have caused me to become a bit careless.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was mid-morning on Tuesday, and after eating a junk-food breakfast, we spent the next few hours unpacking the rest of our stuff and checking our itinerary. Around 2 p.m., Elizabeth and I got dressed and made our way to the resort's entrance where a cab was waiting for us. Sarah and Dawn would meet up with us later at the club, not wanting to tag along on a boring museum tour or a trip to the library.

Elizabeth and I did a little sightseeing, bought a few small souvenirs and then, noticing the time, headed for Dewa's. It was about 8 p.m. when we arrived. Sarah and Dawn were already there.

The place was crowded and very loud; we could barely hear each other talk. We listened to the band, downed a couple of mixed drinks and had a few dances with some very eager young men.

About an hour later I began to feel a little funny, so I tried to locate the girls. Elizabeth was off to the other side of the club dancing with Paku, who had arrived a few minutes earlier. Sarah was dancing with some weird guy with long hair and numerous tattoos and Dawn was sitting at a table with two other girls, engulfed in lively chatter. They all seem to be having such a good time and I sure don't want to destroy their evening, I thought, as I began to get a little nauseated.

I glanced around for the restrooms which were located to my left, down a little hallway. I needed to get in there fast! As I walked, I remember feeling dizzy; the room spun around. The floor became blurry and I fell. I sensed an arm wrap around me just as I passed out. When I came back to consciousness I realized I was being partially dragged. I tried to struggle free, but the grip on me was too strong. At that point, I blacked out again.

\*\*\*\*\*

I can't be sure how long I was out, but the next thing I knew, I woke up in a dark, dingy van, similar to a small school bus. I noticed that the rear windows had been tinted in a heavy color; my heart sank as I realized that my arms and waist were restrained. I could see the images of others in the van as well, each obviously confined to their seats. What on earth is happening? I asked myself.

The van traveled along a bumpy road and finally came to a stop. I strained to look out the front windows and spied a gate with guards positioned on either side; visions of a prison camp came immediately to my mind. The men scurried to open the gates so the van could drive through. Chills ran up my body at the clanging sound of the gates being slammed shut!

We pulled to a stop in front of an old warehouse of sorts. I could hear a conversation in some foreign language and there was a dreadful sense of tenseness in the air. Then the terrifying realization of what was happening seized my heart... we were all being

abducted!

A large metal garage door inched opened as the van drove inside, then screeched as it slowly closed behind us. Quickly, men climbed into the vehicle, pointing guns in our faces as they loosened us one by one. They pushed us out of the van and we were corralled like cattle in the center of a large musty room.

There were four or five girls about my age and two small boys in the group, all like me, in shock, crying and shouting to our abductors. Then two men with tasers came in and, going around the room to each girl, tased us and then shouted in broken English, 'If you know what's good for you, you will shut up and do as you are told! '

After that we were stripped, and thrown into a shower room where we were ordered to take a shower. We were hurried out of the shower and made to quickly dry off. At that point a rather bulky woman came in and handed each of us girls a flimsy piece of clothing. To our great shock and humiliation, we were ordered to dress in thin, gauzy garments. One girl refused and was tased until she could barely move.

They gave us something to eat and drink, then one by one we were escorted from this large room to small motel-like rooms partitioned off by red curtains. Once placed in the room, we were drugged, thrown on a bed, and then handcuffed to bolts in the wall near the head of the bed.

I can't describe in words what took place next, but it was and has been the most dreadful time of my life! I vaguely remember the faces, but the alcohol and tobacco odor of my abusers, their filthy comments and the touch of their hands, still at times, make me vomit.

\*\*\*\*\*

I learned later that Wijaya had arrived at Dewa's just as we had planned. No sooner had he entered the club, than he saw me staggering towards the ladies' room. Assuming I was drunk and not wanting to embarrass me, he decided to give me a little time. After a few minutes, when I didn't return, he rushed towards the restroom.

Later he would tell the authorities he had heard a scuffle and then a door slam. He ran to the door and looked over the railing from the second floor where he stood. That's when he saw two men forcing me into a brown van as a third stood guard with an assault rifle.

The stairs were two flights and he could not jump the railing. Quickly, so as not to be detected, he eased back into the shadows. Grabbing a pen and writing on his hand, he recorded the license plate number, and noted as well the make and model of the van. The tires squealed as the vehicle sped away and was soon out of sight.

Wijaya ran into the bar, alerted the manager and then used their phone to report the incident to the local police. Next, he gathered Elizabeth, Sarah and Dawn together and explained the incident to them. He then insisted they return to their rooms at the resort and as soon as they could, call their parents. Paku returned with them to keep them company through the night. Wijaya promised to join them later, but first he had to wait at the club for the police. The authorities arrived within minutes; they took his report and told him they would do their best to locate the van as well as visit the motel

later for a statement from my friends.

As soon as he could, Wijaya made a call to my father from the business card I had given him. 'Major Matthews, my name is Wijaya; your daughter is in trouble!' He told Dad the entire story and made plans to meet him at the airport as soon as flight plans could be arranged. Next he returned to the resort and made sure that the girls were OK and had contacted their parents.

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Thankfully, Dad had some good connections with friends who were able to get him to Bali in short order. Just before Dad left, he made a few calls to some highly trained individuals who worked within his organization, who immediately initiated a plan to search for me. It was as if Dad knew something like this could happen and he was already prepared. He understood well that the key to finding a kidnapped person was in the steps taken within the first few hours of the incident, so he wasted no time.

Next, he called the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, a private, non-profit organization established to help locate missing children. He also contacted the Indonesian International Security Ministry, which deals with reported abductions in the Islands and in other foreign countries.

Dad then contacted an old military buddy and associate of his, General Justin Franks, who was living in Indonesia at the time. General Franks assured Dad he would do all he could to help. Not waiting on the police, he began working with Dad's organization, and coordinated an immediate search for me and the van.

Dad arrived the next day and met up with Wijaya at the airport. After thanking him for his concern, he got all the details he could from him. He made a quick stop at the resort to check on my friends. He questioned them about that awful night and then made early arrangements for them to fly safely back home.

Next, he went to the authorities to see what progress had been made and to give them the information he had obtained. Dad said he had become upset when he realized how little had been done by the local authorities. He threatened them with everything from media coverage to pulling strings with high ranking officials in the US and Indonesian government.

When they realized who my dad's friends were, they treated my case with more urgency. Finally the ball was rolling!

Dad next met up with his old friend, General Franks, who had traced the vehicle to a warehouse about twenty miles outside the city. Though he and Dad were tempted to take matters into their own hands, they contacted the local officials. They gave them all the information they had obtained, and then inquired as to what they were going to do.

Surprisingly, the island police acted quickly. They assembled a task force made up of some of the most specialized personnel on the Island. They would make a raid on the complex and allow Dad and General Franks to accompany them, with the understanding that they would stay out of the way and not interfere. The two men gave their word and the authorities set their plan into motion.

Surveillance was necessary to obtain enough probable cause for the raid, so that would take an additional ten to twelve hours. An undercover officer was given a picture ID of me, and my name. He was then sent inside the compound to see if I could be located and to check the layout of the target area.

Looking back, I now recall being awakened in the night sometime thinking I heard my name whispered. I rose up and peered outside my red curtained prison and saw a man staring at me as if he had seen a ghost. He smiled, snapped my picture and vanished.

Once my identity had been verified and everything was in place, they picked up Dad and General Franks and brought them to the location. They met with the rescue team at the planned rendezvous site to go over all of the details. They would need to act quickly to ensure everyone's safety.

The hour of 3 a.m. came as the personnel slowly and silently surrounded the property; they gave the signal and the raid commenced. The abductors were taken completely off guard! Some guns were fired, but thankfully no law enforcement people were hurt and only two of the abductors were killed.

Twenty-six girls, as well as five young children, were rescued that night, thirty-one lives delivered from their tormenters. It was a miracle... an absolute miracle! All I could do was cry and thank God! The entire event was well publicized; the bad guys were arrested while their victims received much needed medical attention and counseling.

I was so thankful to finally be free from my red-curtain room of hell and made sure everyone knew so, beginning with Dad and Wijaya. Though it may never stop, at least some damage was done to this terrible practice through my abduction and rescue, and for that I am grateful.

Dad and Wijaya and the island police became national heroes and the grateful families poured out their praise for a job well done. The news spread world-wide in short order, thanks to the modern day net.

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So, how am I doing now?

Well, it has been eight years since that terrible five-day ordeal of torture, sexual abuse and cruelty happened to me. What started off as a dream vacation turned into an ugly nightmare and could have ended in an even a greater tragedy, had it not been for the people and events coming together as they did.

Yes, it was difficult and it still hurts tremendously, but I am thankful for the deliverance that came that night. That experience has changed me forever and I have become so much wiser, as well as more conscious of how often this type of thing happens.

In my initial research for our trip, for some reason I had not even looked into this type of danger. I found out later that Indonesia was a source, transit, and destination country for women, children and men trafficked for the purposes of sexual exploitation and forced labor. There are so many victims, many who are crippled for life and some

who do not survive. Many are just children, whose innocence has been destroyed forever. I hope and pray that no one else will ever go through what I suffered. Daily I thank God for that experience, for it has given me new purpose and direction in life!

I am also so thankful for my dad, Wijaya and all those wonderful people who risked their lives and came to my rescue. I will forever be indebted to them and will never doubt my father's wisdom again. I try to tell him often just how much I love and appreciate him.

It took a while to get through the haunting dreams and fearfulness, but I can say gladly that I am doing fine now. My life has become so much more meaningful!

During my healing process I decided to give my life to helping others who have gone through this same tragic abuse. I picked up some specialized training and with the help of supportive friends, I am now an international advocate for victims of the sexually abused and exploited people, world-wide. As long as God will give me strength, I will devote the rest of my life to helping rescue those who have been abducted. I want to provide counseling for survivors so they will be able to go on with their lives. I have also created a ministry with the help of my dad, my friend Elizabeth and my husband, which provides free assistance to anyone in need of our services. We have a network of people throughout the world ready and willing at a moment's notice to spring into action when needed. We named the ministry 'Free from the Shadows' because it was from the dark shadow that Wijaya was able to take down the information that eventually led to my freedom.

For me it was a miracle of timing, willingness on the part of everyone involved and my good fortune of meeting someone as nice as Wijaya. But I realize that not everyone will be so lucky, so that thought has helped me to want to make a difference for others.

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I was asked to give this testimony today and I want to thank all of you for coming out to help celebrate the opening of our new shelter we are calling Freedom's House. The photo you see of the young girl peering through the red curtains is the one the undercover officer took of me when he came to the little prison room to verify my identity. I asked if I might have a copy as a reminder of that tragic time and to show to others as I share my story.

Now on a more positive note, I have some exciting news. Dad has recently become a grandfather to my precious little boy whom I named Wijaya. Believe me, he is my father's pride and joy! I guess it's no secret that Wijaya, my rescuer and hero, is now my loving husband.

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This site does not allow us to post a photo, but if you can imagine a young Asian lady about 20 years of age, looking out from behind red curtains, then that's where I received the idea for this story.

It is fictional, though many aspects are very true.

Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## Freely Give

The sun gives light liberally  
Flowers share perfumes.  
Birds chirp chorally for us  
We wish on the silver moon.

Rivers rushing eagerly to us  
Sharing their waters free.  
Clouds color imaginations  
Shady shields of the trees.

Wind whistling a symphony  
Cooling with gentle breeze,  
Raindrops' rhythms beating  
Lullabies lull us to sleep.

Curious creatures amuse us  
Chipmunks chatter cheerfully.  
Crickets cry sonorous sounds  
Honey sweet from honey bees.

Why can't we be as gracious  
Giving more generously?  
Why can't we be as conscious  
Sharing more selflessly?

Freely we have been given.  
Freely we should then give.  
Freely we have been given  
Give that others may live!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Friends of Mine**

Friends... friends...  
They have entered in my life  
At the right place and time.  
They are my partners,  
They are my companions,  
These true and faithful,  
Friends of mine.

Friends... friends...  
They are God's precious servants  
Some are old and some young,  
Some are here with me  
And are blessing me now,  
Some have blessed me  
And are gone.

Friends... friends...  
They have by me faithful stayed;  
Painting joy into my life,  
In multicolored ways.  
And in my time of need,  
Their strength and beauty  
Graces my day.

Friends... friends...  
They have entered in my life  
At the right place and time,  
Oh, how I love them,  
I thank God for them,  
These true and faithful,  
Friends of mine.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **God is Great and Life is Mighty Fine!**

I asked the old man, 'How do you do? '  
Then his words seemed to lodge in my mind;  
'Why, I'm as good as a soul could be,  
For yesterday I've done left b'hind.

And every day I know I'm blessed,  
B'yond what any earthly soul should be;  
For the Father gives me so much more,  
Than I have any right to receive.

Yes sir, I am doing pretty good,  
I'm happy and fit as a fiddle;  
For God is good and life's mighty fine,  
Enjoy, that's the key to your riddle!

So long, ' he said, as I pondered  
The words of this one so old and wise;  
Then I prayed, as I went on my way,  
'Thanks Lord, again You opened my eyes.'

Loyd C. Taylor

## God Made It All (a creation song)

1.

The birds and the bees,  
The flowers and the trees,  
God made them all.  
The stars in the sky,  
The little butterfly,  
God made them all.  
The rivers and the seas,  
The cool summer breeze,  
The clouds and the leaves,  
The plants and the seeds,  
Everything we see,  
God made it all.

2.

The rabbits and the squirrels,  
Little boys and girls,  
God made them all.  
Our fingers and our hands,  
Each woman and man,  
God made them all.  
The dogs and their fleas,  
The creatures of the deep,  
The he's and she's,  
Even you and even me,  
Yes, everything we see,  
God made it all.

Chorus:

God made it all,  
God made every thing.  
From the earth to the sky,  
The mountains to the sea,  
Each and every thing that we see,  
God made it all.

3.

The hippopotamuses,  
And rhinoceroses,  
God made them all.  
Ticks, frogs and bats,  
Lions, worms and gnats,  
God made them all.  
The ducks and the geese,  
The cattle and the sheep,  
The little chickadees,

The giraffe with knobby knees,  
Every thing we see,  
God made it all.

Chorus:

God made it all,  
God made every thing.  
From the earth to the sky,  
The mountains to the sea,  
Each and every thing that we see,  
God made it all.

Conclusion:

Now let's see;  
There are elephants and beavers,  
Lions and zebras,  
Then there are alligators  
And crocodiles,  
With their big teeth,  
And their pretty smiles,  
God made them all.

Then there's lizards and whales,  
The skunk with his smell,  
The pig with his germs,  
And the creepy, crawly little worms,  
God made them too.

You know, it's not hard to believe,  
That every thing we see,  
Yes even you, and even me;  
God made it all,  
God made every thing

Hear this song at [www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com) under songs by Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

**Green Petition (a haiku)**

desires just a drink  
slender arms stretch heavenward  
rain turns brown to green

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Groundhog Day 1 'The Legend of Punxsutawney Phil'**

Punxsutawney Phil, yes that's his name,  
Predicting the weather is his game;  
Phil knows how to call it, so rest your fears,  
He's done it for a hundred n' twenty years.

They say that he's a loner, maybe a snob,  
He hails from a place called 'Gobbler's Knob; '  
He lives in a cave, and will never roam,  
Except when he travels in his motor home.

All over the world, he's one of a kind,  
Though imitators are never hard to find;  
Punxsutawney's also a real heart breaker,  
For the girls all love a weather maker.

He's quite a celebrity, you might say,  
Even has his own 'Punxsutawney Day; '  
He has a web site and fan club too,  
Personal trainers, and a make-up crew.

He's had his breaks with TV and radio,  
Even made an appearance on Oprah's show;  
Yearly his town has a parade in his name,  
Seems for Phil, there's no end to his fame.

He made his first forecast, or so they say,  
In 1887, February's second day.  
You might wonder, how Phil could live so long,  
He drinks 'elixir of life' and takes it strong.

He speaks a strange language, but only to the ear,  
Of the 'Circle' president, who's standing near;  
He predicts the weather, that six weeks will bring,  
Guiding us from the winter, up to spring.

He uses his shadow, that's how he knows,  
Keeping us posted on upcoming snows;  
He's 100 percent accurate, as records reveal,  
Punxsutawney Phil, now he's the real deal!

So, if you plan to travel, through Pennsylvania land,  
Why not visit this legend, and shake his hand?  
But before you complete your travel log,  
Check with Punxsutawney Phil, the weather groundhog.

**HAPPY GROUNDHOG DAY!**

Loyd C. Taylor

## Groundhog Day 2 'The Legend of Possum Bill'

(misspelling is on purpose)

Now I s'pose y'all heard about,  
The wisest critter around;  
They call him 'Punxsutawney Phil'  
Smartest groundhog, thumbs down!

But I'll bet I kin tell y' sumpthin'  
That lots uv folk don't no;  
'bout whurre Phil gits his smarts,  
Taint' no lie, er' I'd jest tell ya so.

Ye see ole Phil's got a cuzin,  
Mount'n folk call em, 'Possum Bill'  
He's the closet liv'n' kin,  
To this one y'all no as Phil.

Yep, they livd in the same o' hole,  
Seems thurre maw's dun n' got et;  
So they grode to d'pend on t'uther,  
'bout as clozt as one kin git.

But, one nite it wuz stormin',  
The litnin' cum crashin' round';  
When a bote dun n' hit em' both,  
N' jarred em' rite out tha gronde!

Thet litnin' must've dun sumpthin',  
To thurre wits, now don't ya' know;  
Frum then on, theys cud tale tha wether,  
E'vn if'n t'wure it shin er snow.

Now ole Bill sat in tah lurnin',  
'bout the elaments n' such;  
Til' he b'cum so dab blume smart,  
His brane kudn't hold so much.

So he tuke a little breethur,  
Frum the wether lurnin' task;  
Then give a portion tah his cuz,  
Jest cuz Phil had dun n' ast.

Then Phil tuke all thet lurnin'  
N' sat out fer wurldly famme;  
Whil'st Bill staid er in tha Hills,  
Tah rest his weiry brane.

Now I rekkun he's a smart un',  
Shore his forecasts mite cum true;  
But if'n yah gunna breg on Phil,  
Say sumptin' gud uv o' Billy to.

\*\*\*\*\*

This er poum I rote cuz I dun n' gat  
tarred uv o Phil gitn' all tha dab blumm  
kretit fer whut I up n' dun fer em!

Signed Possum Bill

Loyd C. Taylor

## Happy Anniversary!

H Here's to 35 years spanned,  
A A lifetime of great memories,  
P Preordained by Divine hand,  
P Partners always, you and me.  
Y Years 35 have quickly flown,

A Anniversary 36 soon to be,  
N Nearer, O how we've grown,  
N Never apart, our destiny.  
I Intimacy still thrills, though  
V Very different, you and me,  
E Entwining yet as one will,  
R Rich in joy and unity.  
S Sharing all things together,  
A Anxious more time to see,  
R Ready more to discover,  
Y Year 36, just you and me.  
    To my one true love,  
    Happy Anniversary!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Happy Birthday To Me!**

When I heard the sound of the siren,  
And listened as it faded into the distance,  
I knew then... this could be a good day!

When I read the entire obituary column,  
And could not find my name listed in it,  
I knew then... this could be a good day!

When I answered the call from the IRS,  
And they informed me of a coming refund,  
I knew then... this could be a good day!

When I opened the sweet card from you,  
And read "Wishing you a Happy Birthday"  
I knew then... I was going to have a great day!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **HE IS TO ME**

I've been in some hard spots  
I've slipped on some slippery spots  
But His hand has always held me  
His grace has never failed me

I've been in some frightening places  
I've looked at some lonely faces  
But I've found Him omniscient  
His love and His grace always sufficient

I've grown tired in my earthly journeying  
I've had to make some new beginnings  
Through it all His Word assured me  
In my pilgrimage His Spirit sustained me

Let my tongue His Glory acclaim  
Let my lips His Beauty proclaim  
Let me praise Him again and again  
Hallowed be His Holy name

O Wonderful God

O Great Benefactor

O Matchless Redeemer

He is to me!

Loyd C. Taylor

## Her Shell

She is untrusting, hardened and withdrawn.  
She wasn't always like this.  
Over the years fearful... hopeless... tiring of life she had grown.  
She was in a shell of her own making with some outside help.  
O how frightened and confused! O how alone.  
At times, she might venture out for brief moments, but then...  
quickly, back inside her shell! Dreading the possible gouging  
she might receive like so much she had already experienced.  
My! How they would glare at her.  
They were quick to point out her strange and bizarre behavior.  
Why couldn't she just get it all together?  
O why does she keep retreating into her shell again?

How could they have known?  
How could they possibly understand her hurt and pain?

Alas, she became more and more isolated and withdrawn.

She is not unlike the tortoise.  
Hiding in his shell for protection!  
Withdrawing there for his self-preservation!  
Not only from predators of the wild; but from the jabbing...  
the jeering... the cruelty of mean little boys. Jabbing at him  
with their sticks. Having their sport. Jestng in glee at how  
slow and listless unlike them was he.  
Once in a while he would come out and peer around, moving  
ever so slowly, cautiously. Then, at the smallest threat, pulling  
back into his helmet of salvation.  
Who knows how long before he would come out again?  
To the tortoise, time seems so meaningless and pointless.  
But, he's safe in his shell shielded from all possible harm!

Maybe she withdrew for the same reasons as well,  
Believing her only protection was Her Shell.

Loyd C. Taylor

## He's No Stranger

He's the wisest man in the church  
There's nothing he can't do  
If you turn down your ministry  
He'll be there to do it for you.

He's also a very faithful member  
And shows up right on time  
If you don't honor your commitment  
He'll cover you every time.

He's obviously very wealthy  
The plate's always passed his way  
If you choose not to give a cent  
He'll all the expenses pay.

Who is he? You may ask,  
This one with such acclaim?  
Thank God he's in every church,  
"Somebody Else" is his name.

Jesus said:

26 But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; 27 And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: 28 Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matthew 20: 26-28

Loyd C. Taylor

## Hillbilly Pride

Before you read, understand that this was written from the deep southren mountain lingo. Yep, back where I come from. I thought I would post it for some fun. It's a typical conversation between a intellegent city slicker and what some might call a dumb Hillbilly. I hope you enjoy.

'Hey Bubba - Whurrd'ja come frum? '

Uh dignified smart elic ast.

'D'ja coom owt frum them thar hills?

Whirrd'ja larn ta tawk like thet? '

'Don't thaah teech ya enie thang

Down yonder et tha schule'n town? '

'Shucks naw! ' Ah seyde, 'Ah learnt mahseff,

Jest repeetin in repeetin sownds.'

Ah mey not tawk fanzee like ya'll,

But folks jest luv fer me ta speeke.

Lawdy, Ah kin drawl quite a krywd

Wh'n folk heere ma tawk own tha strete.

Sho', most folk er buzy larn'in

Thangs thet Ah'd dun'oned fur'ghet.

'Sydes, Ah wayst'd a heep'a yeres

Down et thet schule thet Ah regrete.

Ya'll no thet teecher dun teech mah

Thet Ah da'sindid frum'n ape?

Shucks, wh'n Ah come home told pa thet

He dropt `is denner playt.

Pa sed, 'Son yer kin might'v swung

By tharr nekes frum sum 'ole tree,  
But any dang fool aught'a no  
We ain't no da'gum chempanzee! '

'So ya'll go own beck tamoruh  
and quit that dum'ole schule,  
Ya'll tale that book larn'd teech'r  
Thet ya'll jest ain't no man's fool! '

Sew sur, jest go own fun'nin me  
en laugh et ma much as ya'll will,  
But ah tale ya sump'in, Ah sur ahm proud  
ta come frum them thar hills.

Written by L C Taylor

June 10,2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **HIS (spiritual)**

H I S

His amazing grace

amazes me ...

His tender love

reaches me ...

His constant care

comforts me ...

His precious blood

cleanses me ...

His eternal mercy

pardons me ...

His amazing grace

amazes me!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **How Do You Spell Vacation?**

For weeks we planned, finally some time to unwind,  
A vacation dreamed of, a time just to relax.  
With plane tickets in hand we arrived right on time,  
But our suit cases we had left at home all packed!

The S U V now loaded from floor to sunroof,  
The kids buckled down... G P S was all in tact.  
Next, gas up as everyone heads to the restroom,  
But on our return we find we had been carjacked.

Vacations, O yeah, that's what I'm talking about!  
Vacations, they are not all their cracked up to be!  
Vacations, the ones I've had have removed all doubt;  
Vacations, I spell "T R O U B L E! "

Loyd C. Taylor

## How to Get Rid of Your Preacher

Once there was a preacher t'was claimed,  
"He's so boring and out of touch,  
All his sermons are dead, " they said;  
"And he was soft spoken too much."

He had heard an awful rumor  
From the church folk it had been told,  
They would get rid of their preacher  
Get a young one handsome and bold.

He sought counsel from an elder,  
Lest he should lose his position,  
He gleaned ample bits of wisdom  
That soon changed his disposition.

The words shared with the old preacher  
Were so simple, but o so wise;  
"Just preach Heaven sweet and Hell hot,  
Raise your voice... look them in the eye! "

The preacher put into practice  
The good advice of the old man,  
And the crowds began to pour in  
He grew in fame throughout the land.

But the church got their wish you see,  
For the parson became so grand,  
For a larger congregation  
Came and took him right off their hands.

Then the small church then grew tiny,  
From the pulpit there was no sound,  
And so many stopped attending,  
That they had to shut the church down.

So let this be a lesson saint,  
When you are at your preacher sore,  
For some other church may take him  
Then you will have to close the doors.

A Chastukas

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Did It My Way! (A short story)**

I found myself thinking out loud, "I just can't do this again; no, I won't do it again! I'm so tired of the time it takes, and of all the mess it makes; not to mention, the stress it brings to my life! "

Looking for the tape and scissors, I continued mumbling... "Why do we have to go through this ritual every year? I don't know why we can't just once, celebrate Christmas the way I want to... without all these stupid decorations! "

But no, I do this yearly, just to please my wife!

It's true, every Christmas, it's the same ole' thing: we get started early, decorating everything in sight, just the way my wife wants it done!

I drag those boxes of decorations down from the attic, and then move everything in the house, her wishes to accommodate. Then, it's like I'm her robot, "Yes Dear... Ok Sweet..."

I carefully unpack the boxed contents, then proceed to hang lights and bulbs: I'll tell you, it's a task I've grown to hate!

Extra care must be taken to keep those ragged boxes in good shape for repackaging for Christmas next year.

Then, "Joy to the World" it's our wonderful artificial tree, complete with its 600 lights. It's an oversize tree in an undersized box. How did they cram it in such a small space? No worry, for it comes with assembly instructions as easy as A, B, C. Sure!

So, I work and work, pull and bend, twist and stretch to get it to resemble the picture on the box.

And when Christmas is all over then, you guessed it; we do it all over again. Everything has to be taken down, ever so carefully. Each bulb and piece of decoration has its own unique place to go.

Then I must do an Easter egg hunt. I search every nook and cranny, doorway and window seal, collect it all once again.

You can bet if anything is missing, then my wife is sure to let me know.

Once everything is all packed up, then back to the attic it goes.

Ouch! Another prick from those needle-like metal hangers.

That's it! I'm not going to take it anymore... I've had it! I'm going to tell my wife simply and plain that I wear the pants in this family, this just has to change!

I grabbed a pen and paper and wrote her a note... "From now on Baby, " as I scribbled with hot pen, "we are going to do things differently! This whole decoration program of yours has gotten out of control! Next Christmas, I'm gonna do things my way! "

That was the note I wrote last New Year's Day, as I was boxing decorations.

I had become so frustrated at the whole idea of decorating. I intended to tell my wife a thing or two that was on my mind.

And I meant it, that is, until I saw her smile and heard her sweetly say to me, "Honey, do you mind helping me get the Christmas decorations down? And, please, would you put up the tree? "

That's when I did it my way...

I answered, "Yes Dear, anything for you."  
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Dream**

They say that fair weather never made a good sailor,  
And that a bird in the hand is better than two in a tree.  
I've found out that much of life isn't always as it seems,  
That if one will do anything it must start with a dream!

I dream of a world where people love one another.  
I dream of a land where war's a thing of the past.  
A place of no fear for our sisters and brothers.  
A time when peace and love cover the earth at last!

Now the Good book says without a dream men perish  
And that a dream in mind can in time become reality.  
Dreams are placed by God in the heart of His children  
And become reality as He works through you and me.

Let's make a world where people love one another.  
Let's make a world where war's a thing of the past.  
A place of no fear for our sisters and brothers.  
A time when peace and love cover the earth at last!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Love Growing Old With You**

I love the newness of life from our younger years,  
I love the sweetness of the first time that you cried;  
I love the childish days of innocent mistakes,  
I love the careless ways as we let time slip by.  
I love the closeness after we had our first fight,  
I love the sadness felt with our off to work hugs;  
I love the tender touch of your soft hand in mine,  
I love the gentle rain the day we fell in love.  
I love the younger days but I must tell the truth,  
That my sweet Darling; I love growing old with you.  
As I watch your auburn hair turn silvery gray,  
As I see your tender hands wear from weary days,  
As I think of our lives and all we have gone through,  
Still my dear Angel; I love growing old with you.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Love You**

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you higher than the blue sky.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you broader than ocean wide.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you taller than the mountains.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you purer than the fountains.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you deeper than any sea.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you greater than eyes may see.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you richer than precious ore.

Love you!  
I love you more!  
I love you farther than eagles soar.

I love you.  
I love you more.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Must Be Strong**

I've dreaded this; it will not be fun,  
But the truth is it has to be done;  
So with resolve, and determination,  
I make my way in that direction.

I have been tempted, yes, it's true,  
To close my eyes, and toss it from view;  
But in many a tough situation,  
I've gained from that strange collection.

I must deal with this without delay!  
I must be strong... It must end today!  
I weaken while at its contents I glance...  
Can I let go? I can't take that chance!

So, I push it safely back in place,  
I leave it, for now, I need my space;  
Soon I'll muster the courage once more,  
To finally clean out that old junk drawer.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Thought I Was Fine**

His passing was one of the toughest times I had ever known,  
For he had struggled months on end, just barely hanging on;  
I would say our relationship, had not always been the best,  
That is, until the last few years, before he was laid to rest.

He stayed in the bedroom, and lived in his favorite chair,  
He also had a bad habit of hiding his dirty underwear.  
It shocked me a bit at first, but soon, I didn't mind,  
Why, I've even chuckled, when several pieces I would find.

I thought I could never love him, after what he had done to me,  
But my heart soon changed, watching him suffer in agony.  
I went through a terrible time of mourning, just after he died,  
And hoped it was all behind me, for I no longer cried.

Then I decided to do some cleaning, brighten up his old room,  
So I started redecorating, to remove the eerie gloom;  
Next, I hung new curtains, and spread on a coat of shine,  
I put sad memories out of sight, and was feeling pretty fine.

I had worked for hours, so on the floor I flopped down,  
Then raised my tired head, to take a look around;  
But what I discovered next, made my stomach hurt,  
For there crammed under his chair, was a dirty T-shirt.

I thought I was doing fine, until I found his dirty shirt.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Tried to Hang Myself (short story)**

Yesterday, I tried to hang myself.

Now, before you judge me or allow your thoughts to run wild, let me take a moment to explain what happened.

I know when you hear statements such as 'I tried to hang myself, ' it could only spell disaster, but please hear my story first.

I had just stepped out of the shower and was hurrying to get dressed to start my busy day.

The phone rang. My wife answered it. She called out, informing me that I had an important long distance call from a very distinguished friend. Not wanting to waste my minutes or go through the trouble of calling him back, I motioned for her to talk to him and give me a few more seconds.

I was rushing so much, that I tried to put two feet into the same pant leg, almost falling on my nose! Then I grabbed my shirt from the closet, quickly slipping it over my head.

That's when it happened!

I failed to realize that I had not removed the hanger from the shirt and now had it stuck into my mouth and nose.

In between my wife's snorts of laughter I heard her trying to explain to my important caller what was going on. Before I could stop her I heard her say; 'Oh my goodness, Loyd has just tried to hang himself! '

I could hear the laughter coming from inside the phone from over 800 miles away.

They say confession is good for the soul and you know, though humiliated, I do feel so much better now. Thank you for listening.

As Paul Harvey would say; 'Now you know the rest of the story.'

'Honey, could you please come and help me off this hanger? '

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I Was Going To**

I was going to make that visit,  
And had finally made up my mind;  
I just had to adjust my schedule,  
Surely, a day for her I could find.

All else would need to be put aside,  
My excited heart was all aglow,  
I loved this woman so very much,  
And it was past time to let her know.

Yes, this date was so long overdue,  
There were many things I had to say;  
Of how special she was to me, and  
How she loved and cared for me each day.

I would take her bright yellow roses,  
Arrive there at early morning dew;  
Give her the card I had written, Of  
The many ways to say, "I love you."

I was going to ask forgiveness,  
Of many sins to her in the past;  
And of how badly I had hurt her,  
Then try to make them all right at last.

I would tell her how wrong I was, for

Causing her to worry late at night;  
I would bow and gently kiss her, then  
Hold her to me, and hug her so tight!

I would look deeply into her eyes,  
Then rehearse the very many ways;  
She had brought me joy and happiness,  
And brightened up my dark sullen days.

I could see us then, sitting for hours,  
Reminiscing of the years gone by;  
Laughing at silly old photographs,  
Or, those that would make us want to cry.

I was going to thank her for the  
Patience, to my old stray dog and cat,  
For fixing pancakes and rice pudding,  
And making me her little spoiled brat.

I would say, "I deserved the spankings,  
For my many mischievous ways;  
And that I loved the stories she told,  
Of her life back in the good ole' days."

I would thank her for the many prayers,  
For singing me sweet songs in the night,

For taking me to church on Sundays,  
And making sure I turned out alright.

I would then thank her for loving me,  
And of how she always found the time;  
To make me feel like a million bucks,  
Though I wasn't worth a dirty dime.

Yes, there were so many other things,  
To this woman, that I planned to say;  
So I made the final arrangements,  
Scheduled tomorrow to be her day!

I just don't know why I put it off,  
For it is true; "time waits for no man, '  
And, 'Once a day has been all used up,  
We may never reuse it again."

So, I reached for the phone to call her,  
O' the joy, I could hardly withhold;  
But it rang, so I answered the call  
That made the blood in my veins run cold...

'Son, it's your mother...' the caller said,  
'I'm so very sorry, but she's dead...  
She passed just a few moments ago.'

\*\*\*\*\*

What story shall I tell of so many about this special lady?

As I reflected on the one who most made an impression on my life, the one who guided me and lived as a saint every day, it was my mother. We kids never heard her complain, even when I know she felt neglected by us. Mom, a young widow, lived her life for her children and for others.

When I have read pieces from others about their lives and their upbringing, I realize that many feel the same about their moms.

Though she may never receive a trophy in this life I am sure she has many in heaven.

So, who else shall I write about but Mom?

Loyd C. Taylor

## **I'm Yours**

Take me, take me,  
My body, heart and soul;  
Take me, make my life whole,  
Take me, because I'm yours.

Hold me, hold me,  
Warmly in love's embrace;  
Hold me, feel my heart race,  
Hold me, because I'm yours.

Keep me, keep me,  
By God's endless design;  
Keep me, say you are mine,  
Keep me, because I'm yours.

Love me, love me,  
With love intense and free;  
Love me passionately;  
Love me, because I'm yours.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **In Memory Of**

Today I took a solemn journey,  
Oh the thoughts that played within my head;  
For I visited the cemetery,  
And lingered there among the dead.

My eyes fixed on engraved tombstones,  
And I paused to read the stories they told;  
I found death has no respect of persons,  
For there were graves of the young and the old.

Markers rested upon each grassy mound,  
Yet, each grave had its own identity;  
Still there seemed to be one constant message  
That each grave's epitaph shared with me...

Norma had the gentle soul of a child,  
Colby was a joy to one and all;  
Tom and Joan would be together always,  
Johnny died answering his country's call.

Scarlet Louise died a new born baby,  
A plucked flower for the Master's bouquet;  
Elizabeth Sue lived her life for others,  
And Don was taken suddenly away.

Time permitting; I could have stayed all day,

Not realizing just how fast time had flown;  
Then I thought as I walked quietly away,  
Just what might be engraved on my headstone?  
Loyd C. Taylor

## **Intimacy's Touch**

The blue asphalt aligns silver maple trees,  
As do cotton candy clouds, soft and bright;  
Then happy little feathered songbird friends,  
Some in tuxedos of rainbow's color, lends  
Voices as they serenade lovers tonight;  
While fingers intertwine in delicacies.

The elder years have not brought to an end,  
As organs of touch sweet communion revive;  
One heart beats for one in the still of night,  
An intimacy satisfied from lover's delight;  
Their life's journey as one unending drive,  
While one hand cleaves to one eternal friend.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Isn't That What Friends Are For?**

I said; 'I know it's not much, but I hope it will help, '  
Then I gently pressed the gift into your hand;  
'Please know that you are loved and I'll try to be here,  
Anytime that you'll let me be your friend.'

You went on and on about how grateful you were,  
For me being there in your time of need;  
Through tear filled eyes you cried and then said;  
'No one has ever cared so much for me.'

The tears were still falling as you gave me a big hug,  
Then I saw a smile of relief on your face;  
You said; 'Today a huge load has been lifted from me,  
And your gift was such a sweet show of grace.'

I thanked you sincerely for your kind compliments,  
And longed to bask in your praises a bit more;  
Instead I said; 'O' no, I was just glad I could help,  
Besides, isn't that what friends are for? '

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It Runs in the Family**

Slyly from corner of squinted eye he looks,  
Then when he is sure no spy can be found;  
He uses his unused hand to conceal his art,  
Then feigns praying as his young head he bows down.

Shyly his favorite finger lifts from his books,  
Then is inserted where he shall auger around;  
He uses his nail, as a skilled surgeon scalpels' a heart,  
Then pay dirt brings to his face a fond frown.

Skyly a screeching cry is heard, as that of sooted rooks,  
Then it thuds his thinking back down to the ground;  
He returns his flexed finger to the stance of its start,  
Then the picking ends for poor young Nicholas Brown.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's a Piece of Cake, Short story**

It was supposed to be easy, well, that's what John, my good friend and retired plumber told me over the phone.

John lived two hundred miles away or would have been at my house in a heartbeat. I'd called him about a tiny leak I had, hoping to get some much needed advice on its repair, before hiring someone to do it. I hate spending money!

'So, you think I can handle it?' I asked John.

'Hey, man, it's as simple as falling off a log!' John said, laughingly.

'So, I just loosen the tiny screw that holds the handle on, slip it off? Then take the plumber's wrench and remove the inser and that's it? Then, I can easily pull the inser out of the faucet housing and replace the new one, right? Well, sounds easy enough, I'll give it a try. Thanks buddy.'

'Don't worry, you can do it man, it's a piece of cake!'

Later that evening at supper, my wife asked; 'Don't you think we should call a professional to fix the leak in our bathroom?'

'What do you need to call a professional for when you've got me, baby?' I joked, full of confidence.

She looked at me doubtfully and said nothing. So, I told her, 'No, don't call a plumber, that'll cost us at least 75.00 bucks, that's two golf games. I can take care of it on my day off, no problem; no sweat.'

So, when the week rolled around to Friday evening, I had my project, my plans and I made ready for my day off on Saturday. After I repaired the leak, about an hour's work I figured, I'd go visit the green and hit the little white ball with a friend. We should be able to tee off about 1PM.

So, I called Maurice and said, 'Hey Moe, the wife's got a little project for me on her honey-do list that can't wait, you know how that is.' We chuckled. 'Yea, she's nagged me about calling a plumber, but I convinced her that I could handle it. Besides it'll save me big time; it won't take but an hour. So, buddy, get your clubs ready and pick me up at the house around 12: 00. We should be able to hit the ball at 1: 00pm, then we'll have the rest of the afternoon to play.'

'Alright,' Moe said, 'I'll see ya then partner.'

I drove to the local Home Depot and walked briskly to the plumbing section to get my part. Now, let me see... gosh; so many parts and they all look the same, I thought to myself. I spied an employee and called out, 'Excuse me, miss, could you help me out? I'm looking for a... a..., one of those 'thing-a-ma-jigs?'

She looked at me and said, 'Sir, do you have the old part with you?'

'No, I was afraid to take it out, it's already leaking and I wasn't sure I could do that. I

was kind of hoping that someone here could give me a few pointers.'

Then, she asked, 'Do you know what the brand name is?' Embarrassed, I replied, 'No, I don't.'

'Do you know when your house was built?'

'I don't know for sure, it's old, I know that much; probably 35 years old. But, the fixtures are supposed to be more up to date.'

'Which faucet is it?'

'The water faucet.'

'No! Which room did it come out of; the bathroom or kitchen, etc., which one?'

'Oh, it's the master bathroom shower faucet' I answered apologetically. 'That's more like it,' she said.

Looking at my watch, it was now a good 30 minutes into my one hour project.

We must have looked at every part; one by one with her repeatedly asking; 'does it look like this?' or 'does this look familiar?' Finally, frustrated with me, she said; 'Sir, I'm sorry but I can't help unless you can give me more to go on. Now, go back and take the old part out, bring it back and I'm sure I'll be able to help you.'

'But what if it starts leaking more, then what?' I protested.

'Go down to your basement and find the water main to turn off all the water and then, using the proper tools, simply remove the faucet,' she explained.

'OK, sounds easy enough. How will I know what the water main looks like?' I asked. So, she took a few minutes explaining it to me and showed me one on the shelf. I then thanked her and headed back home, with one hour of my precious time gone!

Upon returning home, I went immediately to the basement and for 15 minutes searched for the water main. Finally I found it, Hallelujah! I located the lever and proceeded to turn it to the off position. I headed hurriedly up the stairs and that's when I heard screaming. Panicky, I ran toward our bedroom where my wife, from the shower was yelling at the top of her lungs; 'What happened to the water?' she screamed.

I yanked back the shower curtain slightly and she was covered in soap from head to toes. 'I'm sorry honey; I turned the water off so I could do the repair. I'll run and turn it back on, but you will need to hurry, I need the water turned off to repair the faucet.'

'Just, go!' she screamed.

I had to laugh as I ran quickly down the stairs and turned the water back on. I looked again at my watch and gave Moe a call, 'Hey, pal, you getting everything set up?'

'Oh yeah' He answered, 'Wayne and Scott are joining us; 12: 00 noon, right?'

'I'm running a tad behind, but, ' glancing at my watch, 'I still have plenty of time. Noon it is! '

My wife called down and said; 'OK, I'm finished, but please hurry up! '

Upstairs as I proceeded to the bathroom, my wife came in, looked lovingly at me and said; 'Sweetheart, don't you think we should call a plumber? ' I must admit, she made me feel so inadequate. I thought to myself, if a plumber can do it, so can I! 'Oh, no, it's a piece of cake.' I confidently said.

'Alright honey, but I need the water soon, you know today's my laundry day and besides, we have the Tedders coming tonight for our card game. So, please try to hurry, ' she said as she left the bathroom. 'No problem! ' I called to her, somewhat perturbed.

I grabbed my wrench and quickly stepped into the bathtub to start my task; forgetting the tub was wet, my feet went sliding out from under me! I hit my head on the back of the tub and I must have twisted my ankle. It was hurting, and I could feel my face turning red, as I tried to get up quickly, hoping no one had heard.

My wife came running into the bathroom and cried out, 'Oh, Dear, are you alright? ' Helping me up, she looked at the back of my head.

Man that hurt, I thought to myself. But aloud I said 'Aw, I'll be alright, just a clumsy mistake, ' I wasn't about to let on that I was embarrassed.

'Honey, are you absolutely sure we can't call the plumber? '

'I'm Ok! I told you I will fix this leak, now please, get off my back! ' I was beginning to get upset at her lack of faith in me.

'I'm sorry sweetheart, I didn't mean to upset you, ' she responded, 'I just don't want you to get hurt, but I'll leave you to your project. Forgive me? '

A little upset, I took the screwdriver and removed the handle; that was the easy part. Next, the job called for a pipe wrench, glad I brought one up. I placed it on the nozzle... remembering my dad's instruction from years ago; 'lefty-loosy, righty-tighty.' So I twisted it to the left. But, it didn't budge. Hmm? That's strange I thought, so I tried again turning harder this time. Still nothing moved. I picked up the hammer and banged on the wrench's handle, V'oila! Alright, now we're in business, its turning!

But, I had forgotten that I was supposed to have a wrench on the faucet and one on the pipe, so when I turned it, the entire nozzle and pipe was turning. It was now loose from within the wall, out of sight. Oh, what a mistake! Oh, my goodness, now what should I do? I muttered under my breath.

I tried to tighten it back up, then went down and turned the water back on to see how bad it was. I ran back up stairs only to find water was gushing from inside the wall! It sprayed me real good. Oh, no! The walls were dripping and the carpet was already soaked. After hearing the commotion, my wife ran back into the room; hand over her mouth. I could swear she was laughing under that hand!

Anyway, I ran quickly back towards the stairs to the basement, dripping wet; on my way down, I missed the first step, and I went tumbling down the stairs! Not realizing it, I must have screamed, and then all went black!

I awoke, in the arms of an EMT worker; 'Please hold still sir! '

'What happened?' I groaned. I was still a bit dazed.

'Sir, you fell down the steps and hit your head, and was knocked unconscious. I think you also have a fractured arm, and you have a large cut on your elbow, needing stitches; we'll get you checked out at the hospital immediately! '

I looked and sure enough, I had blood everywhere.

'I'm OK, ' I protested, 'I need to fix the leak in the bathroom, and....'

'No! You hush right now! ' my wife spoke up. Then turning to the workers she said, 'Pay him no mind, you all take him on ahead and I will follow you, if that's alright? '

They must had given me something for the pain for I felt myself dose off.

The next thing I knew, I woke up in the Emergency Department of our local hospital. While they were running some tests, Maurice, Wayne and Scott came in to visit me, dressed in their golf shirts. Assuring them I was alright, I encouraged them to go on and try to make their golf game. They hesitantly agreed, said goodbye and left.

Just then, my wife came into the room where I awaited tests and in her babying way, poured the sympathy out on me. 'Oh, you poor dear! '

'Honey I'm sorry, I'll fix that faucet when I get out of here, and...'

'Don't worry about a thing, I've already called a plumber, he's at the house even as we speak repairing the leak.' She interrupted, 'it's alright, '

I groaned disappointedly, and then relaxed a bit on the bed.

To make a long story short, they released me about four hours and \$2,000.00 dollars later. I had one broken arm, now in a cast, and 15 stitches on the other arm. My ankle was wrapped in a thick ACE bandage and I had a splitting headache. I felt like I'd been hit by a Mack Truck!

The doctor had made it clear that I could not work for a while and I needed to try to rest. He gave my wife a handful of prescriptions and then just before he left my room he said, 'Oh, by the way, absolutely no more plumbing! ' I could hear him laughing as he went down the hall.

My wife looked at me with her dove eyes and said; 'Honey please don't let it bother you. One day you'll look back and laugh too. I'm just glad it wasn't more serious. So, don't worry. OK? '

As we were nearing home, I noticed the Scot's plumbing truck passing us, my wife tooted the horn and I tried to wave at Robert the plumber. Upon arriving home, his bill

was attached to the door. I carried it inside, opening it to see the damage.

There it was, his itemized invoice:

Replacing the faucet stem

Repacking the faucet stem

Making access panel

Patching access panel

Replacing faucet

Research and locating of replacement parts: total: \$35.99

Three hours labor: (\$75.00 for the first hour and \$60.00 per hour for two additional hours) total: \$195.00

Your total bill is: \$230.99

Then I read in the remarks section: 'Sorry, but we do not do painting or carpet cleaning.'

Thank you for your business. Hope you feel better. Your payment will be due in 30 days.' Robert, Scot's Plumbing.

I hobbled upstairs to our bedroom, walked into the bathroom to check things out. I turned the water on; no leak, it was working perfectly!

I then noticed the water spots on the wall and ceiling; and felt the carpet squish under my feet. What a mess, I confessed to myself.

I took a good look at my cast, my ankle and the stitches in my arm. I felt the knots on the back of my head and I laughed under my breath, thinking as I walked away; and it was supposed to be a piece of cake.

The End.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's Insane**

Quick! Hold this animal down,  
Then strap his wrists good and tight!  
Stupid idiot is so strong,  
Watch out, he's going to bite!

Close that door so they won't hear,  
Bring his meds'... make it quick!  
Hold his nose and pour it down,  
Man, his smell's making me sick!

Hurry, give him the needle,  
Who cares, just jab it in deep;  
He may moan like a stuck pig,  
But soon he'll be fast asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

You say; "I don't believe it! "  
Then your head's just in the sand.  
For it's true of some psych wards,  
In hospitals in our land!

Note: Just recently while driving I heard the report of a patient in a mental hospital who was beaten to death by the staff. I was troubled by this report and after arriving home; I goggled the topic and found that the web is filled with more examples of this abuse. I have post one such report for your enlightenment. I wrote my poem rather hastily, so I'm sure it is in need of tweaking a bit, but I felt compelled to do my little part in raise the awareness level of this terrible crime. Thanks for reading, Loyd.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's Not Over Yet!**

Look, the creature is killing the Creator!  
Mankind has raised its rebellious fists,  
The King has become the Lamb slain.

They nail Him to the cross that He abhorred,  
As the maddening crowds did as they wished,  
Though for their reconciliation He came.

Iron spikes make His hands and feet sure,  
Mary, his mother weeps as she beholds this!  
They pierce His side as blood and water pour forth.

Listen, 'It is finished! ' cried out the Sufferer.  
God has provided atonement for the world,  
This Savior Jesus has died in their stead.

Dead!

Yes, He is dead,  
But wait...

It's not over yet...  
He gave up the ghost!

It's not over yet...  
He is taken from the cross.

It's not over yet...  
He is buried in a borrowed tomb.

It's not over yet...  
In three days He will arise!

It's not over yet...  
He is risen! He is risen!

But wait...  
It's not over yet!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's That Time Again!**

### **IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN**

The air is usually hot and muggy, or just plain hot. The gravel road into the park is dusty, with freshly spread gravel crunching under the tires. Chain link fences are stretched out in circular patterns, advertisements from local merchants drape on them like tablecloths on a clothesline.

The smell of freshly cut grass is unmistakable. The sand has been smoothed nicely on the infields, unprofessional workers making a few quick touch ups, the base lines are marked noticeably, sometimes with slightly crooked lime lines.

Cars, trucks, mostly SUVs of all makes, colors, shapes and sizes fill every parking spot. About the only thing they have in common is their cargo. They are loaded with kids, uniforms, equipment, coolers, and diaper bags and such. The concession stand is open, manned by sweet naive volunteers- no offense. Volunteers are made up of good hearted teachers, parents, grandparents; almost any warm body will do.

Oh, and we can't forget the out side "johns", what would we do with out them!

I walk up and Mrs. Ethel Brown from church takes my order. Two bottles of water, two hot dogs and two tortilla chips with extra cheese, please. In front of me I noticed a plastic jar with a photo of little Tommy Jones who is in need of a cancer operation, with a hand written note that read; "Donations Please."

Making my way to a choice spot on a dirty, hard, metal bleacher, my body is resistant due to the many times that sitting here had made my sacroiliac ache!

In a few minutes you will hear the familiar sounds of grand parents shouting for grand kids, parents cheering for their child, coaching the coaches, and grumbling with the umpire. There are smaller kids scattered about, playing catch, kick ball, tag, or some other game to remove their boredom and some already fussing over the last bite of a candy bar or the last drink of soda. Fans pointing out their favorites while catching up on the latest gossip, or community news- I should say.

As we take a look around you notice the arms and legs of various people, white from their winter's hibernation. You admire those trusty volunteer coaches, some with 40 inch pot bellies hanging over a 32 inch waste of a pair of Wrangler blue jeans. Others you see with long skinny legs, resembling a jockey riding a chicken. Teams are so cute in their new uniforms, the players and coaches working out the last few glitches of their World Series style hand signals. There is the last minute setting of the score board.

The teams are called in from the dug outs. As they line up and take their hats off: some will pray, some say allegiance, some quote the softball pledge. A few final pitches, swings of the bat, scratching, patting, rubbing, chewing of gum...

The umpire motions to his watch and the teams take their positions. Hearts are racing! Everyone is on the edge of their seats in anticipation of the first pitch...the first hit!

The ump yells "Play Ball! "

The batter takes his position at the plate, positioning himself just right. You can hear the dragging of the foot across the sand. A gentle breeze is gracing the hot fans and you can taste the dust in the air. From several locations on the field you can hear the slapping of hand against leather.

The pitch is thrown. The sound of the ball hitting the bat is unmistakable...as the crowd goes wild!

Yes, it's That Time Again!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's Your Birthday**

It's your birthday again Sweetheart  
and though your one year older,  
the love that I have for you my love  
each year grows stronger and bolder.

Older, yes I know you are  
but more precious now to me,  
than any poem could ever express  
for all eternity

Yes, another year has come and gone  
in each of our lives,  
Please know how grateful that I am  
to have you as my wife.

I did know back when we met  
just how our hearts would blend,  
for not only are you my wife, sweetheart  
but you're also my best friend.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's Your Mother's Day**

On Mother's Day we give to moms  
A tribute they are due;  
This is your special day, Mom-  
A day we give to you.

Because today's your day, Mom,  
You truly deserve our praise -  
And some recognition  
On this, your Mother's Day.

A million trillion thanks we give,  
For those you never heard;  
Gazillion hugs and kisses  
That you indeed deserve!

It's just so hard to find sometimes  
The suitable words to say;  
Just know that we love you very much -  
On this, your Mother's day.

Written by Loyd Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **It's Yours! (Hope)**

It's Yours

Want it now ...  
    Stretch for it!  
    Strive for it!  
    Strain for it!

It's in your heart...  
    Your dream!  
    Your desire!  
    Your delight!

Take it now...  
    Do not wait!  
    Do not waiver!  
    Do not wane!

It's in your hands ...  
    Your dream!  
    Your desire!  
    Your delight!

Have it now ...  
    The day is this day!  
The hour is this hour!  
    The moment is this moment!

So, go ahead ...  
    Dream for that unbelievable dream!  
    Desire for that unattainable desire!  
    Delight in that indescribable delight!

It's your's ...  
    Your Dream!  
    Your Desire!  
    Your Delight!

Delight thyself also in the Lord;  
                            And he shall give it to you ...  
    Your dream!  
    Your desire!  
    Your delight!

It's Yours!

Psalm 37: 5

Loyd C. Taylor

## Jammer's in the Slammer!

Jammer in the Slammer

Miss Elma Emmer stood there enamored at his black robe, gavel and all,  
The judge though glamoured, didn't stammer as Elma's case was called.  
He said; "For what do you clamor Miss Emmer, what brings you to court today? "  
Elma, teary eyed cried; "It's my x-boyfriend, Jammer, I want to see him pay! "

The judge looked at Jammer then asked; "Sir, what today is your crime? "  
"To the floor I slammed Elma, cause I caught her with an x-friend of mine! "  
Now for the record, Mr. Jammer, please state to the court your friend's full name;  
"The scoundrel's name is 'Sam T. Lammer' or 'Cheaten Scammer' just the same."

'So, it is stated that you slammed Elma, Jammer? ' 'Would you like to add any more? '  
Jammer said; "I also rammed her, and then crammed her and Lammer out the door! "  
Elma Emmer cried out; "He also had a hammer and said he'd nail me to the wall! "  
The judge asked: "What! ? " "You would have used a hammer to nail Elma to the wall? "

"Order in the court! " 'Is that right Mr. Jammer? ' 'You slammed and rammed Elma,  
Then crammed her and Lammer out the door, after threatening with a hammer? '  
Then Jammer and Elma began to clamor until the court officer had to be called.  
The judge said; "Stop, don't yammer! " "And don't clamor, for I think I've heard it all! "

Winking at Elma, he said to Jammer as he hammered his gavel a few times;  
"I find you guilty Mr. Jammer; now hear now the punishment for your crime."  
"Because you slammed Elma, then you rammed her and Sam T. Lammer..."  
"And for threatening with a hammer... It's forty days in the city slammer! "

So, what is the moral of this story of Jammer in the slammer?  
When you are upset at a girl like Elma Emmer and you want to slam her or ram her,  
Or nail her with a hammer; make sure the judge isn't the dishonorable Sam T.  
Lammer.

Loyd C. Taylor

## July 4th

During this special time of the year  
The corn is usually knee-high,  
The watermelons are juicy  
As flags wave proudly in the sky!

Families are enjoying picnics  
Eating Hot dogs and Apple pie;  
They are celebrating Freedom  
On this day, the Fourth of July.

Birds are singing, freedom bells ringing,  
June bugs are darting in their flight.  
Folk gather wherever they can  
To watch fireworks light up the night.

Worshippers gather throughout the land  
Gladly sing patriotic songs.  
Millions express their gratitude  
For their families and their homes.

The smell of someone's barbecuing  
Is carried on a summer breeze.  
Hear the crack of the baseball bat!  
Kids cheerfully play "hide and seek".

Hey listen, here comes the ice cream man,  
He's making his way down the street!  
Women wave, men tip their hats,  
Children are filled with joyful glee.

Andy Griffith still entertains us,  
The flag still brings tears to our eyes!  
People walk a little taller  
On this day, the Fourth of July

Colors red white and blue remind us  
Of the great price of being free.  
Thank God for the sacrifices  
Made to purchase our liberty!

So, Happy Birthday, America!  
Your flag we will proudly lift high!  
Thank God for you, America  
On this day, the Fourth of July

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Just A Silly Car Wash**

Dedicated to Drew Morgan

So, it's just a silly car wash?  
My friend it's really so much more!  
It's an opportunity to help-  
A noble cause now at your door.

You say she's not that dirty  
And that you can't afford to stop;  
I say just think of the purpose  
And let us wash her bottom to top.

Let the volunteers of this good cause  
Wash away the filth and slime,  
And give a cheerful donation  
Of some dollars, nickels, or dimes.

Remember, Jesus taught us  
'Tis better to give than receive.'  
May we wash your car today?  
Our goal to help us achieve.

Drew Morgan is a fine young man in his late twenties and the single father of two small children. He is unable to work and his health is very poor at this time. Drew is in need of a double lung transplant and our church is raising money to help. The cost of his operation could run into the tens of thousands of dollars. I hope this poem will be blessing to you and one way of saying "thanks! " Please keep Drew in your prayers. Should you wish to make a tax deductible donation an account has been set up through the Wachovia Bank of Lewisville, , NC as the Drew Morgan Fund. Thank you very much for your gift of love!

Written by Loyd C. Taylor, August 2,2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## Just An Old Shoe Box

It was just an old shoe box with a pink faded ribbon wrapped around...

\*\*\*\*\*

The old house was sad and sat strangely quiet,  
Ever since momma graced Heaven's dawn;  
It's like she had just turned loose of living,  
Dutifully to follow dad on.

Brother and I had moved things for hours,  
Loading boxes since early morning's light,  
It was then I noticed an old shoe box,  
Tucked away snugly, almost out of sight.

Now that's just great, more of mom's junk,  
I'll just toss it in the pile with the rest;  
When it came to hoarding odds and ends,  
The kids all knew mom was world's best.

I reached and took hold of that old shoe box,  
It was on a shelf just about mom's height;  
Wrapped around it was a pink faded ribbon,  
With a small bow, that mom had tied tight.

I sat down, blew the dust from the top,  
These words in a hand-drawn heart I read;  
-My little box of Treasures- 'Odd' I mused,  
'What's inside?' I questioned in my head.

I smiled as I opened that old shoe box,  
For the very first thing I spied;  
Was a pair of slightly worn baby shoes,  
With a scribbled note stuffed down inside.

I was surprised to see my name written,  
On that crinkled note so aged and worn;  
It read; 'His first pair of baby shoes, '  
Mom had dated it the year I was born.

Then I found an old sympathy card,  
Taped to it, a tiny lock of blonde hair;  
The card read 'we're all sorry for your loss,  
And will be keeping your folk in prayer.'

Then there were a couple of report cards,  
Old photos and a dried up four leaf clover;  
A 'Be My Valentine' and a note that said;  
'I Luv You' signed 'Your secret admirer'

Then I came upon a love letter of dads,  
It was hand written and penned in red;  
I held it up so I could read it better,  
And this is what it said;

Darling, you are my first true love,  
And will always be my best friend;  
Can't wait to marry you sweetheart,  
This fall, after harvest time ends.

My brother had made his way to the place,  
Where I sat now crying on the floor;  
Both of us amazed at the things mom kept,  
From our lives so many years before.

We laughed out loud, cried and reminisced,  
At the marvels that old shoe box concealed;  
O' so many things mom had collected,  
Precious memories to us were revealed.

Each had its own unique place in our heart,  
From trinkets to the golden lock;  
They were trophies rediscovered by us,  
Found that day in an old shoe box.

No, it wasn't junk, as I had supposed,  
But true treasures that money couldn't buy;  
Looking heavenward I said; 'thank you mom'  
As more tears fell from my eyes.

Time had flown, it was getting dark,  
The power had already been shut down;  
We figured we'd better lock everything up,  
Make our way back towards town.

I placed the lid back on that old shoe box,  
Gently put the ribbon back in its place;  
Took one more look, then locked the doors,  
Said 'good-bye' to our old home place.

My thoughts still racing, I jumped in the truck,  
Brother and I, were both teary eyed;  
I said; 'hold on, wait just a minute'  
As I climbed quickly back outside.

There in the front yard was the 'For Sale' sign,  
Brother and I had earlier put in place;  
I yanked that sign up, threw it in the back,  
With teardrops streaming down my face.

We sat silent as we headed down the road,  
A moment neither would soon forget;  
For we both knew that we weren't ready,  
To live with one more regret.

As we drove down that familiar road,  
The old home place now fading from view;  
Strangely our love for life and family,  
From that old shoe box had been renewed.

My eyes glanced down at the prize in my hands,  
The best treasure I had ever found;  
Then I smiled; it was just an old shoe box,  
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

Yeah, just an old shoe box, with a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

Written by Loyd C Taylor, 2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## Just Forty Days

It was in the year of 2005,  
In the autumn-kissed month of September;  
Broken roads met for a man and woman  
In a way they will always remember.

It was Monday, plain old Monday,  
Just another day of the week:  
The twenty-sixth day of the month,  
A day not particularly unique.

It was at 7PM on that Monday night  
On a blind date arranged by friends,  
At a little house on South Gordon Drive  
That a miracle of love began.

Yes, it was a miracle, not a coincidence  
For they knew God arranged it all;  
Allowing their paths to cross with each other  
At the time when golden leaves fall.

Two people met and two lives were changed  
In a mysterious and unusual way;  
For Scotty and Dreama would be married  
In the space of just forty days.

It was Saturday, November the fifth,  
Somewhere around four o'clock,  
Before the minister, family and friends,  
Scotty and Dreama tied the knot.

Just forty days since they found each other,  
Forty days since they learned to love.  
A short span of time lived on earth  
But long planned by God above.

Congratulations to you are now in order!  
And our wish for you both sincere,  
May your lives be filled with the wonder  
You have found in this special year!

May the fire of love you both discovered  
Shine bright as the Sun's golden rays;  
May you enjoy the warmth of love forever  
As you did in just forty days.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Just Wanted to Let You Know (prose)**

Just wanted to let you know...

We went to check mom out today to be sure that she was laid out right. She sure did look peaceful. I loved that outfit. I think the folk here did a pretty good job. Once everyone had gathered the family was seated the service began. Pop sang "When You and I Were Young" I guess his way of saying "I love you" and "Good By" to his best friend. We read some scripture and prayed. Then it was if heaven came down! The 'church' broke out! We sang "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" and then spontaneously song after song after song for almost an hour. By the time we stopped there wasn't a dry eye in the place. Pop told one more story and we said Goodbye and went home.

Just wanted to let you know.

Dedicated to Kirk DiVietro and family

Loyd C. Taylor

**Kasady (an acrostic)**

KASADY

she is....

Kind...  
Aspiring...  
Sweet...  
Animated...  
Dainty...  
Youthful...

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Katherine (AN ACROSTICE)**

KATHERINE

she is...

Kindly...

Adorable...

Tremendous...

Happy...

Enjoyable...

Reasonable...

Intelligent...

Nifty...

Entertaining..

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

**Kristy (an acrostic)**

KRISTY

she is...

Kissable...  
Reliable...  
Incredible...  
Sensitive...  
Tender...  
Yearning...

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

**Landon (an acrostic)**

LANDON

He is...

Lovable  
Adventurous  
Notable  
Daring  
Observant  
Natural

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

## Lawson's Ridge (short story)

'Take any one you want, ' Mr. Tucker, the owner of the hardware store said.

I picked up the smallest one in the litter. She licked my cheek and pressed her cold, wet nose to my skin. She was just a fuzzy pup, and she was mine, all mine. With my heart racing, I held her close and whispered, 'Let's go home girl, I can't wait to show you Lawson's Ridge! '

Now, what shall I name my little friend? I mused as she played around my feet. Just then, John Newcomb dropped a penny, which went rolling across the floor. In a flash, the pup snatched it and gulped it down. 'That's it! I'll name her Penny! '

Over the years that shepherd pup grew into a dog and she became my constant companion and best friend. Whether pretending to be cowboys or Indians, or searching for treasures in old man Carter's dump, we grew inseparable. From early morning until late in the day, we romped through the woods and fields, resting, from time to time, in a leaf fort we made up on Lawson's Ridge.

Penny was a real worker and always did more than her share. Sometimes she helped corral Ole Sam, our stubborn mule that frequently broke through the fence on a run. She was equally good at helping me chase down a chicken for Sunday dinner and dragging branches we had gathered for firewood cut from the trees that grew up on Lawson's Ridge.

She was a great protector and took care of any stray dogs sneaking around the house or snakes that might slither into our private territory. Once she saved me from my bully cousin, Randal. He was older than me and threatened to beat me up and take our fort. Penny had other ideas, and I couldn't help but laugh as he cried, 'Call off your dog, call off your dog, ' while running down off Lawson's Ridge.

That dog filled the void in my heart that, at the time, nothing else could. We lived for the moment, loving every one. Time flew by quickly as the hours turned into days and the months turned into years. But time only made us cling to each other more, as the wild vines clung to the Oak trees up on Lawson's Ridge.

Penny grew old far faster than I wanted to see it happen. Living on a farm, I knew well that death was a part of living, but I never thought it would come to her. The afternoon arrived when I called for her, but she never came. I found her around back of the house, whimpering and in great pain. She looked at me with pleading eyes. I motioned for her to come. She stood and moved slowly towards me, dragging her hindquarter. Seeing her discomfort caused my heart to sink and the tears to fall, as do the leaves of autumn up on Lawson's Ridge.

I ran to find Mom, and she inspected Penny. 'Son, she's got a cripplin' disease, and I'm afraid she'll never walk again. I'm sorry, but, she'll have to be put down.'

'Let me do it. She's my dog, and it's my place.' With a rifle on my shoulder and a shovel in my hand, I became a man that day up on Lawson's Ridge.

I carried her to the spot where I had dug a hole, and set her gently down beside it. I petted and hugged her tight, not wanting to ever let her go. I told her what a good dog she had been and that I would miss her. She pressed her nose to my cheek and licked my salty face as if to say that it was OK. Then, I cried... how I cried, as I buried my

face in the dirt up on Lawson's Ridge!

I said goodbye to my companion and best friend and stood on shaking legs. "Stay, girl," I said and walked a few paces away. With trembling hands I took aim, squeezed my eyes shut, and pulled the trigger. The crack of the rifle echoed through the hollow and reverberated through the hole in my chest.

I covered her body and placed a marker I had made that simply read; 'Here lies Penny, a boy's best friend.'

\*\*\*\*\*

I am much older now, and throughout my life friends have come and gone; there are some I can't even remember their names. But there's one friend I will never forget: she's the one I left up there on Lawson's Ridge.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Let It Be Me

Their cries, fall on deafened ears,  
Their plight sadly goes untold;  
They are seekers of the truth,  
The hopeless, forgotten souls.

Their hearts are hardened by evil,  
Their eyes are darkened by night;  
They are deceived by Satan,  
The aimless, groping for light.

Their cries, Heaven has heeded,  
Their plight has reached Mercy's ear;  
They need not die despairingly,  
The Hope of hope has appeared!

Their chains may now be broken!  
Their freedom awaits faith's plea.  
They need a voice to tell them,  
The Truth that can set them free!

Their redemption; "It is now purchased! "  
Their instruction; "To simply believe! "  
They need only accept Grace's offer,  
The blood bought mercy receive!

But...

Who will share this glad story?  
Who will set these captives free?  
Who will give the Gospel message?  
"O Savior let it be me! "

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.  
John 3: 16-18

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Life Goes On**

O, God loves His dear children,  
With only good in store;  
Even in difficulties,  
He proves it more and more.

He gives comfort in mourning,  
His love to cast out fear.  
He gives smiles to face sorrows,  
His healing through our tears.

His joy replaces sadness,  
Victory conquers defeat,  
His peace removes confusion,  
He turns bitter into sweet.

So, when difficulties come,  
Your faith is put to test,  
God is there in each trial,  
Working out for us His best.

Yes, life can be beautiful!  
Those battles can be won!  
Yes, life can be meaningful!  
For with God, life goes on!

Romans 8: 28  
I Corinthians 10: 13

Loyd C. Taylor

### **Limerick, Balding Fred**

There once was a balding man named Fred,  
Who had just one long hair on his head;  
He kept that hair slicked down,  
On his head wound it around,  
Til' it looked like a giant spool of thread.

Loyd C. Taylor

### **Limerick, School Boy Willie**

Now Willie was a very bright lad,  
But uneducated, which was sad;  
12 years of school he made,  
But kept failing fifth grade,  
Choosing not to enter sixth, with Dad  
Loyd C. Taylor

### **Limerick, Short Knees the Indian Brave**

A young Indian brave named Short Knees,  
He loved to drink his wife's sweet ice tea.  
He drank so much one night,  
He died, O what a sight!  
You see, he drowned in his own Tee-Pee.

Written by Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Limerick, Taffy Kathy**

There once was a lady named Kathy,  
Who loved eating sweet sticky taffy.  
Yes, she loved it so much,  
That she used all her bucks,  
To buy her own taffy factory.

A Limerick

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## Looking for Love

Looking for Love?

So you're looking for real love and companionship  
You're tired of quick romances and one night stands.  
You want a warm body to sleep with you at night  
You want a soul mate to share time's grains of sand.

You ach and cry because your heart has been broken  
You hate the emptiness and dread life alone.  
You resent the many times you've been mistreated  
You just want a friend to make your house a home.

You're upset because of all the empty promises  
You dread getting up to face another day.  
You want to love and to be loved by somebody  
You want to share life until you're old and gray.

You want to go walking for long hours in the park  
You want to smile, to hear the songbird's melody!  
You want a loyal friend who loves you heart and soul  
You yearn to be touched and kissed passionately!

Friend, trust me, I understand how you are feeling  
But, there's hope, so get your head out of the fog.  
Stop going round and round on your merry-go-round  
Stop now! Friend, go out and get you a good dog!

Man and Woman's best friend.

Really!

Start with a puppy.

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Love's Flame**

Oxygen removed,  
kills fire's flame.

Take your love from me,  
I die the same.

Loyd C. Taylor

**Made Possible With Love**

Only in true love do we find

The mathematical impossibility:

One plus one equals one.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Make This A Happy FATHER's Day**

You can do it, by making a long overdue phone call,  
Or by sending a card, or maybe just dropping by.

You can do it, through a word of appreciation for  
The sacrifices he has made to take care of you.

You can do it, maybe with a small gift, although he's  
Not really into those things very much.

You can do it, by taking a little walk with him,  
While you thank him for being there for you.

You can and should do it, not because he's perfect,  
But because he is your father and God wants you to.

It's your chance of turning the tide, not because you  
Feel like it, or want to, but because it's the right thing.

He's not perfect, but he is your dad.  
He's not always right, but he is your dad.  
He may even have hurt you, but he is your dad.  
He may have even let you down, but he is your dad.

God instructs us to honor him,  
So even in the smallest way,  
Take time to show him love,  
Make this a happy Father's Day!

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Exodus 20: 12

For the dear ones who say they just can't love their dads, I remind you that Jesus taught that we are to love our neighbor as ourselves and to even love our enemies. Our father may fit into the enemy category, God knew that, and still commands us to love him.

It saddens my heart to know that there have been so many neglectful, abusive, selfish fathers in this old world, for this I am troubled and ashamed. My heart goes out to all of those who have never known a father's love. When I hear their stories a part of me wants to scream at the dads and set them straight. And I want to take all those children into my arms and try to give them what their dad did not. I can understand the hurt and anger. However, two wrongs don't make a right. He may have been a terrible dad, but that doesn't mean you have to be a terrible child. Hate will not hurt him as much as it will hurt you.

God gave this commandment not because He wished to force something upon us to hurt us. No! He knew it was the right thing to do. I often have seen one act of love and kindness lead to many more from the opposite direction. In so many cases, a child reaching out to a not so great father has opened up a world of communication and had begun the necessary steps for reconciliation and healing.

For the hurting disappointed child, think about it. Honor your father, not because I said so, but because God commands it. Let God punish the evil doers and believe you me, they will not go unnoticed by God. Let change begin with you!

For all of those men who have tried and are still seeking to be a good dad, may I take this time to say thank you and to wish you a very happy Father's Day.

For those men who have failed in their roles as fathers, I ask that you start today. Don't wait on your children, reach out and in true humility, ask for forgiveness and a chance to start over.

For all the children, let's honor out fathers today!

Thank you, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Making Our Way to Easter**

See Him crucified!  
See Him as He dies!  
See Him hang there at Calvary!

Observe Him in cruel pain.  
Listen to Him cry out again,  
'Father, why hast thou forsaken me? "

For us, He was crucified.  
For us, He suffered and died.  
Taking our place on that sinful tree!

He suffered Hell's great pain.  
Heaven's lost would be our gain,  
Paying for our sins, to set us free!

He surely died that day.  
Was placed in a cold dark grave.  
Enemies of Christ celebrated in glee!

Lying there, for three days.  
The stone then was rolled away!  
Then He came forth triumphantly!

Arise, on that Easter day!  
Arise! He lives today!  
Arise, for eternity!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Missy Girl**

There she is, adoring me again,  
Loving others is her only vice;  
She's such a trusted and loyal friend,  
Selfless, unafraid of sacrifice.

She's not a high maintenance lady,  
Her look of approvals is so sweet;  
Companionship is her one desire,  
She has made our family complete.

She loves and adores little children,  
When she's happy she turns in a whirl;  
She's our faithful Golden Retriever,  
We've come to call her our "Missy girl."

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## Mom's Apron

While thumbing through the old photo album  
A particular one my eyes fixed upon;  
It was of Mom in her blue Sunday dress  
And wearing a soiled yellow apron.

I smiled as in my mind I returned,  
It seemed just like it was yesterday;  
For I had left my small hand prints on it  
From playing in the Carolina red clay.

Mom had called us into dinner,  
I could smell Sunday chicken fried;  
So I ran in and threw my arms around her,  
As on my hands the clay she spied.

Mom pinched my cheeks as she laughed out loud,  
Told me to wash up and quickly sit down;  
Then sister Mary Ruth took mom's picture,  
We kids snickered, not dad, he just made a frown.

Mom would always wear an apron,  
Yellow was her favorite color;  
I loved to sneak and untie it,  
Hear her shout; 'Scat, you little stinker! '

Yes, the apron was mom's preference  
Of all the clothing that she wore;  
She donned it like a badge of honor,  
Displayed it like some fancy decor.

She would wear it into the hen house,  
Then shape it in a rounded fold;  
There softly place fresh eggs gathered,  
Or shield baby chicks from the cold.

I've seen her use it for a basket  
For garden tomatoes or fresh corn;  
I even recall when it cradled,  
A dozen kittens newly-born.

She'd reach down, pull it at the bottom,  
Her dish pan hands to gently dry;  
She would fan herself in hot weather,  
Or wave it like a flag to say goodbye.

Why, Mom's apron could hide a shy child,  
Or wipe dirt from a little boy's ear;  
And she would keep a hankie in its pocket,  
That's one memory I still hold dear.

I have seen her pat a sweaty brow,  
After cooking over an old wood stove;

Or use it for a potholder, as cornbread  
From the oven she would remove.

She'd use it to carry ripe apples  
That had just fallen to the ground;  
Maybe collect crumbs from the table,  
Toss them to the birds waitin' 'round.

Yes, Mom's apron had many uses,  
From a tote bag to shooing flies;  
But, I've also seen her use it tenderly,  
When she would wipe teary eyes.

Now, I suppose the apron was invented,  
To protect a mom's pretty clothes;  
But they must have had Mom in mind,  
How she loved it... heaven only knows.

And I don't reckon that too many ladies,  
Would care a whit for it in these days;  
But my mom proved its great value,  
As she used it in so many ways.

So, when I look through my family photos,  
There's one I still gaze upon;  
It's of mom in her blue Sunday dress,  
Wearing a soiled yellow apron.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Mom's Bible**

My soul felt parched and empty, needing refreshment from on high;  
I prayed to my Father, as I reached for Mom's bible lying nearby.

She gave it to me as a gift, before she graced Heaven's shore;  
It had been her strength and comfort, for fifty years or more.

I sighed, then I turned straight to Genesis, chapter one...  
But, it wasn't scripture that was to be my inspiration.

For my eyes fell on Mom's hand written notes, faded and worn;  
Some were difficult to read, on the pages crumpled and torn.

I found them in the columns, and scattered here and there;  
So, tirelessly I read the words, she had written with such care.

They took me back to childhood, as I sat at momma's knee;  
I heard again her tender voice, as she read God's word to me.

Those sweet precious memories engulfed my heart and soul;  
I felt satisfying joy and peace, as His Spirit took control.

I didn't complete one chapter, as I sat there on that day;  
But my parched soul was refreshed, in a much different way.

Finally, I closed that bible, and put it safely in its place;  
I thought, "Thanks Mom, " with heaven's smile upon my face.

Yes, the Father knew just what I needed, before I bowed to pray;  
For He led me to Mom's bible, and her notes I read that day.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Morning Murders

Dedicated to those who love a mystery. Take note and remember that not everything at first sense is the correct sense. Please let me know what is taking place in the poem from your review. Have fun, Loyd

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In the shadowy early morning  
Before the sun appeared to reveal,  
Two beings lying in wantonness  
Instinctive desires of lust to fill.

As naked silky bodies entwined  
Upon the grassy mattress pressed low,  
No human eye was there to witness  
The stark act of the murderous blow!

As a slithering peeper peers through  
The unsuspecting innocent's pane,  
Two piercing eyes were stalkingly fixed  
To put quick end to this lover's game.

In a split second it was over  
Two naked bodies could only squirm,  
Thus fulfilling the wise old saying;  
"The Early Bird always gets the worm! "

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Mothers and May**

There are many things I love  
About the magic month of May-  
The beautiful budding flowers,  
The gorgeous life-giving weather,  
The celebration of Mother's Day!

There are many things I love  
About our having Mother's Day-  
A day of recognition,  
A time to offer commendation,  
To one worthy in many ways!

There are many things I love  
About you, my sweet Mother dear-  
The graceful beauty of your life,  
Your selflessness and sacrifice,  
Your constant love, year after year.

There are many things I love  
About you, Mom, that words can't say!  
So on this special occasion,  
You have my appreciation;  
"Thank you, and Happy Mother's Day! "

Written by Loyd Taylor, April 2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Mothers Are**

Mothers...  
Are so gentle and kind,  
Giving themselves freely;  
They are true and tender,  
Loving unselfishly.

Mothers...  
Are always there for us,  
Soothing our tears away;  
They labor tirelessly,  
Sacrificing each day.

Mothers...  
Are living examples,  
Walking the words they say;  
They tenderly guide us,  
Helping us find our way.

Mothers...  
Are the rarest treasures,  
Glowing with modest face;  
They mercifully forgive,  
Extending matchless grace.

Mothers...  
Are God's special people,  
Showing His image true;  
They love to hear the words,  
Saying; 'Mom, I love you.'

Loyd C. Taylor

## Mr President

Mr. President:

I've seen you bow reverently; you must be deep in prayer.  
I'm touched with your humility; one of your stature and power.  
I'm convinced that you believe, you seem unashamed and sincere,  
As you openly petition the Almighty to lend you an open ear.

Mr. President:

I believe you take prayer seriously and I think that I know why;  
You pray for His divine wisdom, for on your own you dare not rely.  
You pray for freedom for our nation and the people of other lands;  
You pray for hope and peace as to the Almighty you lift your hands.

Mr. President:

I know you're in a situation that few shall ever be in;  
Criticized on every turn, and at times, it seems no win.  
It's true, I've not been thankful for the good you have done,  
For the battles you have fought and for the victories won.

Mr. President:

I know your load is heavy, and your burden is hard to bear;  
Still you take time to speak to God, and to lift us up in prayer.  
I'm blessed you are my president, and I'm thankful for all you do;  
Now Mr. President, if you don't mind, I'd like to pray for you:

Dear God;

Please bless my President, and do help his judgment to be right;  
Grant him wisdom, grace and strength, and guide him day and night.  
Give him a long life of happiness, and may he know a true friend.  
Lord, by Thy might protect and keep him; in Jesus' name, Amen.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Backyard Theater**

Before I leave, maybe just one more peek ...

I walk through my back door, entering into my backyard theater, I find my place. Then my attention is tugged heavenward... being magnetically drawn to Heaven's stage!

The scene has been set and I am captivated by this astounding assemblage of brilliant galactic masterpieces. I gaze in finite wonder upon the illustriousness of this empyrean!

My eyes drink in the breathtaking beauty...

Innumerable stars are glimmering; sprinkled diamonds scattered throughout the sky. They are perfectly silhouetted in the distance; delicately placed on a dark velvet backdrop.

I am a creature amazed at this creation; completely speechless, yes, awestruck! I hold my breath, fearful that the sound of my breathing might disrupt this grand presentation.

I stand motionless; I dare not lose my place...

Alas, I can only take in but a tiny fraction of these heavenly beauties, these treasures. I can only take a sip, a tiny droplet from this ocean of radiance; it is too much for me!

I long to drink more of this awesome majesty I view; but, it is not to be. It is forbidden, for my human frailties' and physical limitations prohibit me from doing so.

Oh yes; limited mortal that I am...

I pull my eyes slowly downward, silently, dismissing myself from this well orchestrated symphony. It is so difficult to depart from such a grand demonstration of glory!

I wish not to end this night of heavenly entertainment, not now... not ever; but I must! Though I might wish too stay here forever, I know it is beyond my capability, yes, impossible.

I breathe a sigh of contentedness...

Now carefully I back away, smiling in satisfaction of my time spent, until I need filling again. I quietly leave; slipping out undetected; for I wish not to attract attention to myself.

I wish not to distract from balance of God's earthly creation's fixation upon this astounding celestial scene; this crowning nighttime masterpiece; my Backyard Theater.

Yes, the entire worlds of created things, of creatures large and small, from blades of grass to mountains tall, are mesmerized by God's handiwork and the wonder of it all!

"Shush! " with finger to lips they seem to say.

OK, I will make my exit, but...

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Crazy Dream**

Last night I had a crazy dream,  
It seemed so vivid and so true;  
And if you lend me your ear,  
I will then tell my dream to you.

In my dream I was playing ball,  
When towards me the ball did come;  
I bounced up so fast to catch it,  
I nearly bit in two my tongue.

I caught the ball and raised my hand,  
I then flung quick it and let go;  
But my arm went completely limp,  
So I dropped it in a mud hole.

I then picked up the dripping ball,  
It was dirty and soaking wet;  
I then wiped it dry on my shirt,  
I squeezed it and then I reset.

Next, I heard a lady's voice scream,  
I thought it was a crazy fan;  
That's when I suddenly woke up,  
For my wife smacked me with her hand.

I was standing in our bathroom,  
In my hand was a dripping shoe;  
O, too late I then realized,  
For I had dropped it in the stool.

So this doesn't happen anymore,  
I hide all shoes and lock the doors.

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

### **My Heart (an acrostic)**

My heart you have now and always,  
Your desire Dear, I long to meet;

Hand in hand we'll walk together,  
Enjoying a love life so sweet.  
And then in the time ever after,  
Reuniting shall make complete;  
This Darling truly is My Heart.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Lady of Love**

Just one touch from my Lady of Love's hand,  
Melts my heart as sunbeams melt Winter's snow;  
As liquid ice runs down to water's end,  
And silver 'cicles thaw to join it's flow.

Just one look from my Lady of Love's eyes,  
Penetrates my being, illumes my soul;  
As graceful beauty in her body lies,  
Like my spirit succumbs to her control.

Just one word from my Lady of Love's lips,  
Brushes over the chord of my heart's string;  
As masterful Beethoven's fingertips,  
As winter gives way to the warmth of spring.

O' Lady of Love, love passionately!  
O' Lady of Love, take me completely!  
Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Love**

No "Angel's Breath" nor angels conjoining,  
Their radiant beauty gloriously fair;  
Competing as one their noble attempts,  
Could ever my lovely one's beauty compare.

As the planets are stayed in distant sky,  
Cemented in their justly and ordained place;  
So you will find my being thus secured,  
As I do now gaze upon my sweet love's face.

Like winding, encircling life giving vines,  
Clutching tightly around the kingly oak tree;  
As the luscious grapes are given their life,  
My darling imparts life giving love to me.

'No heavenly or earthly beauty fine,  
Could ever compare to My Love divine.

Written by Loyd C Taylor  
May 9,2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Pick for President for 2008**

The politicians let us know how blessed we are  
To have them from which to choose,  
To be the next president over this great nation,  
The prestigious oval office use.

Hillary wants to remind us of her gender,  
As if the people have lost sight;  
When political winds change direction,  
She shifts from left to right.

Obama is the first black to achieve  
Such a place of global acclaim,  
With many friends in heavenly places;  
Reverend Wright is one such name.

McCain is a genuine war hero,  
So let's give credit where credit's due;  
Some analysts tell us his mind might depart,  
He's too old to lead us through.

But there's still one knightly person to consider,  
To guide this great nation of ours;  
A man of character and great chivalry;  
You may know him as Jack Bauer!

Even though this was written as sarcastic humor, we have a very serious decision to make in a short while. Americans must be wise and also seek wisdom from above. Our nation is a beacon of hope to so many throughout the world and our choice of president is more important than political expediency, color or gender. Please think and be wise. I hope you will not take this as an attack, just a few thoughts from one who loves America and freedom. Loyd

PS: Jack Bauer is a character in the TV series 24; he play a terrorist hunting, patriotic, death defying, America protecting hero.' Kiefer Sutherland is the actor who plays Jack Bauer, one of my favorites.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Quest**

I embarked on a great journey,  
To seek the rarest treasure told;  
Near the land of crystal waters,  
Searching for my pot of gold.

With quest consuming my spirit,  
The preparations, I did tend;  
Excited, I took this journey,  
That led me to Rainbow's end.

Just then I beheld such beauty,  
My heart stopped in utter delight;  
Lying near the crystal waters,  
My treasure was now in sight.

Her calm smile shone radiantly,  
Embarrassing the rainbow hue;  
Her emerald green eyes sparkled,  
As diamonds dazzle a view.

Her ruby red lips smiled softly,  
As her hands reached out for me;  
Her warm voice whispered, 'I love you'  
As we embraced near the sea.

She is my most beloved treasure,  
She is my beauty and best friend;  
She is worth more than mere riches,  
She's my gold at rainbow's end.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Shepherd**

MY SHEPHERD  
Psalm 23

The Lord is My Shepherd to Him I belong  
He's ever here with me I'm never alone;  
He holds fast my hands in the valleys so low  
My Shepherd loves me and I too love Him so.

The Lord is My Shepherd and He loves me, too,  
Through all the dark valleys He leadeth me through;  
By springs of still waters He maketh me lie,  
I've nothing to fear with Him by my side.

The Lord is My Shepherd and I shall not want  
The times when I'm weak, My Shepherd is strong.  
He'll not let me down nor once leave my side;  
My Shepherd is near and on Him I rely.

The Lord is My Shepherd, He leadeth the way.  
His mercy and grace close by me will stay,  
From His watchful care I never will stray;  
I'll be His forever for all of my days.

The Lord is My Shepherd and He loves me, too,  
Through all the dark valleys He leadeth me through;  
By springs of still waters He maketh me lie,  
I've nothing to fear with Him by my side.

Written by: Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Special Time**

I look forward to my special time with you.  
A time when we can shut the world outside!  
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

I need you girl to be in everything I do.  
I need you girl to be in all things by my side.  
I look forward to my special time with you.

I long for the time to prove my love true.  
I long for the time to reach your heart inside.  
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

The robbers of time can be so very cruel.  
The thieves try to steal it, but I will hide.  
I look forward to my special time with you.

Sweetheart, help me find the place recluse.  
For I must satisfy this emptiness inside!  
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

Darling, I must always speak the truth.  
My desire for you I shall never hide!  
I look forward to my special time with you.  
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

A Villanelle poem

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Tomorrows**

We did not know then  
For only God knew,  
Which man and woman  
For our mate would do;  
To fall deep in love  
Then later in life,  
Would come together  
As husband and wife.

I often questioned;  
"Would life be so grand,  
To give one to me  
Forever to stand;  
To commit one day  
To make my life whole,  
To love completely  
With her heart and soul? "

Then you came along  
T'was love at first glance  
We were young, just kids  
Yet, in deep romance.  
Then love just happened  
You came in my life,  
I knew that moment  
You would be my wife.

Now, we may not know  
For only God does,  
What tomorrow holds  
For either of us;  
But this I promise  
And sweetheart it's true,  
I want to share my  
Tomorrows with you.

Written by; L C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **My Vow**

As I take my place beside you  
I make this solemn vow...  
Before God and these witnesses...  
All my love to you endow.

I wish to have and hold you...  
for all the days that we live.  
I wish to share heart and soul...  
All my life to you I give.

I vow this for better or worse,  
In pain, in poverty, in wealth.  
I vow this in the darkest of times,  
In trials, in sickness, in health.

I vow my very being to you...  
I give to you my heart.  
I vow to never forsake you...  
'Til death do us part.

Then if God would answer...  
A request to Him from me....  
I'd pray to be with you...  
For all eternity.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Mysty Morning Fog**

The smoky mist rose up from the ocean,  
As a light fog crept onto the shore;  
Then settled in a bewitching stillness,  
As the sea cast its spell once more.

He ran spirited along the water,  
Seeking shells for his mother dear;  
Alas the sea's tongue licked for him,  
As Mom's voice fell on his ear.

She cried out to her precious darling,  
Searched tirelessly, but to no avail;  
Followed his small prints near the water,  
But finding only his small blue pail.

Her grief was great, the loss too heavy,  
Until one day she ceased calling his name;  
T'was last seen walking into the ocean,  
Losing out to the sea's deadly game.

They say you can still see her out walking,  
Clutching in her hand his small blue pail;  
She's following small prints along the water,  
As on that foggy day when sea mist fell.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Nature's Counseling Room**

Stone hard, I run down to the green meadow where golden daffodils speak,  
To my session under the majestic blue tapestry of the sky peaceful and mild,  
My heart is filled with anguished turmoil as answers to my soul's anger I seek...  
Just then the wind kissed my cheek coaxing me to relax and reflect for a while.

I'm amazed, for even the bursting red of the robin's breast whispered discrete,  
Of the hot exchange that prompted my session in nature's counseling room;  
Such terrible words in anger I had hatefully and quickly hurled at my sweet,  
As cracked notes from the blue jay's batched song filled with pain and gloom.

The tepid sun caressed my skin; reminding me of the warmth of her love;  
The singing brook brought to mind joyful times when for each we yearned.  
I heard a slight whisper from the maple leaves as the wind counseled above,  
No deep psychology but such simple advice? "Return, return, return! "

I walked briskly from nature's counseling room and made my way back to her,  
Though angry I left, now I weep, as the weeping willow when she is bowed low;  
I too am bowed with guilt and shame, humbled by my sin towards my darling true,  
Now, back in her sweet presence crushed, needful of her tender mercy flow.

My will breaks as the weighed down branch of the mighty oak cracks under strain!  
My heart snaps... indeed as it should by the pain inflicted upon my precious one.  
Words flood my heart like the massive overflowing deluge after the monsoon rains,  
But trickle out as tiny drops in a ready to explode dam with imminent release soon.

Then the dam bursts! My words gush out as for her forgiveness I brokenly plea,

As the parched moister starved desert of Ethiopia begs for just a dropp of water.  
Then gentle sweet rain begins to fall... the earth drinks as I drink in her grace sweet.  
Softened now, my grateful arms reaches for my love; I hold and kiss her! One again!  
Loyd C. Taylor

## Never Too Old

Spring brought another radiant morning,  
As Edward wheeled his way down the hall;  
A big grin glowed on his toothless mouth,  
Hardly noticing the workers at all.

Lois daintily brushed her silver waves,  
Pinching her cheeks once more;  
With a final glance at her time worn face,  
She waited breathlessly at her door.

'Good morning Peaches, ' Ed kindly said,  
How's my favorite lady today?  
I'm so happy to see you again,  
Gal, you sure look lovely, if I might say!

It's a bit breezy; better slip a sweater on,  
Don't want my girl to catch a chill;  
You look mighty fine in that pink one,  
Please wear it for me dear, if you will.'

Lois moved frailly towards the sun room,  
As Eddy rolled close by her side;  
They found a warm spot by the window,  
Their enjoyment was not easy to hide.

'Hello you two, ' Lynn the caregiver said,  
As she greeted them with a smile;  
'I'm new here, so are you two married,  
Or, have you been sweethearts for a while? '

'I would be the happiest man in this place,  
If Peaches would give me her hand;  
We've grown pretty close here lately,  
And if she'd have me, life would be so grand.'

Lois spoke up, 'Oh we're just friends Lynn,  
And though I dearly enjoy Ed's company;  
I don't think we should rush into things,  
For we've got plenty of time, Ed and me.

Love is something you can't take lightly,  
And true romance comes to those who wait;  
After all, I've just turned eighty-five...  
And my Eddy... why he's only eighty-eight.

Written by Loyd Taylor, May 6,2009

\*\*\*\*\*

This was written from a true conversation between two elderly residents at the Southfork Assisted Living Home. I have purposefully changed their names to protect their identity. Their names are "Lois and Eddie" and Lynn is their caregiver. I hope you

enjoyed and have been given hope that it's never too late.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Nine Hundred Miles

Now in the car, I drive away...  
I've got nine hundred miles to go.

It's a long nine hundred mile trip,  
The car's packed, I'm ready to go...  
Why I waited so long, I don't know.

That was hard, but eight hundred still,  
Guess I'd better watch those gauges...  
Emotions do flair and hate rages.

Two down and seven hundred more,  
She drags a bit going up hill...  
I must subdue my stubborn will.

Only six hundred miles till I'm there,  
I'll just stop and stretch a little...  
Relationships sure are brittle.

Five hundred miles more to travel,  
The traffic sure is moving slow...  
What happened, will I ever know?

Four hundred miles, and I'm half way,  
Glad I left early when I did...  
It was me, acting like a kid.

Still I've got three hundred miles left,  
After more gas, I'll rest my eyes...  
Who is to be blamed when love dies?

Just two hundred more long hard miles,  
With luck I'll make it before night...  
Oh God, help me to make it right!

One hundred miles and I'll be there,  
She's really handled like a dream...  
Lord knows those things I didn't mean.

Now just mile more, I'll stop and pray,  
Rehearse the things I need to say;  
I circle the block two times more,  
I'm dreading the walk to the door.

What if I can't make the wrongs right?  
I'm crying in the evening light.  
It will be hard, I must be strong,  
My heart breaks, I know I was wrong.

My eyes close as I swallow hard,  
I'm standing now in the front yard;  
My palms are sweaty, my head pounds,

Courage fades, as my fear rebounds.

Back in the car, I speed away...  
I've got nine hundred miles to go.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Nine Hundred Miles to God (sequel)

Note: It is helpful to read my first poem 'Nine Hundred Miles' first and then this one, since it is a sequel. Thanks!

I ran outside, and shook my head,  
He drove nine hundred miles and left...

Nine hundred miles, is he a fool?  
I would know his car anywhere...  
Could this mean he does really care?

Hi Mom, I need a big favor,  
Thanks, but I'll be OK alone,  
No, the man doesn't have a phone!

It's a nine hundred mile trip,  
Dad checked the car; I'm good to go...  
I must catch him, I've got to know!

Two hours and just one hundred miles,  
I'm going faster than I ought...  
I feel like it's mostly my fault.

I'm approaching two hundred miles,  
I squeeze the wheel and say a prayer,  
'God, I'll try, please, just get me there! '

Three hundred miles, I'll stop ahead,  
The car's clicking, what could it be...  
Is this a sign God sent to me?

I need gas before I head back,  
Use the restroom and grab a snack;  
I park the car, came to my fear,  
I cry, 'God, why didn't you hear? '

Could this be it, has our love died?  
I stand at the register teary eyed,  
Clothes wrinkled, my heart is sighing,  
I look a mess, can't stop crying.

I heard a voice behind me say,  
'I'm surprised to see you today! '  
I turned as my body grows weak,  
The tears flowed and I couldn't speak.

He took my hand as we walked outside;  
Standing there we broke down and cried.  
I said, 'I came looking for you,  
Just to tell you, my love's still true.'

I cried... 'Why did you leave that way?  
Was there something you wished to say?

Before I could open the door,  
You left, much like you did before.'

He said, 'I know I hurt you bad,  
Never wanted to make you sad;  
I do love you and had to say  
I was wrong, but, I drove away.

Still afraid you would not forgive,  
That our love did no longer live;  
So, I headed home, my heart broken,  
Sorry for words left unspoken.'

We embraced, as hate was banished,  
Thanked God for what He had managed;  
We each confessed and shared the blame,  
Passion breathed, igniting love's flame.

We held tight as forgiveness won,  
Through love's power, we would hold on;  
We drove back the three hundred miles,  
Shared the good news to waiting smiles.

Now with the family in the car,  
We have nine hundred miles to go.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **No Adequate Words**

### No Adequate Words

I would like to borrow a little of your time  
To acknowledge a servant true;  
Though no words can adequately describe him,  
I've settled on just a select few.

He is Constant... which means unchanging,  
Invariable, stable, absolute!  
He is someone who is steadfast and loyal;  
In heart and soul, resolute.

He is Considerate... which means kindness,  
His life replete with golden deeds.  
He delights in meeting the needs of many  
With selfless generosity.

He is Compassionate... which means caring  
For the trials faced by others,  
One who helps to bear their burdens,  
Who uplifts fallen sisters and brothers.

He is a Christian... which means giving  
Our heart and life to the Lord;  
To daily work out ones own salvation,  
To honor and obey His word.

No adequate words may ever be found  
To describe this servant of Christ -  
But may they offer deserved recognition  
For the way he's lived out his life.

A Tribute to Sid Jones

Loyd C. Taylor

## **No Time to Kill!**

My dear!

The time has come, quick  
we must make tracks!

Lord, may we not be slow.

(Now? Do you mean  
we must leave this  
very minute? Is it really  
time to go?)

Oh yes!

We must skedaddle! We  
both knew this time  
would arrive.

(Alright, I'll just grab  
my bag and a little  
food for the trip...  
my sakes alive!)

No, stop!

We don't have time, we  
must move quickly! The  
water is a'poolin', I tell you...  
we must go!

(Aright, I'm a'movin'  
and you're right...  
we'd better vamoose,

let's go!)

Thank God!

That was close! I feel  
safer out of the reach  
of that torrential rain!  
(Amen! Because of your  
insistence we'll live  
to see good times  
again.)

Loyd C. Taylor

## Not A Second Too Soon

So many times her heart had been broken,  
The will to live was fading fast.  
Reasons to smile somehow eluded her,  
Thoughts of death had arrived at last.

Often she would cry in utter despair,  
As into her pit she would run;  
Concluding that her life was now worthless,  
She felt the cold steel of a gun.

Love, true love was all she ever wanted,  
Someone to stand by to her side;  
But, neglect was what she had been given,  
As love from her just seemed to hide.

In one final plea of desperation,  
She said a prayer to God once more;  
Then just as she squeezed on the cold trigger,  
There came a knock at the front door.

"Hello, are you home, " the tender voice called,  
"Just came by to see you today."  
Putting the gun down, she answered; "I'm here,  
What brings you so out of your way? "

"I was almost home when I sensed the need  
To drop by, " the voice sweetly said.  
"It may seem somewhat strange, " she continued,  
I couldn't get you out my head."

She said; "Please know you mean a lot to me,  
And I wanted to tell you so,  
I hope that you and I can be true friends,  
And I really do love you so."

They embraced for what seemed eternity,  
As the sweet tears streamed from their eyes,  
She said; "Friend, an angel must have sent you,  
For today I had planned to die."

But then you showed up miraculously  
and saved me from my pit of gloom!  
My friend, thank God that you heeded His voice  
and came not a moment too soon.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Not Promised**

The desk was a bit untidy,  
His notepad and pen, side by side;  
A half-filled cup of black coffee,  
The computer warm on stand-by.

Some personal things in plain view,  
Appointments waiting on this day;  
Sticky notes with scribbled memos,  
Tickets for a planned getaway.

Some were staring in disbelief  
Medical staff did analyze,  
It appears he just stopped breathing,  
Took everyone by surprise.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Ode to a Thief**

He is just a common thief,  
And now he must pay;  
His wicked deeds bring him,  
Condemned to die today.

He had cheated and looted,  
Wronged many men;  
His wretched life stops today,  
A cross shall pay his sin.

Guilty of his transgression,  
Deserving of this bed;  
Though he feared not the dying,  
But the damnation ahead.

For surely Hell would be his fate,  
Fires' torment soon would start;  
Punished for his wickedness,  
And such a blackened heart!

But this ONE dying near him,  
Was oh so different than he;  
His eyes revealed compassion,  
He spoke mercifully.

The thief cried out from his cross;

"Man just what crime did you do? "

Then Jesus whispered weakly;

"Today friend, I die for you! "

"But, how will You die for me,

Just who are you anyway? "

"I AM the Lamb of God,

Your sin debt I came to pay."

"How may I receive pardon? "

The thief begged repentantly.

"Forgiveness is truly yours

If you simply will believe."

"It's true, you are the Savior,

Given thus to die for me...

Oh LORD I need your mercy,

LAMB of GOD... remember me! "

Then Jesus spoke to the thief,

"Mercy has covered your price,

And I now say unto thee...

I'll meet you in PARADISE! "

Loyd C. Taylor

## **ONCE**

Once in a stable,  
because they found no room.  
Once as crucified,  
once in a borrowed tomb.

Once as resurrected,  
once ascending in the clouds.  
Once as Lord of lords,  
before Him all shall bow!

Once He came, so long ago,  
a babe in Bethlehem.  
Once he lived in a robe of flesh  
the one called Son of Man.

Once in a manger,  
once as a child.  
Once as a servant,  
humble, meek and mild.

Once He fulfilled His father's will,  
sinless on this earth.  
Once He died for lost sinners,  
His death gave them new birth.

Once for all eternity,  
His glory to be proclaimed!  
Once he will return King of kings,  
forever He shall reign!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **ONE IN LOVE**

"One in life; one in living"

"One in getting; one in giving"

"One in sorrow; one in laughter"

"One in the present; one in the hereafter; "

One in partnership; one in sharing"

"One in helping; one in bearing

"One in sickness; one in health"

"One in poverty; one in wealth"

"One in distance; one in closeness"

"One in sadness; one in happiness"

One in trust; one in Hope; one in dreams;

One in faith; one in joy; one in destiny"

ONE IN LOVE!

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed."

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Only One Life**

“Where did grandma go and why haven’t we seen or heard from her in such a long time? I remember how sweet and kind she was and how we would play together. But, one day she just left and I don’t know what has become of her. I wish if she loved me she would at least write, or call. But, I never ever hear from her anymore. I wonder if she still loves me. Maybe she is famous now and too busy for me? What if something bad happened in the dark night? ”

\*\*\*

“It’s a terrible way to go, and I always hate to see such human waste. Those marks on her body reveal that she may be better off dead. Why do people want to destroy their life like this? It didn’t have to be this way, for she had resources and a support system. Why she chose this way, beats me! Better turn her body over to the city morgue since we can’t locate family members. Had she stayed clean, who knows, she might have been spared this awful plight.”

\*\*\*

“We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of our dear departed sister. Now in paying our last respects, we would like to acknowledge the contributions she made to those around her.

It is no doubt she will be deeply missed by the many who knew her best. We know that she was a wife, a mother and grandmother, but their whereabouts are unknown. Now may God grant rest to this weary soul and allow her entrance as she ascends in heavenly flight.”

\*\*\*

“My child, my child; how often I tried to speak to you and to pry my way into your life, but instead, you refused to let me in. Daily I sent my servants into your path to implore you to turn... to turn to me before it was too late. Oh my child, your life was to be full and rich... you were to enrich others. Yet you took the precious life I gave you into your own hands and wasted it. Now, standing here before me sadly I say, depart forever from my sight.”

\*\*\*

#### Author Notes

Recently while attending a funeral service of a person that no one hardly knew, I wondered as the minister spoke; how it was with this lady in real life and after life. These are just some personal thoughts; maybe you have often thought the same. I hope you enjoy, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Our Baby**

Smiles,  
Dimples,  
Tiny feet,  
Perfect fingers,  
Our delightful bundle of joy!

A Tetracty Poem

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Our Last Kiss (short story)**

It wasn't supposed to happen this way.

But here I am in this honeymoon suite, and she is gone.

It was the week of our 25th anniversary. We had planned this trip ever since the day of our first honeymoon. Back then we could barely afford the 3 days and two nights at the Motel 6, just 20 miles from our small mobile home. I recall how we enjoyed eating at McDonalds on that first honeymoon night, it was then and there we began talking, dreaming about the trip.

'One day we will be in a five star motel with the beautiful white sand of Hawaii beneath our feet! ' I promised.

Louise chuckled; 'Yeah, when that day comes, you'll see me in a yellow polka dot bikini! '

It was a fond memory, but a promise I never forgot.

That was 25 years ago. Finally, we scrimped enough to make our dream come true. We purchased a special honeymoon package about a year earlier with plans to celebrate our 25th anniversary here. We chose the Sunset Beach Motel, North Oahu, Oahu, Hawaii, USA. The brochure had enticed us by telling of the exotic, Polynesian-style accommodations. It was hailed as one of the most beautiful natural settings the islands had to offer; it was also listed as Oahu's Favorite Vacation Paradise!

Lou and I checked in then were escorted to our suite. Just after the attendant opened our door, I said, 'Wait! ' I emptied my arms of some personal items and scooped up my wife; at my age I somehow managed to carry her over the threshold into our luxurious suite.

Lou sweetly laughed, saying, 'Mac. You silly ole man, put me down! '

From our balcony window, one could see for miles into the vast distance. The palm trees, white sand, sparkling blue water yoked to the foamy white waves were absolutely beautiful! It was indeed a paradise on earth!

We had enjoyed thirteen wonderful days together, glorious days! We experienced the good food and the fabulous entertainment. All this, along with the beautiful scenery, the precious native people and their warm customs simply astounded us.

But, the thing that we enjoyed most, was just being alone, the two of us, living out our long awaited fantasy.

Before ever leaving home, we made commitments to each other to leave the work and cares at home. We would not make or receive any unnecessary calls. There would be no date books, no computer, and no cell phones. We even purposefully kept the TV and radio off, and just listened to some CDs of oldies music we had brought from home.

Fourteen days to be absorbed in each other! Both of us felt we may never have another opportunity like this, so we wanted to savor each precious moment.

Sadly, we had one more day to go before this visit to heaven on earth would be over. Then we would return to our common lives back in Kansas. But, oh, what a wonderful get-away it had been; one we knew we would cherish for the rest of our lives!

The night before, Louise had mentioned her desire to take the last day and make a final trip down to the beach. She wanted to collect some much sought after souvenirs for our kids, grandkids and a few special friends. There was so much anticipation from them to receive a shell from this only dreamed about place, and she would never disappoint them. She was so thoughtful.

I couldn't help but notice it was an unusual morning as we headed to the beach, quieter than the other mornings had been. There were very few birds overhead, unlike other days when they seemed to be everywhere. Another thing that seemed odd was a strange, gentle, non-stop breeze blowing. I glanced around, noticing that the tide seemed to be out somewhat farther than normal.

But, my attention was drawn quickly away to my wife, yelling excitedly, 'Honey, look at those shells! '

I turned and it was amazing! With the tide so far out; the beach was littered with all sizes and shapes of wonderful seashells. Her face beamed with joy at the prospect of such easy pickings! What's that old saying? 'Like a kid in a candy shop! ' That was Lou on that particular morning.

We had only brought a small basket with us, not anticipating such a haul. With nothing to collect them in, she put on her famous 'puppy-dog look of sadness' face.

Disappointed, she turned to me in that sweet childish way of hers, pleading, 'Oh, sweetheart, be a prince? Would you mind returning to the room and get the large overnight bag that's in the closet, the black one with a red tag? Please Mac! I'll stay here and collect some shells until you get back, OK? '

Reluctantly, I agreed. Then, jokingly, I picked up a starfish, placed it gently on her head, then bowing the knee to her I said, 'For the Queen of Oahu Beach, I'll do anything, but for a price.'

Lou laughingly said, 'What might that be, Prince of the White Sand? '

'A kiss from your royal lips, My Lady! ' I stated playfully.

She yanked me to my feet, planted a little kiss on my forehead then said, 'Now Mac, will you hurry, please? '

'OK.' I started to leave, when something compelled me to turn back around. I walked again to where she stood and said, 'Hey, lady...

Then I played one of our favorite question-answer games. This was a game played with the kids, grandkids as well as one we played with each other from time to time. It went like this: One person would ask; 'Do you know what? ' The other would answer, 'What? ' Then the answer would come back quickly, 'I love you! ' Of course usually followed by, oh, you got me!

I asked Lou; 'Do you know what? '

She responded off guard, 'What? '

I came near to her, looked into those emerald eyes of hers then said, 'Lou, I really love you! '

She said; 'You silly man, I love you more! '

At that, we embraced tenderly, enjoyed a rather long, passionate kiss. I never knew how precious that moment would become, just how much her kiss would mean to me after that morning.

Then, acting like a school boy, I tried to jump up to click my heels together, only to fall face first into the sand.

With red-face I snickered. As I walked away I called back to her, 'That kiss was enough for the bag, but, I'll be back for more! '

With the thought of our deep love on my mind and the taste of that sweet kiss on my lips, I left her there as I began the five minute walk up to our motel.

I made my way up the long picturesque pathway towards the motel. It was located on a beautiful small knoll of sorts. It was elevated in such a way that the view of the ocean was absolutely gorgeous from any location.

I finally made it to the elevator, pressed the 10th floor button, and then proceeded up to our floor. The elevator music had been programmed to play Hawaiian music; it was playing one of our favorites, The Hawaiian Love Song. The door opened, I walked out, straining to hear more as it faded with the closing of the elevator doors. I walked lightheartedly down the hallway to our suite. I opened the door with the scent of her perfume still lingering in the air from earlier that morning. I smiled, thinking to myself, 'My, how I love that woman! '

I found the bag; put the strap over my shoulder ready to head back to the beach. Before leaving, I casually strolled to the window to see if I could locate her.

Wow, what an amazing view! The beach was lined with ocean loving tourists as well as many native islanders. Sun bathers were preparing their colorful umbrellas as little kids played joyfully. I picked up my binoculars, raised them to my eyes, scanning the beach until I spotted her. Aw, there she is, I thought to myself. She was easy to spot in her yellow polka dotted full piece bathing suit, with the basket on the ground a little ways from her.

I gazed adoringly at her for a moment, not too bad, I mused, for a gal that had been married to the same old man for twenty-five years!

Then just before I headed back, I took a look up towards the horizon.

That's strange, I thought, the tide sure is far out.

Oh no!

'Oh my God, it can't be! No! ' I screamed out loud.

I could see it in the distance, an enormous wall of water, higher than a house, quickly, furiously churning and closing in on those unsuspecting people, my wife included.

I threw open the gliding door and screamed at the top of my lungs. It was no use, no one could hear me. I was too far away and the roaring of the ocean was too loud!

Oh dear God, I prayed, what should I do?

Just then, I saw a few people pointing, waving their hands, flailing their arms in the direction of the giant water wall.

Then all pandemonium broke out! People started scrambling, screaming for their children as they began scurrying towards the higher ground.

Then in panic I again cried out desperately, 'Oh my God, what should I do? '

I threw the bag down and went running furiously down the hall towards the elevator; I repeatedly pressed the button, it was no use, it wasn't moving.

Now a warning buzzer was screeching throughout the building!

Quick, I fled towards the stairway and started down the long ten flights of stairs!

Running, missing steps, jumping when I was able, finally rounding the third set, I saw water gushing under the door, creeping up the steps like giant talons of some hideous monster coming in for the kill! I began to cry as I grew sick to my stomach; the shock of what I saw causing me to nearly faint in my tracks!

I was trembling, screaming as I tried helplessly to open the door. I finally managed to wedge it open a crack. Before I knew what was happening, the water flung the door nearly off its hinges flooding over me instantly! I found myself knocked completely off my feet. Next, I was slammed against the steps as I felt my ankle crack! My head was throbbing in harmony with the pounding of my heart. My stomach churned as I tasted the unmistakable saltiness of sea water.

Panic was overtaking me! My heart was beating out of my chest as I struggled to get my head up above the water. Thank God, I found the railing with one hand, and then located a step with my foot. I was able to rise up just enough for a large gasp of air!

I quickly pulled myself awkwardly back up the stairs. Safely reaching the fourth floor I hurried to a window to see if I could get an idea of what was taking place outside.

The sight was horrible, a deluge! Water had completely surged up to parking lot signs, engulfing most of our motel; debris and objects swirling around like they had been tossed into a giant washing machine. Objects were being tossed like leaves blown in the wind. Even larger items were being dragged away, pulled along with countless screaming, helpless people, clawing for anything they could reach to hold on to.

Then I heard what sounded like multiple explosions as buildings crumbled. Countless trees had been snapped like crackers. It looked like the sea had just vomited its contents of seaweed, debris and ocean water. Then there came an eerie and ugly swallowing effect as the water started to rapidly recede, pulling with it everything that had been in its path. Automobiles were being tossed around as if they were toys. When it was finished the ocean made one final strange noise, it seemed to belch as if to signify the contentment of just having consumed a large satisfying meal.

I looked in horror as the water seemed to disappear into the horizon taking with it the treasures robbed from this island paradise.

Then it was over, deathly quite. It was as if Mother Nature had just flushed this ocean paradise, as the water quickly receded.

I gasped!

The beach looked like a war zone; nothing was left but a few broken tree stubs, numerous palm branches and rubble. What was more horrible, as far as I could see along the beach, there was not a single person insight.

My terrified thoughts seemed to be shouting in my head, 'Oh God, please, not my wife! Not her, God. No! '

Once again, I ran down the stairs, this time I was able to get outside, pushing away the debris.

I witnessed the screaming, the crying of panicked people now running in every direction, calling out names of their loved ones.

It had been a Tsunami that struck land that morning. It had arrived like a thief in the night, bringing with it destruction and untold misery. No one suspected it. There had been no warning.

Quickly, I ran down to the beach, dodging people, jumping over broken limbs, concrete blocks, etc. My head was throbbing; my heart was pounding as if they were in competition. I was crying and yet screaming at the same time as I called out her name. 'Lou, Louise! '

Where was she? Oh, where was she?

I grabbed my wallet and searched for a photo and found one of us a few summers back. With shaky hand and breaking heart I proceeded to go from one person to another, showing her photo, asking, 'Have you seen this woman? ' Over and over, I searched every building, made several trips to the local authorities, but the same answer was given each time, 'I'm so sorry, I haven't seen your wife.

After spending most of the day searching, I knew I had to call our children and inform them of the day's events. I just knew it would be one of the most difficult times in my life, and it was. Our children wept over the phone and offered to come to me, but assured them that there was nothing anyone could do. I encouraged them to stay home, to do their best to inform our friends, and to pray, pray, pray!

I searched day and night, until I was exhausted. I combed the beach, looked at photos that had been posted all over the island. I visited the local hospitals over and over. I listened to news reports; spoke to thousands of people, searching for my love.

I could recall times of sorrow and heart breaking pain when I had lost loved ones in the past, but nothing compared to the aching in my heart. I wept until I could not weep any more. I beat myself up over and over, wishing I had not left her that morning, but how was I to know. No one knew, and many dear people suffered loss in the same way as I was. So many had lost children, in fact entire families were swept away, it had been awful.

I stayed for several weeks thereafter, but to no avail.

Alas, I fear I have lost her forever!

Why, oh why could it not have been me?

So today, I made a final trip back to our honeymoon suite for a final goodbye.

Standing again in what was once our dream room, it was as if I could still smell the fragrance of her perfume lingering in my thoughts.

I remembered the beautiful music from the elevator. I imagined taking her in my arms and waltzing around the room.

I remembered her warm smile that day. I thought of her childish insistence for me to return to get that bag for those stupid shells.

I drank deeply of the memory of my wife, my friend, my Queen.

I remembered my love's embrace on the beach that fateful morning, her lips against mine, in that sweet, last kiss.

The End.

Special thanks to Edith Ragan, Siona Edfield and Joyce Shepherd for their wonderful help in editing and reviewing. Thank you!

Written by Loyd C Taylor, September 2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Perception of a Child**

He grasps the wheel with bony claw,  
Stares straight ahead with tightened jaw,  
Wrinkled skin wraps frail bones, my paw.

The ponies' power to him yield,  
Whirling wheel as saber wield,  
Sitting still I admire, my shield.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Perplexity**

I must admit I don't understand,  
Why I hate to love and love to hate;  
So it is... things that relate to man.

I swear to honor with ring on hand,  
Then walk away as my vows I break;  
I must admit I don't understand.

I pledge love for eternity's span,  
Then soon forget my promises made;  
So it is... things that relate to man.

To have a child some do all they can,  
Other's abort, precious life they take;  
I must admit I don't understand.

I flee God, yet pray help from his hand,  
His name I praise yet soon in vain take;  
So it is... things that relate to man.

For as long as the hour glass sifts sand,  
As long as darkness falls and day breaks;  
I must admit I don't understand,  
So it is... things that relate to man.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Points of Light**

Points of Lights

innumerable  
celestial diamonds are just  
incomparable

I could not find words adequate to describe them...

A Haiku poem

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Possible With Love**

Only in true love do we find

The mathematical impossibility:

One plus one equals one.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Preacher Man, A Tribute to Preachers

If I am not mistaken, this is pastor appreciation week. A good pastor is deserving of praise which many times we fail to give him. I offer this as my tribute to all those who have answered the call to preach God's Word. May it be my way of saying; 'Thank you.'

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\*\*\*\*\*

I remember just like it was today,  
At that little country church where I prayed;  
Shackled by my sin I bended a knee,  
Just a sinner pleading to be set free.  
It was there at that spot I made things right,  
The darkness fled from God's wonderful light;  
When he preached the Word to me,  
"Preacher man."

Once my world was tumbling to the ground,  
Satan had me spinning around and round;  
Using his lies he sang to me his rhyme,  
Caused me to worry and robbed me of time.  
Then in authority God's Word you spoke,  
Setting me free as the sin-chains it broke;  
Now to you my peace I owe,  
"Preacher man."

Now listen dear Christian I'm telling you,  
There's plenty of work for us all to do;  
Some to lift beautiful voices in song,  
Others to give helping strangers along.  
But that special person God used the most,

Preaching in power of the Holy Ghost;  
He's the one that I just call,  
"Preacher man."

\*\*\*\*\*

Preacher man, preacher man,  
Preach it loud, preach it strong;  
Help me do good, and keep me from wrong.  
Preach it over and over again, "Preacher man."  
Preach it over and over again, "Preacher man."  
Loyd C. Taylor

## Questions of Madeleine

Questions of Madeleine

Where are you playful, darling child?  
Where have you been this long while?

Who fills your empty little tummy?  
Who tucks you in bed at night?

Who gives you sweet loving kisses?  
Who hugs you and holds you tight?

Who helps you comb your soft hair?  
Who helps you dress up just right?

Where are you sweet darling one?  
What are you thinking tonight?

What things do you dream about?  
What thing do you fear the most?

What do you cry yourself to sleep for?  
What do you pray... what do you hope?

Where are you... hopeful, trusting heart?  
What are the answers only you know?

Will we be blessed to see you once again?  
Where are you- precious Madeleine McCann?

Please pray for this child and her family:  
Madeleine McCann disappeared on the evening of Thursday, 3 May 2007 in the resort of Praia da Luz in the Algarve, Portugal, just days short of her fourth birthday.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Reality**

It was just a glance... then it turned into a stare,  
For who was that aged creature standing there?  
The eyes were full of red with rings like half quarters,  
Thin lifeless hair, double chin, slumping shoulders.  
Ancient, worn, weathered from living and days spent,  
My skin crawled as up my back cold chills it sent.  
I mused... "Who was this old person looking at me? "  
The reflection of one I had come to be.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Reunited**

What will it be like, to see her again? Will she accept me? Will we ever be a family again?

I wonder... how will it feel, to hold that little one to my breast? How will she smell? How will I react when my fingers touch that soft silky skin?

What emotions will be revealed in my face and eyes, as I am reunited with my own flesh and blood again? Will she forgive my sin?

I ponder...

What steps must I take?

What bridge must be crossed?

What fear must be conquered?

What pride must be killed?

What words must be said?

My resolve...

I will put pride to death!

I will beg for forgiveness!

I will commit to be different!

I will ask for a second chance!

I will promise to be faithful!

I will pray and I will pray!

Then...

I will cry and hold them tight,

I will kiss them and laugh out loud,

I will allow my heart to be at peace,

I will enter the land of the living again,

I will enjoy life once more...

Then, then I will experience joy!

Dedicated to D. Lynn, Julie, Jada and Joseph, April 9,2009

The poem above is so very special for the reason that the grandmother had never seen her granddaughter. The family had been divided and so much hatred was in their hearts, that the mom and daughter had words and departed. They had never been separated before until that sad time. Until just recently, they were two states away. Thank God, that through a miraculous set of circumstances, I had the privilege of helping them reunite and ask each other's forgiveness. The photo is of the grandmother who is holding the baby for the first time. It was a wonderful time of sweet tears and joy.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Sarah Palin's Surprise!**

The status quo don't have a clue,  
Befuddled, they're scratching their heads;  
They never thought this could happen,  
In places where men dare to tread!

Politicians are in a query,  
She just doesn't fit their "ole-boys" mold;  
She's beautiful, clever and oh so dainty,  
Challenging the ranks of old.

You can bet she's wise to their tactics,  
So no matter how hard they might try;  
There won't be enough mud to mar her,  
Or cause her to blink those sparkly eyes.

A brave soul who knows how to govern,  
With strong, able and unerring hands;  
She's a loving mom with five children,  
And still in love with the same man.

She cooks homemade Alaskan cookies,  
And grills burgers from fresh Moose-meat;  
She uses no chauffeur, but hunts n' fishes,  
In her a true hockey-mom's heart beats.

She always wears perfume and lipstick,

So there's no mistaken identity;  
Just in case her and a pit-bull,  
Show up in the same vicinity.

She took everyone by surprise,  
By accepting the nomination;  
To stand beside Senator McCain,  
As they pledged to lead our great nation.

Common folk love and respect her,  
And think she's the real deal;  
And smirk at her enemy's charges,  
As they hypocritically squeal.

It's true; we have many good people,  
But they "Palin" when we compare  
To Sarah, the fierce barracuda,  
The frightened liberal's worst nightmare.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Seasons**

Summer shifts to Fall,  
enters soon Winter snow fall,  
Winter leaves Spring comes.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **She Never Once Stopped Loving Him**

She decided to drop by, not knowing he had left that day.  
As she pulled into his drive, they were taking him away.  
I told her we had tried to call, when we knew his time had come,  
She went running down the hall and in his bedroom sat alone.

She saw their pictures on his wall, her love letters on his bed,  
One by one she read them all, the "I Love Yous" all marked in red.  
She let herself slip back in time, when their love was strong and true,  
She could see them in her mind, the way they were in 62.

She took his picture in her hands, kissed it time and time again,  
She walked slowly from his room, wedding ring still on her hand.  
As she stared down at his grave, she cried; "O God what have I done? "  
Then she told us all that day; "He's the only love I've known! "

"She never once stopped loving him! "She came back to let him know,  
Now he's lying cold in the ground, she'd never once stopped loving him.

You know...

She came to his grave one last time; we never thought it would end this way.  
Some say she finally lost her mind, you see, they found her body on his grave.

She never once stopped loving him; she came back to let him know,  
She's now with him once again; she'd never once stopped loving him.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Sir Cricket Finds Love**

Near a pond one spring morn Sir Cricket came to sing and dance,  
When looking around he noticed an attractive cricket's glance.  
Though anxious to leave he found himself thus drawn to this face,  
And wondered if true love had fallen to him in this place.

So he crooned his very best love songs as he danced all around,  
Charming and dazzling this image by his unique musical sound.  
As he made his way nearer his new friend moved the same way,  
So he kept in time by tapping his toes as joyfully he did play.

Sir Cricket seemed so delighted as romantically he did swoon,  
He knew with his throat getting sore he must move real soon.  
Joyfully he smiled and flirted as darkness pushed away daylight,  
Soon the sun hid its face as the pond reflected the moon bright.

Tired and out of love songs a pooped creature gave up romance,  
When Sir Cricket packed up fiddle and left, then so did his glance.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Spring is New Life!**

Furry jacks, clover clenched in cheeks,  
Downy ducklings, freed by tiny beaks,  
Chirping biddies, 'neath wing peeks;  
Spring is new life!

Tender shoots, reaching for the sky,  
Nestlings, nurturing attire to fly,  
Ground crawlers crawl slowly by;  
Spring is new life!

Nature's perfumers' fresh scent brings,  
Heaven's tears quench thirsty things,  
Treetops talk, as fowl choir sings;  
Spring is new life!

Squeaking cradles create bright faces,  
Damp droplets form pooling places,  
Cooling climates, there are no traces;  
Spring is new life!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Stars**

innumerable  
celestial diamonds  
studding the sky

A haiku poem

Loyd C. Taylor

## Story Teller Red, Patriotic Short Story

You could smell the unmistakable odor of a bathless body mixed with Jim Beam when you came within a few feet of him. His appearance was that of a street bum, straggly beard and uncombed hair, with ragged clothes to match. He was called "Story Teller Red," a title that grew on him from the unbelievable story he would tell. Passersby who offered him change would be caught off-guard when he would say, "Mister, for a drink and a couple of dollars more, I'll tell you a story." He would stick out his unwashed hand to shake, and say, "You can call me Red."

My friends and I were here for just a few days before they shipped us out, so we figured, why not, what could it hurt to listen to this crazy vagrant and help the homeless in the process? We winked at each other, bought him a drink and stuck a few dollars in his can, then pulled up some sidewalk as we made ready to listen to the old man.

He wore an old tattered military coat and had worn boots to match. We assumed he had been given these at a homeless shelter, but as later we found out, they would sure help make his story more believable.

The old man started by saying, "Young people were avoiding the war, dodging the draft, but I took it as an honor to serve my country, so I went down and signed up."

He drank a little of the whiskey from his cup and continued, "I kissed my Mom and Dad goodbye and headed off, willing to serve wherever I was needed. You see, I love this country, even though she's got her faults!

"It wasn't long before I moved up a bit in rank and was given a handful of soldiers with orders to infiltrate a location behind enemy lines. It would be dangerous, so I allowed any of my men who wished, without prejudice, to stay behind. There were twelve of us total. Four decided to stay behind as the other eight of us made our way in the direction from which we did not know if we would return. We made it to our target, took out the lookout and a couple more. We were able to successfully sabotage their communication lines and luckily came upon some highly sensitive papers. I stuffed them in my jacket.

He paused and opened his coat and pointed, "Right in here. It was about then, that we were spotted, that's when all hell broke loose!

"Mister, just one more drink? "

He had sure picked a good place to stop, so we poured him another cup.

He went on to say, "Boys, the bullets were flying. Me and Jones were leading the way when we found our little group surrounded. We began fighting tooth and nail. Wilson

was the first to get shot, got him square in the chest, died instantly. I grabbed for his body and dragged it with me. Then, a mortar exploded and injured two other guys, making them unable to walk. In the dark it was hard to see and the noise was unbelievable. We were shooting at anyone that looked like an enemy and somehow managed to drag everyone back to our base of operation. I hadn't realized it but something warm was running down my face... it was then I blacked out.

"How about another one, friend? "

He drank a little and finished up..." I woke up in a military hospital, they all told me that I was lucky to be alive. Yep, seems I had a caught bullet to the head..."

He stopped and showed us what looked like a scar, then said, "They tell me I still have the lead lodged there to this day."

It was then the old man paused, hung his head. His shoulders shook a little. He pulled a dirty cloth from his jacket and wiped his eyes as he said, "I lost two of my men that night, two good men! "

"I was thankful we could fly their bodies' home to their widows. Amazingly, all of us had either been shot or wounded badly, but we survived, thank God! "

He continued, "O yeah, they gave us some medals and treated us real nice, but I have always felt responsible for letting my buddies die."

Teary-eyed he said, "I just can't talk any more."

What a great story. I took a hundred and placed it in "Red's" hand.

Walking away, I chuckled and said to my friends, "That ole man can tell some big ones, no wonder they call him "The Story Teller." We laughed and walked away - a few days and we would be headed for our own special assignments.

About a year later, while in preparation for Patriotic celebrations, I was in the barrack and happened to catch a story on the evening news. It was one of those special events in which they wished to recognize heroic acts of those who had been in service. One story caught my attention as they told about two soldiers and how through their heroic efforts had turned a part of the war around through one valiant trip behind enemy lines. It seems they were called the "Valiant Eight" and they had been led by Captain Fredrick Samuel Jackson.

The report stated that two men had been killed and six others had been wounded, but miraculously, no soldier had been left behind. Captain Jackson, who led the mission, had taken a bullet to the head, it was a miracle he survived. Not only did he live, but the rest of their squad owed their lives to the Captain's actions taken that night on what was nicknamed "Miracle Hill."

What's more interesting about this man, the reporter continued, as our research has shown, he has been signing his veterans pay over to the widows of the two fallen soldiers every month for the last 12 years. He also sends an additional money order of varying amounts to the Veteran's Charity Relief Organization, with a simple signature "A grateful soldier."

We would love to have him here today to show a special honor, but his whereabouts are unknown. If you were to see him, please let him know that there are many people who wish to thank him personally for his sacrifice for his country. By the way, he sometimes goes by the name "Red."

I couldn't help but sob like a baby as I bowed my head and prayed,

Dear God, forgive me for taking so lightly the sacrifices others have made. Thank you for the brave men and women who have given all, for they willingly answered when their country called. Please God, forgive me for misjudging my fellow man and thank you for the privilege to serve my country, Amen.

As I wiped my tears, I couldn't help but once more bow my head, Lord, thank you also for what I gained through Story Teller Red.

Freedom isn't free... it cost BLOOD!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Thank God for Independence Day**

When Mayor Ike perfects his address,  
And fireman Ross polishes the chrome,  
Then Veterans in their uniforms dress,  
When America again is loved as home;  
And little Bobby and Jan get excited,  
As proud flags are raised with the hoist,  
When fireworks are set to be ignited,  
And patriotic eyes become all moist;  
As we pledge the flag and anthems sing,  
    And celebrate the sound of freedom's ring...  
    Thank God for Independence Day!

When the crowds search for shady spaces,  
And foreigners with hungry eyes stare,  
Then excitement shines in little faces,  
As freedom's spirit permeates the air;  
When high school bands march with dancing feet,  
And Private Rankin is standing tall,  
As the Stars and Stripes adorn each street,  
When Sally Jenkins answers the call;  
As whistles scream and Liberty Bell rings,  
    And the eagles soar on majestic wings...  
    Thank God for Independence Day!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Thank You to the Men and Women of the Military**

There are just no words that could ever suffice,  
to thank you for your selfless sacrifice.  
You accepted your orders and took your stand,  
you helped preserve the freedom of this land.

Gratefully we honor you in words we say,  
though words are insufficient to repay,  
the courage revealed through the great price you paid,  
God bless you on this Memorial Day!

Dedicated to all the men and women  
who have served and are serving still.  
Also, dedicated to all who have lost  
a loved one. God bless you and thanks!

Hope you can enjoy a very good Memorial Day.

Loyd C. Taylor

## The Card- Mothers Day

Tamera and Kat sat near each other,  
Talking like two old friends might do;  
Two sisters in warm conversation,  
So I listened for a moment or two...

"I wonder, since no one has called,  
Has my package arrived yet? "  
"That's sweet, how's she doing?  
It's been years since I saw Juliette."

"It should have been here by now,  
I paid for it weeks ago! "  
"Sweetie, how is your mom doing?  
Tell her hi, and that I miss her so."

Daily, they met in this same place,  
Exchanging pleasantries and being kind;  
But neither knew what the other said,  
For an intruder had taken their mind.

I gave them a hug and said goodbye,  
With a bitter sweet feeling in my soul;  
Then teary eyed, I walked slowly away,  
As towards their room I did stroll.

She didn't even know I had come,  
At her picture, I swallowed hard;  
I hoped she knew how I loved her,  
So, I just left her the Mother's Day card.

\*\*\*\*\*

The story above is true but I did change the names. The ladies have dementia and talk for hours and yet don't know who they are speaking to or what they are saying. It's sad, but I am glad for the children, grandchildren and caretakers who love them.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Creation Poem**

### The Creation Poem

The birds and the bees, the flowers and trees,  
The stars in the sky, the little butterflies;  
The rivers and creeks, the cool summer breeze,  
The clouds and the leaves, the plants and the seeds,  
Everything we see, God made it all!

The rabbits and squirrels, little boys and girls,  
Our fingers and hands, each woman and man;  
The dogs and their fleas, the creatures of the deep,  
The he's and she's, yes, even you and even me,  
Everything we see, God made it all!

The hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses,  
Ticks, frogs and bats; lions, worms and gnats;  
The ducks and geese, the cattle and the sheep,  
The little chickadees, giraffes with knobby knees,  
Everything we see, God made it all!

The elephants and beavers, the lions and zebras,  
Ugly crocodiles, with big teeth and pretty smiles;  
The lizards and whales, the skunk with his smell,  
The pig with his germs and creepy, crawly worms,  
Everything we see, God made it all!

From earth to sky, valleys to mountains high,  
From canyons deep to the great majestic sea;  
His handiwork is real, A Creator it reveals;  
You too can believe through the witness of these,  
Everything we see, God made it all!

Loyd C. Taylor

## The Dad I Didn't Know (Father's Day Poem)

He never met a stranger,  
From his life, kind deeds did flow;  
His smile revealed tenderness...  
The dad I didn't know.

He always loved my mother,  
From her words, I found it so;  
His friends thought so much of him...  
The dad I didn't know.

He abruptly died one morn,  
From a heart that just let go;  
His children felt cheated of...  
The dad I didn't know.

He was loved by so many,  
From good seed he made to grow;  
His picture is all I have,  
The dad I didn't know.  
\*\*\*\*

O' God, may I love my kids,  
In the time that's mine below;  
Like that I so wanted from,  
The dad I didn't know.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

This is a simple rhyming poem with seven syllables in each line except the last one, I did this for impact.

The poem is some thoughts about my father who died when I was very young. He died one morning and it took us all by surprise. We never had the chance to say goodbye, for an abrupt heart attack took him away. I have often longed for the opportunity to spend just a few minutes with him, but on earth it shall never be. I have allowed this reminder to motivate me to be a better father and make the most of the life God has given me. I hope you enjoy.

Written by Loyd C Taylor, June 17,2009

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Devil's Walkin A Thin Wire!**

The Devil's walkin a thin, thin wire,  
Stretched over the hot fire that devours;  
He's holding on to every hour,  
But he's got very little power.

Now if you want to be really wise,  
You'd better open up your closed eyes;  
Or soon, too late you will then realize,  
The Devil's wearing a bad disguise!

Now if you will hear and will be told,  
Satan wants to have your very soul;  
He wants your life under His control,  
The Devil is very, very bold!

Now if you want to be free, so FREE,  
Then fall down now sinner on your knees;  
To Jesus you must plea and believe,  
For His grace is what you really need.

Soon the Devil that ole ugly liar,  
Will end up in the Lake of Fire, FIRE!  
Where the flames lap up higher, HIGHER!  
Cause the Devil's walking a thin wire!

Yes the Devil's walking a thin wire!  
Yes the Devil's walking a thin wire!  
Amen, dropp him into the hot fire,  
Goodbye Devil, you ole ugly liar!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Early Bird**

It was early in the morning, the first day of spring,  
My ears and eyes witnessed an unusual thing;  
The soil was prepared to start my gardening.  
When this crowd of birds all began to sing...

Hey fowl friends, stop your flying around,  
The humans have prepared some fresh plowed ground!  
There are plenty of grubs everywhere to be found,  
But keep an eye out for that big ole hound!

Chirp, chirp, chirp... tweet, tweet, tweet...  
Come bird buddies you're in for a treat!  
Chirp, chirp, chirp... tweet, tweet, tweet...  
Come feathered friend, come and eat!

We'll feast on those yummy bugs that squirm,  
But it's the early bird that will get the worm!  
We'll feast on those yummy bugs that squirm,  
It's the early bird that will get the worm!  
Caw... caw...

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Great Escape**

Dark night now is calling, calling,  
Teary eyes that can hardly see;  
Lonely road that's going no where,  
Cold rain is falling blindingly.

Lonely man is running, running,  
Escaping from reality;  
Alas, you are gone forever,  
Taken so quickly, snatched from me!

So, now I am driving, driving,  
Destination, I just don't know;  
Without you I'm dying, dying,  
I just love you and miss you so!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Great Gulp**

The Great Gulp

The earth's stomach growls,  
The hungry ground opens mouth;  
Swallows the living!

Note: Let us be thankful when we are spared, but not cocky or arrogant, for it very well may us the next time. No one is guaranteed a tomorrow. Also, let us always stop what we are doing and say a prayer for the victims of any tragedy. Thank you, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Greatest Gift**

When I think of the many gifts given,  
To each other in acts of love,  
There's none so priceless, nor one as special,  
As the Gift sent down from above.

Sent to this old Earth so vile and sinful,  
So wretched and undeserving.  
Yet sent just the same, with such affection,  
From the Father unreserving.

A precious Gift so carefully chosen  
To meet the sinner's greatest need,  
Carefully wrapped in love, in grace, in truth;  
Yet, how was this great gift received?

With welcome arms or hearts overflowing,  
With joy or appreciation?  
No! He was rejected, nailed to a cross,  
With shame and humiliation!

What greater act of love could God offer  
To man, than that which has been done?  
For God surely loved you and me so much  
He gave to us his only Son.

Please receive this gift of eternal life  
For to you it has been given,  
Then become a part of God's family  
To live forever in heaven.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Ice House**

We don't talk much any more,  
Our hands, too frozen to hold;  
Warm kisses are memories,  
This home now stands icy cold.

The frigid weather came in,  
Clutching us in it's cold vice;  
Freezing our hearts as solid,  
As the Arctic's glacier ice.

This ice house yearns for warm love,  
To melt away this chilled freeze;  
Yet, we urge mercury's fall,  
And get colder by degrees.

It's cold in this ice house,  
Hate-cicles hang by desire;  
Frostbite may soon take our love,  
While neither kindles the fire.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The LORD is Come!**

Gladness to the world the Lord has come,  
Let earth now receive her King!  
Hope to the needful hearts of all mankind,  
Let hosts of angels proclaim!

Let every heart prepare for Him room,  
And Heav'n and natures sing!  
The Life of man, the Light of the world,  
And Jesus shall be His name!

Great joy to the world and peace on the earth,  
Goodwill to all men He brings!  
His Word is now fulfilled, His love He gives,  
Let our hearts with rapture sing!

Sing now; the Lord is come, the Lord is come,  
O lift up your mortal voice!  
The Lord is come, come for the whole world,  
Needy man, make Him your choice!

Sing now; the Lord is come, the Lord is come,  
I give Him my heart today!  
The Lord is come and calls to everyone,  
O dear sinner don't delay!

Written by Loyd Taylor  
Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Mysterious Messenger... A Short Story**

there, unable to breathe, and then, collapsing on my bed, I wept. Terrifying thoughts were racing through my mind as I found myself reaching for grace through prayer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pulling out my datebook, I saw the visit where just fourteen days ago I had scheduled a mammogram and other routine checkups. I am diligent and proactive about my health, but at my age, I knew I fell into the high risk category for breast cancer...

Cancer was a dreaded disease which had taken the lives of many of my friends, so I knew just how merciless it could be. But I had tried not to dwell on the negative and go on about my life as usual. That was until just yesterday when I received that terrifying call from my doctor. She said she needed to see me, stressing it was urgent and to please make an appointment as soon as possible. The test revealed something that concerned her.

It just so happened that my husband was on a six week overseas mission trip with some other men from the church we attend. It would have been great to have him by my side for this visit, but I knew I had his love, prayers and support. I remember thinking, "Just you and me, God," as I made my way nervously to the office that morning.

My heart grew heavy, reminiscent of the time I received a similar call about my father, who later died of this terrible disease. I was trying not to worry, but the burden grew heavier and that old smothering feeling was creeping around me. As I drove, hardly noticing anything along the way, I shook my head and again found myself thinking, "The one thing I have always feared most may have found its way into my body." All I knew to do was pray. So, I prayed and wept all the way to her office.

I was taken to an examination room and the doctor came in immediately with the mammograms in her hand. She greeted me in much the typical way of doctors, with the exception of the look of concern in her eyes.

I swallowed hard and deep in my innermost being I whispered, "Oh God, help me."

Then my eyes became fixed on the x-rays. There was no mistaking the image in my left breast; it jumped out at me like a hideous monster snatching at me from some darkened shadow. My eyes filled with tears again as my heart sank a little more. The dark area was the size of a small child's balled up fist. As if drawn by an unseen magnet, I raised my hand, placing it on my chest in the vicinity of the mass.

The doctor interrupted my despair when she gently placed her hand on my shoulder. She informed me that she was very concerned, but wanted a second look before determining any course of action.

I nodded in agreement as I was sent to take another mammogram that was more in depth. After the procedure I was asked to sit in the waiting room until the results could be examined.

The burden I had felt now seemed so much heavier, as if I was lugging a huge slab of marble on my shoulders. It was a struggle just to make my feet move as I found a

quiet, desolate corner where I sat down. I knew my doctor would suggest a biopsy after the x-rays. Once again I could feel the fear crawling on my skin as I dreaded what might be the possible outcome.

It was then that the comforting words of a Bible passage came to my mind: "Be not afraid, only believe..." I closed my eyes tightly, took a deep breath and prayed once again.

\*\*\*\*\*

'Excuse me, Miss, ' a man's gentle voice said. My prayerful concentration was broken as I glanced up nervously... Standing over me was a rather distinguished looking gray-haired man. Noticing his uniform, I assumed he was a volunteer, so I relaxed.

Smiling, he said, 'Ma'am, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. I know I'm a stranger and wish not to intrude, but I couldn't help noticing that you seem rather upset."

His face seemed to glow with certain warmth and the kindness in his eyes brought a sense of peace to me.

I hesitated before saying anything... then in a voice just above a whisper I said, "I'm waiting for my doctor to review some x-rays, and I am worried."

He said, "I have found that in times of trouble and when doubt is flooding our souls, seeking help from the heavenly Father can help."

I answered honestly, 'My faith is so weak right now and I am somewhat concerned.'

He replied, 'You know the Good Book tells us that if we have faith the size of a mustard seed, then it can move mountains! '

I had heard about 'mustard seed faith, ' yet somehow I didn't feel too hopeful about my mountain being removed this morning. Still, I smiled and agreed.

He then asked, "If it's all right with you, I was wondering if I could pray for you? '

I remember being a little surprised by his offer, but at the same time, I also felt pleasantly relieved. How could he have known that prayer was just what I needed? I smiled as I hesitantly answered, "Please do. I think I would like that very much.'

He sat down beside me and as we bowed our heads to pray, he gently took my hand.

Although I have heard many prayers and witnessed many spiritual accolades, there was something uniquely different about this old gentleman's prayer. As he interceded for me, I felt such peace sweep over my soul. Warm tears of relief began rolling down my cheeks, dropping onto our hands. I could sense the presence of God, and I didn't want him to stop.

I felt a bit disappointed as he softly said, "Amen".

I mumbled a grateful, "Thank you, " and through tear-filled eyes I read the name "D'Angelo" on his name tag, which was pinned next to a little smiley face that read, "Smile, God loves you! "

Amazingly, that simple little slogan, "Smile, God loves you", seemed to be a message just for me.

I turned and reached for my purse, fumbling around until I finally found a tissue. By that time, my face was wet with tears and my mascara had to be a mess. But, it didn't seem to matter to me how I looked outwardly, for inside I felt a calming peace for the first time that day. Quickly I dried my eyes and patted my face a little. Then, when I turned back around, the kind old man was gone. I looked around the waiting room and out in the hall, but it was as though he had just disappeared.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was still pondering this strange event when a nurse suddenly spoke, jarring me out of my state of awe.

"The Doctor will see you now, " she said.

I grabbed my papers and purse. Anxiously I followed her down the hall, my feet feeling like lead. This time, instead of an examination room, I was led to my doctor's office. I entered and sat down as the nurse closed the door. Sitting there alone, I closed my eyes to again pray. But this time my prayer was different. I felt more prepared to receive the news I just knew I would hear. So, I asked God for the grace and guidance I would need to tell my husband and kids.

My prayer was interrupted by a light knock and my doctor's gentle voice, "Hi again." She came in, closing the door behind her and quietly sat down. I identified an unmistakable expression of concern on her face, which again caused me to tremble.

She looked directly into my eyes as she said, 'I am a little puzzled. When studying this second mammogram, I was shocked that we could not find any spots at all. I could have sworn that we were looking at a large mass on your left breast, but the test has revealed nothing at all! '

I was stunned by what she was telling me.

She continued, 'Even though I am perplexed, for your sake, I am very pleased with this report. My colleagues and I have checked it thoroughly and believe our analysis to be accurate. I am happy to inform you that your x-rays are as clear as any I have seen! So thank God, now you and your family can relax.'

'Are you absolutely sure? ' I questioned in total disbelief.

Looking over the spectacles perched on the end of her nose, she replied, 'As certain as we can be. It sure looks like someone up there is looking out for you. We are going to keep an eye on things, but I would suggest that you put this behind you and enjoy your new lease on life.'

Befuddled, as I left her office I thought, 'Thank you, God. I will not take my life for granted anymore.'

Suddenly, I remembered the old gentleman who prayed with me. It was imperative that I find him to share this wonderful news and thank him once more.

I walked up to the nurses' station and asked, 'Please, could you tell me how to find one of your volunteers? His name is D'Angelo.'

'Who?' the puzzled nurse asked.

'I think his name is D'Angelo,' I said. 'He had on a blue uniform and had a little yellow smiley face pinned next to his name. He had to have been in his late sixties.'

She said, 'Ma'am, I am very familiar with all of our staff and volunteers and we have no one by that name. I have been here all morning and have not seen anyone fitting that description. Besides, because of the personal nature of the problems we handle in this section, the only men allowed back here are the doctors and their staff.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Driving home, all I could do was thank God. I thanked Him for the results of the test and for the wonderful medical care that had been given me. But most of all I thanked Him for the good news on my condition and for that kind old gentleman who had appeared in my time of despair.

I have never really believed too much in miracles. That is, until that day when a total stranger prayed for me.

Since then, I've had many opportunities to share my story and I know people may listen in disbelief, but it's hard to dispute what happened to me that day. I have kept copies of both x-rays for proof to others and as a reminder to me of the power of prayer.

I would encourage anyone who is going through a difficult situation in their life, to pray and trust the heavenly Father; know that He loves you and will be there for you. He may not deliver you of the problem, but He will be with you in it. You may not have a miraculous story to tell, such as mine, but He will get you through.

I've heard it said so many times throughout my life, "God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform..." and I must say that looking back on these events and my special experience, my life has changed so much. I appreciate life so much more. Living has taken on a whole new meaning since that day a kindly old gentleman, D'Angelo, took my hand and sweetly prayed.

The End

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Mystery of Madeleine**

I Wonder...

Where are you playful, darling child?  
Where have you been this long while?

Who fills your empty little tummy?  
Who tucks you in bed at night?

Who gives you sweet loving kisses?  
Who hugs you and holds you tight?

Who helps you comb your soft hair?  
Who helps you dress up just right?

Where are you sweet darling one?  
Where are you sleeping tonight?

What thing do you dream about?  
What thing do you fear the most?

What do you cry yourself to sleep for?  
What do you pray, for what do you hope?

Where are you... hopeful, trusting heart?  
What are the answers that only you know?

Will we be blessed to see you once again?  
Where are you- precious Madeleine McCann?

### **Author Notes**

Please pray:

Madeleine McCann disappeared on the evening of Thursday, 3 May 2007 in the resort of Praia da Luz in the Algarve, Portugal, just days short of her fourth birthday

Loyd C. Taylor

## The Mystery of Mercy Manor

The Mystery of Mercy Manor

I visited Mercy Manor just the other day,  
When as I was leaving, someone took my hand;  
'My name's Kate, ' a sweet old lady said,  
'Sir, have you seen my Raggedy Ann? '

I said, 'No ma'am I haven't seen her,  
But I'll be back in a day or so;  
And should I find your precious doll,  
I'll be sure to let you know.'

So, in pity I bought this Raggedy Ann,  
And returned to the very place;  
I said to the attendant; 'This is for Kate, '  
As a look of shock came over her face!

'Forgive me mister, ' she gravely said,  
'But, if you've got a minute or two;  
I'll get you a chair and we'll sit a spell,  
And I'll share a mystery with you.'

'It happens sometimes late at night,  
While most residents are asleep;  
Though the halls are completely empty,  
You can hear someone dragging their feet.

When the staff hears the sound of shuffling,  
They get up and look all around;  
But not a single soul do they see,  
Even though they heard these strange sounds.

Like, a wheelchair's squeaky wheels,  
And rubber scrubbing on metal rims;  
Or, a sleight wheezy breathing in places  
Where the upstairs hall lights dim.

Rumor has it that Kate was left here,  
Many long years ago;  
Seems her kids wouldn't take her in,  
She had no place else to go.

Her family had all deserted her,  
So, in loneliness she would cry;  
All she had was a Raggedy Ann,  
That she kept close by her side.

Often, sadness would overwhelm her,  
For night after night she would cry;  
Then some of the staff mistreated her,  
And secretly hoped that she'd die.

Even more, to punish her for crying,  
Her own precious dolly they'd hide;  
Until late one night, her crying ceased,  
As in loneliness Kate finally died.

That night her dolly was missing,  
Her pillow was soaked with tears;  
She was buried with her fingers reaching,  
Still longing for her dolly dear.

Sometimes, the residents can see her,  
For they smile, and mumble her name;  
Their visitors think they're just crazy,  
While the staff just assumes it's a game.

They say she still wanders the halls,  
Searching for her sweet Raggedy Ann;  
And on occasion, some visitor will swear,  
That an old lady grabbed at their hand.

Sir, 'There's no one here by that name, '  
She said to me, rather teary eyed;  
'You see, it's been over thirty five years,  
Since the lady named Kate up and died.

Written by Loyd C Taylor, September 2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Pastor's Wife**

She serves in a position she had not sought for in her life  
She simply fell in love with a man called into ministry,  
You may know her; she's the pastor's wife.

She accepted her role to live for Jesus and share the Gospel light.  
She just wanted to make God and her husband proud,  
Just happy to be the pastor's wife.

She started on her journey, her expectations soaring high.  
She gave her heart and soul to the task,  
For she's the pastor's wife.

She was expected to be a certain kind of woman adjusting to church life.  
She was not there to receive, but to serve;  
After all, she's the pastor's wife.

She was to be seen as a Godly lady free from bitterness and strife.  
She was to always have a gentle and sweet countenance,  
Because she's the pastor's wife.

She was to be a gracious hostess anytime someone dropped by,  
No matter the day of the week or how late into the night -  
For she's the pastor's wife.

She was to be the perfect mom and her children were to always play nice.  
She was never to raise her voice but discipline them perfectly,  
Because she's the pastor's wife.

She was not to have any personal struggles or down times in life.  
She was to always be on top of the world,  
For she is the pastor's wife.

But, she has been down and lonely, more times than we realize.  
For she is a woman first of all,  
And then she's the pastor's wife

She has struggled on a pastor's salary just trying to survive,  
While she watched others enjoy trips and luxury holidays-  
Not common for a pastor's wife

She has been humbled, and very grateful, many times throughout her life  
For the grace God gave and the prayers that have been prayed  
To encourage this pastor's wife.

She longed for just one true friend, her battles to help her fight-  
Only to later be burned by people who turned their backs on  
the pastor's wife.

She yearned for her own identity, and Christian friends to share her plight.  
She wanted to be known for who she is,  
Not just as the pastor's wife.

She longed for simple conversations from the many in her life.  
But they often only spoke to her to give a message to him -  
For she was known as the pastor's wife.

She may be hurting and discouraged or in need of hug that's tight.  
She gets tired and down just like everyone else,  
So encourage the pastor's wife.

She's always there for all of you, so get to know her and treat her right.  
Show her interest that's true for she's a person too-  
This one called the pastor's wife.

She has too often been neglected by the ones God put in her life.  
So, let us find an occasion and show her appreciation  
And honor the pastor's wife.

Loyd C. Taylor

## The Queen of the Sea

Tis' a very odd tale which sailors tell,  
From enchanted Ireland o'er the sea;  
The magical abode of leprechauns,  
Of mystical visions and fantasies.

It seems one day a fair maiden did walk,  
Upon the ocean's white glistenin' shore;  
T'was witnessed by honest seafarin' men,  
As they did stare from their boats safely moored.

Seems the young maiden was touched with faintness,  
Thus making her quite unable to stand;  
So she found a tree branch lying nearby,  
For a prop she held it tight in her hand.

Discovering a large bowl-shaped seashell,  
A nice pillow for her head she would use;  
Then laid her down in a bed of white sand,  
While on the mystic blue ocean she mused.

Soon the maiden drifted off to deep sleep,  
Then into a vision's delightful dream;  
For angel Gabriel took her far away,  
So amazingly real it all did seem.

Floating over green hills and babblin' brooks,  
To an astoundin' castle on the sea;  
Arising from the midst of the water,  
A kingdom of crystal glass she did see.

She was lifted above its pearl-white walls,  
To a grand courtyard where thousands did throng;  
There Gabriel so gently descended,  
Seating her thus on a pearl white throne.

She was handed a diamond clad scepter,  
Then a golden wreath was placed on her head;  
A proclamation was made to crown her,  
"The Queen of the Sea, " so the edict read.

The palace singers then sang, but strangely,  
Soundin' much like the squawking seagull's cry;  
A brilliant light shone brightly upon her,  
As gleamin' sunlight beams down from the sky.

A scroll was read; "May the angels smile down,  
Along with the sweet prayers of all the saints;  
May the Fountain of Love pour on our Queen,  
And may she escape life's bitter complaints! "

Then the trumpeter came and took his place,  
Preparin' jubilantly to play on cue;

The Queen stood, as he adjusted his mouth,  
Then on the trumpet he mightily blew!

The trumpet seemed clogged for some odd reason,  
But from his persistence the clog let go;  
But t'wasn't glorious notes that came forth,  
But green seawater a' gushin' did flow!

Then he swelled his cheeks and blew out his breath,  
But the more he pushed the more it did spew;  
A'breathin' in and a'blowin' back out,  
Until the trumpeter's face turned dark blue.

Water then flooded the crystal throne room,  
Until waves soon covered the palace floor;  
The maiden jumped up with scepter in hand,  
Then she cried loud as the ocean doth roar!

Then waving her scepter at the water,  
She commanded it to turn back again;  
Alas, the water seemed deafened to her,  
As it defiantly did spurn her command!

Then she next took off her beautiful crown,  
Which had rested royally on her head;  
Raising it up high above the water,  
Screamin' loud, 'til her face turned blood-red!

Shoutin' at the top of her lungs; "Hear me,  
Headstrong Ocean, go back at my command;  
For I am Queen of the Sea! " she cried out,  
Wavin' fiercely, with her scepter in hand.

Today, sailors smile, as they tell the tale,  
Of the maiden on the shore they did see;  
With a shell on her head and wavin' a limb,  
And a shoutin'; "I am Queen of the Sea! "

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Rut**

A deep breath of morning air  
Rubbing of the eyes and a yawn  
Shuffling to find my shoes, I rise.

A quick taste of cooling soup  
Chewing on banana nut bread  
Swallowing, a delight, I eat.

A sweet taste of sparkling wine  
Rolling it on my waiting tongue  
Satisfies my palate, I drink.

A hot bath in bubbling tub  
Kicking shoes off my aching feet  
Lying down once again, I sleep.

A rut of rising, eating,  
Of drinking and of sleeping...  
I cannot get out so, I die.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Sting**

Now you may laugh until you cry,  
At this poetic story-like tale;  
But before I start, I cross my heart,  
That this story is true as well.

I planned to watch the evening news,  
So, I plopped down, a normal thing;  
Then on my tender tooshie,  
I felt a terrible, burning sting!

I squeezed my half eaten orange,  
Around the room juice did fly;  
Like a drum, my heart beat fast,  
Lord knows, I thought I would die!

So I hurried to the bedroom,  
My shifty wife acting fast;  
Quickly pulled down my spandex,  
That bee's sting would be his last.

He fluttered and buzzed in circles,  
As if he was laughing right at me;  
But before I could dish out his due,  
I swear he died from the glee.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Thief and the Cross**

He was just a common thief  
And now he must pay.  
His wicked deeds found him,  
Condemned to die today.

He had cheated and looted,  
Wronged many men.  
His life of crime is over,  
A cross would be his end.

Guilty of his transgression  
Yes, deserving of death,  
He feared not the dying now,  
But of judgment ahead.

Hell would surely be his abode  
Ages without end!  
Punished for his wickedness  
And a life of sin!

But this ONE dying near him,  
Was different than he,  
His eyes revealed compassion,  
He spoke mercifully.

The thief asked this man;  
"What on earth did you do? "  
Jesus whispered weakly;  
"Today I die for you! "

"Dying for me? " he asked,  
"Who are you anyway? "  
"I AM the Lamb of God,  
Today sin's debt I pay."

"How may I receive pardon? "  
Begged the repentant thief.  
"Forgiveness is truly yours"  
Jesus said; "only believe."

"It's true, you are the ONE  
Sent to die for me! "  
"LORD, I need your mercy! "  
"Please... REMEMBER ME! "

Jesus turned to the thief  
In mercy he cried;  
"Today shalt thou be  
With me in PARADISE! "

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Visit**

Well I finally made it by to see you two,  
Sure hope you're not too disappointed, Dad;  
I'm sorry, but I've been working a lot lately,  
Besides, leaving you and mom always makes me sad.

I'll take just a moment and pick up all this mess,  
These weeds and dead flowers are such an awful sight;  
Dad, I know that you couldn't care less,  
But this kind of thing sure makes Mom uptight.

Mom, I remembered that you loved yellow roses,  
So let me place these where I know you can see;  
Dad don't worry, I know you prefer seashells,  
Here's one that the kids found down by the sea.

There, I'm finished... I hope you two are pleased,  
It's late and I should get on out of here;  
I love you both, and I'll visit again soon,  
About this same time next year.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Volunteers**

This poem is dedicated to all the faithful volunteers of this great country of our. We could not make it without your willingness to serve. Thank you, Loyd Taylor

There are some special people that we know  
Found in needy places across this land,  
They're people that selflessly serve others  
Always ready to lend a helping hand.

We may know them by their many titles  
Chief bottle washer to soup kitchen cook;  
They may be young or old, male or female,  
In serving others each has found a nook.

Kind-hearted helpers, tireless volunteers  
Who lend a hand in every capacity;  
They seek no earthly reward, no fanfare,  
Give help, no matter the adversity.

Here's to all of the wonderful people  
Who unselfishly have chosen to serve,  
May these words offer some recognition  
And give the praise, which they rightly deserve.

Jesus said; "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name... he shall not lose his reward." Mark 9: 41

Loyd C. Taylor

## **The Wonder of All Wonders!**

### THE WONDER OF ALL WONDERS

The Son appeared to men of old,  
Such a wonder they did see,  
But wonder of all wonders  
Was that Jesus was born for me!

Born there in a humble stable  
And to such a sin cursed earth,  
To bring hope to all mankind  
And our salvation through his birth.

He came down from heaven's glory  
Not to mansions rich or fair,  
But to a lowly virgin,  
Sins heavy burden he would bare.

He left his glorious palace  
Was robed in humanity,  
To give his life upon the cross  
And this he did for you and me.

He increased in grace and wisdom  
As he took the form of man,  
He went about doing good,  
Working miracles by his hands!

Yes He healed the broken hearted,  
And he set the captives free;  
He calmed the raging waters  
And yes, He made the demons flee.

And He fed the hungry thousands,  
Yes, He made the blind to see,  
But wonder of all wonders  
Was that Jesus was born for me.

Often loving people may speak  
Of their love and care for me,  
But the Son of God proved his love  
The day He died on Calvary.

Yes, the wonder of all wonders  
For the entire world to see,  
The wonder of all wonders,  
Jesus was born to die for me!

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **This Anchor**

This anchor shall hold in adversity,  
When all else does threaten to give way;  
This anchor keeps my vessel from drifting,  
Never letting my ship run astray.

This anchor holds though angry seas batter,  
When dangerous waves threaten to take hold;  
This anchor holds in the lonely night hours,  
When darkness renders my spirit less bold.

This anchor holds with vigil over me,  
Scans water lest my ship drift away;  
This anchor is trustworthy and faithful,  
Making unanxious my passageway.

This anchor holds fast though life is fleeting,  
When death's icy hands grasps for me once more;  
This anchor will never let me falter,  
Till my ship moors on that sacred shore.

This anchor shall hold in the Great Judgment,  
When the elements melt with fervent heat;  
This anchor will calm and quiet my spirit,  
Shoring me on with His grace complete.

\*\*\*\*\*

This anchor holding me is sweet Jesus.  
My ship is in his arrant control;  
He is my one hope... He is my comfort...  
He is the sure anchor of my soul!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Tiny Hands**

You've watched those tiny hands,  
Tireless, as they played;  
You've cleaned dirt from their fingernails,  
Removed a soiled Band-Aid.

But have you once considered,  
As you watched them through the day;  
Just how they might use those hands,  
When their youth should fade away?

Those tiny hands may one day erect,  
Tall castles in the sand;  
They may help in search and rescue,  
Or become a fireman's hand.

Those tiny hands may be skilled,  
To hold a surgeon's knife;  
Or wrap tight around a pistol  
To take an innocent life.

Those tiny hands may write poetry,  
Or spin a roulette wheel;  
Or clutch a bottle of whiskey,  
They may rob, loot or steal.

Those tiny hands may cause others,  
To live a life of wicked sin;

Or point to the Way of truth,  
To bring a sinner in.

So may we observe more closely,  
As life unfolds its strands;  
And never overlook the largeness,  
Found in those tiny hands.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Tired Passion**

Sweetheart...

It's getting late,  
and I'm so tired,  
don't you think  
we should go to bed?

(Oh, my you're right,  
just look at the time,  
but...  
don't the stars  
stand out tonight?)

Yes, they do,  
and lovely too,  
just as your eyes,  
Come...  
snuggle, and  
hold me tight.

(Sweetheart...  
It's getting late,  
and I'm so tired,  
So...  
I think I'll just  
go to sleep  
instead)

Good night.

(Good night.)

Loyd C. Taylor

## **To Our Coach... A Tribute**

It may be on a cool spring morning,  
Or a hot summer afternoon;  
Players come from all directions,  
For skin will slap leather soon.

You can find them hot and dirty,  
All sizes shapes and forms;  
Men, women, boys and girls,  
Dressed in sponsored uniforms.

They are led by a devoted coach,  
Who keeps things safe and fun;  
One who gives heart and soul,  
Though a strike out, or home run.

And whether it's Casey at the bat,  
Or, Brianna on the mound;  
It's there at the Old ball game,  
This faithful coach is found.

So, shake their hand, buy them a Coke,  
Smile and let pearl's gleam;  
Say, 'thank you' every now and then,  
To the Coaches of our team.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Too Wonderful**

Where shall I run  
From your presence, O' Lord,  
To where shall I flee?  
To ascend up to heaven,  
Or sleep on this earth,  
You're everywhere present with me.

And how shall I hide  
My thinking O' Lord,  
For thou doest truly know me.  
Should I dwell upon love  
Or hatred in my thoughts,  
Your spirit has already searched me.

You are all seeing, all knowing,  
And I am so sinful dear Lord.  
You have all wisdom, all might;  
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me...  
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me!

No there's not a place  
Of hiding, O Lord,  
No rock, no refuge, but Thee!  
So search me dear God,  
And know my sinful heart,  
Reveal my wickedness to me.

To You shall I turn  
For cleansing O' Lord,  
To You, shall I cling.  
I will yield to You my life,  
And give to You my soul,  
Your grace is all sufficient for me.

You are all loving, all forgiving,  
And I am so thankful O' Lord;  
You have all mercy, all grace;  
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me...  
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me.

You have cleansed my heart;  
You've restored my soul;  
And yours, I evermore shall be;  
Your knowledge is too wonderful for me...  
Your knowledge is too wonderful for me.

#### Author Notes

This spiritual poem is in a song format. I tried to use the language of the King James Version of the Holy Bible. I capitalized 'You' when it was in reference to God. Psalm 139 is one of my favorite psalms.

If you care to hear it, I have the song recorded and posted on my web site under Loyd's songs.

You should find it at [www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com).

I do hope you enjoy it and thanks for your consideration and time, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Tribute to Reviewers**

"A tribute to the Reviewer"

It's just one word,  
Which means so much;  
It's just one way,  
A heart to touch.

It's so fitting,  
For this poet friend;  
Who writes reviews,  
Hours without end.

It's so deserving,  
For this kind soul;  
Who helps others,  
To reach their goal.

It's poet to poet,  
It's friend to friend;  
It's heart to heart,  
And pen to pen...

Thanks!

Loyd C. Taylor

**Tristan (an acrostic)**

TRISTAN

he is...

Terrific  
Reliable  
Imaginative  
Sensitive  
Thrifty  
Authentic  
Neighborly

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Unsightly!**

There it stands

Straight and tall  
Brown and aged  
Laden and heavy

There it stands

Unknown  
Unattractive  
Unappreciated

There it stands

Giving light  
Giving lines  
Giving life

There it stands

Perch for feathered friends  
Guardian over nature lovers  
Maze of crisscrossed wires

Oh, that ugly, unsightly Utility Pole...  
I am so glad you are there!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Wally the Worm (childrens song)**

Chorus:

Wally the worm, Wally the Worm,  
He likes to slither, and he likes to squirm;  
He likes to wiggle, and he likes to giggle,  
There's a lesson to learn, from Wally the Worm.

Verse one:

Now Wally can be careless, and often unaware,  
Those birds are a'watchin' him from up in the air;  
And when they get hungry, and want something to eat,  
They go for ole Wally, 'cause he's a real treat!

Chorus:

Verse two:

Now the fisherman is looking, for live fish bait,  
Wally wants to slither, but he'd better wait;  
Instead he crawls up, out of his hole,  
Now he's a'danglin' from a hook, on a fishin' pole.

Chorus:

Change up...

Verse three:

Now Wally the Worm, has a lesson to tell,  
To all of us humans, so listen real well;  
When you wiggle in this world, and squirm in sin,  
Satan's out to get you, and do you in.

Verse four:

So be careful when you're crawlin', out in the world,  
Whether you're an adult, or a boy or a girl;  
Be always a'watchin', from the land or the air,  
Cause Satan's a 'hidin', and lurkin' out there.

Chorus:

Change up...

Verse five:

When you slither into trouble, like Wally the Worm,  
Trust in God's goodness, and from Him never squirm;  
Then you wont be like Wally, some juicy fish bait,  
And you can wiggle and giggle, on another day!

Chorus:

Repeat Chorus:

Repeat last line

#### Author Notes

Our church had an annual fishing Saturday, on the Saturday before Father's day. I wrote this little song after one of those events.

If you would like to hear me the lyrics and music together, you can do so by visiting my web sight at [www.poemsnsuch.com](http://www.poemsnsuch.com) and looking under the topic Songs by Loyd. Click on the song title and it should show words and plat the song. I hope you enjoy,  
Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Wasted Years**

Wasted years...  
O how foolish  
My time here  
On earth I've lived.

Wasted life...  
Can't undo it  
Fleeting fast  
Did not stand still.

Wasted time...  
O how tragic  
Forgive me  
O God I pray.

May I live...  
each new moment,  
O may I  
Begin today?

Loyd C. Taylor

## **When Daddy Prayed**

Maybe I should have slipped out,  
But instead, frozen I stayed;  
For by accident I had intruded,  
on my daddy as he prayed.

Quietly I strained to listen,  
To hear just what he might say;  
Oh, how I felt God's presence,  
That day as my daddy prayed.

He spoke words of thanksgiving,  
For blessings along the way;  
He asked for strength and wisdom,  
So humbly my daddy prayed.

Yes, I felt somewhat ashamed,  
Eavesdropping on him that day;  
But I've been forever changed,  
Listening as daddy prayed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Written by Loyd C Taylor, September 2008

Loyd C. Taylor

## **When I See Ol' Glory**

When I see Ol' Glory waving high...  
I think of so many who have died,  
Giving their all that we might be free  
Flying there by Divine Destiny.

When I see Ol' Glory waving high...  
In solemn wonder I lift my eyes,  
For she proudly guards over a land  
Where freedom's gift extends to all men.

When I see Ol' Glory waving high...  
She stands as a treasure in the sky,  
With hand on heart I salute her still  
Respect and honor in my heart fills.

When I see Ol' Glory waving high...  
I admit, I still get misty eyed.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **When I Think of Snow**

When I think of snow...

I'm reminded of purity;  
Like the precious blood of God's Son,  
That completely cleanses from sin.

When I think of snow...

I'm reminded of my childhood;  
Like the times when mom made snow cream,  
And stings from snowballs on my chin.

When I think of snow...

I'm reminded of your pure love;  
How it blankets me completely,  
Filling me with warm love within.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Where Do Our Little Ones Go?**

Where do our little ones go?  
They gave to us their smiles,  
They stayed such a short while,  
Then vanished like melting snow.

Where do our little ones go?  
For them our hearts now hurt,  
For the answers we do search,  
In God's Word the truth we know.

Miles beyond the distant skies,  
Beyond the glowing stars,  
Beyond galaxies far,  
God welcomes each precious child!

So, cry! Shed those lonely tears.  
For the sadness you feel,  
For emptiness is real,  
After, let faith banish fear.

They are in a better place!  
Away from tears and pain,  
Awaits reunion's gain,  
When you may kiss their sweet face!

They've gone on to Heaven's shore;  
Where the Christ-child is King,  
Where children sweetly sing,  
And death separates no more.

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Winter Romance**

There's something about a winter's snowfall,  
I simply love how it blankets the ground;  
Gently falling as glittering diamonds,  
Spreading astonishing beauty around.

There's nothing warm, like a winter's romance,  
I simply love lying with you fireside;  
Gently embracing, as falling snowflakes,  
Caresses the beckoning countryside.

Loyd C. Taylor

## Wintertime Memories

Snowflakes a-fallin', in the kitchen Mom's callin';  
"you youngens get out of that bed!  
The day's now a-wastin', the biscuits a-bakin'  
and I got lots to do `ere ye're fed.

Son, help your brother straighten up those covers,  
you never know who'll dropp by today;  
go wash up with the others, gather round the table,  
hold hands, and now let us pray:

`Lord, for the night's rest we're grateful  
for this food and our great big family;  
now bless what's before us, in the name of Jesus, '  
alright, now y'all can eat.

When y'all are through eatin, ' the chickens need feedin, '  
and there's firewood that needs bringin' in.  
Now go feed your dog, give the scraps to the hogs,  
and bring back an arm load of kindlin'.

It's seems just yesterday we sat at that table,  
Mom and Dad and the whole family;  
I never knew then Just how precious to me,  
would those Wintertime memories be.

No, we never were rich in material things,  
and at times we barely got by;  
but we had love to spare, for all of us there,  
and for any stranger that dropped by.

They say you can't go back to the days gone by,  
I'm sorry, but I must disagree -  
for I often do return and again live,  
in those days of Wintertime Memories.

Written by L C Taylor, December,2004

Loyd C. Taylor

## **You and Me**

You and Me

"slow, curve ahead, no turn, caution,  
turn right, yield, stop, crosswalk" Road signs!

"trees, flowers, birds, sunshine, wind, rain,  
snow, sleet, floods, stars, moonlight" Nature!

"love, romance, intimacy, trust,  
time, commitment, oneness" Marriage!

Loyd C. Taylor

## **You Are My Exit**

YOU ARE MY EXIT

My heart needs an outlet  
To allow my love to flow,  
A channel to vent my emotions  
A pathway to let desire grow.

My mind needs an avenue  
To direct my thoughts aright,  
A manual to lead my intentions  
A passageway to bring to light.

My soul needs an egress  
To release my bowels pain,  
A guide to share my inventions  
A highway to make them plain.

My heart, my mind and soul  
To you they willingly flow,  
An exodus in your direction  
A doorway to your sweet soul.

Sweetheart, you are my exit.

Loyd C. Taylor

## **You Are My Favorite Lady**

My Favorite Lady

I've seen them all! I've heard them talk!  
I've been shocked! I've been appalled!  
I've seen their moves, as they dance and sway.  
I've closed my eyes! I've turned away.

They quickly lie in a stranger's embrace.  
They are self-made queens, pride covers their face.  
They are self-willed... self-filled, flaunting arrogantly.  
They are in the limelight as worshipped celebrities.

But you, You are chaste and mild, with saintly charm.  
You are motherly gentle, embracing in tender arms.  
You are one in a million, as a precious jewel rare.  
You are modestly beautiful, beyond compare.

You are sweeter than the spring from yon mountain flow.  
You are purer than the snow, December winds blow.  
You are my woman... my lover... my baby.  
You are above them all! You are my Favorite Lady

Loyd C. Taylor

## **You Promised With All Your Heart**

The day has finally come; beautiful music fills the air;  
The candles are lit, everyone is seated,  
A `waiting that special hour.

The music stops, guests are welcomed; then,  
The pastor prays; "God, bless this joyous occasion,  
In the name of Jesus, Amen."

The minister says; "We are gathered here together,  
With the friends and family, to hear these two  
Exchange their vows of love."

They smile at each other sweetly for their day now has come;  
They then join hands tenderly, for this moment  
They have waited for o so long.

The minister says; "We meet in this holy place of love,  
And we're thankful for the day, as we enter  
Into the presence of God above."

\*\*\*\*\*

To the man he says; "Do you take this woman for all days?  
Do you promise to love her in all your ways? "  
"Do you promise as this ceremony starts? "  
And as you look now upon your bride, do you promise  
To always keep her by your side? " He says;  
"I promise, with all of my heart."

To the woman he says; "Will you love him the same way,  
Do you promise to honor, trust and to obey?  
And that from him you will never part? "  
And do you vow on this special day, to be his now  
And throughout all your days? " She says;  
"I promise, with all of my heart."

As the music plays soft and low, she whispered; "Sweetheart,  
I love you so and I've loved you, right from the start."  
He said; "I've waited so long to make you my wife,  
I'll cherish you for all of my life, He says;  
"I promise, with all of my heart."

The preacher said; "Now may I introduce to you, this couple  
Whose love is true, today, they've become man and wife."  
'And to this man and wife, I wish you joy for all your life,  
Since you promised, with all of your heart."  
"You promised, with all of your heart."

"You may kiss your bride."

Written by L C Taylor  
For his daughter Edith' wedding

Loyd C. Taylor

## **You've Been Such A Wonderful Mother**

For the nine months you carried each babe in your womb,  
'Till the moment you safely delivered them;  
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

From the time you brought our first child into this world,  
'Till the last one you cradled in your arms;  
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

For the baths that you gave and the meals you prepared,  
For the countless loads of laundry you washed;  
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

For tenderness when they cried and drying their eyes,  
For the long hours you sat up with them;  
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

For the times you sat up and the prayers you prayed,  
For the tears that you shed for them all;  
You've been a wonderful Mother.

For sacrifices made and great advice that you gave,  
For all the fearful moments you have braved;  
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

Your name may never be in the world's spotlight,  
Nor your picture grace a magazine cover;  
But on this Mother's Day we all sing your praise,  
Because you've been such a wonderful Mother!

Happy Mother's Day!

Your grateful husband, L C

Written by L C Taylor  
In honor of my wife Katherine  
For Mother's Day

Loyd C. Taylor

## **Zackery (an acrostic)**

ZACKERY

he is...

Zany  
Amazing  
Creative  
Keen  
Energetic  
Restless  
Yielding

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor