

Poetry Series

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- 7 poems -

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A Mother's Love

What is a Mother's love? Only a Mother will know,
When a Child is sick with fever, and the pulse is slow;
A Mother will not sleep or rest, till the child is well,
This is what my Mother did, she cared, I could tell.

What is a Mother's love? As it's only a Mother can feel,
When a Child is so bad, she makes her Mother feel like a heel;
Like the Mother will keep her patience till she wants to cry,
But in the end, when; the child is sorry, then she will sigh.

What is a Mother's love? Only a Mother can say with Love,
My Mother never did give up, it's the Same as God above;
When we Hurt our Mother, show Angers, a grieve them too,
We need to say sorry, and also to God this is true.

God and Mother's are almost the same, Forgiving and Receiving,
God just patiently waits for us, to be well behaving;
And say sorry for our sin, He' ll never give up on us,
So is a Mother's Love, she shows love, she'll never fuss.

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Alphabet poem

A is for apple, for and, and anteater, too,

B is for Banana, for butterfly, and bear, this is true;

C is for cherry, for cricket, and a cow as well,

D is for dates, for dog and dinosaur, this I tell.

E is for eggs, for echidna, and elephant, is what we say,

F is for fish, and frog, For flying foxes you don't see at day;

G is for grapes, for goldfish, and for goats we see,

H is for honey, for hamsters, and horses, agree?

I is for ice, for iguana, and for ivy too,

J is for juice, for jumping beetle, and jaguar, it's true,

K is for kidneys, for kookaburra, and koala, I know,

L is for lemons, for lizards, for lions, it is so.

M is for mango, for moths, for marmoset, they're sweet,

N is for nuts, for numbats, to see them, is a treat;

O is for orange, for octopus, and orangatang how big?

P is for paw paw, for parrikeet, and the panter who's fast,

Q is for quince, and for quail, some in a race will come last.

R is for radish, for rabbit, and the rainbow trout we catch,

S is for strawberry, for snail, and snake, from a egg they hatch;

T is for tuna we eat, for toad, and for tiger, they chase you,

U is a food I'm not sure what, and what is a creature, that is u.

W is for watermelon, oh that's nice, for whale, in the sea,

X is for xylophone, for food I can't say, but a xbut, excuse me;

Y is for yam, for yak, what a strange name is that,

Z is where we eat, then find the creatures, how about that.

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Christ Is My Light

Christ is my Light, and my strength, and He guides my way,
When I'm under stress, and my Path feels Darkened too;
I just have to take the time to talk to the Lord, as I pray,
And He answers and makes me feel better, Oh yes! It's so true.

Christ is my Guide, my Shepherd my Friend, and my Master,
He is my Advocate, and speaks on my behalf, to the Father;
Cause when I am weak, and cross, and I let go my anger,
Christ helps me cope, and I see it's the same for my Brother.

Christ is my Great Physician, and my teacher as well,
He heals the pain within me, He I need it, He can tell;
Christ cheers me when I'm low, helps when the pain is hard to bear,
So this is Why I LOVE Him so much, For His great love and care.

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My Funny Talk

My funny talk it gets me laughing much, each day,
when I try to talk, the words don't come right anyway;
The words are all mixed up, with words jumbled too,
like! getting jelly beans from my throat, oh phew.

My funny talk, I hope, won't get me in trouble,
cause sometimes the sentences are all in a muddle;
like saying I was in the piddle, instead of in the middle,
and I wanted to say fiddle as in violin, I said I played the biddle.

Yes! I can laugh at these things, I know I'm getting old,
But that's what life brings along, that's what I am told;
Life brings so many trials and funny things as well,
I wouldn't change a thing, my mind rings like a well, I mean Bell.

See the more I try to say a sentence, it ends in a stew,
to make life complicated, does it happen also to you?
But maybe I just make these things go down in a verse or 2,
and end in a funny poem, so it can be read by you.

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Seasons

What is a season, sometimes children ask,
Then to explain to them is not a hard task;
its four groups of months, divided equally,
Winter I like, It's the month so special to me.

First we take Summer, it's sometimes so very hot,
But; when you get to go swimming, it cools you a lot;
Eating Salads, and lovely cold drinks, and sweet too,
But; when it's in the 40's, I just don't know what to do.

Next we have Autumn, a beautiful season to check out,
The colors on each tree change, the wind blows the leaves about;
We know it's almost time, to get our warm clothes ready,
and when it's very windy, it's hard to stay on your feet steady.

Then comes Winter, out comes our warm clothes, and gear,
Our coats, gloves, and rain boots, are always left near;
Then it comes, the rain, Hail, sleet and icy snow,
Where you feel the winters blast, on each finger and toe.

So there is the seasons, each different from the other,
What is your favorite season, or do you prefer, not to bother?
In Melbourne Victoria, It's like all comes together,
Four seasons in a day, oh what strange yet beautiful weather.

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See Them At Christmas

See the candles burning bright, upon the tree,
Also see the Angel, put on the top for me;
See the holly and the ivy, careful of the prickles,
And on the Christmas plate, some sour pickle.

See the cards that are hanging around,
And the Christmas bells, make a joyful sound;
See the gifts all placed around below the tree,
I wonder if there is one especially for me.

See the manger scene set, on the table there,
The shepherds and their lambs, the message did share;
Also; see the Star shining over the manger too,
Telling a message, Christ was born for me and you.

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The story of my life in a poem

Poem of Meg's life,

Meg was brought up as she later found out,
Adopted by parents, but unsure how it came about;
She didn't sit up till 2 years of age, this is true,
And didn't start to talk till 5, so no how do you do.

She went to a special school from 7 yrs of age,
But had many problems walking, at that stage;
Went in a taxi, every Monday to Friday,
Had many a party there to celebrate her birthday.

Her mother brought up 3 girls, with a disability too,
1 arm because of cancer, but she coped thru' and thru;
She took us girls to Sunday school each and every week,
And taught us to love God, to pray, and his truth to seek.

We lived in Dandenong, till I was 12 years of age,
But my sister wasn't there, she was nowhere at that stage;
We shifted to Gladstone in Queensland you know,
It's where Meg was baptized by immersion that is so.

At 16 She started teaching, 2 - 6 years in Sunday school,
At 17 we shifted back, but then dad started to be cruel;
I celebrated my 21st, birthday, with a wonderful musical night,
It made friends and family happy, things were happy and bright.

My mum passed on to the Lord, and I shifted away from home,
For 4 yrs I lived in Glenroy, in a flat and on my own;
I was in THE Salvation Army, serving the Lord, each week,
Playing the organ and harp, teaching the youth, the Lord to seek.

I then shifted to ascot vale, then over to st albans to live,
Married a man with problems, and troubles to me he did give;
But 12 yrs of problems I'm free of it now, so thankyou,
To the Lord for release and strength, and that He's brought me thru'.

And then I started at Sunshine, in the band where I did play,
And sang and read the Word, helping in many a way;
THE Lord showed me time to learn more, so off to college I go,
To learn how to be a minister for Christ, and His way to show.

So now I'm 58 years of age, seeking to do right with the Lord,
It's great to preach and learn, but to understand His Word;
And I want to thankyou for coming to celebrate my special day,
Please enjoy yourselves and enjoy the meal, on this my 58th birthday.

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