# **Poetry Series**

# Mel (Carmela) Patterson

- poems -

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# Mel (Carmela) Patterson (10/26/40) I am a wife of 50 ears to my husband, Barry. We have 5 children,11 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. I was born in Los Angeles and grew up from the age of 4 in Philadelphia, PA. I enjoy traveling, plays and movies. Visited Yellowstone Park, Hoover Dam, the Grand Canyon, Disney World, London, England, Paris, France, Reykjavik, Iceland. Enjoy Church activities, belong to a couple of organizations. No moss grows under my feet as long as I remain healthy.

On a small scale some of my poems have been published in Newsletters.

Works:

#### ' A BRINEY SEA'

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

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

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

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#### ' A Child Needs......'

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

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

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

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

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

4-22-08

#### ' ALL NATURE PRAISES GOD'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ Let's remember ~

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

#### 'BIDDING US'

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 2-19-08

#### ' BLESS the BABE '

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

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

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

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

## ' CHILLY TODAY '

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

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

It's even more chilly today!

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

It was extremely chilly today!

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

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

Lord, it WAS chilly today!

#### ' Do You Love Me? '

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Says He:

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

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

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

#### ' Eve of the New Year '

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

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

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#### 'FIND our VOICE'

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,8-31-08

#### ' Flame '

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

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

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

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

#### ' FLY ME, LORD '

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

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

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

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

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

#### ' FOLLOW ME'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### ' FOOL for CHRIST'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, April 1,2009

## 'GOD, OUR FATHER'

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

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

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

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

lowly children...

O FATHER,

THANK YOU

and

PRAISE YOU

for ever and ever!

AMEN!

#### ' GUARD the TONGUE '

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

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

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

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

#### 'HOLY MASS'

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

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

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

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

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

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#### ' I RUN TO YOU '

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

I run to you.

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

I run to you.

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

I run to you.

I bare my soul, my sin confess, You are my Goal and I profess You, O Jesus Christ, are Lord; Praises to you, I do accord. My Lord, my God, my All, I'll ever abide by your Law. O my Lord, my God, my All.

I run to you.

#### 'I WAIT'

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

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

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

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

...I wait....

#### ' JOY and PEACE and LOVE '

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let's begin the New Year with renewed JOY and PEACE and LOVE

#### ' Little Bundle '

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

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

little...

Erin Mary.

# 'Living Water in an Arid Desert'

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 8-9-08

# ' Longing for You, Lord '

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

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

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

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

# 'Lord, God, I thank Thee'

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

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

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

#### ' MOTHER OF MY LORD '

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

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

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

Mother of my Lord, assumed into Eternal Bliss I can see Jesus welcoming you with a holy kiss. You reside with Him, all the angels and the saints What a beautiful canvas of eternal life He paints. God made you a perfect Mother, a Holy Vase; Now you behold His Adorable Face ~ O, Thou willing vessel, full of Grace. On this Feast of Your Assumption, Lady Dear Look kindly upon us who remain here And intercede for us, if you please, We pray, on bended knees.

© Mel Patterson,8-15-06

#### 'MY SAVIOR'

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, Good Friday,3-21-08

# 'O LORD, THOU ART'

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

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

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

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

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

O Lord, Thou art Love Giving Ever Living Forgiving.

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

O Lord, Thou art
Coming on a cloud
Spirit endowed
All are bowed
O the crowd
On Holy Ground
Trumpets Sound!
We are Heaven bound!!!

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

#### 'OPEN HANDS'

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,11-21-08

# ' Peace, Under God '

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

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

#### 'REACTION to DISTRACTION'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let us not be caught off guard Nor from heaven eternally barred. Get right with God before it's too late Do it now; don't procrastinate.

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

be to CHRIST JESUS!

#### 'Renewal'

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

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

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

Upon bended knee I plea Thee Forgive me.

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

Thank Thee,

And Praise Thee...

Eternally.

#### 'Same Time Next Year?'

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,12-29-07

# 'SAVE US, LORD JESUS'

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

Save us, Lord Jesus.

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

Save us, Lord Jesus.

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

Save us, Lord Jesus.

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

Save us, Lord Jesus.

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© Mel Patterson,8-9-06

#### 'SAVED From the PIT'

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,12-29-08

# 'SING, SING, SING'

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

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

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

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

# ' The Autumn of my Life '

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 6-21-08

# ' The Spirit's Teaching Me '

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

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

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

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

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

# 'Thy Love I Have Sought'

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 12-3-07

#### 'TIME to Take STOCK'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 2-25-08

#### 'TIMES THREE'

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 5-10-08

# ' With Thee I Want Always To Be '

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

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

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

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

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

#### **71**

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

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

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

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

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

#### A GRAIN OF SAND

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson 7-1-10

#### A MAN NAMED ART

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,9-1-08

#### **A Matter of Time**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 10-14-09

#### **A PLACE**

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 4-16-08

## 'A Valentine for My Lord'

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

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

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

#### Remember:

#### The GREAT HEART of GOD:

Envelops you, Embraces you. Encompasses you, Encapsulates you, Encircles you, Is in front of you, Is in back of you, Is on each side of you, Surrounds you, because **GOD LOVES** you, For all Eternity, Then, Now, AndForever.  $\sim\sim\sim\sim\sim$ 

© Mel Patterson, Feb., 2007

#### **ADONAI'S**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,8-16-11

#### **Adoration**

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

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

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

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

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

This prayer comes to my mind now:

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

(July 20,2007)

# Ah, Victory!

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

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

#### All The While

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

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

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

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

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

#### 'ALL THINGS NEW'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Praise God with me everyone who loves my Son! Your precious souls my Jesus has won; Victory's with Him now and forevermore. One day we'll all Praise God on Heaven's shore; Only Him for all eternity we'll adore, Where every soul will blessedly soar.

My Son made all things new

Especially

for you ∼

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#### **ALONE ON AN ISLAND**

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

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

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

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

#### 'As the Lord Draws Near'

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 3-9-08

#### **ASCENDING into GLORY**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 5-19-09

#### **ASCENSION**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We await with Faith, Hope and Love Holy Spirit blessings from above To light our souls with ardor and fire, To spread the Kingdom as You desire. Per Your command all will transpire And to that great call we do aspire.

© Mel Patterson,4-30-08

## **A-thon Thoughts**

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

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

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

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

What a wonderful day to have been out and about For on that day we all wanted to shout:

'See you next year same time same place '
To gather again and be blessed ~ by God's Grace.

#### **AWAKE? PRAY**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,1-4-11

## **Be in Constant Prayer**

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,8-27-09

# 'Because you prayed, Someone.....'

Because you prayed:

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

Someone is seeing Jesus.

Someone is living with Jesus for ever -

Because......prayed.

#### **BEHOLD!**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 4-25-11

#### **BIGGER THAN LIFE**

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

Prayerfully, Mel

~~~~~~~~~

' BIGGER THAN LIFE '

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson- 5-29-08

## **Blood-Bought Salvation**

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **BUOYED**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 10-8-11

#### **BURNING the MIDNIGHT OIL**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 5-19-08

#### **CALLING YOU**

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,8-29-11

#### **Caroline**

Madeline's protruding girth Indicated an impending birth

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **CHRISTIAN RAMBLINGS**

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

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

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

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## **CLAP YOUR HANDS!**

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

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

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

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

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

#### **COME INTO HIS PRESENCE**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 11-3-07

### **Creatures**

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Creatures Of The Kıng

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

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

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

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

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

## **CRIME and PUNISHMENT**

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 1-29-11

## **Crunch a Bunch**

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

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

11-5-06

### **DAWN**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 2-1-10

### 'DECISION'

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

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

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

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

## **DON'T ASK ME**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 6-30-08

# **Double Blessings**

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

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

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

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

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

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

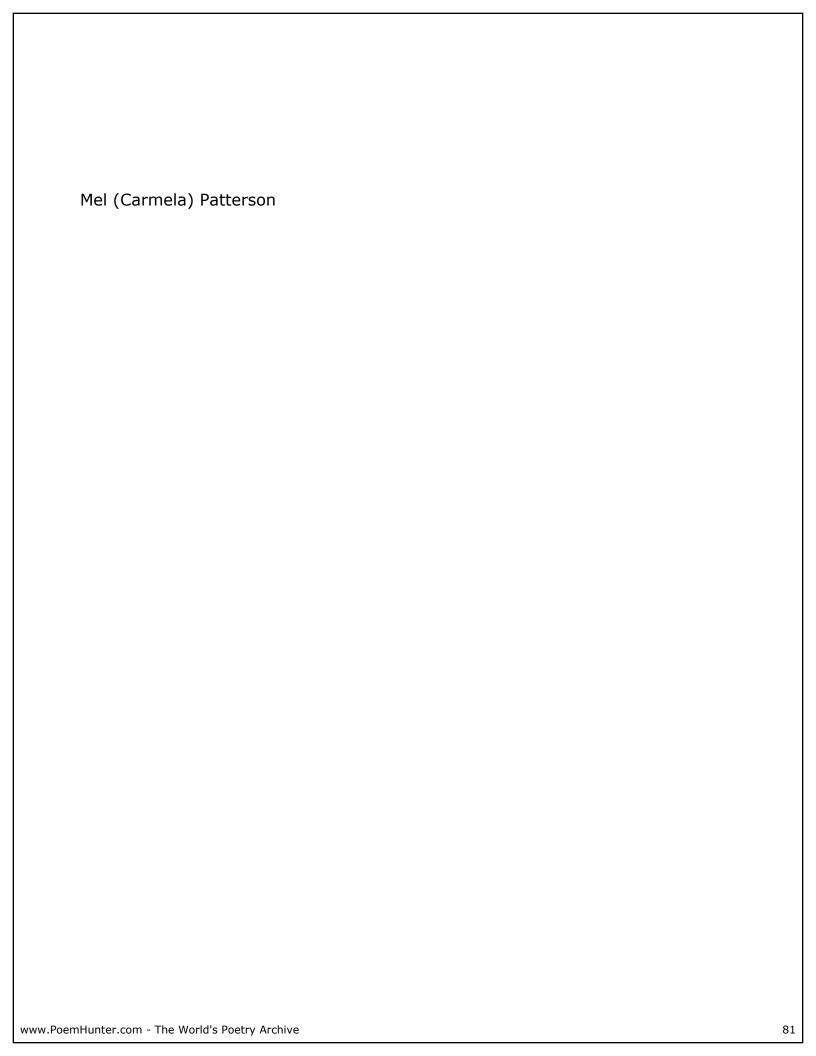
Applications to many a college In an effort to grow in knowledge Doctor, Lawyer, Commander in Chief So many choices, good grief!

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

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

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

(5-7-11)



### **EARLY MORNING RISING**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,7-21-09

### **EVER AFTER**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 11-2011

# **Facing A Challenge**

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

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

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

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

# **FAR SPENT, The Old Year**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson 12-31-08

### **FIRE RING**

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 5-16-08

### FIRST DAY of the FIRST MONTH of the NEW YEAR

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson - 1-1-11

### FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 6-4-11

### **FOR YOU**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For you I gave my All.

© Mel Patterson,6-25-11

## **GIBRALTAR**

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

© Mel Patterson,11-25-11

### **GIFT of LIFE**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 1-21-09

## **Gifts of Nature**

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

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

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

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

# Glory, Praise, and Honor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# **GOLDEN ROSE BOUQUET**

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

© Mel Patterson,5-31-10

### **GOT CHOCOLATE?**

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

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

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

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

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

Grandpa's white mustache is chocolate dyed.

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

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

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

His white mustache was chocolate dyed and he cried aloud:

'GOT CHOCOLATE?

'HO, HO, HO! '

© Mel Patterson,11-2011

### 'HAIL'

'It is a long night' the soul cried, As it wept for one who had died; How is it that one so dear Is gone! No longer here?

There seems no rhyme nor reason; One feels betrayed as if by treason. It is the cycle of birth to death, Living until one's dying breath.

What must be remembered as one heals Is to pray during trials with which one deals; Although only a thin veil separates us The evil one relentlessly castigates us.

Look upon God suffering soul Lift one's thoughts to our Ultimate Goal. To Heaven has our loved one gone And now ever sings a heavenly song.

The Lord comforts us in every way
He is our Shelter in the endless day.
He brings the Peace we longingly desire
He fills our hearts with His Holy Fire.

What could be better than knowing His Heart to them He is showing? Death? No longer do we fear it. Bless the Father, and Son's Holy Spirit There is Hope as we draw near It. Acquiescent hearts endear It. Our 'loved ones' now cheer It.

Think beyond this valley of tears
Everlasting Hope banishes our fears
Our loved one has broken through the veil
My spirit watched as she took sail
With nary another travail.
To Thee O God. HAIL.
To Thee, O Lord, HAIL.
To Thee Holy Spirit, HAIL!

© Mel Patterson,9-30-09

# **Handlebars**

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

# Happiness is

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

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

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

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

### **'HAVE FAITH in ME'**

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

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

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

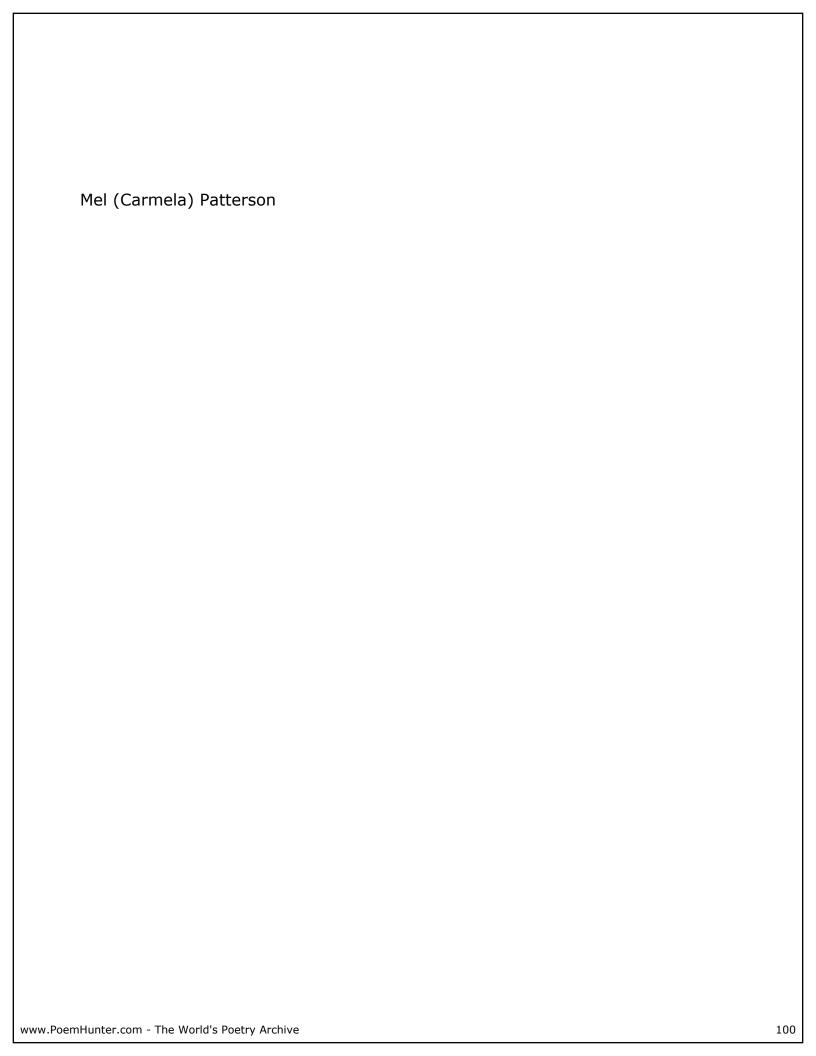
I come to you when you cry out When you don't listen, I have to shout In ways you cannot yet understand; It is with deep love I reprimand. Be still and know that I am the Lord Trust and Mercy to Me accord.

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

Have you walked my way and my steep climb? Did you know that it was my appointed time? Did you travel the long, hard, rocky road I did? Did you shoulder the wood of the Cross as I did? I asked my Father to lift the cup I was to drink But it was not to my own will I would think It was to my Fathers' I would say yes To His will only I did acquiesce to my last breath Even to death. all for you As I was born to do. Why? you want to know? Because I love you so. I want you to be where I am with greatest affinity Infinitely For all eternity.

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

© Mel Patterson, 1-29-08



# Have you ever?

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Have You Ever Felt Like This?

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

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

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

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

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

(8-19-11)

# He brings me Coffee

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

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

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

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

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

April 2,2006

### **HE SHOWS HIS LOVE**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,9-18-08

### He Washed Their Feet

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **HEAVENLY DANCE**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 4-24-09

### HER SWEET VOICE

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,7-1-09

### **HOLD FAST**

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

## Hold fast!

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

## Hold fast!

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

Hold fast!

HE COMES!

© Mel Patterson, 12-29-08

# **HOLY HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

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

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

HOLY HAPPY NEW YEAR!

© Mel Patterson 12-26-09

### How

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

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

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

### 'HSSSSSSS'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,5-26-08

### **HUMBLED**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson - 1-18-09

### If Ever

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 10-4-11

### 'IF I COULD'

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

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

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

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

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

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

If...I...could.

# IF I WERE TO WANDER

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

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

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

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

### IF NOT FOR YOU

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

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

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

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

# **IN MY SEASON**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# **Insight**

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

### INTO THE WORLD

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, Nov.2011

# **Invoking the Holy Spirit**

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

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

### 'JESUS CHRIST CRUCIFIED have MERCY on us'

Jesus Christ crucified have mercy on us.

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

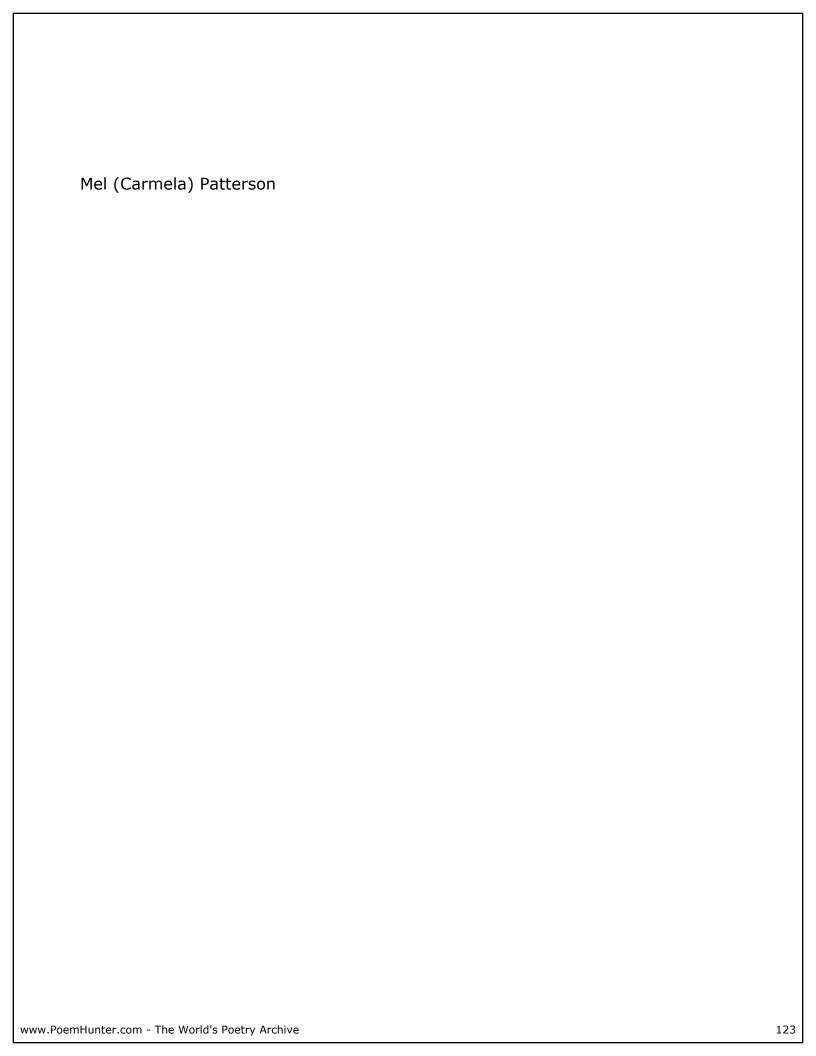
Jesus Christ crucified have mercy on us.

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

Jesus Christ crucified have mercy on us.

We come to YOU, Lord, pleading O Holy One, wounded and bleeding. We see what we have done to You; We are sorry and beg forgiveness, too. It is by Your stripes we are healed Even as your precious blood congealed On that fateful Good Friday afternoon On the Cross of wood they had hewn. O merciful Lord, so loving and tender Upon us Your Blessings please render As we approach You on bended knee Praising and Worshipping You, Keeper of the Key, to Everlasting Eternity, KEEPER of the KEY to Everlasting Eternity!

Jesus Christ crucified have mercy on us.



# **JOYFULLY IN THE LORD**

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson

### **LENTEN PRAYER**

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

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

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

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

### **Little Innocents**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 12-28-10

# 'Longing'

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

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

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

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

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

# Made in Our Image

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

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

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

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

# MARY as QUEEN of HEAVEN

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

© Mel Patterson,11-30-09

# **MENDED**

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

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

### **MIGHTY TRUMPET BLAST**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### MITT and APRON

The 22 pound turkey was roasting And inwardly I was boasting ...but....
Its' spilled juices were hot; I simply had to blot!

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

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

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

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

### **Music Of A Soul**

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

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

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

### 'MY BLOOD'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I thirst..... thirst.

Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.

It is finished.

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

© Mel Patterson, 3-24-08

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

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© Mel Patterson, 3-24-08

### **MY CANOE**

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

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

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

too.

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# My Face!

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

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

### **NATIVITY**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **NEWTS AND ME**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Noise!

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

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

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

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

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

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

### 'NOT ONLY ME...'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not only me has He loved to His Death But everyone to whom He has given breath. © Mel Patterson,7-13-10 Mel (Carmela) Patterson

# O Holy Spirit Of God

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

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

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

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

### **ONLY**

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

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

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

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

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

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### **OUT of CONTROL**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,4-25-08

### **Part Of Me Now**

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

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

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

#### PINK and GOLD Ribbons

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 1-2-08

#### **PLEDGE**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,1-6-11

# **POWDER PUFF (about a Kitty)**

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

© Mel Patterson,12-8-08

## **Praise Be Jesus**

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

Praise be Jesus!

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

Praise be Jesus!

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

Praise be Jesus!

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

Praise be Jesus!

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

Praise be Jesus!

## Praise, Adoration and Honor ever be Thine!

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 10-29-06

## **Pride vs Mercy**

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

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

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

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

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

(7-12-11)

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

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

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

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

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

#### **PURSUED**

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, April 2,2009

## 'Questions and The Answer'

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **REACH ME, TEACH ME**

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

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

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

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

Reach me, teach me, I beseech Thee!

© Mel Patterson,12-30-09

### **REALIZATION**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 10-3-11

## 'Released from Purgatory'

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,11-4-08

## ROSARIES ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 2-6-11

#### **RUNNING THE RACE**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 10-18-11

## Save The Day

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

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

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

### **SEASONAL SOLACES**

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,1-29-11

## **SLEEPLESS NIGHT**

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

© Mel Patterson,12-26-10

## **SNOW ANGEL**

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson,12-330-10

#### **SNOW FUN**

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 1-8-11

### **Snow So White**

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

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

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

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

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

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

© Mel Patterson, 2-3-10

### **SOARING**

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

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

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

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

## Song of Praise on Resurrection Day

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

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

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

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

## **SORROWFUL MYSTERY - #2 -SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR**

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

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

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

I feel His voice in vibration as He tries to control the groanings of pain from the fierce blows upon His body.

These soldiers are relentless in their torture of him almost as though they are the devil themselves.

This beaten body is beginning to hang heavily on me and if the lashings do not soon stop, they will kill him right here upon me.

My white beauty is now splattered with stripped flesh and blood.

Now I know my purpose, at least for a while, I beheld a King and Glory touched me.

© Mel Patterson,2004

### **SORROWFUL MYSTERY - #3 - CROWNING WITH THORNS**

They have pulled me from the briars and are bringing me to the palace.

Someone is placing me with others like me into a circular wreath.

I wonder what we will adorn.

I see a beaten man being brought toward us, hands crudely tied behind His back, bloodied in ripped and stained clothing.

They lift us up and place us upon His head.

We are a crown of thorns.

Not do they gently place us there, but they press us so our tips cut through His head, brow, scalp and then they mock Him and spit upon Him.

I feel their spittle and I begin to feel the blood from His head dampen me.

His blood that dampens me drips toward his brow and down His face.

My place is the center front just above His mid brow and if I could, I would not press so hardly.

If I could pray, I would ask His Father to lift me off and out of this thorny crown of torture.

Now I know why I came to be at this point in time.... part of a thorny crown to adorn an Innocent Lamb.

© Mel Patterson, 2004

### **SORROWFUL MYSTERY - #4 -CARRYING OF THE CROSS**

Wood of a cross!

That is what they have made of me.

Taken from a mighty tree, they splintered me and formed me into a cross. They bring me to a man who will carry me.

He hardly looks as though He could carry much; He is a beaten man, weakened from tortures of which I know nothing except that they are mocking Him and heaving me across His shoulder.

My whole weight is upon Him as He drags me across the ground.

With each stone I am scraped over, I dig deeper into His flesh opening a new wound on this already bloodied body.

Why are they doing this to Him?

I see wailing women as we pass by.

I see men with soulful glances.

No one is able to do anything to stop this torturous journey as I begin to realize an innocent man is dragging me inch by painful inch.

It is not me who wishes to penalize this man but I am causing Him great pain and it hurts me to know that the weight of my wood is torturing Him. Blessed relief, an unwilling man is ordered to help Him carry me.

The innocent man would have died right here, had not the Cyrinian been ordered to help.

The arduous journey continues.

© Mel Patterson, 2004

## **SORROWFUL MYSTERY - #5 - CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH**

They take me off His shoulders and lay me down on the ground and throw this man upon me, stripped of everything except a simple cloth to cover His body.

They stretch his arms across the shorter crossbar and pound nails into each Hand.

I hear His cries of pain and I want to cry with Him because they are also nailing me.

Then they take His feet, cross them, pull them, and with all of their force again pound nails into His feet and into me.

O His cries torture me.

We are hiked up and with great force dropped into the hole they have dug and His body is rended with even greater force and tortuous pain and He gives a loud cry which is more than anyone can bear to hear.

I feel His flesh, his warm blood ooze down and across my width and length.

They have also nailed a sign above His head...mocking Him with the words, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.'

Slowly I feel His flesh become cold and His blood conjeal.

His breathing is labored and after several hours an end is drawing nigh.

I hear Him utter His last breath, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

My purpose for being is a sign for the many.

Soon friends will come to take Him down from me.

I see the tears of His friends and His Mother who has agonized much for love of her Son, Jesus.

Here I stand, once a proud tree, now a SIGN of this SACRIFICIAL LAMB.

© Mel Patterson, 2004

### **SORROWFUL MYSTERY #1 - AGONY IN THE GARDEN**

He is coming toward me and the look upon His Face tells me He is agonizing.

Come rest here a while, I am your rock.

Sit beside me and lean on me.

I begin to hear Him pray in a whisper.

His friends are nearby but do not hear Him as I do.

They are reclining and appear puzzled.

For the moment, I was distracted but this man is in anguish and I am here for Him.

I feel His flesh upon my hard soil; I become moist as He perspires.

His voice is warm, soft, eloquent, prayerful. He prays, 'Father, if this cup cannot pass....'as He sweats droplets of blood upon me.

His voice becomes saddened and tortured.

His soul grieves, not for Himself, but for all men.

If I had a real heart, it would be breaking as I hear  $\operatorname{Him}$  pray... 'Thy Will be done.'

He gets up several times to speak a word or two to His friends, then He returns, each time more pained in spirit.

He practically lies upon me and now, I understand it is my moment, my purpose for being.

I am His rock.

© Mel Patterson, 2004

## **Spire**

When dawn arises from the midnight of my dreams My eyes flicker open and I stretch with a wide yawn The fleeting void of the night has vanished it seems And with the arching of my back all slumber is gone.

Shuffling toward the aroma of morning's fresh brew I'm revived and looking forward to the unfolding Cloudless day of bright sun in the sky of azure blue And I'm seeing the glories of nature unfolding.

I bask in this early morning contemplation Marveling at the many faceted prisms of my mind With thoughts spiraling to the most lofty meditation To realms insatiably evolving I am inclined.

The hour has come to snap out of my ethereal flight Rein in the thin thread of my thought and my desire And reluctantly be about the work I early fight Preferring loftier heights to which I aspire And when duties' done I may acquire A higher spire.

## St. Anne's Chapel

A group of us gather in St. Anne's Chapel everyday Drawn together the Rosary and Divine Chaplet to pray While Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament holds us sway.

I see God's Graces streaming from our Holy Lord Upon each one of us praying in reverent accord As was the case one day when my own soul soared.

I saw the Fire of God's Love ignite each heart For it was and is His desire this gift to impart To mirror His own Heart ablaze in flame I'm compelled to share thoughts that came

Each one had a heart like Jesus' blazing afire United to Him raised in ardent desire; The power of reverberating prayers Banished, for a time, all of our cares

In St. Anne's Chapel we gather to pray Rosary and Chaplet after Mass everyday, Jesus, our Love holding us sway.

© Mel Patterson,11-1-09

### **Summer Son**

On this crisp wispy clouded sunny summer day The azure blue panorama holds my spirit sway I bask in the beauty God places before my eyes And dream beyond the clouds, beyond the skies.

On this breezy clear moonlit summer night A midnight star studded view delights my sight. I am awed by the magnificence of God's creation And am blessed with and by my soul's elation.

Summer days and nights may not always be clear Yet the memory of lovely ones can be held dear While we weather storms, thunder and lightning Pondering the meaning can be enlightening.

May we be blessed with the Son on a cloudy day And be attuned to what His Spirit has to say. May we hear the Lord call us in the night, Run toward His Radiant Light, Embrace Him and hold on tight, To Our Lord of Power and Might!

#### **SURF AND TURF**

Does the mouth not water at the thought Of so delectable a dish that could be bought When taking someone out on a dinner date Thinking about the dish that is sure to sate one's appetite appealing to taste and to sight?

He took her to a local pub and bar In his cool red convertible car. He was casually dressed, she more so, He, in shorts, a dress on her torso; The host took them to their seats She feared he'd hear her heartbeats. She was nervous and could not decide So he ordered for both with pride.

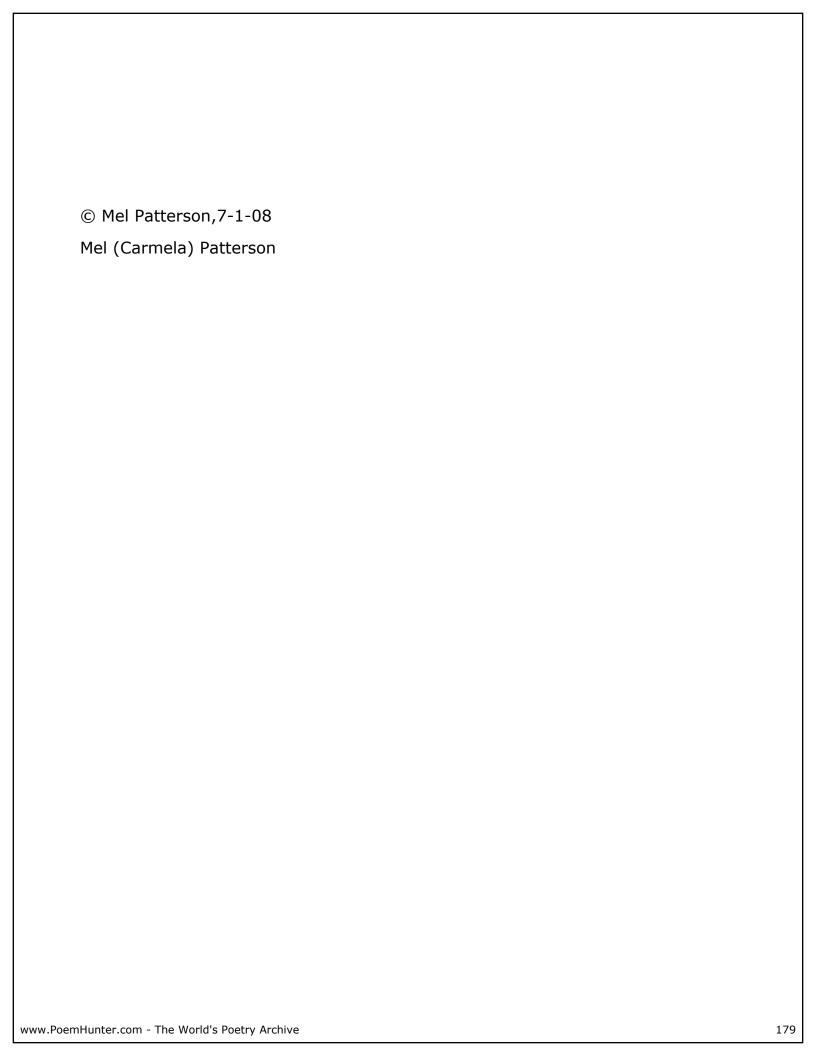
She demurely asked what did he choose He replied 'Surf and Turf and some booze.' She giggled and wiggled in her seat And took the high heels off her feet. They chit chatted about this and that 'fore the night was done, tho', they had a spat.

She was disappointed when dinner arrived!
She expected fish and steak and gamely writhed!
Up she stormed out of that place
Painfully humiliated and disgraced.
The Surf and Turf was not what she expected
Hot dogs and tuna fish were largely rejected.

The price was right or so he thought; Two tasty dinners the waiter brought. What do you expect when you pay \$4.95 a meal? Where else could you get such a great deal?

He ran after her and apologized on the walk; She settled down and they began to talk. They returned inside to the meal at hand Later they danced to the music of the band.

What could have been a disastrous night Turned out to be a most enjoyable delight. Love came and they sealed it with a kiss; A year later they enjoyed wedded bliss. The reception was held in that pub and bar; Bride and Groom came in their cool red convertible car. Surf and Turf was exactly as expected As the Hot dogs and Tuna Menu was duly resurrected.



## Sweepıng The Web

Just yesterday I tore up a spider's web again, Sweeping it away with a fling of my right hand Yet I ponder that spider's handiwork, See its' diligence and I think... 'How grand!

The silky web feels sticky to the touch In an instant with broom it is swept away One reason for the spider's intricate network Is to ensnare and feed upon unsuspecting prey.

We can liken the cleansing of our souls To the removing of cobwebs from our portals Always cleansing, scrubbing and purifying The lifelong endeavor of Christian mortals.

If the cobwebs in our lives hold us bound We push and pull to no measureable avail We're stuck in that web unable to let go, Bemoaning our fate in that cagey travail.

Cleaning the threads before they form webs Keeping after them day to day, hour to hour We wash them all away in the Blood of Jesus Watching satan back off, slither and cower.

What we learn from the spider and her web Is her instinct to persevere in weaving it Our souls are worth the same diligent care In faith, hope and love we are believing it.

## **Swiftly As The Wind**

O Lord, when will my span of years come to an end? Will I be strong in fervor as I come round that bend? Will I be faithful to all You've asked me to do? Will I lay all my selfishness aside And run swiftly as the wind to You?

Lord, You know the very recesses of my heart It's only my own sinfulness that keeps us apart O that I may be faithful to all You ask me to do Please align me, Sweet Jesus, with Your Holy Will. For satan it pleases my soul to kill.

The Blood You shed for love of all men Your Sacrifice our very souls to transcend Extraordinarily Issued from God, our Father Triune Godhead, Lord God, and Holy Spirit Jesus Christ, Your Holy Love, we endear it.

When our span of years comes to its' end? Will we be strong in fervor as we round that bend? We we be faithful in all You asked us to do? Will we have lain all selfishness aside? And run swiftly as the wind to You?

Trusting in Your mercy having Faith to believe That we repentant sinners You will receive We hope when our journeys are done We may image Your Divine Son Swiftly as the wind, with Him, run And through the power of His grace Enter Your Courts for Worship and Praise In joyful chorus singing for endless days Beholding the Beauty of Your Holy Face...

Swiftly as the wind we run!

#### TAKE IT TO JESUS

When you are weary from the burdens you bear, When you feel no one anywhere will ever care, When you think you cannot go one step more, When you are in pain through to your core, Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

Life throws anything and everything our way Often times it is satan who holds us sway Storms and clouds, and tempests' shrouds Coming upon us in leaps and bounds, Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

As pilgrims we meander here and there Like nomads only heaven knows where We have only one life to live nary a spare Sometimes provoked we sin on a dare, Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

It takes great effort from sin to relent Graces are ours if we choose to repent All blessings given us are heaven-sent, How have our lives been foolishly spent? Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

Jesus Alone can fill the empty heart Every grace and blessing He will impart With open arms He proved His Love The Only Son of the only God above, Take it to Him. Take it to the Lord. Take it to Jesus.

© Mel Patterson,6-27-10

# 'Teetering on the Edge '

We stand on a precipice and teeter on the edge O Lord, help us not to slip and fall; Let satan not draw between us a wedge ~ Speak loudly that we may hear your Call.

Lord, we are so weak and growing very weary We stumble, fall, drag ourselves hour upon hour Our eyes are swollen shut, tired and teary; O lift our crosses with your almighty power.

We can't live up to our own expectations Let alone try to live up to Yours; Help us to revel again in jubilation, Help us fight off satan's lures.

Our bodies, minds, hearts, souls and spirit Suffer under the weight of the cross we carry; Your humble submission, may we mirror it, Permit your guiding hand not to tarry.

It becomes clear to us that we are to blame For the position in which we find ourselves; In soulful petition we call upon Your Name, Lord, forgive us and hold us to Thyself.

Thank you, Lord, for the blessings you bring ~ Thank you for removing sin's sting ~ In gratitude and Praise to you we sing ~ You are our Lord! You are our King! In Heaven and earth Praises ring ~ In Adoration we all sing! You are Lord and King!!

# **Thank You For Coming!**

From time to time we would talk about our deaths As it inevitably would  $\sim$  at our very last breaths.

The cycles of life are like the seasons we know When deader than dead into the ground we'll go.

He has chosen a casket of shiny deep bronze metal For another deep and dark hue he would not settle.

As for me, I have chosen a light amber color The palest shades of brown seemed to be duller.

Positioning of the corpse is important of course....

Lying supine, the gazers' eyes come to gawk We'd blink our own and hear them squawk!

The best position is lying sideways so we can see Family and friends walking toward him and me.

There will be rigged, we chuckle about it now That within the kneeler a switch will somehow

Be activated as a visitor kneels to say a prayer Be audibly spooked and spit out a swear

As.....

'Thank you for coming! ' fills the air.

# **'THANK YOU, HUBBY'**

Snow and ice, sleet and rain Pinging against our windowpane Conjures up thoughts of cozy-ing up, To the roaring fire mozy-ing up, Sipping a hot apple cider brew, And snuggling up ~ with you.

You are so precious and dear to me Anyone of course can plainly see That we mesh together In all kinds of weather You' re my hubby, I'm your wife I can't imagine any other life.

So, thanks, Dear, for being you For all of the neat things you do, For the sweet things you often say, To make me happy most ev'ry day, I'm happy and content beyond compare; I pray I've given you your fair share. Thanks for always being there; It shows me how much you truly care, You, my big cuddly ~ Teddy Bear.

### The Falls

The sound of the Falls
Thunders with applause
Glorifying God as it races,
Much as do His Graces
Bestowed upon mortal man
Simply because He can,
To the edge of the precipice
Mixed with foam below
White as the snow ~
~ The Falls,
O the beauty of that show!

In the waters of the green sea Plunging, gushing, twisting, misting. The Falls glorifies God's majesty ~ O the beauty of His Tapestry! What fools are we If we do not see ~ ~ The Falls, His captivating Beauty!

The Gorge flows with swelling waters Ever dashing, thrashing, and crashing Upon rocks and docks; It swirls, whirls and twirls Panting in a prancing dance As at God's Wonders I glance Then in a trance I stare at the Beauty there.

Praise God for eyes to see! Praise God for ears to hear!

# 'The Flowering of a Soul'

Deep within the recesses of my being The unfolding of pink petals I'm seeing; Continually they open petal after petal And blessedly within my soul they settle.

How lovely this sight that delights my eye My breath is spent in a long soulful sigh; I imagine the fragrance of this blushing flower And my senses praise God's creative power.

The flower can be likened to an opening soul. The more it opens the closer to its' Goal; The closer to the Goal who is God above The more He fills it with His infinite Love.

While the flower blooms it is full of life It sees all that is good not dwelling on strife. It needs sun and rain to nurture its' growth It needs enough nutrients and good soil both.

The soul thrives on the radiance of the Son, And the reign of God which through Jesus was won. Thank you, Lord, for the gift of your Presence And inviting me to partake of your Holy Essence.

While the soul is in a constant state of becoming It hastens expectantly toward its' Beloved running Toward arms open wide, enclosing the soul inside; The Bridegroom, then, lovingly embraces His Bride.

# **The Silent Night**

Behold this infant wrapped in swaddling clothes Downy light hair, rosebud lips and tiny little nose He may be that Christ Child mentioned I suppose.

His radiance absorbs me and I am taken to a place Of humility, peace, holiness, blessings and grace O, the purest beauty of that adorable little face.

His mother tenderly whispers in His tiny little ear 'Rest peacefully, son of mine, mother is near.'
My heart melts and I thank God I am here.

I watch the scene unfolding before my very eyes Enthralled by the holy family I breathe in sighs And hear the baby utter the softest sweetest cries.

As foretold Jesus has arrived, this little baby King My heart and voice burst forth and I joyfully sing Then I hear from a distance the sound of a ring.

The holy scene disappears from my sight The ringing pierces the 'Silent Night; 'Dawn brings early morning light... Tsk. Tsk.....I'm alright.

© Mel Patterson, Nov.2011

# The Spirit's Teaching Me

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

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

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

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

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

# THE UPPER ROOM (PENTECOST)

In the Upper Room there gathered were those who greatly mattered being followers of Jesus who died waiting humbly, devoid of pride.

The Lord bid them be present there and they were in quiet deep prayer when they heard a wind-like rush envelope the room in a mighty gush.

Upon each one alit a tongue of fire; they wondered what would transpire. It became evident as they began to speak in other tongues they did not seek.

Filled with the Holy Spirit, each one could proclaim how God's only Son came to save all men, Gentiles and Jews who would listen and follow His cues for in their own native tongues They all could hear ~ the Good News.

So the apostles set out two by two Preaching to many a Gentile and Jew Romans and thousands of others, too Spreading the Gospel of Salvation To every people and nation As the Holy Spirit ~ inspired them to do.

© Mel Patterson,5-10-08

### THE VEIL THINS

O my people the veil thins Between goodness and sins; It draws nigh that swiftly I come Loving all, taking some, I mete out justice over all. If only all, would hear my call.

I come to you in the night
When you muse upon my might;
I chase the spirit of darkness and gloom
I protect you from sins' vacuum
I lift your soul in my hands
And gaze upon you with heart aflame
Would that you truly understood
why it is......I came.
Ponder what is above
Come with me, my love.

Upon a steed, in armor adorned, I come soon; you are warned Prepare your soul for my visitation All will know of my justification. Soon the hour of completion will be done Be ready for me ~ I AM ~ God's only Son.

These things I tell you out of deep love I'll take you to my Father above O my people the veil is thin I break forth, come in, Where our souls wedded will be For ever and ever in eternity. Come.... Come with Me.

### THE VISITATION

When Gabriel announced to Mary she was to bear a son, She wondered how on earth it could be done. For a virgin she had been and intended to remain; She thought of her betrothed's and her parents' pain.

The Angel told her she would be infused by the Holy Spirit, That she would remain a Virgin and not to fear it; With this knowledge Mary acquiesced to God's Holy Will And the gracious Vessel who was Mary is honored still.

Gabriel told Mary that cousin Elizabeth was with child, Expecting a boy, the Forerunner of Christ-undefiled; Mary journeyed to visit her cousin, each expecting a boy, When John sensing Jesus' Divine Presence leapt for joy.

By their meeting, though yet unborn, the boys connected; Little was it known both, eventually, would be rejected. For now, however, the mothers would lovingly prepare, Each in her own time, the child each would bear.

Hail, Mary, the Lord is with you, Woman so full of Grace; Blessed are you who nurtured Him, And Kissed His adorable Face

© Mel Patterson, May 30,2008

### THE WINGS OF PRAYER

Do you feel as though you are being tossed about, As if in high seas with the storm's pounding clout? Do you feel battle weary, fatigued beyond all reason? Do you wonder if you'll ever reach a peaceful season?

As the rolling waves of the ocean ebb and flow And the fierce winds blast your life to and fro Know you're in a temporary and not permanent place And ask the Lord to fill your heart with His Grace.

The storms of life are many; this we know as fact. We've tried every conceivable thought, word and act When all has been said and done seemingly for naught, We pause finally and listen to God's renewing thought.

At times we wonder why no one comes to our rescue Feeling defeated and deserted, our lives all askew. We come to the realization that God truly does care And we can see a new horizon on the wings of Prayer.

© Mel Patterson, 3-16-08

### 'Thru Jesus I've Won'

All I can say is my heart bleeds for you And to God it lovingly pleads for you. You can't know how hard I pray That the pain will go away.

The Jesus in me wants you healed; In His Love you are forever sealed His pure heart gives your soul wings To soar and fly where the sparrow sings Peace and Joy is what He brings This Lord of lords, this King of kings.

I pray His Healing Hand to draw you Softly, tenderly, gently, to His Heart For your healing and restoration, too His wholeness and holiness to impart

May the day be swift, quickly the night follow through When we may sing His Praises because of you For the healing that is sure to come As prayers are prayed for you, Dear one, We place our full trust in God's Only Son One day you will say, 'thru Jesus I've won! '

© Mel Patterson, 11-28-08

### THY PERFECT LOVE

Why dost Thou cry, O Lord?
Dost Thou cry because of un-repented sin?
Thou dost know where every man has been.
Is it because sinful man shows no remorse
Is it because apathy abounds? Of course!

We have sinned against Thee, O Lord our God It is because we permitted ourselves satan to prod. We beg forgiveness of the pain we caused Thee With rend-ed hearts we plead, mend our hearts; Grant the blessings Thy Holy Hand imparts.

No more shall we grieve Thee, O Lord We band together in one accord Thanking Thee and Praising Thy Name Thou art always and ever the Same Holy Trinity, Holy Unity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit Thy Heart, O to be near it Thy Word, O to hear it Thy Perfect Love, We endear it.

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#### TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE

Where will we be when the Lord comes again? How disposed will our souls be at that time? If the Lord comes tomorrow to judge all men Will our souls be pure or sullied with grime?

Time is now of the utmost essence It is far shorter than we think We need to prepare for His Presence Lest to hell we very well could sink.

We must open our ears and our eyes Unlock the prejudices and the hates Repenting and reforming is very wise These are what the Lord anticipates.

We were born to know, love and serve God His Son, Jesus came to show us the way The Sacrificial Lamb a tragic road trod O Lord Jesus, forgive us as we pray.

You were slain for us mortal men our souls to save You rose on the third day to give us hope and joy You ascended into the Heaven we desperately crave Where Angels their songs of Praise employ.

Time is now of the utmost essence It is far shorter than we think Desires of earthly life lessens As from His chalice of love we drink. We need to prepare for His Presence. Time is now of the utmost essence.

© Mel Patterson,7-2-2011

#### To God Be

The morning begins with a prayer. Thank you Father for your care. Praise you for your marvelous deeds And caring for our numerous needs.

Because of you we have breath and live. All good graces and blessings You give. You are the Lord of Lords and King of kings; Peace is the gift that your mercy brings.

Father, you are our heavenly treasure, And loving us is your pure pleasure. We are grateful for the Gift of your Son. In your great plan our souls He has won.

To God be the glory; to God be the praise. Let's sing to the Lord all of our days. Raise His Name on high, shout it out loud. We yearn for His Coming upon the cloud.

Keep oil on hand and your candle always lit. Be on guard! Avoid being enticed to the pit. The evil tempter wants to own your soul. Remember that the Lord is our Final Goal.

O God of Glory! O God of Might, We'll keep you within our sight. Lord, you are Holy, Sacred and Divine. May Hallelujah Praises always be Thine.

February 24,2006

### To The Mall

As the evening unfolds, out comes his red costume. It still fits well as he gets ready to visit little ones Donning boots, belt, hat, and gloves; off he runs To the Mall.

By the fire stockings are hung, red and green together; It's good to be cozy inside than out in that snowy weather Our tree has been decorated and tinsel applied Angel atop, colorful lights lit.. I almost cried.

He's coming back in good humor for the night he had, Each small child with a list, all were good, no one bad. He roared a hearty 'HO, HO, HO! ' and I laughed too; He loved the Santa job, exactly what he wanted to do At the Mall.

We sink into the comfy couch in front of the blazing fire And chat about this and that until it's time to retire It is well past midnight and time to get up to bed Crawl under our comforter of white, green and red.

Snuggled, warm and exhausted, sleep comes easily The cold chill from a window open an inch blows breezily Dreaming he raises his arms and belts out a HO, HO, HO! I laughingly know exactly where he'll go, go, go! ... To the Mall, To the Mall, To the Mall!

#### **TRAVELING**

Entering the Springtime of my life years ago Myriads of emotions sprinkled with bouts of woe Tested my metal and kept me sway As I traveled a journey toward The Way.

Little did I know in the heat of the Summer Eventually I would surmount as an overcomer Obstacles of draughts and fires that charred my soul As I traveled a journey toward The Goal.

As the Autumn of my life came and went I pondered if prior seasons were well spent Resolving to focus on others, myself as least I now traveled a journey toward the Banquet Feast.

Now in the Wintertime of my Salvific traveling Avenues of serenity are oft pitted by graveling Step by stoney step I mount the steep climb Traveling the journey toward a Heaven sublime.

© Mel Patterson,1-3-11

### **UNTIL THOU CALLEST ME**

When I lift my eyes, my heart and my soul In prayer to Thee, my God I know Thy Presence is attending As my soul seems to be ascending Far and away from this earth's cares And I know Thou art hearing my prayers.

Then all too soon I am ripped
And stripped
Back to earth again to be gripped
By woes here below
I wish it were not so
But here it is I must grow
Even though
By faith I know
I shall again ascend
and descend
Until Thou callest me
To be with Thee
Throughout
All
Eternity.

© Mel Patterson, 2-27-09

## Wıde Awake At Two

When one is wide awake at two in the morning What does one do as the rains begin pouring? Does one toss and turn or fret and burn Or come downstairs and discern It's time to pen a poem Scoff at the devil 'n sho'em Good can be had, negating the bad. The soul is glad.

When one is wide awake at two in the morning The soul enrapt in the love of God is glorying For the communion of spirit to Spirit is lost in God's Love and endears It. The time is perfect for penning a poem If one loves the Lord one begins to know'em. Loving and serving Him Though not deserving Him Is preserving Him.

When one is winding down at three in the morning And finally sleepy with the rain still pouring The time has come when the long day is done Barely able to crawl now, let alone run. Thunder claps' soundtracks! Lightning flash, adrenalin dash! Pillow waits Sleep sates.

When one is wide awake at 8 in the morning Again the sun has one glorying The rains no longer pouring. Night is done and a new day has begun, Joy-filled Praise to the Son An embattled soul has been won.

## Wake Up!

The darkness of the earliest dawn awakens me this morn A call to pray for someone in need, a person in pain; I hear a bird chirping loudly as if trumpeting his own horn Telling me my early morning prayer is someone else's gain.

Wake up! Wake up and hear what I say; it is, I, the Lord Speaking to you in the early morning rising this day; Lift to Me your brothers and sisters in prayerful accord And I will bless them and you in the best possible way.

Listen to the birds of the air as they sing their songs of praise See the beauty of each unfolding flower I created for your sight; Feel the gentle rains cool the heat of the sun's powerful rays, See that nature's replenishing speaks of my power and might.

It is for you I have created the ebbs and flows of the blue sea It is for you I gave my only Son life, death, and heaven's key. His rising from death to Resurrection is a foretaste of your own Your own life's length on earth, only to Me, is known.

Heed what I say and be attentive to the silence in your heart Where I speak to you when you permit Me entrance there Teaching you lessons in life and sufficient graces to impart For your journey toward heaven through my loving care.

Wake up! Wake up and hear what I say! I could come for you today.

### **WATCH FOR ME**

My people you crucify Me still when you forget Me! You give Me not a thought; you grieve Me. When will you see; when will you hear? When will you realize I am very near?

Will you, My sheep, know and heed my voice? When I come again, will I be your choice? Will you help Me spread My Word to others? Will you help Me save your sisters and brothers?

At a time unknown to you I will come to call. O how I desire union and communion with all. Watch for the signs the day is dawning Satan is slyly prodding and taunting Scathing sins many souls are flaunting For them that day will be unbearably daunting

For those whose faith in Me is tried and true I will come as quick as lightning for you Every treasure in Heaven I bequeath to you You are My bride and I am your Groom Into Eternity you and I will assume.

Watch for Me; I am coming soon.

### **WAYWARD SOUL**

O wayward soul where are you going? What heavy crosses are you towing? Into the wind are your dreams blowing? Do you think that you are all-knowing? What kind of seeds are you sowing?

When we can do no more to set things right When what we want seems beyond our sight Let's fall to our knees in the dark of the night Pray to God with every bit of our might Watch the evil one swiftly take flight.

Let's stand back and re-evaluate our lives!
With numerous trials the soul in pain writhes;
It's toward God Almighty every Christian strives,
Into His limitless pool of Mercy each soul dives
To soak up the forgiveness
and love God gives
For from infinity to infinity
His Divine Majesty lives
And He gives
and gives and
gives.

© Mel Patterson, 4-4-08

## 'We Have Need of You, Lord'

I have need of you, Lord, this day; Please hear my heart as I pray. Listen to what my words cannot say; I have need of you, Lord, this day.

We have need of you, Lord, this day; Please hear what our hearts pray. Listen to what our words cannot say; We have need of you, Lord, this day.

Please hear the prayers of the heart ~ As we lift our needs to you, O Lord; Your blessings and mercies do impart; It's by you graces enough are poured.

We have need of you, Lord, this day. Thank you for hearing, and listening, Blessing and granting this day's needs. Thank the Holy Spirit who leads us to receive the necessary grace to come to you in prayerful petition, thanksgiving and praise.

Amen.

© Mel Patterson, 8-7-06

### WHAT COLOR IS THE SOUL?

The soul is a prism reflecting the Light The radiance of which blinds our sight A soul so attuned soars to great height.

The soul nearing the the Lord is lighter And the closer to Him the brighter Imaging Him it is even whiter.

God draws a beloved soul to His own His Soul and the small soul coo in a moan.

The soul caught up in shameful sins Moves away from God; satan wins ~ But God's love for that prodical son Through the Blood of the Cross has won The repentent soul and washed away The filthy stain of blackness and gray.

God draws this soul close to His Heart He blesses it by giving it a fresh start He enlivens and enlightens the soul to pray To ask for graces sufficient for the day.

The soul nearing the the Lord is lighter And the closer to Him the brighter Imaging Him it is even whiter.

© Mel Patterson,1-16-11

## What Do You Want Of Me, My Child?

When I knock on your heart you do not answer When I speak to your soul you do not listen It is to other gods you are a ready dancer Yet you take on....the name of Christian.

What do you want of Me, my child?

When you came to that crossroad last week You followed your own inclinations, not Mine It was not My Holy Will you wanted to seek But wantonly fell into the enemy's design.

What do you want of Me, my child?

You cannot escape My boundless affection You are the love of My life and My death Think of My cross as a source of reflection For you I suffered up to my very last breath.

What do you want of Me, my child?

It is now time to ponder spiritual matters Get things right with your war-torn heart Confess and redress that soul in tatters Open up to the blessings I wish to impart.

What do you want of Me, my child?

I know you wonder why you are here And wonder where you might have been With Me you will have no cause for fear. My Blood poured, I died for all your sin.

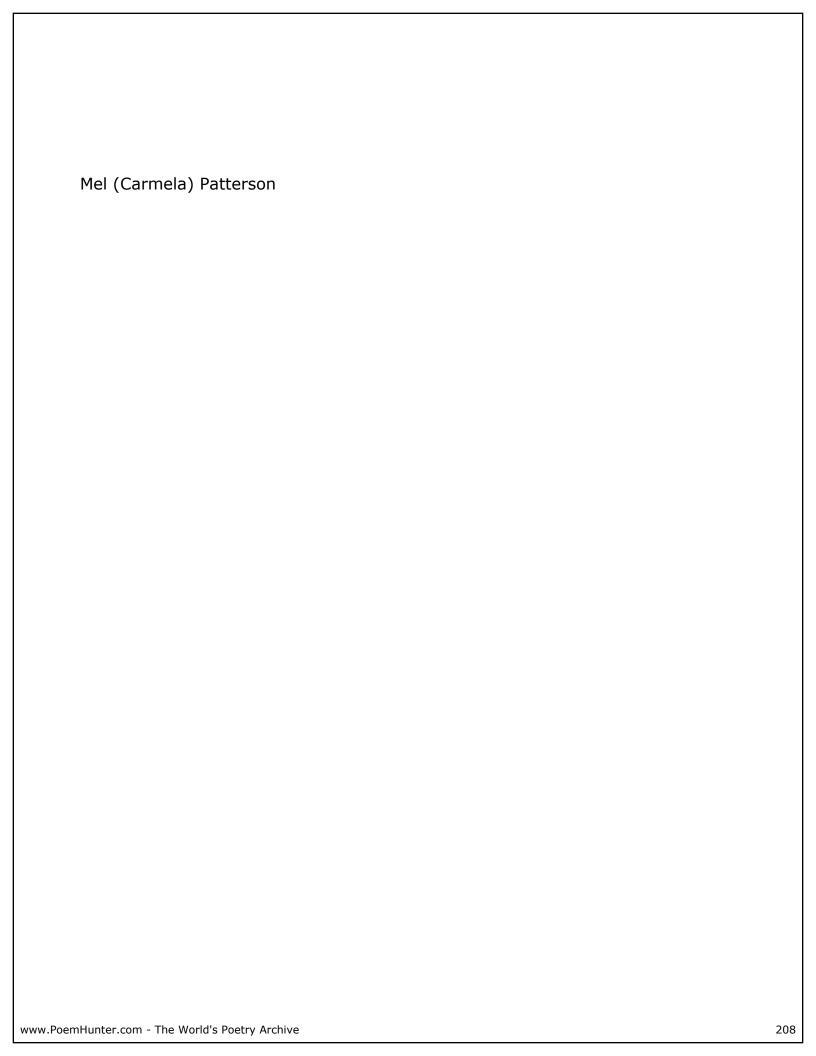
What do you want of Me, my child?

You want to follow Me now? I rejoice! Come to Me, My very precious one I am happy that I am your choice I who AM, God's only Son.

What do I want of you, my child?

That you be my faithful servant loving others Mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers Find fertile ground and seed it Be sure to carefully weed it Spread the gospel to those who need it Pray that they learn to heed it.

That is what I want of you, my child.



### What it's ALL About

As I ponder the beating heart of our Father, The image pulsates within my mind's eye, And I wonder why He ever thought of me; With thankfulness I breathe a prayerful sigh.

How can one understand the great heart of God? How can one comprehend His supernatural powers? How is it He has loved all earth's inhabitants From the beginning of time in this world of ours?

What are the designs He has for you and for me? Sometimes it takes a lifetime to figure it all out. If you are blessed in your quest for meaning Search and find it, with joy you will shout Jesus Christ is Lord; that's what it's all about! Of this fact we have no doubt. JESUS CHRIST is LORD!! HE IS.... what it's ALL about!!!

### WHAT'S IN YOUR WALLET?

What is it that is in your wallet? Is it stuffed with ones, fives and tens? Is it filled with ID's and credit cards? What is the message your wallet sends?

What do you carry around with you? What do you have in that wallet of yours? Do family pictures take a place of honor? Are there any stubs from evils' lures.

If today you are taken in an untimely fashion In an unexpected event and/or place Will your wallet tell more than you wish it would? Will you be found honorable or found in disgrace?

We don't know while we still walk this earth If and when we might be caught off guard; Why not inspect what we carry with us And not make our parting unduly hard?

Scandalizing others is so hurtful a sin Let's not be found dishonoring friend or kin By their finding out evil places we've been. Listen to the still soft voice within Through God's Grace, we can win With HIM let us begin.

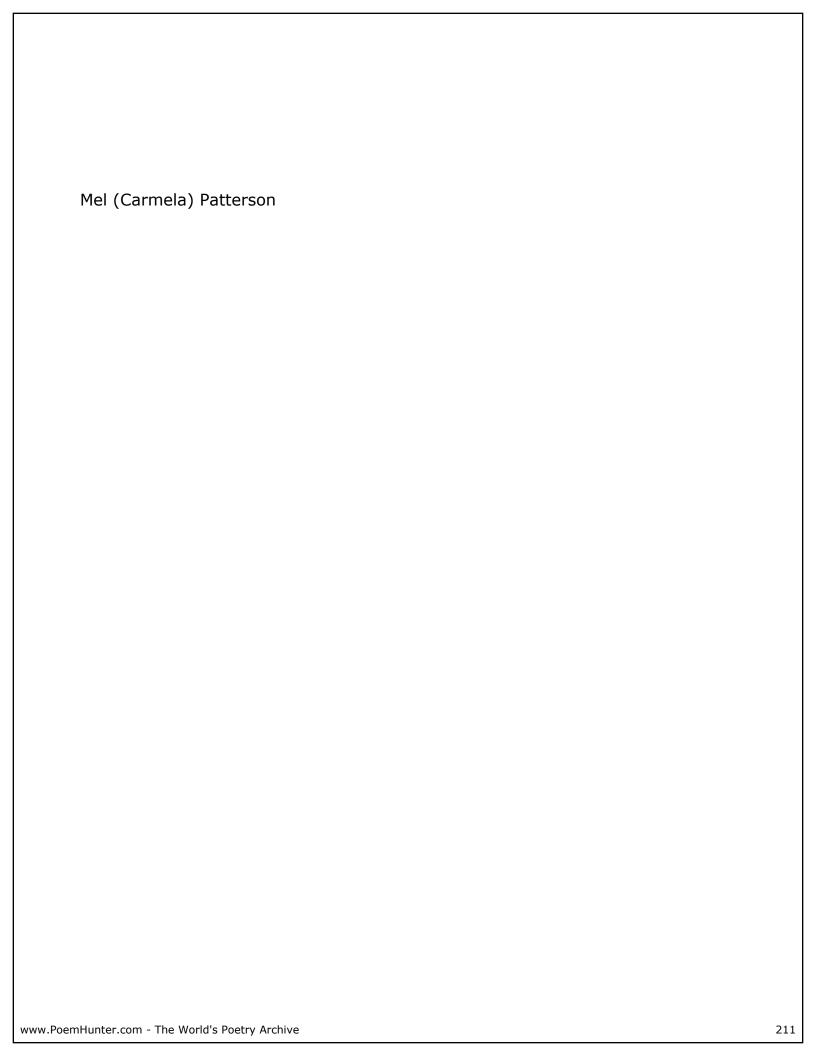
Our wallets tell a story of how we live, What we love and to whom and what we give. Let's keep those wallets neat, simple and clean And polish them to a fine luster and sheen; Let's care for them as we do for souls And meditate upon far loftier goals.

This little admonition is not meant only for you It is meant for yours truly, too. For in poetic form the lesson I convey Teaches me how to walk the right way. I hope our souls have been gently seeded Triggering thoughts that may be needed And that together God's plan is heeded By bettering our lives with the passing of time And reach the heavenly home ~ - O how sublime.

Lord, for You,

I penned this rhyme.

© Mel Patterson, 3-18-08



### WHEN IS IT OVER?

When is it over you ask questioning soul? It's not over until you reach the Ultimate Goal. The road is rough, the waters run deep; The roads are rugged, the mountains steep.

Struggle you do over miles of bleak terrain, Scurrying, and hurrying, trying to stay sane. Through turbulent waters you swim the race; Upon maturity you gain His blessed grace.

How will you know when your life is done? How will you know when your race is run? Only God knows where your life will take you, Your soul's disposition and destination, too.

He is the Author and the Finisher of life. When asked He pulls you through strife and rife. Prayer is the key to draw Him to the heart, Communion and union, never nor ever to part

Dear soul carry on in the best manner you can, Praying, thanking, and praising the Son of Man. His great love for you is ever deeply abounding ~ Listen! Can't you hear the heavens resounding?

As the time draws nigh, longingly you sigh To be where He is in the 'sweet by and by'... And it shall be so.....one day... For that you pray as you say, As did The Son, Not my will Father but Yours be done.

© Mel Patterson, 10-16-08

#### **'WHO DO YOU SAY I AM?'**

My beloved, who do you say that I am? Do you believe that I AM The Pure Lamb?

Are you blinded or do you truly see That you could become an image of Me?

Who do you really think I am, Dear one? Do you think when I died my work was done?

Do you believe you are my My hands and My feet And that I guide you from Heaven's Holy Seat?

If you truly know my love belongs to you It will affect what you think, say and do.

For if you truly love Me and follow my ways You'll find My Peace will bless your days.

Who Am I to you? I really want to know. Do you know I lift you when you are low?

Can you imagine the expanse of my love That spans eternity, earth to heav'n above?

I AM the GOD who willed you to be here Before anything that ever came to being; My child, I AM yours, you are Mine I've removed the scales and you are seeing.

Now ~Who do you say that I Am? Do you now believe I AM The Pure Lamb?

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### Who Of Us?

Who of us can love the Lord as we ought? Many are the issues with which we are fraught In the snares of satan we can be caught, But through Jesus we are Blood-bought.

Who of us can love the Lord as we should? At times we'd wish to be free if we could When Jesus suffered where would we have stood Run or tend to Him on his cross of wood?

Who of us can love the Lord with soul afire? Is Jesus only the object of our heart's desire? Jesus, the Lord, can lift us from the filthy mire And through The Lord's Prayer He does inspire!

Who of us can love the Lord with heart aflame? Do we really know why Jesus came? He died to save us, our souls to enflame. O Lord, Jesus, your Holy Name we acclaim!

### WHO WILL STAND TALL?

So much babble in my ears
A little from my peers
But most of it comes my way
From politicians who bark and bray
Promising this, promising that
Vacillating at the dropp of a hat
Do it my way or else you'll suffer
Their own errors they buffer
Talking heads each and every one
Wanting selfish validation
For no apparent action.
Each standing at a podium
Ranting ad nauseam
So hard to make up my mind
Who is the one I'll find
That will be aligned
For the good of all
And yet stand tall?

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### **WILL YOU SMILE?**

If I scrunch my nose like a rabbit, will you smile?

If I cross my eyes while I run a mile, will you smile?

If I purse my lips like a fish, in and out, will you smile?

If I do all three at the same time, will you smile?

If I do summersaults and pole vaults will you laugh?

If I scale a prison wall or dance down the hall, will you laugh?

If I do cartwheels in red high heels, will you laugh?

If I do all of these things together, will you really laugh?

If I hoot and holler and never take a shower will you chuckle?

If I walk on stilts and swing on a trapeze will you chuckle?

If I ride an elephant and cavort with a clown will you tee hee If I do all of these things, will you laugh again? At me????

if I do all of these things, will you laugh again:

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## Yearning

Words cease when the spirit requires peace Oral prayer makes room for quiet meditation The soul longs for constraints of life's release And for the Holy Spirit's illumination.

Our souls long to be free to soar through the sky To fly unabashedly upon our charted course With spirits in flight ever upward our souls fly We yearn 'til we reach The Ultimate Source.

Our Father, Creator of all that was, is and will be Has instilled within our souls the desire To be united with Him throughout all Eternity With, by and through His Holy Spirit's Fire.

His Gifts are limitless but by far the Best Was His Son to lead us on our quest, Lifting our souls to the wing'ed height Far beyond our mortal sight To Heaven's Eternal daylight.

(7-6-11)

## Yesterday

As this 2 o'clock hour plays upon my mind; Yesterday's events were one of a kind. What thoughts do I find?

Well, Yesterday.

I stretched by my window and saw the sun in the azure sky; A few huge puffy white clouds were gliding by And I breathed a peaceful sigh.

My hot coffee tasted extra good as I sat in my easy chair Opened my prayer book and read with great care Knowing and believing full well God was right there.

Yesterday I took advantage of a gift given to me By one of my daughters, from Christmas you see It was a refreshing relaxing facial and felt heavenly.

With the car windows open, breezes blowing my hair Tranquility drowned out a bit by the traffic there. Yet it was a great day and I said a thankful prayer.

Ran into an old friend at an outdoor shopping mall We exchanged phone numbers and she promised to call Then and there another one of my daughters we saw.

We are empty nesters now, all five are married Sometimes I wonder how much I was harried As we pulled together in the load we carried.

It was all worth it to see them settled Now with families of their own So glad we never meddled Family love has grown. Thanks be to God, Alone!

Yesterday was lovely I don't mind being up late It's getting up at  $7 \sim I'll$  not anticipate.

Good Night!

# You Are My Delight

I painted you skies of blue and hills of wildflowers; I gave you the sun and clouds that rain showers. I speckled the skies with moon and stars at night; I gave my life loving you; you are my delight.

I brought forth snow capped mountains And timed geysers that spurt like fountains. I planted the trees and meadows for your sight I've done it all for you; you are my delight.

I created the ocean, sea, river, brook and lake Rock, stone, sand, dirt, soil~all for your sake. I gave you graces enough to make your toil light; I would do it all over again; you are my delight.

I fashioned you in my Image, my precious one To imitate Jesus Christ, my own Beloved Son. He sacrificed His Life to make your soul white. Why? Because I love you; you are my delight.

I treasure nothing more than you, my child; Your eternal Triune God is holy and undefiled. You and all things were created through my might. You belong to me, my love; you are my delight.

I lay my plan before you with wisdom for the day To acquiesce humbly and follow my way; Pray and ponder that your soul may take flight And be joined to mine; you are my delight.

(7-20-11)

#### YOU SHOWED ME A CHASM

O Lord, you showed me a deep dark chasm Between good and evil this very morning. Then I heard you bid me' spread the warning.'

On one side was the Cross of our Salvation, On the other, dank, black, putrid degradation.

The gap between good and evil truly exists; Contamination by the evil one stubbornly persists.

He defies Purity and Holiness; he keenly drives wedges, And gloats to see people sliding to the gap's edges

On the side of Salvation, souls are reaching out Grasping the weak souls who experience doubt,

Trying to save them from falling into the chasm; With temptations satan still wants to dazzle them.

The battle between good and evil is being fought What is it our lives and efforts will have wrought?

Are we riding the slippery slope to a bitter end With sludge, filth, sulphur, and fire our souls to rend?

Or are we on the road to Jesus who loved us to His Death Will we love Him and be faithful to our last breath?

Come to grips all you who search for life's meaning; Stay away from every evil thing that is demeaning.

Choose good over evil at every single chance! The Lord looks upon us with His Loving Glance; Do you not already see it, perchance?

The chasm is wide, deep and steep, Evil ones shirk, lurk and creep, They are snide, riddled with pride, They want to take you on a joyride, Then laugh at you all askew Don't let it happen to you.

Choose our Creator Who willed us to be Imitators of Jesus Who is the Key To life with the Holy Trinity For Eternity.

As the end of time approaches
And the closing of the gap encroaches,
Be aware of the Lord's exhortation
Heed his call every nation.
He tarries not for much longer;

Pray to be made stronger, For the battle is not yet done. Bring many to God's Son In unity all for One.

Finally, the day will come To hell many, to heaven some;

Choose God Who willed us to be Imitators of Jesus Who is the Key To life with the Holy Trinity For all Eternity.

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#### YOUR NAIL-SCARRED HAND

Your nail-scarred hand I see before me as you gently approach And I take your hand and bring it softly to my cheek Then lovingly and compassionately kiss the wound, The wound you suffered for love of sinners such as me.

O Lord, for love of us you bore the ultimate in sufferings and death. You became sin, horrid and putrid, as you bared your spirit and soul, As you bore humiliation which truly was ours to bear.

God, in Jesus, through Jesus, magnanimous love profound We attune our ears to choirs and lyres of heavenly sound Eternity of bliss promised as paths are made straight Come soon, O Lord our God, we can barely wait.

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### Your Presence is what I desire

O Father, Your Presence is what I desire; Do Thou fill me with Holy Spirit Fire.

Without you I am lost and afraid; Your Presence is what I desire. Come, Lord Jesus, and save me From the stench of sin and mire.

I can't believe you really want me, So sinful and slothful as I am; Accept my penitential prayer, my God. Through your Son, Jesus, our Perfect Lamb.

I am sorely afraid of offending you, And I pray to be a deserving child Who serves you in my neighbor ~ You, my Lord, are Holy, and undefiled.

Be Thou our Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Rock, Lighthouse, Saviour and Friend; Please guide each and everyone of us And to each beloved soul do Thou tend.

We want to be pleasing to you In everything we say and do; Bless us with all virtue, annoint us, too For as you love us we also love you.

Your Presence is what we desire; Fill us with Holy Spirit Fire.

October 5,2006